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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Vol. IV.

March, 1916, to August, 1916

INCLUSIVE

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STREET & SMITH

79-89 SEVENTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

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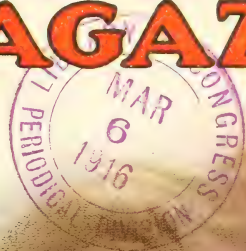
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MARCH 1, 1916
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ANNOUNCEMENT
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Vol. IV

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MAR -3 1916

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*Pictures from
the
Stage and
Screen*



Marguerite Snow, one of the screen's most popular actresses, and her little daughter Julie



An unusual picture of Enid Markey, who has risen meteorically in the hearts of film devotees.



Beverly Bayne, who is Francis X. Bushman's leading woman, is setting fashions both before and away from the camera.



Yvonne Chappelle, in a very unusual pose. Miss Chappelle's popularity as a picture favorite is rising with every film she plays.



Gertrude Vanderbilt's charm and personality would, without a doubt, be hard to find an equal for on the legitimate stage.



Alice Eis, who has danced her way to popularity on the legitimate stage, but whose name will be familiar to the older picture followers.



Valli Valli, of picture fame, whose achievements for the films has placed her name in large letters before the theaters.



Maryon Vadie, whose grace and prettiness are exhibited to admirers from the brighter side of the footlights.



Desiree Lubowska, who is one of the most eccentric performers in some of the most eccentric dances.



Grace Valentine, who has won her way to the top in exceptional rôles on the screen.



Gara Yora, one of vaudeville's important exponents during the present season.



Bonnie Glass, who is attracting much attention on the
vaudeville stage.



The Dolly sisters, of screen popularity, who are now favorites with the New York Broadway public.



The latest photograph of Pearl White. She needs no introduction to picture followers.



The beloved "Little Mary" in "Caprice" the picture which brought her into prominence.

IF a motion-picture player in these days is a star, he or she deserves the honor. No actor or actress can be popular now unless it is by merit—the public demands ability; and, shown that ability, it usually is appreciated. At present there are two classes of motion-picture players—those who won fame on the legitimate stage and have deserted the boards for the screen, and those who came to pictures unknown and worked their way to fame. It is with the latter class that this article is to deal.

As mentioned above, the public is, as a rule, quickly responsive when a new player displays ability and is proven worthy of credit. It is for this reason, probably more than any other, that the majority of the actors and actresses in the pictures who have reached the ranks of stars, attained that height by their work in some one picture—some one picture when the player's work stood out sufficiently to attract the public's attention.

Very few outside the profession know exactly what film is responsible for the rise of those whose names now appear in larger type on the posters than

the names of the pictures themselves, and it is interesting to look back and see when the people first noticed that the work of our present greatest players was actually the ray of a star.

There are three reasons that stand out above all the others for Mary Pickford being a public favorite. They are D. W. Griffith, "A Good Little Devil," and the Famous Players' first Pickford picture, "Caprice." Mr. Griffith took Mary Pickford from the ranks of the extra players, and made a leading lady of her. She went to the Biograph studio one day, and worked in a picture there under the direction of D. W. Griffith as an extra player. He told her to come around the next day, and when she did, he cast her for the leading rôle in one of his pictures. This was the beginning of the picture career of Mary Pickford, now the highest-salaried screen artist in the business.

The Universal took Miss Pickford away from Biograph, but she returned to that firm again. Later, she went on the legitimate, playing the blind girl in David Belasco's "A Good Little Devil." This play had quite a good deal to do with the making of Mary Pickford.



Blanche Sweet in a scene from "Judith of Bethulia," the master production which established both her and D. W. Griffith.

After she finished her engagement in this play, she went to the Famous Players Company, and appeared in a feature photo play entitled "Caprice," which was received royally wherever shown. After this picture, she was signed up by the Famous Players at a large salary, which kept on increasing until it reached the two-thousand-dollar mark. You can't say that D. W. Griffith, "A Good Little Devil," or "Caprice" alone are responsible for Mary Pickford's success. They must all be put together, and there we have "what made Mary Pickford."

Speaking of David Wark Griffith, we may as well consider him next on our list. He is, without a doubt, the greatest director that the motion-picture indus-

try has ever known. He has done more for the development of the motion picture than any other ten men in the business. He is the inventor of the "close-up," and was the first man to use it. He also introduced several other of his ideas to the screen, all of which have proved successful. There is not a company in the business today that does not make use of the "close-up." Seven years ago, he didn't have a cent to his name, and now he is drawing down a salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year, and he is worth every cent that he gets. There will probably be more differences of opinion as to what picture made Griffith than any of the other leading lights we shall discuss, but there is one picture that

stands out alone, as the one which caused his name to be passed around, and every one to sit up and take notice, and that was a four-reel Biograph, "Judith of Bethulia," the one which also made Blanche Sweet, now a noted Lasky star. It was a master production, and has been rated by many experts as even better than "Cabiria," although not half as long as the latter. Some of the scenes in "Cabiria" were copied after the Griffith production, such as the fights at the gates of the city, and camping scenes. The Biograph Company reissued this picture by public request, and was praised as much the second time it appeared as the first by the papers, which is quite an achievement when you consider the fact that motion pictures have improved quite a good deal. "Judith of Bethulia" made David Wark Griffith. Right after

runs. It ran seven hundred and twenty-five times at the Liberty Theater in New York, at regular theater prices. This beats by fifty-five performances any run of a show.

Now we have Charlie Chaplin, of the Essanay Company, that much-imitated, hilarious comedian, whose feet are his fortune. There are about fifty different versions as to the picture which really made Charlie Chaplin the recognized champion of laugh creators, for with each release for the past year and a half he has gained new followers. The first picture that brought Charlie into the golden limelight was a two-reel Keystone farce comedy entitled "Caught in a Cabaret." After this picture, he was put in two-reel pictures, whenever possible, and then he was cast opposite Marie Dressler in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," that six-part



Charles Chaplin and Mack Sennett can look back to "Tillie's Punctured Romance" as the comedy which really established them in the fans' minds.

this feature, Mutual signed Griffith up. He is now supervising productions for the Triangle. His "Birth of a Nation" has broken all records for consecutive

comedy that received the largest bookings of any comedy picture ever produced, and which made the name of Mack Sennett a password of the lovers

of comedy pictures. Mack is the responsible party for Chaplin's great work in this production. Sennett is the Griffith of comedy, and his stars are always being sought by the rival producers, because they realize the drawing powers of any one of his famous comedians and comediennes—and goodness knows that he has made a host of them.

Next on the list we have the greatest emotional actor on the screen to-day, Henry B. Walthall, of the Essanay Company. His work has attracted the eyes of the foremost critics in the country, and they have proclaimed him the dean of all photo players. He started his motion-picture career with D. W. Griffith, at the Biograph. When Griffith went with the Mutual, he took Walthall with him as leading man. Walthall went with the Balboa Company for one picture, and then returned to Griffith, who cast him for the leading rôle in the greatest of photo plays, "The Birth of a Nation." The picture

that made Henry Walthall, or, I should say, brought him forward as one of the few chosen ones of filmdom, was "The Avenging Conscience," produced by D. W. Griffith, taken from Edgar Allan Poe's story of the "Telltale Heart." Walthall exhibited emotional qualities in this film that have never been equaled, and shortly after this remarkable performance he gave another wonderful exhibition of his remarkable skill as an actor in "Ghosts," a Mutual masterpicture. His most recent success was in "The Raven," but there was nothing to the picture except the emotional acting of Walthall. In the last four reels of this play, there was practically no one in the picture except him.

Now we have with us for discussion Tom Ince, another great creator of photo-play stars, and one of the greatest directors in the business. He has certainly made a name for himself, and he well deserves all that is coming to him, for he is a hard and consistent

worker. Kessel and Bauman, the backers of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, have but two people to thank for the

success that this organization made. One of the reasons is Mack Sennett, and the other is Tom Ince. Tom Ince has produced some really wonderful photo plays, and some wonderful stars, and now we have the great question as to what picture was responsible for the public first getting wise to what he was doing, and we discover that it



Henry B. Walthall in his first big play, "The Avenging Conscience."



William S. Hart won his spurs through his appearance in "The Bargain." He is shown here in one of the big scenes from that photo drama.

was a war play that first brought Ince to light as one of the greatest directors in the business. The picture had one of the biggest bookings of any film produced, and was called "The Battle of Gettysburg." He followed this with one of the greatest films produced, second only to the "Birth of a Nation." It was called the "Wrath of the Gods." Since then, the play that bears the name of Tom Ince as producer, or even as supervisor, is a welcome treat for any theater.

William S. Hart has certainly had a short and glorious motion-picture career. Almost from the start, the public recognized him as a star and one of their idols. The first picture that he ever appeared in was "The Bargain," and this picture all but made the big name for him that he now enjoys. Then, right on top of this, Hart was cast with Robert Edeson in "On the Night Stage," and at the conclusion of the picture the wonderful acting of Hart was the only thing that remained

firm in the minds of the audience. Edeson, although his work was very good, was put out of the limelight. This picture put Hart on the upper plane. After this picture, the public conceded that he was an actor of exceptional merit, and he is to-day recognized, the country over, as the greatest portrayer of Western characters that the screen has ever known. After "On the Night Stage," Tom Ince made Hart a director, and he has been acting and producing at Inceville ever since, and is considered one of Tom's best bets.

Earle Williams, the Vitagraph leading man, is the gentleman that we shall deal with next. He has been with the Vitagraph organization for quite some years, but there is one picture that established him as a favorite with the picture fans of the country—"The Christian." The picture is often discussed to-day as one of the best ever produced, and which also made the director, Fred Thompson. Williams did some very good acting after this pic-

ture, but "The Christian" stands out as his best work, and his work that is best remembered. He is considered by critics to be the Vitagraph Company's best bet.

Our next star will certainly be much in dispute as to the picture that made him in the eyes of the public. Francis X. Bushman is the one referred to, and the company that is responsible for his great popularity is the Essanay Company, for whom he worked for quite a time. He was elected by popular vote

to play the lead in "One Wonderful Night," and many people are of the opinion that this is the picture that made Bushman famous; but such is not the case, as it was a two-reel picture that was first responsible for Francis Xavier Bushman's rise to popularity, and it was called "Dear Old Girl." He certainly did some very emotional acting in this film, and won praise from all directions for his work. This picture was reissued very quickly, in fact, quicker than any other film.



Earle Williams in "The Christian," the play which made him a star.

was followed by numerous others in which, while he was not as well cast, he distinguished himself.

William Farnum, now a member of the Fox Film Corporation, was "made" as a film star when he took the leading rôle in "The Spoilers," a picture that will stand for some time to come as one of the greatest photo plays that has ever been flashed on a screen. In this film, the ever-present movie fans selected Farnum right away as one of their prime favorites. Farnum did some screen acting in this film which has only been equaled by two other



A scene from "The Cup of Life," the film which made Bessie Barriscale.

men—Walthall and Hart. "The Spoilers" made such a tremendous hit that the Selig Company has lengthened it to twelve reels, and will reissue it very shortly. William Fox made a high bid for his services after this, and secured him for his company. Farnum is at present working for Fox on the Pacific coast.

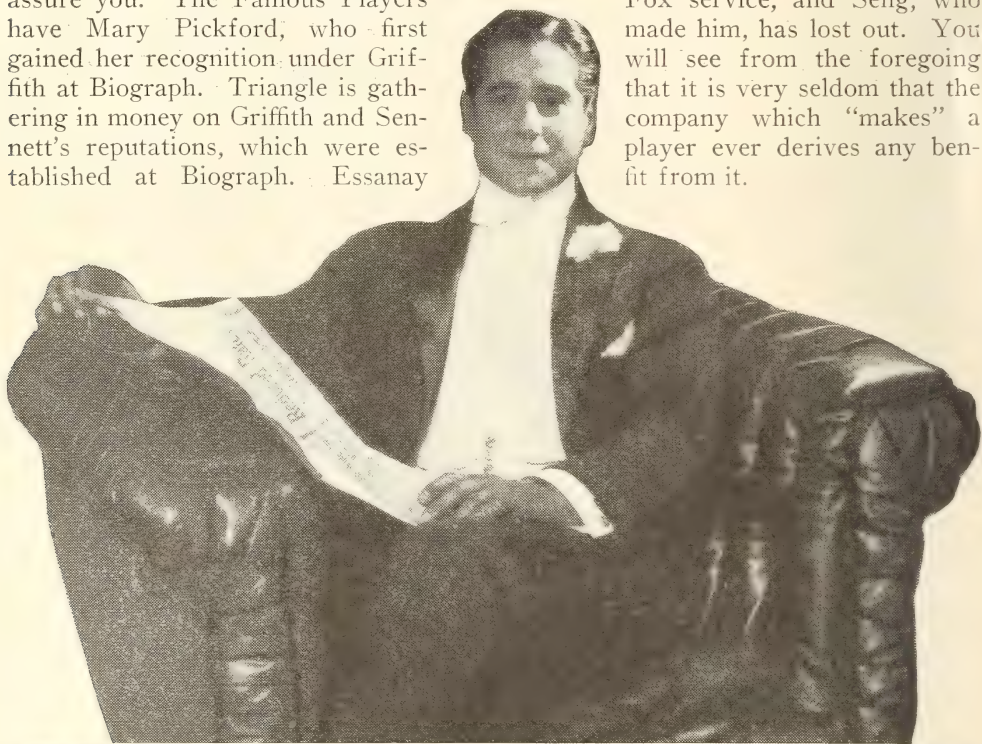
Emotional Bessie Barriscale is a title that certainly suits the Tom Ince leading lady. She is one of the greatest dramatic artists on the screen to-day, and has the reputation of being one of

the best cryers. She can produce a stream of tears in an instant, and is a master of facial expression. There is not a type that Bessie can't portray. She can do the Pickford part almost as well as little Mary herself, and is perfection in underworld or society parts. There is one photo play that especially stands out in the making of Bessie Barriscale, and that is "The Cup of Life," which was termed by one of the foremost motion-picture critics as "the perfect picture." This was a picture that will long be remembered by any

one who saw it as a photo-play masterpiece. Only once after this did Miss Barriscale equal her wonderful work in "The Cup of Life," and that was in "The Mating," an entirely different type of play.

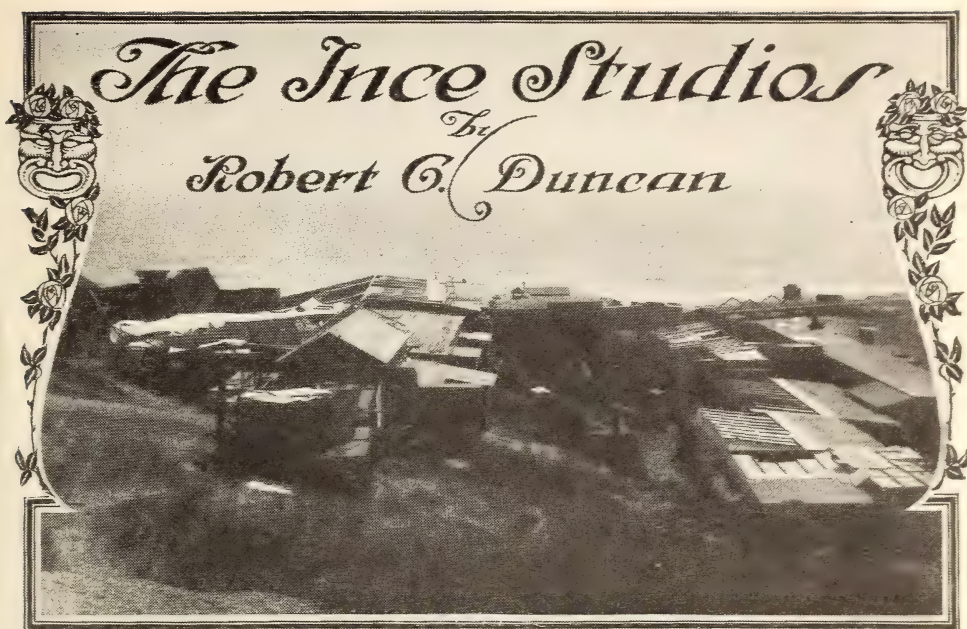
How many of the companies are realizing on the profits made by the stars that they made? Very, very few, I can assure you. The Famous Players have Mary Pickford, who first gained her recognition under Griffith at Biograph. Triangle is gathering in money on Griffith and Sennett's reputations, which were established at Biograph. Essanay

is getting the benefit of the popularity Charlie Chaplin got for himself while with the Keystone forces, and is also winning on Walthall, who gained his spurs with Mutual under Griffith. The Metro Feature Corporation is profiting by Bushman's popularity, made when with the Essanay Company. William Farnum is packing the theaters using Fox service, and Selig, who made him, has lost out. You will see from the foregoing that it is very seldom that the company which "makes" a player ever derives any benefit from it.



Because Robert Warwick was so perfectly fitted to the hero's rôle in "The Dollar Mark" he was hailed as a star upon his first screen appearance.





To take the readers of this magazine behind the scenes, into the studios of the large film companies, take them where the big pictures are made, let them watch the players at work, and introduce them to the famous actors and actresses—these are the purposes of a series of articles of which this—the Ince Studios—is the first. Each article will be individual—a single trip to that studio—so that there will be no connection between the parts of the series except the general theme—and each will be up to date and complete. The articles will appear in every issue hereafter, until all the big studios throughout the country have been dealt with.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

DAY after day, the picture-playgoers throughout the country visit their favorite theater and sit almost motionless while a Kay-Bee-Triangle film, telling a worth-while story in a worth-while way, is unfolded on the screen before them. Then they leave the theater, wondering how the producer could ever "put over" a play with so much life in it and with so many spectacular effects.

I wondered about these plays, like all the others, until I visited the studios in which they are made. There are two of these studios, and each one is a city by itself. Inceville and Culver City are the names given these two movie cities, situated not so very far from the film colony at Los Angeles, California, and both are under the supervision of Thomas H. Ince, the human dynamo of

the film industry. Day after day, at these two wonder cities, an army of diligent workers is engaged in producing these wonder pictures, and to watch them at their task is much like visiting a beehive. Every one is busily engaged about his or her work, and all are working to the one end—to make good pictures.

Inceville is located about four miles north of Santa Monica, California, and is reached by a winding road along the shores of the Pacific Ocean. It is built upon seven hills, and covers approximately eighteen thousand acres. It has been recognized by the United States government as a town, for it has its own post office. Everything required for the making of gigantic motion pictures is contained here. There are five stages, the main one being three hun-



Scenes are taken in a big way at Inceville. Mr. Ince is seen here on the platform with a megaphone in his hand.

dred by one hundred feet, while the auxiliary ones are seventy-five by fifty feet each. Two hundred dressing rooms border the stages, and at either end are the scene docks, where more than five hundred distinct "sets" are kept in readiness for instant use. Then there are the administration buildings, where all of the business for the city is handled, and where a working schedule is compiled every day; the commissary, where the hundreds of workers eat the noon-day and often the evening meal; the arsenal, where thousands of firearms and boxes of ammunition and explosives are kept; the wardrobe buildings, containing hundreds of sets of various clothing from evening dress to ancient colonial costumes, and in which a modernly equipped tailor shop is to be found; the saddlery and stables for the horses, which number far into the three hundreds; a corral; a power house which furnishes electricity for the entire city, and a reservoir which does likewise with water. Besides these necessities, there are many "sets" which

are kept standing all the time and used in pictures as required. Among these are a Dutch village with a genuine canal and windmill, a Japanese village, an Irish village, Canadian stockades, Southern log cabins, East Indian streets, Sioux Indian camps, and a real Scotch street which was used in Billie Burke's first play.

The real wonders of Inceville were not disclosed until I had visited every one of the buildings, however, for it was then that the immense amount of detailed thought incorporated in the city was brought forcibly home. In the property room, rows and rows of soldier, Indian, early Western, East Indian, Canadian, Civil War, and every other conceivable variety of costumes are to be found. Leaving the wardrobe building, I passed into the carpenter shop, and here even a more impressive sight met my eyes, for three hundred full-fledged carpenters were at work preparing sets and fixing up little odds and ends that require repairing in the city. Next to the carpenter shop, I

found the dressmaking department, where every day all the many actresses and extra girls at the immense plant are fitted for costumes for forthcoming plays. An interesting detail of the costuming of plays is the fact that styles must be anticipated for months in advance in case of society plays. It is often six months after the date of production that a play is released, and the Ince standard will not allow anything that is not up to date. This means that the head of the dressmaking department must be in constant touch with Paris, and must anticipate the American and European styles several months before they are exhibited.

Another door led me to the art department, where a staff of artists paint real portraits and mural decorations for pictures which are used in the various scenes. The subtitle department is closely linked with the art department, inasmuch as all subtitles are decorated with drawings typical of the incident in the play upon which they bear. This is an entirely new departure in filmland, and one that is almost certain to make for more artistic pictures in time to come. Next door to the art department is the make-up expert's room. Here, one man is kept busy all day long instructing those who are new

at the game how to make up for the motion-picture camera in order to gain the best results. I learned that Miss Billie Burke, the highest-priced star to appear before the Ince cameras thus far, spent several days of her valuable time here before appearing before the camera for anything but a "test scene." As I left the make-up room, I heard the soft purring of a violin. It was apparently trying out a new piece of music, for it stopped quite suddenly and then began again. I traced the music to the door of the office across the way, and suddenly found myself in the music department. This division of the great institution, I



Thomas H. Ince, the master-mind of Inceville and Culver City.

learned, was another departure which Mr. Ince has inaugurated. It is under the direction of Victor Shertzinger, a versatile composer, and consists of about a half dozen other composers. Their duty is to write music to accompany every picture turned out by the Ince studios. The music is written to fit the picture perfectly, and these musicians are required to study the emotions which will be

dreamed of ten years ago. Another crew of men are employed here to handle the "props" and lights, while the carpenters from the shop are going and coming continually. The developing, printing, drying, tinting, and toning and finishing rooms, where the mechanical end of the work is done, are other sights which made me gasp. This end of the business is little known to the public,



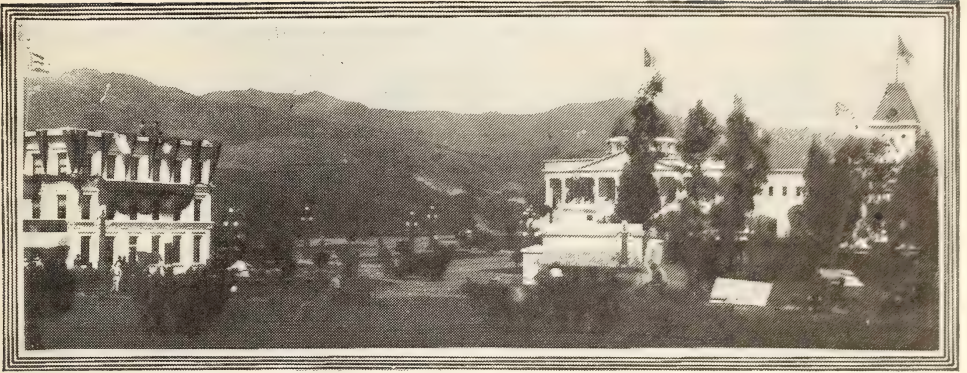
stirred by the subject on the screen, and then write melodies which will play upon these emotions.

I wandered in and out about Inceville and saw more wonderful things than I could ever hope to describe. The massive amount of details like those I have just mentioned are to be found on every side. The studio floors are things of wonder, for they contain complicated light systems and other devices used in gaining artistic effects such as no human could have

Miss Billie Burke in one of the many attractive spots in Inceville during her stay there. Her beloved dog "Ziegy" is seen by her side.

but is considered of the greatest importance by the producers, and Mr. Ince has gathered in these departments the men and women who are considered the best in

the country in their work. Here, as in the other divisions, all is activity, for the many, many prints which are distributed to the exchanges throughout the country must be prepared here; and this is one of the most grueling tasks connected with the producing of motion pictures.



The set that cost eighty thousand dollars and that was only used for one hundred feet of film.

Culver City is not as large as Inceville just yet, but it is a motion-picture city in the making. Only recently Mr. Ince decided to move part of his forces to this place from Inceville, because he was crowded for lack of space. It is nearer the city, and easier to reach, so most of the productions that require special material in the way of "props" or sets are done over here. The stage at Culver City is also massive, as it can accommodate about six hundred players at one time. The same complicated, yet orderly, maze of dressing rooms, workshops, studios, et cetera, are to be found here, and every day they are increasing in number. Society plays have had the ruling hand at Culver City since its opening, and those who have seen the late Ince plays of this type

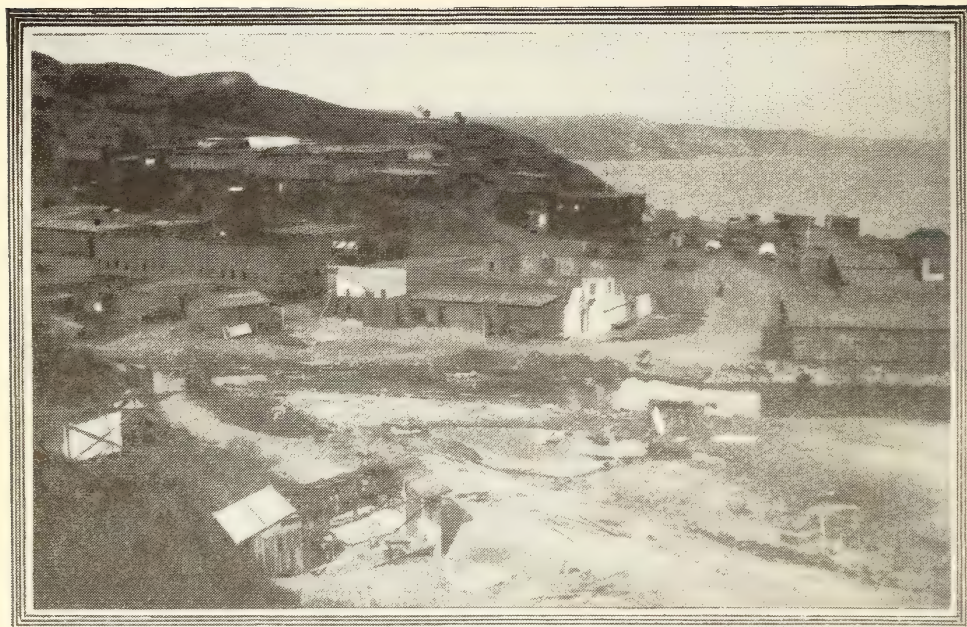
will agree that the effects which are gained in them do credit to the studio in which they were produced.

The city, too, is set among the hills, and in many ways resembles Inceville. For the purpose of speedy communication between the two cities, Mr. Ince has an every-ready fleet of automobiles which make the trip in about twenty minutes. Most of the players who have their favorite dressing rooms in Inceville ride over to Culver City on ponies unless the costume they are wearing forbids such sport, as is the case when they are playing in society dramas.

The number of artists on the pay roll of the companies working at the Ince cities is between six hundred and fifty and seven hundred. There are eight directors working under the personal



Inceville's full-blooded tribe of Sioux Indians.



A general view of the studio stages, executive buildings and dressing rooms at Inceville, taken from one of the surrounding seven hills.

supervision of Mr. Ince, the busy men being Raymond B. West, Charles Swickard, Reginald Barker, Walter Edwards, Charles Biblyn, Charles Miller, Scott Sydney, and William S. Hart. The latter is the only one who appears in his own productions, and it is to be hoped he will continue to do so, for when he joined the Ince forces he brought to the screen the true type of Western man, and discarded from it forever the dime-novel type of Western hero, who was so prominent in the early stages of motion pictures. He is known as "Two-gun Hart" by his co-workers, and one of the men closely associated with him told me that he is the best-loved man on the place.

Foremost among the other players who have appeared, or will appear in Ince pictures, are Bessie Barriscale, Howard Hickman, Rhea Mitchell, Clara Williams, Louise Glaum, Enid Markey, Elizabeth Burbridge, Margaret Thompson, Gertrude Claire, Fanny

Midgley, Ida Lewis, Aggie Herring, Ethel Ullman, Estelle Allen, George Fisher, Jerome Storm, J. Barney Sherry, J. Frank Burke, Milton Ross, Harvey Clarke, Lewis Durham, George Mullen, Herschel Mayall, Joseph H. Dowling, Roy Laidlaw, Jack Nelson, Jack Standing, Louise Brownell, Thelma Salter, Charles K. French, Nona Thomas, Wedgwood Nowell, and Alfred Hollingsworth.

Prominent "legitimate" stage stars who have appeared or will appear under the direction of Mr. Ince are: George Beban, William S. Hart, Willie Collier, Bessie Barriscale, Robert Edson, House Peters, Edward Connelly, Henry Woodruff, Dustin Farnum, H. B. Warner, Frank Keenan, Willie Collier, Katharine Kaelred, Frank Mills, William Desmond, W. H. Thompson, Billie Burke, Mary Boland, Jane Grey, Orrin Johnson, George Fawcett, Bruce MacRae, Willard Mack, Lola May, and Marie Doro.

Willie Collier was working in a scene the day I visited Inceville, as was Billie Burke. Collier was the first of the two noted stars that I met. He was dressed in rags, had a "rough-and-tumble" cap pulled down over his eyes, and—horrors!—was standing at a dilapidated bar trying to convince the "bartender" that he should be given a drink on credit.

"You didn't look much like this when I saw you last in New York," I chided. "You were playing in 'Hello, Broadway,' and you were dressed up to kill."

"But I wasn't so happy," came the comedian's quick reply.

"Not so happy—and in New York!" I was amazed.

"Well, you see, this is real beer that I'm drinking, and to-morrow I have a restaurant scene in which I will have real food. Mr. Ince never has anything faked. I had to work for my living in little old New York, but now——" And he lifted the stein gently and gazed at it for a brief instant. Then the director

foot of one of the neighboring hills. As I rounded the corner of the building that had shut the bonfire from my view, I saw what probably impressed me the more because I had not noticed it before. It was a whole encampment of Indians. This was an entirely new discovery for me, and I set out at once to learn all about them and their reason for being there. My investigations brought me the information that they are a full-blooded tribe of Sioux, and that they are to be used regularly from now on in Mr. Hart's Western plays, as Mr. Ince is convinced that the day has come for the public to appreciate the dramatic Indian play which is based upon fact and not of the "hair-raising" kind which was shown on the screens throughout the country a few years ago. The Indians live in their little village apart from the rest of the force, and follow out their own customs at their will. They are in charge of Chief Two Lance, and he is the only one who is consulted by any



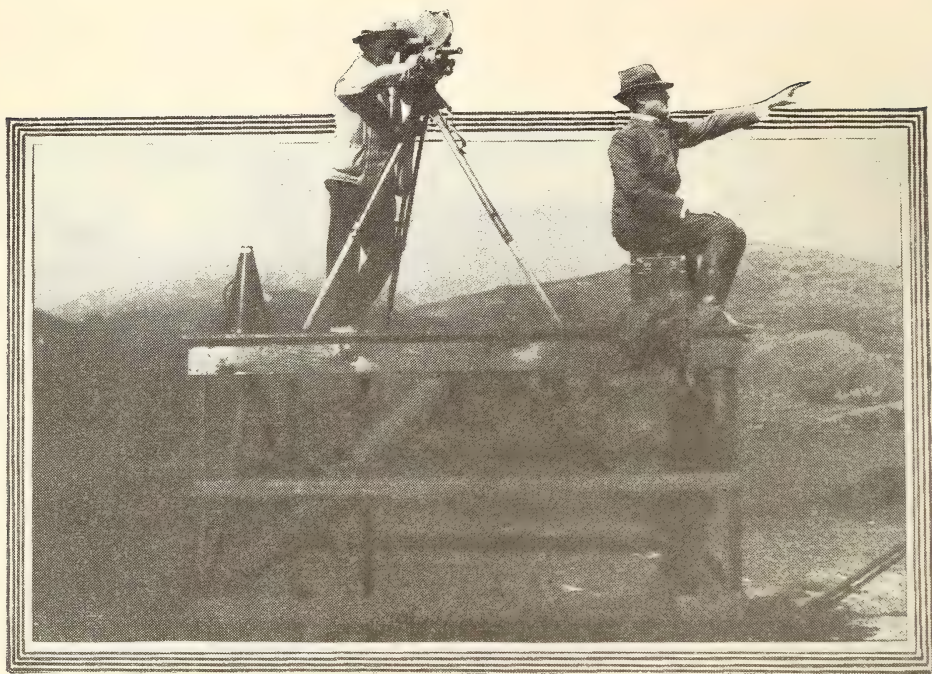
called "action," and the scene continued.

I left the studio floor, attracted by a huge bonfire at the



Thomas H. Ince and C. Gardner Sullivan, his scenario chief, photographed in front of the capitol of the mythical city, which is the setting for the anti-war play now being filmed.

one who wishes to use the Indians for any purpose. The Indians still have their dog feasts, and a careful



Raymond B. West, first assistant producer to Mr. Ince, directing one of the big scenes from a platform.

watch is kept of all the dogs which act in pictures to prevent their wandering into the midst of the tribe.

This was the first thought that occurred to the mind of Billie Burke when she arrived and inspected Inceville, for, as every one knows, one of her most valued possessions is "Ziegy," a little bundle of fluff which is called a doggie by some, and which was given her by her noted husband, Flo Ziegfeld, of "Ziegfeld Follies" fame.

When I met Miss Burke, directly after leaving the Indian village, I subtly suggested the matter to her, and she at once became awfully serious.

"He won't get out of my sight a minute while I'm here," she said positively. "A nice, tender little doggie like 'Ziegy' would be too dainty a morsel, wouldn't he?"

The idea was too harrowing after I had looked at the discussed subject, so I changed the course of the conversation by asking the bromide question:

"Do you really like the films better than the legitimate?"

"I love them, and I only wish I could have had the experience they have given me years ago. It teaches one so much about acting to see one's self on the screen. There are so many little mannerisms that one never thinks of. Also one sees so many expressions which she wishes she hadn't."

Others at Inceville had told me all about Miss Burke's triumph in "Peggy," her first screen play, but I decided to learn what she thought about it, so I prompted her by saying: "It must have been like a first night in the theater to go into the projection and see yourself on the screen for the first time."

"A first night wasn't a patch of it," she declared emphatically. "It was perfectly weird to sit in the dark and see myself flutter about the screen. I had a real case of stage fright all by myself in the dark."

"But didn't you like 'Peggy'?" I persisted, determined to know what she thought of the play.

"Yes, indeed, I did; more than I like to admit, for I feel that I shouldn't think too highly of my first effort in the new art," she replied frankly. "I hope the public will like it, too, for it is really a most out-of-the-ordinary play and one that will be a treat for the fans who aren't used to the high class of plays that Mr. Ince turns out."

Having seen Billie Burke and the Ince studios, I couldn't help but wonder how the public could ever fail to appreciate "Peggy," and, from what I have later learned, they have appreciated it and in a most cordial manner.

The thing that drew my attention after leaving Miss Burke was the extra people. They seemed to be in every nook and corner that I looked, waiting quietly to be called before the camera. And when they were called, the manner in which they responded showed that their whole heart was in their work. Each day in the life of these extra people is filled with romance and possibilities. Every small "bit" for which they are cast may mean that they will leave the "extra" class and become salaried players, with stardom before them. Many of the Ince players have worked themselves up from the extra

ranks, and there is seldom a week passes but what some one of this class does not advance to small playing parts. Charles Ray, who recently won a place for himself in the ranks of the featured stars at the Ince studios, worked himself up through all the divisions of players, and the young men about Inceville and Culver City who are trying to follow in his footsteps are many. The girls have Enid Markey to pattern after, for she advanced from "extra" to minor parts and then to stardom. There is no director in the business quicker to see talent in an extra player and to develop it than Ince, and



"When East Meets West"—Chief Two Lance, in charge of the Indians at Inceville and H. B. Warner, noted Broadway dramatic star, now working in Ince pictures.

every one of his directors are trained in his methods.

Mr. Thomas H. Ince himself seems to be almost everywhere at once. He never stops working while at either studio, and, while traveling from one to the other, is working out plans he has in mind. Since October, 1911, when he signed the lease on Inceville in the name of Kessel & Bauman, the financial geniuses behind the great company, he has steadily built up his studio and increased his working force. Inceville was selected first because of its many natural advantages. It faces the Pacific Ocean, and, as has been stated before, is built on seven hills. Within its eighteen thousand acres is to be found everything that is required for unusual backgrounds—mountains, cañons, caves, steep ascents, ravines, grottoes, desert stretches, jungles, and forests.

When Mr. Ince first located there, it was practically a wilderness, but it soon became a municipality, and to its natural advantages were added everything requisite to the making of motion pictures. It was first devoted to the production of films for the old Mutual program, these films being known as "Kay-Bee." Later, the "Broncho" and "Domino" brands were added. When the Triangle Film Corporation was formed, the latter two brands were dropped, and all the films are now released as "Kay-Bee," the name being a combination of the first letter of the names of the two owners of the company—Kessel and Bauman. The name Inceville was given to the city early in its career by the owners of the company in honor of Mr. Ince, who had founded it.

One of the greatest things Mr. Ince has done is to demand a real story be-



An idea of the size of the Culver City studio stage may be gained from this picture. There were one hundred and fifty people in range of the camera in this scene and about half as many more who did not "register" but who were on hand to lend "atmosphere."



Mr. Ince and Billie Burke in front of the Scotch street which was one of the most realistic sets ever erected at these wonderful studios.

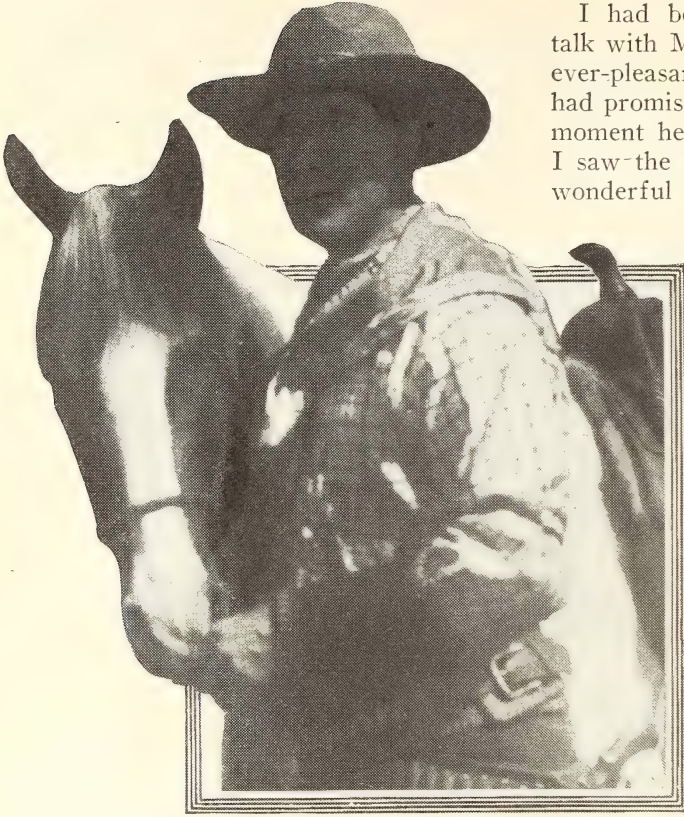
fore beginning a production. He was one of the first directors to realize the importance of the scenario, and the plays he is

making to-day are doubtless better in this respect than those of the vast majority of producers. He has a high standard for his plays. They must be big in theme and point a moral. But they must always be dramatic. It is the one great demand of the picture business at present—big scenarios. C. Gardner Sullivan has been the salvation of this particular company, and is turning out fine, whacking plays at a wonderful rate of speed. But how long he can keep it up is a question. There are also seven other scenario writers constantly at work supplying the demand as rapidly and successfully as possible, but Mr. Sullivan seems the man at present best able to produce the goods. His staff of assistants in the scenario department include Richard V. Spencer, J. G. Hawks, Monte M. Katterjohn, Frank Tannehill, Lanier

Bartlett, James Montgomery, and D. F. Whitcomb. Each scenario is carefully scrutinized by Mr. Ince before it is given to a

director for production.

About three-thirty in the afternoon, after I began to feel the effects of the busy day, I learned that the actual taking of pictures for the day was over because the light begins to get "yellow" and makes the photography indistinct. It did not complete the work for the day, however, for here and there, in corners of the big studio, were groups of players gathered about their director, listening intently to him while he explained certain parts of the play they were working into them. Every one was made understand what was required of him in such a way that when he entered the scene set the next day he would require but little rehearsing before the camera started to grind. It is another one of the things Inceville is noted for—the utilizing of every odd moment.



William S. Hart, who makes sterling Western pictures for Ince. He is described by one of his associates as "the most loved man on the place."

The autos and ponies began to arrive from Culver City about three-forty-five, and for the next hour there was a steady stream of people pouring in. That day, Mr. Hart and Miss Markey had been over at Culver City with their company, as had H. B. Warner, another Broadway star. All arrived in the same car, and were closely followed by Bessie Barriscale and Frank Keenan, both of whom had been working in different pictures at the other studio. There was no confusion caused by the arrival of the other force of artists and workmen. Every one has a place assigned to them upon their arrival at Inceville, and that place is "home" while they are at the studios.

I had been longing all day to talk with Mr. Ince, and one of his ever-pleasant press representatives had promised me that privilege the moment he was at leisure. When I saw the director general of this wonderful plant coming toward me, therefore, I knew that my wish was to be fulfilled. I was a little timid, I must admit, for I feared that a man with so many responsibilities on his shoulders would be inclined to be abrupt and absent-minded during an interview.

To say I was surprised would be putting it mildly, for Mr. Ince acted much like one of the press department himself when he was introduced. He told me of his activities, inquired

how I had fared during my day's visit, and in every way made me feel as much at ease as if this was his sole duty.

He suggested that we walk through Inceville, and I gladly agreed, for I felt sure he could point out much of interest that I had not seen before.

"Does everything always run so smoothly and perfectly here as it seemed to run to-day?" I queried, as we started our walk.

Mr. Ince smiled. "You should go into the projection room sometimes and see what flickers out on the screen. Just now we have a picture where the star wore white stockings—fatal to any screen picture—and the director didn't 'get' it until after several thousand dol-

lars' worth of film had traveled through the camera. You know we all admit that the most inexorable, exacting, truth-telling, uncompromising producer in the business is the camera. Those feet—Lord, we'd be sued for libel by the actress and mobbed by the public if they ever get to the public!"

"And there is no way to amputate them 'successfully'?"

"Perhaps. That is our problem just now—one of them."

We could see the Indian encampment from where we were walking. Mr. Ince noticed me looking at it.

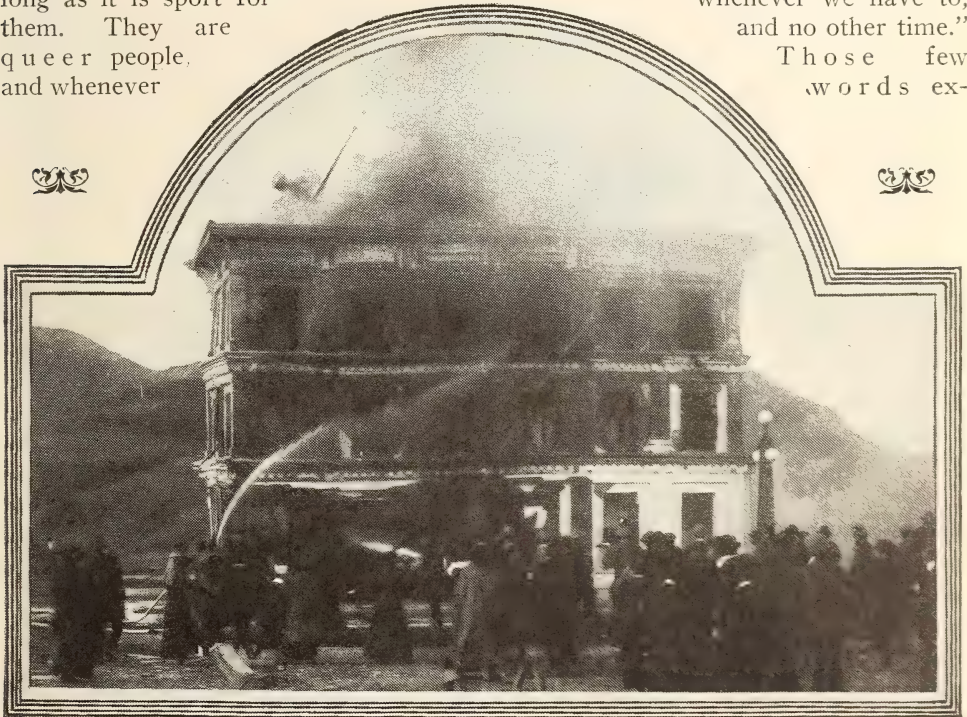
"Quite a tribe, isn't it?" he asked.

I admitted that it was, and again he smiled. "And quite an expense, too," he added. "Their forefathers may have lived on what they could gather in the forests or plains, but the twentieth-century Indian don't believe in such things. They like to hunt only as long as it is sport for them. They are queer people, and whenever

I have time, I like to study them. Most of our Indian scenarios are based upon the tales which have been told them by their ancestors, and the ideas are really quite new to the screen, so I consider them a valuable asset."

We started to ascend the large hill at the side of the studios, and directly below us I noticed a set that reminded me of a Fifth Avenue mansion. I remarked about its costliness, and Mr. Ince said that it probably totaled close to a thousand dollars to complete it. This staggered me, but not as much as when he added: "And we only used forty feet of film we took in it, too."

"It doesn't always cost so much, though," he went on, as he noticed the expression on my face. "Every now and then we get a scenario that calls for almost all exterior locations, and then the cost of production is surprisingly low. We spend money whenever we have to, and no other time." Those few words ex-



There seldom passes a day that a house of some kind is not burned or blown up at one of the Ince studios. This one was a real three-story structure.

plained his policy—he spends any amount that is required to make a good picture, whether it be a small amount or a large one. And he knows just about how much should be spent to make every production a paying proposition. It is this that makes him so valuable to the owners of the company.

As we neared the top of the hill, I again received a surprise. The white, shining walls and dome of what ap-

There were other things on that hill-top, besides, which claimed our attention before we reached the silent capitol of the Mythical City. Back of it were the blackened embers of a fire—fifteen thousand dollars' worth of Western shacks which had served their usefulness had been burned to make a fire and a smudge for "Hell's Hinges," one of Mr. Hart's Western plays.

"We sent out scouts in every direc-



Inceville photographed from the rear. The corrals are in the foreground, with the studio buildings, executive offices and dressing rooms in the rear.

peared to be a capitol building loomed up above us. I wondered how I could have ever missed it while I was sight-seeing during the earlier part of the day, until I noted that it was so located that it could not be seen from the valley.

"This is one of the buildings to be used in a peace play we are putting on," Mr. Ince explained. "I'll tell you all about it when we get over to it."

tion for miles around the country to see that no marauding companies tried to telescope that exclusive smudge," explained Mr. Ince.

"Surely such things are not done," I exclaimed, horrified at the idea.

"But they are," replied the one who knew. "We caught a company last week operating in our Scotch street."

"And drove them away?"

"No, sent up men and put blankets

over those wonderful Scotch chimneys. That fixed their Scotch village scene."

Mr. Ince's eyes gleamed with just pride as we drew near to the "set" which was in reality almost the size of an executive building.

"We have to do it now, you know, at this stage of the game. No more painted scenery, but real things. This set cost eighty thousand dollars, and was built to be shown for one hundred feet of film, which takes one and three-fourths minutes to see."

Though I staggered again before the figures, I managed to steady myself and ask: "And now what will you do with it?"

"Blow it up some day when we need a high-priced explosion—no one has the heart to do it yet."

I looked at the substantial quality of the building of noble columns and the enormous flights of steps, at the real silk curtains at the numerous windows, at the statue of the city hero in the park in front, at the sculptured lions and the concrete walks.

"This is the capitol of a mythical city in one of the biggest antiwar plays ever produced for the screen," explained Mr. Ince. "It has taken nine months to produce the picture, and three months to assemble the films. We hauled ninety thousand feet of lumber to the top of this hill with bullocks; used two thousand dollars' worth of glass; the concrete and grading inclosing the lawn cost five thousand dollars; twenty-five thousand people took part in the mob scene; sixty carpenters worked three months on it; there——"

"Don't tell me any more!" I exclaimed. "I begin to see where the money went." And this eighty-thousand-dollar set is merely a one-and-three-fourths-minute incident! What must the whole story be!

"I know it costs money," he stated thoughtfully, "but we owe a treat to the public every now and then, and we

always try to give them their money's worth in the pictures we turn out here." Then he mentioned several figures which were so large that I became confused and lost track of them; but when Mr. Ince said good-by to me at the foot of the hill I had a fair idea of the money that was spent at this wonderful place.

It seemed to me as if all the money I saw pouring into the cashiers' windows in front of the moving-picture houses in New York and other cities were rocketed across the continent and fell in a golden shower over these producing plants, so fabulous seems the prices paid to stars and so high the cost of production. Forty thousand dollars is the average for each play at Inceville, and one five-reel picture is released each week. The salaries paid the stars are as lofty as the "seven hills" on which stand Inceville. Forty thousand dollars was paid for five weeks of Billie Burke's time with the company. A contract for two years at eight hundred dollars a week has been signed with Frank Keenan, after his success in "The Coward." William S. Hart and Bessie Barriscale also draw very high salaries as regular stars with the company, and one can imagine what inducement must have brought the famous Mary Anderson out of her seclusion of so many years' standing. For they say it is really true that Mary Anderson is to be with the studio soon.

As I departed from this wonder place of the motion-picture world, it was with regret and a little envy toward those who are permitted to spend every day amid such ideal surroundings. I looked out from the window of my car as we approached the summit of the hill which would soon shut Inceville from my view and thought what a wonderful city of illusions it was, and how far its influence reached—and how fortunate many people are to be subject to that influence.

The Latest Wrinkle— Silhouette Movies

by
Tarleton Winchester

Illustrations by
J. R. Bray and C. Allen Gilbert

NEW ideas in any art or science seem usually to be contributed by outsiders, at least, in so far as recognition goes. Moving pictures

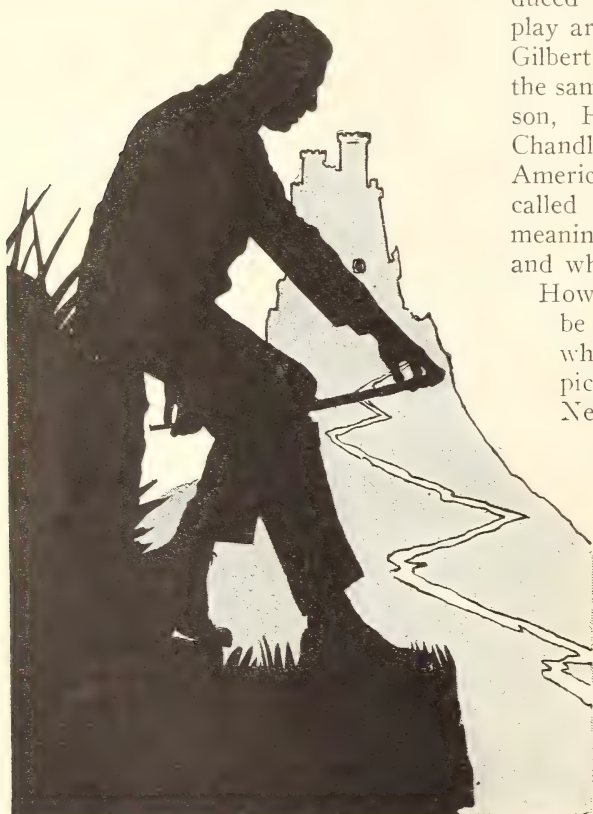
have been called both an art and a science. There is truth in both charges.

Now it is "The Man Who Made the American Girl Famous" that has introduced something new into the photoplay art-science. His name is C. Allen Gilbert. He is invariably spoken of in the same breath with Charles Dana Gibson, Harrison Fisher, and Howard Chandler Christy as a purveyor of American beauty, and his invention is called by him "Silhouette Fantasies," meaning whimsical stories told in black and white.

How much of an outsider he is may be guessed from the fact that when he "succumbed" to moving pictures, a special article in the New York Sunday newspapers chronicled the event.

Mr. Gilbert, as readers of our popular magazines do not need to be told, is a versatile and amusing painter of pretty girls. He has helped to make the chiseled, intelligent, clear-eyed American *jeune fille*—not known, that is too weak a word; one might almost say he has helped to create her.

How it came about that he abandoned the task of



A silhouette picture of C. Allen Gilbert, who conceived the idea of the new movies.

decorating our fifteen-cent literature with débutantes for the more precarious and exciting task of producing original pictures was in this fashion:

For six or seven months, he had mulled over the idea of moving-picture shadows, silhouettes in black and white. He wondered why it was not put into execution by others, and finally, the idea interested him so strongly, he decided to make an attempt to produce these novel moving pictures himself.

Although his skill in depicting the lovely goddesses of our American rosy-cheeked mythology had brought him a comfortable livelihood, it had not given him enough to build that expensive toy, a private moving-picture studio. So he brought his plans to J. R. Bray.

Mr. Bray had, for seven years, been a newspaper cartoonist, as well as a steady contributor to our humorous weeklies. He had invented and had had patented the ingenious process of animated cartoons. He was the creator of "Colonel Heeza Liar."

He had formed a company of his own, and was a successful producer of his own special pictures. It was a shrewd move on Mr. Gilbert's part to go to Mr. Bray, for the latter had the acumen to see the striking quality of Mr. Gilbert's idea and the foresight to envisage its imaginative possibilities.

Silhouette moving pictures! That suggested a mechanical opportunity to Mr. Bray. Inasmuch as the silhouettes were in plain black and white, why not do what are called "transformation" scenes in actual line drawing, filling in with black? It would be thus impossible to tell, granted careful sketching on his part, where the real moving picture ended and the drawing began. Also, the transformations could be seen uninterrupted and clearly taking place, with no blur and no misty "dissolving" film. Every step could be depicted. Thus the basic principles of these new pictures were evolved—Mr. Gilbert's idea of shadow moving pictures combined with Mr. Bray's clever process of animated cartoons.



A drawing in preparation for the transformation—not a motion picture of real players.



An excellent scene from a silhouette picture, showing the care that is given to details.

With commendable promptness, the man who makes a business of supplying comic relief to moving-picture patrons, Mr. Bray supplied the necessary funds to set Mr. Gilbert up in business.

A subsidiary corporation to Mr. Bray's original company was formed. It is called the Bray-Gilbert Studio, and the new films will be "released" through the gigantic distributing agency, the Paramount Pictures Corporation. That merely means that the pictures will be shown in the better-class moving-picture theaters. Several "one-reel" stories have been already completed.

Down in Washington Mews, the quaintest little alley in old New York, near the lovely spot where the delicate tracery of the elms of the square weave their magic designs against the glowing sky line of the arch that frames the miles of stately lights of Fifth Avenue, the newest of moving-picture studios is located. Wagons filled with strange mechanical appliances and futuristic

black curtains rumbled over the cobblestones of the narrow alley, and deposited their burdens at the door of No. 44, while members of the colony—only short-story writers call it a quarter—gaped in astonishment.

The new studio was originally a barn, then an artist's studio; to-day it is a little, amusing spot stolen from fairyland, and nailed to earth by heavy, lens-eyed machines.

It is quite unlike any moving-picture studio I have ever seen. The back wall is entirely covered with a plain, white drop of simple material. Strong, crude, boldly and charily lined sketches of simple backgrounds give it the appearance of a gigantic pastel. A few feet ahead, a raised platform, or stage, is built. All the lights glow and are deflected upon the background in shining splendor—none of them are directed upon the stage. A row of powerful footlights encircle the rear part of the acting platform.



The jinni appears in answer to the call of Inbad's wishing ring—from "Inbad the Tailor," the first silhouette movie.

All the action by the characters in the play is performed in front of the lights, so that the figures stand out in sharp, black relief against the radiant background.

Plain black curtains frame the stage, and so far in front that it crowds the alley wall of the studio; a sunken pit contains the camera, its lens almost level with the ground. "That," explained Mr. Gilbert, while his assistant, Mr. Henry Bryant, another artist, gravely nodded assent, "is in order that every inch of the figures may be recorded, down to the very shape of their shoes."

Courtesy demands that too many of the mechanical secrets should not be given away, but there are a few salient features about Mr. Gilbert's technical methods of production which can be mentioned without furnishing aid or comfort to the many envious imitators

who would steal his idea on the first opportunity.

It is, to begin with, an amusing, ingenious, and plastic technique. I was struck with the resemblance between the studio at No. 44 and the stage of the Park Theater, New York, when Josef Urban was rehearsing the somewhat tedious but scenically beautiful "Garden of Paradise," by Edward Sheldon. The same atmosphere existed. The same new methods of stagecraft were employed—simplicity, color, economy, beauty. All the properties in the main scene or foreground, for example, consisted of plain black cardboard cut into the necessary shapes of doors, flowers, bowls, et cetera.

The background, Mr. Gilbert explained, could be colored without any special difficulty. A simple change in the focus of the camera brought out an interesting effect of distance. A mere

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tiny needle scratch on the film would reveal a sinuous river coursing down yonder mountain.

By leaving one character near the lens and another on the platform near the lights, a tiny pygmy could be shown furiously attacking and worsting a Gargantuan monster. Little, figured pieces of flat, black cardboard, hung from the curtain by invisible wires, could give the effect of one character looking at

tresses," laughed the artist, "don't have to worry about their complexions." There is no despair at the missing of the rouge stick in No. 44. Grease-paint expenses are cut to the minimum. Of course, an occasional false nose or a wig are needed, but nobody worries very much about his color.

But excellent profiles are in high demand, and a well-turned calf is more than a phrase reminiscent of the eccen-

tricitities of Queen Anne days. In Mr. Gilbert's opinion, it describes something which has a distinct commercial value.

Now, it would be decidedly unfair to imply that when Mr. Gilbert has completed his part of the work and the film is taken to the Bray studios, where the transformation scenes or "odd-effect" scenes are sketched in, the end of the long process is a mere mechanical "filling in."

Mr. Bray's work is much more than that—it is integral. Consider the op-



Inbad and his friend go in search of the pearl. The possibility of action is demonstrated in this scene.

its ghost or double, with no necessity for the director's frantically hunting for a twin human likeness.

No end of astonishing effects but could be produced by equally simple means. Of course, constant ingenuity was demanded. There was no conventional way of doing anything.

One amusing feature of Mr. Gilbert's method of production was the facility of "make-up" for the actors. "My ac-

portunity for the exercise of imagination where, for instance, a witch changes into a serpent. For these transformation scenes are not like the sudden cloud of smoke and audible roll of a trapdoor which accompany such scenes on the stage, nor do they resemble the soft blur of a transformation scene in ordinary moving pictures, a blur which ends in a quick snap, following a fraction of a second of darkness.



Things that are not possible in the ordinary picture play may be accomplished by the newer art, as is shown in this picture. In silhouette the features are not visible thus making the dragon here more realistic.

Each step in these transformation scenes is completely drawn in cold black and white. Most of us would have to exert ourselves to visualize a creature half serpent and half hag. But Mr. Bray has to draw exactly that—and all the intermediate steps, as well. Yet the effect of these scenes, in spite of a similar technique, is radically different from Mr. Bray's own animated cartoons. Even in the best of these, a certain degree of jumpiness is inevitable.

In the silhouette fantasies, however, there is a soft, flowing quality of motion, quite unlike anything seen before in the field of animated cartoons.

Mr. Bray has worked more or less *con amore* on these, and has put an uncommon amount of patience and technical skill into them. Backgrounds can be photographed with only the changing figures sketched in. Our cartoonist has availed himself of every resource of his craft to reach a happy result, and he

has succeeded. The "fantasies" blend actual photography and drawing in an imperceptible, unexpectedly unobtrusive fashion.

Of course, the greater part of the action is the histrionic work of humans, yet it would be precisely the minor portions of the film which would mar the effect of the whole film, were they jarringly executed.

Mr. Bray has seen to it that they have not been. Mechanically, at the least, the new pictures are as near perfection as they can be.

What, then, of their artistic possibilities and limitations? To what sort of story do they lend themselves? We have seen that in the mere arrangement of stage properties and decorations considerable ingenuity is required, that in the artistic effect of an entire scene a very definite amount of æsthetic sensibility and imagination are indispensable.

And in the story itself, one is scarcely



A typical silhouette scene, which shows what may be expected of the black and white pictures.

surprised to discover that humor, narrative power, literary discrimination, and infinite tact are just these qualities which differentiate a merely amusing, skillfully burlesque, and fatuously charming entertainment from a noteworthy and genuinely beautiful and charming experiment in a slowly evolving form of art.

For the new pictures, as their discerning devisers realized, lend themselves with peculiar ease and aptness to fantasy. Anything in the nature of a fairy story can be pictured with satisfying suggestiveness.

"Silhouette fantasies," seem almost planned for fable and allegory and nonsense rhymes told as stories.

Mr. Gilbert is hard at work on a series of amusing "bedtime" story plays for children—which is precisely the sort of thing the new pictures can do, as well.

Because, after all, in stories or pictures on this order, a certain quality or artificiality and unreality is well-nigh demanded. Most conventional moving

pictures pride themselves on a sort of tawdry realism—except the "outdoor" scenes, where an occasional gleam of æsthetic conscience seems to be aroused.

But the "silhouette fantasies" keep constantly in the shadowy dream world, half real, half fantasy, where the locale of such fables is properly placed.

Mr. Gilbert likes to juxtapose amusing, everyday incidents or objects into the childlike region of fairies, goblins, and miracles. One of the conspiring jinni in his first production makes his final appearance—in a plug hat.

In certain types of story, Mr. Gilbert doesn't want his characters to be taken too seriously. The effect he is aiming at is droll, not literal. But a retelling of one of the stories will reveal more than paragraphs of generalization. Let us take "Inbad the Sailor," for illustration.

A sailor is wrecked on a desert isle. His only companion is a donkey, and his only nourishment and stimulation a bottle of tabasco sauce. But in a convenient jinni's chest, the sailor finds a

wishing ring, which he is allowed to use four times, and four only.

His first wish transforms his donkey into a human companion, and his second gives him a Pullman car de luxe magic carpet, on which he speeds away to the Orient in search of adventure. On tumbling off the carpet before the gates of Bagdad, the two men are taken prisoners and borne away to the sultan. He is an amiable monarch, however, and, learning of the wishing ring, decides to commute a death sentence to a reward of a life of bliss and luxury, provided the two adventurers will find a rare pearl stolen by a dragon in the near-by mountains.

For reward, the sultan's beautiful daughter is promised to the sailor to wife. The two find the dragon, which proceeds, without ceremony, to attack them. Fired with the hope of winning the promised reward, they think up a remarkable scheme—that of pouring tabasco sauce down the monster's

throat. The trick succeeds, for the dragon hastily coughs up the pearl, and, picking up the pearl and fleeing, the two men turn back just in time to see the dragon being destroyed by flames kindled by the fatal tabasco. The sultan is at once sought, but the supposedly beautiful princess turns out to be an ugly old trot.

The sailor is naturally disgusted, and decides—his third wish—to turn the companion of his trials back into a donkey. Then his fourth wish—he sets sail on his magic carpet for New York, intending to dispose of the pearl. At a pawnshop, he discovers the reward of so much effort to be worth exactly thirty cents, and the story ends with the picture of his chagrin.

Certain things will be observed about this little fable: its speed, its calm depiction of the preposterous, its romantic setting, its odd mixture of fable and modern everydayness, its straightaway narrative, with no moralistic twist at the



A scene from "Colonel Heeza Liar's Waterloo," the series that won motion-picture fame for Mr. Bray.

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end, its odd drollery. All these are honestly entertaining qualities.

In the new motion pictures there is opportunity for much that could not be accomplished with the entirely acted picture plays. The silhouette obviates the necessity of showing expression—one thing that was a detriment to fairy stories and mythological films, as the players could not make up sufficiently well in many of these to avoid an air of unreality that sometimes verged on the ridiculous. The black and white, where only figures are visible, overcome this difficulty, and throughout there is the proper atmosphere for mythical pictures.

But this is not meant, in any way, to convey the

idea that only the lighter types of stories can be represented in the silhouette films. Real dramas and plots, with intrigue—provided it is not too deep—may be clearly shown, and in an interesting way. That action can successfully be reproduced, may be easily seen from the accompanying illustrations that are scenes from a silhouette picture.

The new pictures are more than a novel way of attracting the public, though they have much value from this one point. They have many advantages in a hitherto untouched field, over the ordinary acted motion picture. The cost of production will be considerably lessened, for one thing, and cardboard is

cheaper than actors. The unusual effects that may be obtained are a valuable asset. Here are artistry and plot blended pleasingly.

The chiaroscuro effects are simple and charming. Some of the backgrounds are suggestive vistas; others, skillfully pointed delicacies. There is an arresting vividness in the flowing pantomime in sharp black and white, unlike any I have ever



Mr. J. R. Bray, who is coöperating with Mr. Gilbert in making the silhouette pictures a success.

seen on the stage or even in moving pictures. Certainly here is a result not to be sneered at. Something new in motion pictures has been accomplished—something that could not have been accomplished with the older art of the screen. It is an unrivaled art—one that lies between the acted drama and the cartoon pictures, and has things that are foreign to both of the others.



STARTING life in New Ulm, Minnesota, is somewhat of a handicap for one who seeks to become an idol of Broadway, but it didn't bother Lenore Ulrich any. One of her chief characteristics is persistency, and when she set out to become a shining light in the theatrical world there could be but one ultimate result—that she would attain the position she sought.

When her family left New Ulm far behind, early in her girlhood days, and went to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the ambitious Lenore felt that this was a big step toward the realization of her aspirations. True, the advantage of the change, as far as her ambitions went, may be questioned by some, but the fact remains that she went to Milwaukee, and it was Milwaukee that gave her the big opportunity she so eagerly sought. At first, her appearances in theaters were confined to a regular seat in the gallery. Every Saturday afternoon, she devoted her weekly allowance of twenty-five cents to procuring a seat, from which she studied the people of the stage. This was the tidbit of her life—the thing she looked forward to—and for this she had to work hard all of the six days of the week, helping her mother with the housework after school

and doing everything about the home to make herself useful, including the taking care of several little brothers and sisters.

One day, prompted by the ever-present desire to go out in the world to provide for her mother and the little ones, she summoned enough courage to call upon the manager of the theater—one of the old-fashioned stock establishments—and applied for an engagement. The manager, a fatherly old gentleman, listened to her earnest pleadings for an opportunity, and, with a not unkindly smile, advised her to give up her aspirations toward the stage and become a stenographer, a dressmaker; in fact, anything but an actress. He pointed out to her that the road to stardom was long, hard, and tedious and demanded extremely hard work. This had no effect upon the girl, but rather made her more determined than ever to overcome every obstacle and win fame which would place her family and herself in an easy way. Finally, realizing that the aims of the determined child—for she was little more than that—could not be shaken, the manager gave her a small part.

This was the real beginning of the career of Lenore Ulrich, and it was not



Miss Lenore Ulrich saying good-bye to Forrest Stanley, leading man at the Los Angeles studio of the Morosco Company. Grouped about them are the young Mexicans who acted as Miss Ulrich's body guard during her trip to Mexico.

long before she was singled out from the rest and given a more important part. Step by step she rose from the lowest parts to leading rôles in the stock company, and then joined Eddie Foy in "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," when the latter played a week's engagement in Milwaukee. Musical comedy was not her field, however, and she returned to stock work. Experience came with each part she played, and when, one day, Oliver Morosco saw her on the stage, her big opportunity came, for this noted producer saw in Miss Ulrich the very person to portray the leading rôle in "The Bird of Paradise," a drama he had wished to produce for some time, but which he had held back, hoping to find an actress to fit the leading character. That Oliver Morosco's confidence in Miss Ulrich's ability was not misplaced is now a matter of theatrical history. As in the case of Peggy O'Neill, the well-known "Peg o' My Heart"

star, Lenore Ulrich became another celebrity of the stage developed by the observant Morosco. The success of this little artist is one of the most remarkable triumphs ever recorded in stage annals. From a mere slip of an ambitious, but inexperienced, girl, she plodded steadily until she became a powerful box-office attraction—a fact which is brought out by the record that for the two seasons in which she starred in "The Bird of Paradise" it was conceded to have drawn the largest receipts registered by any road attraction in the past ten years.

Soon after scoring another big success at the Standard Theater, New York City, last season, came the announcement that the famous "Bird of Paradise" star would temporarily discontinue her activities on the theatrical stage in order to star in photo plays for Oliver Morosco, who had become associated with the Paramount Pictures

Corporation in the motion-picture field. Stars of the stage were at this time streaming into the film fold, and the announcement that Miss Ulrich was about to make her motion-picture début caused no great furor, inasmuch as such decisions on the part of theatrical celebrities had no longer become an unusual event.

While every one agreed that Lenore Ulrich was a great success as an artist of the spoken drama, this in itself would not make her a film favorite, as has been learned to the sorrow of many film producers who have enlisted under their staff well-known favorites of the theatrical field. Both trade and public conceded that she had wonderful screen "possibilities," but so apparently had others who had failed miserably on the screen.

The result was that, regardless of what the talented girl had accomplished behind the lights, her success as far as the patrons of high-class film theaters throughout the country were concerned depended entirely upon what she could do on the screen.

After considerable search, the producers finally selected as her initial screen vehicle "Kilmeny," a stirring play that promised to prove of particular merit inasmuch as it presented in its title character a part that especially fitted the former leading lady of "The Bird of Paradise." Again the selection of Oliver Morosco resulted in

a triumph for both the little artiste and himself. "Kilmeny" was played as only Lenore Ulrich could play it. As the little gypsy girl of the woods, Miss Ulrich just simply lived the part, and the many quaint situations intrusted to her were brought out with a natural touch that "registered" among every viewer of the film. In wide contrast to these scenes, the star was called upon to portray various situations of powerful dramatic theme which displayed most effectively her wonderful versatility. At the Broadway Theater, New York City, where she appeared in person at each showing of "Kilmeny" during its run, packed houses were evident at all performances, and show after show was

stopped by the enthusiastic audiences, who would

not allow the entertainment to continue before the new film star obliged them with a few remarks.

This metropolitan hit of Miss Ulrich's first screen play was duplicated throughout the country where

Oliver Morosco-Paramount pictures were shown. In short,

"Kilmeny," as portrayed by Lenore Ulrich, was a great success and proved conclusively that she was a welcome acquisition to the

film field. On the completion of her film work, Miss Ulrich again returned to the speaking stage, but not for long, as Oliver Morosco is hardly the man to let such a star as she devote her time and effort where her talent was



Miss Ulrich has just opened the door to picture fame at the Morosco studio.

not displayed to the very best advantage. It was not long before he had secured her signature to a two-year motion-picture contract, and now the pretty Lenore is back under this producer's wing.

This brings us up to her present activities; which presents a new side of the winsome actress.

When Pallas Pictures, another Paramount organization, by permission of Oliver Morosco, secured for Miss Ulrich's next film play, "The Heart of Paula," a remarkable Mexican romance particularly adapted to the talents of the star, it looked as if the production of this subject would have to be postponed should it be decided that the film be staged in the actual

surroundings. The dangers of war-ridden Mexico seemed too great a risk for the little star and her associates. On being confronted with the question as to whether the film should be produced with artificial sets, or if she would consider a trip to Mexico despite existing conditions, Miss Ulrich promptly assured her producers that if her associates were willing, she would be glad to secure proper backgrounds for her photo play regardless of what the dangers may be.

"Me afraid?" exclaimed she, in answer to the question. "Indeed not! I realize that there are dangers to face, but why shouldn't I face them if others have? It's going to be great sport, and I won't mind some adventure, provided the others are willing. Of course, I really don't want to get hurt, and I hope everything will come out all right. We must have these scenes real in order to get the best possible effects, and, although it

seems like a lot of trouble to go 'way down into Mexico, it will be worth it. We cannot do real things by sitting down and wishing that they would come about; we must get out and bring them to a culmination."

Such is the spirit displayed by this plucky little girl, which was immediate-

ately taken up by the entire company. A bodyguard of twelve young Mexicans was secured for the party, which included a director, camera man, members of the cast, and several technical assistants.

The company went into the Sonora country, in northern Mexico, where Carranzistas and Villa troops recently have clashed in several important engagements. The Mexicans who accompanied Miss Ulrich were of the more prominent families in Los An-

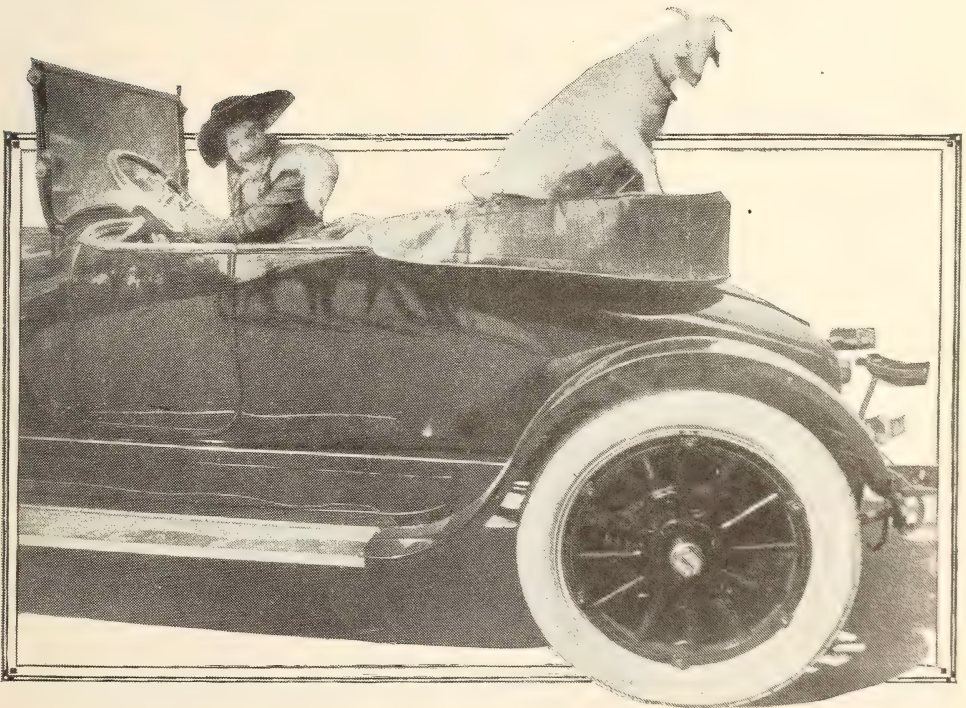


No—she is not one of the props—she is just ignoring the sign.

geles. Well educated, and having a thorough grasp of conditions in the unsettled republic, their services were of exceptional value.

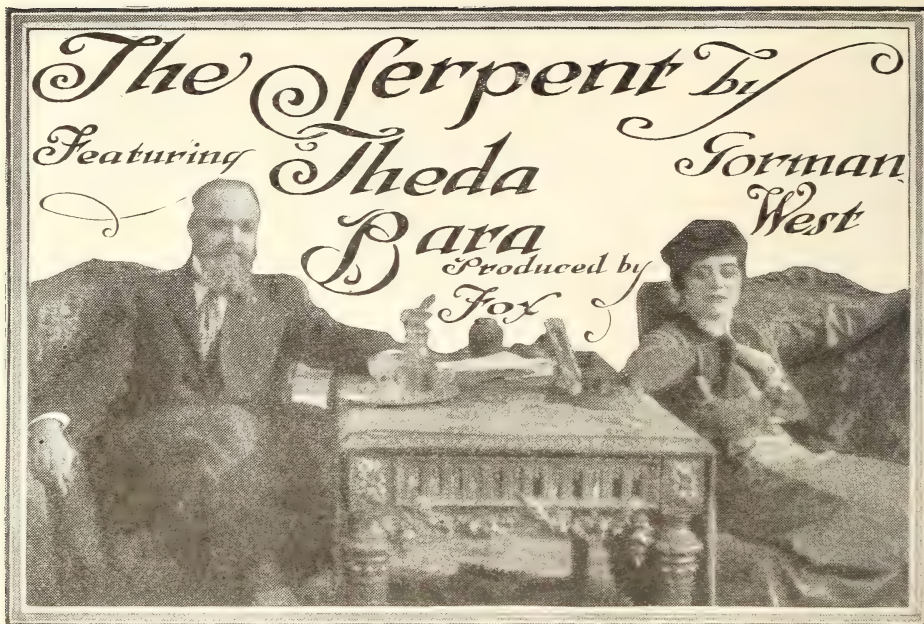
Miss Ulrich's new Mexican photo play, "The Heart of Paula," afforded her another opportunity to score on the screen even to a greater extent than she did in "Kilmeny." The Mexican tale is replete with interest-compelling situations, and works up to a dramatic climax such as Miss Ulrich presented in "The Bird of Paradise."

A bright future is predicted for this girl star—who has still to reach her twenties—in the silent drama, for she has already won the approval of the photo-play public. It is expected that Mr. Morosco will make even a greater film star of her than he did a theatrical figure. There seems to be no reason why this should not be so, as Lenore Ulrich has proven herself worthy of becoming one of the most prominent screen favorites of the future, and her work has already attracted attention.



SEE THE REFLECTION ON THE CAR?

Miss Marjorie Daw, protégée of Geraldine Farrar, and Miss Farrar's pet goat. We were going to say they were ready to take a little spin in the auto, but the reflection of the camera man, director, and other players on the side of the car seems to indicate that they were merely posing. This shows one of the difficulties that producers have to contend with.



ALL day long from the forest came the sounds of the chase—shots, shouts, and the strident blasts of horns. The muzhiks of Strielna caught the echoes of the killing as the royal party cornered the boar at dusk.

"The barin has returned from St. Petersburg, as usual, I suppose, and will go on with his sport all winter," sneered Martsa Lazar over the supper table. "Cruelty is his pastime."

"And why shouldn't it be?" roared Ivan Lazar, her husband, and he took up his portion of sheep's breast and gnawed as if to emphasize his best in animality. "A man cannot pass his life in gossip and saying his prayers. Work is a nuisance, too. So, to beat a woman or kill a buck is about all the fun left!"

"You forget the vodka, father, which is more important still," laughed Vania, his daughter, who, since babyhood had seen her sire under the influence of the drink each night of her eighteen years.

Ivan growled something unintelligible as he wolfed his mutton bones.

The mother of the girl winked at Vania. "Oh, vodka is like the breath of life, my child, and one does not count it," she said sarcastically.

"A man must have it to drown women's tongues," explained Ivan. "Come here, Peter," he continued, addressing the dog crouched at the door. "You are my best friend, after all's said and done. Take these bones, good Peter, and enjoy yourself. See how grateful he is for my kindness?" Ivan turned to the two women. "I give him bare bones, and he would die for me; I give you meat and dress, and you would like *me* to die. Ha, ha, ha! A woman is less faithful than a dog, yet she wants the world!"

Lazar laughed loud and long at his bit of pleasantry.

"A lot of use it would be to us to want anything, let alone the world," retorted Vania, her big black eyes flashing the lightning of quick temper. "Look at me—in rags day by day; wearing a dress that was once my grandmother's. And I'm to marry Andrey in the spring without even a new

shawl, and I have to make over my mother's wedding dress to wear. Yes, we do want the world, but we don't get it!"

Vania flounced out of the miserable room. Her mother sighed and set about a few household tasks with her accustomed lassitude.

"What a spitfire is Vania!" exclaimed Lazar. "I pity Andrey Sobi getting such a tongue as hers. But, by the five wounds, he won't stand her lashings for long, that I know. Very properly will he take the knout to her, and may his arm have strength!" The man leered knowingly at his wife, and then called shaggy Peter away from his bones that he might again philosophize over the animal's affection. Obediently, Peter came to his master and suffered a maudlin mauling, though any one might see that he was anxious about his mutton bones. With several applications of vodka to Lazar, however, Peter was released at the hands of the brutish serf.

The foregoing scene was typical of the Lazar family. More or less, it might be said to be true of the average Russian peasant household. Muzhiks, or peasants, were not given to amenities or niceties of life. The men worked for merest pittance, the women

drudged drearily, and both accomplished as little as possible. Vodka helped them to become indifferent to conditions. Ivan Lazar ran true to form. His wife Martsa was better than the average Russian woman of her class; she was lazy and dirty, but she did not drink. Their daughter had no antecedent in the family, apparently. Vania was beautiful and ambitious, and she dreamed of golden days to come. Hourly she rebelled against her lot, and of late had waxed bitter. Only the hope of Andrey Sobi's future kept her within conventional bounds. Adventurous in spirit, and physically strong, Vania would long ago have run off to St. Petersburg, a two days' tramp afoot, had not her faith in Andrey bound her to the hated confines of Strielna. She was sure that Andrey would make a mark in the world. He was gifted with clever hands, and turned out beautiful vessels of copper and brass. Vania, in her mind's eye, saw him working for the czar, saw his majesty decorate him for his designs, saw their charming home in St. Petersburg. Oh, yes, Vania had it all arranged to suit her taste.

After her hot retort to her father, Vania sought her shabby bed, not to sleep, but to sit upon it and sew her



"A man cannot pass his life in gossip and saying his prayers," roared Ivan Lazar, and he took up a portion of sheep's breast and gnawed it.

wedding garment, and with each stitch she added to her golden dream. Andrey and herself were out walking in the metropolis, she in a red silk gown, with earrings and bracelets gleaming on her person. Her shoes—Vania had never worn real shoes—were slim, and bright with silver buttons. Andrey was tailored to perfection. As they walked, they attracted a great deal of attention. A distinguished-looking gentleman in a black beard and eyeglasses stared at her. She smiled on him slightly, and he bowed. Andrey saw it and was furious——

The dream Andrey fled before the man in the flesh. Without ceremony, he bounded into the room, all laughter and high spirits. "Come, come, my pretty sweet-heart must not put out her dear eyes sewing!" he cried. "Father Ivan has fallen asleep over his dram, and Mother Martsa is



With each stitch upon her wedding garment, she added to her golden dream.

nodding under her favorite icon. Let us rouse them with a song." From a shelf he took an accordion, put it into Vania's hands, and bade her play. Under his surge of gayety, the girl was carried out of herself. She played a boat song that had its origin with the rivermen of the Volga. Andrey sang. The sleepy elders awoke, Lazar to swear, his wife to smile; for the former had fallen from his chair to the floor, and into a pan of fresh lime. Peter leaped forward to assist his master, but was rewarded with a kick.

"For a kopeck I'd kill you, you mongrel!" shouted Lazar, wrathful at his predicament, and the lime smarting his cheek and hands. Andrey and Vania rushed in to learn the cause of the disturbance. When his daughter saw him sprawling in the lime pan, she laughed immoderately. But Andrey hastened to help the man to his feet, whereon he stood rather uncertainly. Glowering at Vania, Lazar launched into a diatribe on the duty of females to man in general. Noise and shouting outside the hut interrupted the homily. Martsa flung open the door.

Dimly in the gathering gloom the startled family discerned a file of men headed for the house. The snow shed an eerie light over everything. Andrey and the Lazars saw that some of the men bore dead animals between them. Others carried guns. It was the hunting party of the Grand Duke Valonoff! What could it mean? Martsa began fawning even though the barin



Glowering at Vania, Lazar launched into a diatribe on the duties of females to man in general.

could not see her in the dusk. Her husband sobered up marvelously and tried to make himself more presentable.

The illustrious party paused at the doorway to permit the grand duke to come forward. Tall, bearded, commanding, he swept his followers aside impatiently. "What son of Satan lives here?" was his imperious opening. "We need a guide at once. Our forerunner has lost himself, and we desire the shortest way back to the castle. Look sharp, there, now!"

Both Ivan Lazar and his wife were speechless before this royal outburst, but Vania, her heart beating tumultuously, volunteered to reply. "Barin," said she, "Andrey Sobi will be happy to show you the way." She pushed her lover gently forward, and he bowed, then straightened like a soldier at attention. At that moment, Vania was supremely proud of him.

"Yours, hand and foot," said Andrey to the grand duke.

"Excellent!" vouchsafed Valonoff,

but his eyes were devouring Vania's face. In that phantom light of twilight and snow reflections, the girl looked like some ragged princess. Her voice and bearing were not of these muzhiks, certainly, and the grand duke's curiosity was piqued. It never took much to interest him in the feminine gender; in fact, the fair sex was his hobby, and a waist or an ankle or the curl of an eyelash had been known to lead him far. Now the wonderful black eyes, black hair, and creamy skin of Vania held him as in a trance. Never, he thought, had he seen such extraordinary loveliness of coloring. To get home to his castle became a secondary consideration.

"Ere we start, I'd like a cup of tea," said the Grand Duke Valonoff, directing his words to Vania.

At the word, the girl flew into the house and made a fresh brew of tea in the samovar. The grand duke followed her. His friends and retainers held back. Martsa and Ivan Lazar,

still dumfounded at the nearness of such aristocracy, stood together like bashful school children. Valonoff sat himself near Vania, and lit a cigarette. From without, Andrey watched the byplay, his lips set and white, his hands clenched.

"Come, sit down beside me, lovely child," said the duke, motioning to Vania, "and while the tea steeps, tell me your dearest hope."

Shyly, she obeyed him. "The barin is very kind to be interested in his servant," murmured Vania.

"Nonsense, lovely child; I am not kind, only curious—you interest me," replied the grand duke. "Now, tell me your cherished ambition, and thy name."

Using the intimate "thy" to her made Vania flush, and she grew confused; yet she found tongue to answer: "Your highness, my name is Vania Lazar; I am an only daughter of poor muzhiks; my only ambition is for pretty clothes——"

"How do you expect to get them, lovely child?" As he asked this question, Valonoff leaned forward and stroked her bare arm.

Instinctively, Vania shrank from his touch. He chuckled.

"I shall marry well and have what I want!" said the girl, a note of defiance in her voice, fire kindling in her black eyes.

"By Heaven, I like your spirit, girl!" laughed the duke. "I thought that spunk was dead among the muzhiks. I am astonished and pleased to find a charming Tartar to brew tea for me. Vania, you are a discovery!"

He stood up as if to emphasize his words. Vania rose and poured from the samovar a bowl of tea, offering it to his highness timorously. The grand duke took it eagerly, catching her fingers around the vessel. And thus he drank his tea. Vania was uneasy, but flattered. Having quaffed his bowl in

this unique manner, Valonoff took out his gold cigarette case again and helped himself to a fresh smoke.

Meanwhile, his party waited his royal pleasure, whispering among themselves and nudging one another knowingly. "The duke is still hunting," said one of his cronies to a companion, and the two men grinned. Andrey overheard them, but though hot with rage, he controlled himself. He knew only too well the awful penalty such as he incurred if an exhibition of violence against nobility was made, even at greater provocation. His own father had been sent to Siberia for less. So the young fellow suffered in silence.

"Here, lovely child, are some rubles for thee." Valonoff held out a palmful of gold coins. "One for each smile bestowed upon me." He was preparing to leave the hut. "Next time we meet, may you have those pretty things you want so much!"

Vania stood in the middle of the room, dazed by the sudden descent of good fortune. In her hands the rubles clinked and glittered. With an inward oath, Andrey led the huntsmen off into the night. The mother and father of the girl recovered their senses finally, and swooped down upon her.

"What did his highness give?" queried Martsa, her face alive with greed.

"Let me have the money!" demanded Lazar, and he grasped Vania brutally, pinching her shoulders.

The girl put her hands behind her back, glaring angrily at her father. "It is mine—mine—and you shan't have a kopeck of it for your rotten vodka. It is for my wedding—I need all of it."

Ivan Lazar held her shoulders as in a vise. Vania paled at the pain of his digging fingers. Out of self-protection, she bent down her head and sunk her strong, sharp teeth into his hand. He howled a string of curses, and hurled her from him across the room.

"You serpent of hell!" he shouted. "Bite me, your father?"

Standing with the table between them, Vania defied him, her eyes blazing, her lips a red line of rage and hate. Maddened, Lazar snatched at the knout hanging on the wall. The cruel whip sang through the air. Martsa, his terrified wife, tried to stay his arm, but he felled her with his elbow thrust. The knout caught Vania across the back as she cowered at its circling lash. With a shriek, she flung the handful

beside the shaggy Peter. Fearful of what had become of Vania, the mother sat up, mumbling prayers to her patron saints, the candle guttering beside her. A shape flitted over the snow and arrested Martsa's attention. She shuffled to the door, opened it cautiously. Andrey stood before her.

"Is Vania asleep?" he whispered.

The old woman shook her head, put her fingers to her lips, and led him softly into the room. She pointed to Lazar, huddled in the corner with his dog. "Ivan beat her, and she has gone off," she said simply. Martsa began to weep; then her feelings given rein, she told him of the



Dimly, in the gathering gloom, the startled, family discerned a file of men headed for the house.



of gold rubles into her father's face. They stunned him momentarily, and he put up his hands to save his eyes. Vania ran out of the house, darted across the fields of hardened snow to seek shelter of a neighbor. When she was gone, her father gathered up the money, not before Martsa, however, had slyly slipped a few of the rubles into her boot.

"I'll teach her a lesson yet, the serpent!" muttered Lazar, fondling the gold coins. To celebrate his wealth, the man drank heavily of his vodka. In an hour, he was snoring on the floor

events that followed his leaving with the grand duke's party. "I shall be happy when you two are married," she sighed.

Andrey listened in silence. It was nothing new to hear of men beating women in Strielna—in any part of Russia for that matter. But it seemed horrible that his Vania should undergo the shame. Tears filled his own eyes. He bowed his head and sobbed. This night's events had been overwhelming. Martsa endeavored to comfort him in an awkward attempt at lightness.

"I shall go after the poor girl," he

said, "and bring her back. If Lazar again lifts a hand to her, he will rue the day, mother; I cannot stand by idly, even if he be her father."

There came a soft call from the darkness as he spoke. Vania had returned. She flew to his arms. "My wounded darling," he soothed. "Be patient only a little longer, my love, and then we will leave this wretched village and its dreadful memories. You shall be my adored wife, and the world will wonder at our perfect happiness."

Vania sobbed on his breast. Martsa slipped away, and left them alone. For an hour longer, Andrey poured consolation into her ears, and told her of his wonderful love. Heart glad, she listened to her lover. But Vania could not forget the loss of her rubles. Again and again she brought them to mind. At length, Andrey led her to the window, and said:

"You see that snow, Vanitsa? It glitters and looks beautiful, but it is cold and full of death. Just like gold, dear. Don't brood over your lost money. Besides, it was the duke's cursed gold, which is full of death!"

Vania smiled at his earnestness as she kissed him good night. "You talk like Father Seraphim," she chided. "He looks upon all gold, except his own, as evil. Do you, too, dear hypocrite?"

Laughing, they kissed once more. Vania latched the door, and turned to the supine figure of her father. Contempt and loathing were written on every feature. While mentally assigning him to a thousand pains, a gleam of gold on the table caught her eye. She tiptoed over, thinking to find one of her rubles. Instead, her hand fell upon a gold cigarette case. The grand duke's! Confusion and struggle with her father had almost covered it up with table utensils. Vania clasped it to her bosom, and stole off to bed. Under her pillow, she hid it. But

its possession brought her a wakeful night. A dozen times she started at some imaginary sound, her head raised tensely, fear in her sleepy eyes. Unable to get her rest, she let her mind wander afar. And ever the question was reiterated: "What will you do with the duke's case?"

Solution of the problem came near morning. Vania decided to take the gold souvenir herself to the grand duke. Doubtless, he would be glad to give her many, many rubles for it, and in this fashion could she thwart her father and at the same time obtain the finery she longed to have for her wedding. The castle of the Valonoffs was not more than an hour's journey through the forest. Difficulties of ice and snow would not deter her; Vania was strong, and could accomplish the journey without any one being the wiser. Amid all of her speculations and plans, the unsophisticated muzhik maid did not once question how the grand duke could have forgotten his cherished cigarette case. That he might have left it there purposely never occurred to her simple mind.

She was up and off on her journey at daylight. It was a cold, difficult way, and when she reached the castle, Vania was half frozen. The servants had pity on her and took her in. When they learned her mission, they appeared fearful. His highness would be wroth to learn of the theft of his gold case. Theft, they insisted it to be, and with pig-headed stupidity—"glupovaty," Vania called them—could see only punishment in store for her. However, Igor, the grand duke's old and faithful body-servant, consented to carry him the message, which was to the effect that Vania wished to place in his hands personally the lost treasure—she would trust no one else to do it. Poor Vania! Her cupidity was to be her undoing. The duke bade Igor usher in the girl at once.

Vania was led to a sumptuous lounging room, Oriental in coloring and furnishing. Yellows and reds predominated. The carpet was golden velvet, upon which was designed gigantic peacocks. There was a subtle odor in the air. She almost swooned at the beauty of it all. Never in her wildest imaginings had she conceived such magnificence. Grand Duke Valonoff smiled and came forward. Vania noted that he was clad in black velvet and looked regal. She gave him the cigarette case with hands that trembled in the fullness of her emotional shock at all this luxury.

"I expected you, lovely child," greeted the duke. "Sit down on this divan and rest. Did you walk all the way hither? You are wet to the skin, dear girl! Have you had any refreshment? No? Then you must." He rang a brass gong. Igor hurried in after a lapse of half a minute. "Bring food and drink at once!" commanded the duke. "And send Matusha here."

A woman with Tartar features appeared. "Take this child, Matusha, and make her presentable. Bathe her in asses' milk, perfume her tresses, and clothe her in fine garments, for she is my guest to-day."

Vania was about to protest these orders, but the duke was not to be denied. He was the most masterful man she had ever encountered. Matusha put an arm around the girl's waist, and Vania found herself walking as if in a dream. The ceremony of the toilet was in keeping with this wondrous adventure. Softest laces and silks were put on her

body. And even the hard-eyed Matusha exclaimed at her loveliness. As for Vania, she was enchanted with herself.

"Am I really awake?" she kept repeating. "But why all this?"

"It is the barin's whim," Matusha would answer each time, "and you are a lucky girl. Take all you can get, my dear, and keep a still tongue." That was Matusha's philosophy of life in a nutshell.

When the grand duke saw her, he expressed unbounded delight, and drew her down on the divan beside him. Igor had brought some



"Now tell me your cherished ambition and thy name," the grand duke said.

cold pheasant breast and wine. Gently, his highness persuaded her to indulge her appetite. Vania was hungry, indeed. But she refused the wine. Her action hurt her kind host. In his compelling way, he broke her resolution not to taste the wine. One sip, two, then a glass of it passed her lips. Vania felt lifted to thrilling heights of pleasure. And his highness proved so human and humorous! Quite like boon comrades they became. Her tongue prattled on and on, and Valonoff flattered her with grave attention or light laughter, ac-

cording to her mood. More wine was poured and gayly quaffed. This is life worth while, thought Vania. Without her knowing it, somehow, the grand duke's arms were about her, his lips fastened to her own. She fought against his power instinctively, but a great blackness engulfed her.

Vania woke in a bed that on first thought seemed heaven. It was as blue as the sky in midsummer, and all about her were cerulean draperies and dainty furniture of the same exquisite hue. But Vania felt weak, ill, and her head ached. Hitherto, she had not known an ache. She imagined she was dying. With a heart that almost suffocated her, she remembered the grand duke. Shudderingly, she buried her face in the pillows. To think of what had happened was terrifying. What would she do? What *could* she do?

Into the room tiptoed the enigmatic Matusha, a bowl of broth on a tray. "Don't feel badly, Vania," counseled the woman. "Worse than this might have happened. I call you a lucky girl—indeed I do! You would have married a muzhik who would have beaten you in a week. I did. And, oh, the chances of rich men I had thrown away! Better to be a rich man's mistress than a poor man's maid, I say. You were born for the good things in life, Vania. Take all you can get, and keep a still tongue, is my advice."

"Andrey, poor Andrey, was to marry me soon, but now——" sobbed the girl, keeping her head in the pillows. Then she raised her head in a determined manner. "I shall kill him and myself!" For a moment, her old-time temper asserted itself, but she broke again into wailing her misfortune.

"There, there, my dear," comforted Matusha, patting the dark head. "You will soon be all right. Drink this soup and smile at your good luck. Thousands of girls would envy you. The barin is crazy about you; he will shower

wealth upon you; you will have all your heart's desires. Would you rather marry a boor and starve for the rest of your life, a dozen brats crying to you for bread? Be sensible. Take all you can get, and keep a still tongue!"

The Tartar woman left the room. Vania pondered her words, denied their sophistry one moment, and agreed with it another moment. Drinking the broth, she felt better, and shortly fell asleep. When she opened her eyes again, morning sunlight streamed in the beautiful boudoir, and the duke was sitting beside the bed. Her first impulse was to strangle him. Something of her emotion came to the man.

"Do not hate me, lovely child," he pleaded. "I love you—love you with all my heart and soul. Let us be happy together. Marriage does not matter with those who love passionately. I have a wife, you know, and a son—a boy sixteen. But the duchess is not happy with me. She does not love me. I do not care for her. We live apart. My son lives with me, however, and he is all and all to me—or was till you came into my life. When I saw thee, sweet, I simply had to have you. I left that cigarette case on your table designedly, feeling that you would bring it to me, and then I would possess you. Forgive me, lovely child. From now on I am your devoted slave. And see what I have for you. "Look!"

He held out to her a pearl necklace of fabulous worth. Vania surrendered herself to him. "Will you love me always?" she whispered, as he took her in his arms.

"Always, lovely child," he said.

Weeks of untrammelled joy came and went. The Grand Duke Valonoff seemed as intensely in love with Vania as ever. Each day she watched his face to see if he were tired of her. She dreaded that hour, yet told herself it would never happen; her conflict of emotions was baffling. One thing that



For an hour
Andrey poured
consolation
into her ears.

puzzled and annoyed her was the duke's set purpose to keep his son and herself apart. He had promised over and over to send for him—the young prince was in St. Petersburg—but failed to fulfill his word. It was the one attitude of his that irritated her. At last, her constant reference to the subject aroused the anger of the duke. A breach followed. They quarreled. Amazed at her temerity, Duke Valonoff became enraged. He ordered her to leave the castle. Obstinate, she refused. Still more amazed and enraged, the duke sent to St. Petersburg for one of his mistresses, a vulgar woman with a venomous tongue. Nada made haste to do his bidding. From that hour, Vania's life was a series of insults in act and word. The duke and Nada abandoned themselves to coarse language and li-

centious behavior. Disgusted, disillusioned, Vania left the vicious atmosphere.

With peasant shrewdness, she took every belonging—dress and jewel—that the duke had given her. In a droshky she drove into Strielna, for she really longed to see her mother once more. But the populace—a hundred spiteful souls—followed her droshky, jeering at her. Scornful, she drove to her old home. Ivan Lazar saw her and called down every curse in the calendar upon her.

"Serpent of hell!" he called her until breath failed him.

Martsa tried to reach her erring daughter, but Lazar drove her back into the house.

"Where is Andrey? Where is Andrey?" screamed Vania.

"He has sworn a *podvig* never to close his eyes until he sleeps upon your grave!" cried a mocking voice.

It was enough. Her cup of bitterness was flowing over. Vania, white-lipped and sick, told the driver of the droshky to take her to the railroad station, ten miles north. Glad of his rich fare, the man whipped his animal with fresh vigor. "We'll be there before sundown," he assured her.

In St. Petersburg that night, Vania

beauty thrived and increased on her ghoulish fare. But eventually her trail of ruin and death resulted in official orders to leave Russia. They said she was *otchainy*, which, in Russian, means "past praying for."

To Paris, that mecca of sophistication and dalliance, Vania went. Within a month, she was the talk of town; within a year, its demimonde sensation. Several men of genius were in her train. A great author fell her victim, and blew out his brains because she chose a cabinet minister for a new lover.

The cabinet minister lost his position in three months on her account; she ignored him, and he went to the depths of degradation. Then she tried the stage, calling herself "La Serpent."

All Paris flocked to see her. More men were lured and lost.

Five years passed. Vania was in the very zenith of her dreadful basilisklike beauty. She was only twenty-three. Then the European war shook the Old World to its foundations. When the wounded filled



"You see the snow," said Andrey. "It glitters and looks beautiful, but it is cold and full of death, just like gold."

swore a terrible oath to the effect that henceforth she would devote her life to ruining men. Serpent, her father had called her, and serpent she would be, in truth. Lest her own poison, generated by her hate, act upon herself, she would inoculate those beastly men who sought her as their prey. A year proved her purpose and her venom. For her, or because of her, three men had died violent deaths, two were banished to the salt mines, and one ruined financially. Strange to remark, her

Paris, it was her whim to give free performances for them, not out of charity, but out of vanity. By this time her heart was dead. Even when she heard from a soldier of Strielna that Andrey had been killed on the field of battle, she was unmoved. One day her eyes were drawn to a young fellow's face in her audience. It stirred a dormant memory. She asked about him. He was Prince Valonoff, and had been shot in an engagement, she learned. Yes, though a mere boy of twenty-one, she

could see his massive father, the grand duke, in his head and carriage.

Subtly, she managed to become his friend. How flattered he felt to have this wonderful woman pay such pointed attention to him! When she invited him to her house, he went with something of awe in his manner. She was so beautiful, so famous. He had heard terrible rumors about her, but he believed none of them. Prince Valonoff was unspoiled, simple-hearted, unlike his libertine father as a son could be. The duke, indeed, had striven to keep his son pure and clean in mind and body, and was jealous of the boy's unsullied nature.

Under pretense of having him convalesce in her tender care, Vania persuaded the young prince to use her magnificent house as his quarters until ordered again to the front. Only by arts known to

herself did she ruthlessly despoil him of his cherished morals and ideals. Vampirelike, she sapped his character. In less than three months, he was hitting up the fastest pace in Paris. She drank with him, a leer on her lips, hate implacable in her eyes, yet he believed himself her beloved. Often she gazed at him, one of her eyes squinted in cold calculation—a trick of hers—and she seemed to be weighing his chances, yet he adored her to madness. Once she ventured to reveal the hidden springs of her conduct, if he had but known:

"Why does not your father come on to Paris to see you?" she cooed.

"He is coming, dearest; I received word the other day," he answered, "but I wanted it as a surprise to you."

Vania was electrified, and from that moment maintained vigilant watch. It was to her advantage—long awaited—that the grand duke should arrive at the house in his son's absence, though Prince Valonoff was expected any minute. Without a tremor, she

received him in her salon, asking him to be seated in her most gracious manner. The grand duke placed himself one side of the Louis XIV. table, Vania on the other. She lit a cigarette, and lowered her eyelids. Utter contempt was on her mouth. Valonoff did not notice her manner. That he failed to recognize her was hardly surprising. Vania had developed from a crude slip of



She drank with him, a leer on her lips, hate implacable in her eyes.

a muzhik girl into a dazzling woman of the world. And her hair, no longer black, was the richest of somber reds.

"Madame has been most kind to my boy," began the duke, "and I do not know how we shall ever repay you. He has written me the highest praise of your care of him. Tell me, were his wounds painful?"

"Only those of the heart, I imagine," purred Vania, casting a languishing glance at the man, who did not miss its import.

"Boy love is mere vapor," laughed



The duke buried his face in her white, sweet neck.

the duke. "But, do you know, madame, you remind me of some one I have seen—possibly had for a friend?"

"Indeed?" said Vania, smiling her deadliest. She rose, and threw herself upon a chaise longue indolently, sensually.

The grand duke was quick as ever to take fire. Vania cast a glance of invitation at him. That determined him. He followed her, and bent over her supine form. She reached her arm around his neck. "*If the prince would only come!*" she kept thinking. It was the prayer of a fiend. Duke Valonoff, his blood coursing through his veins like molten lava, clasped Vania in his arms. Bolt upright she sat. She heard the prince's footstep. The duke buried his face in her white, sweet neck.

Just at that vibrant moment, Prince Valonoff reached the doorway of the salon. He strode two or three steps, then paused. Petrified with horror, he recognized his father as the man with Vania. Supreme loathing mantled his countenance.

"Father! Vania! Lovers!" he gasped. "God help me!"

Impulsively, he drew his pistol from

his pocket, raised it to his temple, and, before the grand duke could reach him, pressed his finger firmly against the trigger. The latter, with a hoarse cry, had leaped toward his son. Too late! The body of the prince crashed to the floor and rolled to the father's feet. Stricken a mortal blow, Duke Valonoff fell on his knees, and without conscious effort repeated the *otkhodnaya*, the Russian prayer for the departing soul. In that moment of terror, he appeared to have shrunk to half his size.

During the tragic scene, Vania sat silent and stony as the sphinx. Her face was waxen, her lips tight and colorless. Suddenly she laughed demoniacally.

"The serpent's work is done!" she cried. "The peasant Vania has destroyed the princely house of Valonoff! For this have I lived through a hundred deaths! Now for my own exit! Illustrious barin, behold thy handiwork!"

She removed from a finger a ring set with a large red stone. It was wrought in the form of a serpent. Breaking the false jewel, it was seen

to contain a crimson powder which Vania swallowed. On his knees, heart-broken over his beloved boy, the duke nevertheless gazed fascinatedly upon the woman as she took the poison. At that instant, he recognized her.

"You! You!" he screamed. "Vania, the muzhik of Strielna?" His whole world had given way beneath him. "Almighty God, how Thou hast punished me!"

The girl heeded him not. She was

entering the valley of the shadow on swift wings. For a moment, she held out her arms to some vision. "Andrey, Andrey," she murmured, "do not turn from me. The Evil One persuaded me, Andrey, but I truly loved thee——"

Those were her last words. Like a hunted jackal, the Grand Duke Valonoff backed out of that room of death. He crept away, babbling—a mindless thing. Fleeing Paris on wings of fear, he passed from mortal ken.



THE ADVENTURER

DID you ever get chased by a lion?
Or find yourself treed by a bear?
Or hide where a tiger might spy on
Your palpitant, uprising hair?

Did you ever see stampeding cattle
Sweep over your suffering bones?
Did you ever take part in a battle
Where they die without fussings or groans?

Did you ever go round like a cave man,
Arrayed in a simple fig leaf?
No wonder they call me a brave man;
Of adventurers I am the chief.

I've been beached on a cannibal island;
Been linked with a native wife;
Been flung to the sharks from the dry land—
You'd call it a hazardous life.

Oh, nothing on *me* had old Nero,
Who fed on excitement and hate.
For I am a picture-play hero.
On the billboards they label me "great."
ROBERT FOSTER.



The Gatspaw by Austin Stevens

Featuring
Marc
MacDermott

Produced by
Edison



"The double is perfect," laughed St. John over the phone.

THE moment after she had signed the hotel register, Rokane Belairs went at once to her room. She was conscious of all the stares that followed her, but she realized that in the game she was playing it meant everything to appear mysterious. So she swept through the lobby and into the elevator, apparently unmindful of the commotion she was creating among the other hotel guests.

Once in her room, she glanced furtively about her, laid off her wraps, and, going to the door, turned the key. Then she went to the switch in the wall and flashed the electric light twice. An instant later, she heard a step outside the window, and a soft sound as it was shoved upward.

As Rokane stood waiting, a half suspicion of a scowl crossed her face. She was thinking of something she had seen only a few moments before, as she arrived at the hotel. She had stood in the entrance, unseen, and watched a machine drive up, saw a tall, well-dressed man about town hand a smiling girl out of the car with sufficient marked attention to arouse her own displeasure. Rokane had pledged herself not to reveal that she knew Kittredge St. John, this popular member of Milville society, but she saw no reason why he should

take advantage of the secrecy by making love to another woman. She was sure he was kinder to that young debutante, Dorothy Paget, than was necessary. Yet she knew that it would be folly to upbraid him, for in all her past dealings with Kitt she had found him fatally stubborn when she tried to force him to anything.

All these thoughts shot through her brain as she heard the noise at the window. A hidden pain and anger gnawed at her heart, yet she knew it was useless to object. She affected a joyful smile as a dark form stepped into the room and crossed to her.

"Kitt!" she whispered. "I knew you'd come. It's seemed so long since I saw you last—and we have only been separated a month!"

"Yes, dear," assented Kitt, taking her in his arms, "but much has happened in the month. I've gotten in as soft as velvet with the bunch in this town. They ask me everywhere, and include me in everything. The time is nearly ripe to pull off our little job here. That's why I sent for you."

"Well, here I am. I came as quickly as I could, and as secretly. No one has the least idea that we know each other, and the guests who were downstairs tonight—well, they nearly looked their

eyes out at me. There was one old duffer, over near the door, who couldn't stop staring. I never saw anything like it!"

"That was Major Holbrook," laughed St. John. Then he added seriously: "He's going to be one of your victims. You've got to get after him right at the start. I'll give you a list of the ones you are to know, and then it's up to you to find the way."

"That oughtn't to be hard," said Rokane smilingly. "I *am* pretty, am I not?"

Kitt laughed at her arch inquiry. Then he took her in his arms again.

"You bet you are!" he ejaculated. "And, what's more, you've got brains. I don't know what I'd do without you—sometimes."

Rokane looked smilingly into his blue eyes. All her vexation at seeing him with Dorothy Paget vanished for the moment. After all, she loved him, and she believed that she was clever enough to hold him. If not, there was always some other man who could be used to make him jealous, and jealousy is a sure cure for indifference. Now it was this Holbrook fellow, for instance, and there had been another man, whom she had not mentioned to Kitt. This second one had watched her from behind a screen of plants in the lobby. He had thought he was unseen, but Rokane's eyes were sharper than he supposed. There was something about him that made her think it best not to mention him to Kitt.

And at that moment this individual was sitting in the smoking room of the Milville Club, thinking of the striking young woman he had seen enter the hotel that evening. What a fine-looking creature she was, he pondered, and what a dashing way she had of moving about. Why, there was the grace of a queen, the poise of an empress, and yet the carefree swing of a young girl, in the way she had crossed the lobby.

What a wonderful wife she would make some man who was far up in society! He had found out her name in the register, had found that she was Mrs. Bellairs, and he wondered whether she was a wife or a widow. Somewhere down in his heart he wished she were a widow. He had very little imagination, did Henry Bonwit, even though he had risen to the presidency of the Milville Bank; yet he could easily picture this wonderful woman as his wife, and a leader in Milville society.

"What's the matter, Bonwit?" put in a voice from a near-by easy-chair. "Thinking about stocks, or just dreaming?"

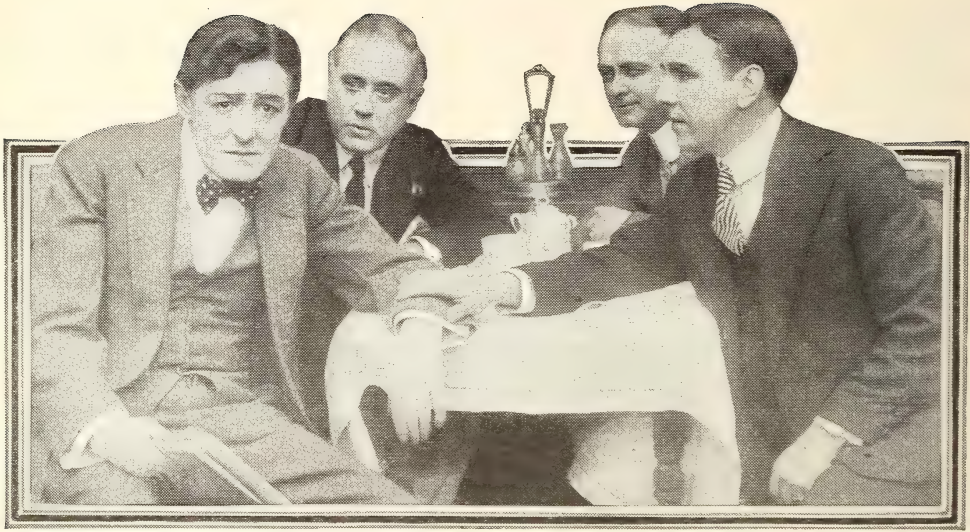
Bonwit turned smilingly to his neighbor.

"Not quite," he laughed. "Just thinking that it was time I started for home. There's a hot directors' meeting due tomorrow, and I shall have to get some sleep."

"Hard luck," the other clubman sighed. "I was just going to ask you to sit in on a hand of bridge."

"Sorry, but I really can't. I'll have to go over some figures before I turn in." He rose to his feet, still apologizing, and ambled to the coat room. He was thinking again of the wonder woman, and puzzling over how he would be able to make her acquaintance. For Bonwit was a man who made up his mind suddenly, found out at the start what he wanted, and then went after it tooth and nail; and he believed now that he wanted the woman who had registered as Mrs. Bellairs more than he had ever wanted any woman in his life. True, he had only seen her once, but there was something about her that enchanted him from that first sight, and he was bent on a campaign for her affections.

As he turned the corner, he passed Kitt St. John, who, if he had only known it, had just left Rokane's room



"Yes, why don't you take a chance?" they all asked him.

by way of the ready fire escape. The plans had been completed for the "cleaning up" of Milville, plans by which Rokane and her confederate planned to be the richer by several thousand dollars. Milville, though near to the city, had proved an easier victim than they had foreseen. The inhabitants had accepted Kitt without question, simply because he had taken the pains to display considerable wealth; and one short month had seen him lodged in the best hotel, a member of the most exclusive club, and a guest of the foremost families of the town.

He had planned a new method, he had told Rokane, back in the room, which he had to keep secret from even her. She had objected to this, and had seemed just a little cool to him during the remainder of the interview. As he walked down the street, he wondered if it was not on account of his goings about with Dorothy Paget. Couldn't she see that he cared nothing for that little doll face, though? She was only valuable to keep him in a secure position. Rokane had said nothing about her to him, but she had objected firmly to his secrecy about his

plan. Yet he could not tell her—he could not tell any one—because the slightest leaking out of the facts would ruin them both. After he had passed Bonwit, he looked back toward him, laughing to himself. Poor Bonwit, he thought. Rokane certainly would attend to him! And, still thinking of Bonwit's coming experiences, he entered his hotel and went directly to his room.

Forty miles away, in the city, on the following morning, a group of idle actors were sitting around the breakfast table, at the Comedy Club, poring over the advertisements. It had been a poor season, and half of them had had nothing to do for months. How rotten the theatrical game was, after all, thought one of them. He thought it so strongly that he said so to his neighbor.

"You're right," agreed Bayard, who had been a leading man in three of Broadway's greatest failures that year, "but here's a chance for somebody. Here's a prime chance." And he passed the paper across the table to the others. They scanned the advertisement he indicated with much interest:

WANTED.—An actor to play the part of a double in new play. Must be tall, fair, and with clean-cut features. Five feet ten inches in height. Man of refinement and education absolutely essential. Good salary. Rm. 204, Nelson Building, Broadway, N. Y. C.

"It's good stuff," said the second man, "but I couldn't fill it. If the right man turns up, it's a cinch."

Bayard, who had been gazing out of the window, turned abruptly. He had been watching some one come slowly down the street toward the club. It was Roger Sturges, a young college man, who had been trying to get into the theatrical business for two seasons without much success.

The actor at the table turned to his confrères.

"There's a lad who'd just fit the part," said Holt, as a tall, rather poorly dressed form passed the window. "Roge Sturges."

The next moment, Sturges lounged into the room. He looked ill-kempt and down on his luck, so that even the breakfasters, themselves without work, felt sorry for him. They quickly put the proposition before him.

"Yes, why don't you take a chance?" they all asked him.

Sturges could see no harm in trying, so he hurriedly took the subway to the address mentioned in the advertisement. There was a long line ahead of him, and it seemed impossible that he would ever even be interviewed. Finally his chance came.

"Say," exclaimed the agent, as he entered, looking first at a picture he held in his hand, and then at Sturges, "you ain't a fellow named St. John, are you?"

"No. My name's Sturges. I was in the 'Red Slipper' company last. What's the idea?"

"Well, the idea is that if you ain't St. John himself, then I've found what I didn't think there was in the world, an ab-so-lute double! My Lord! I

couldn't tell the difference if I had you two together! Sure you ain't fooling me?"

"Of course not!" answered the other impatiently. He could not understand the actions of this agent.

"Well, St. John is the man who wants to hire the double. Only you've got to grow a beard and mustache. If you'll do that, you're hired. What do you say? It will mean a hundred dollars a week."

"Done!" was Sturges' answer, as he grasped the agent's hand. "It's a beard and mustache as soon as I can. Then what?"

"Then you get into a suit of dress clothes and go to the address on this card. I'll tell 'em you're coming. That's all." And he rose, smiling. Sturges walked away from the office unconscious of all that was going on about him. A hundred dollars a week! It seemed too good to be true.

But before the beard was hardly grown he received another message from the agent. That individual asked for another interview, and, when Sturges called, greeted him with the statement that a new turn had come in the matter, and that there were a few more things which had to be settled. Sturges' heart sank, for he was sure that he was to lose the position. However, the agent reassured him at the outset by telling him that he was eminently satisfactory, but that there was some new information to be imparted to him.

"You see," began the agent, "there has been a slight misunderstanding about what you are to do. You are not to play a part on the stage at all; this is a confidential matter with one of the foremost men of Eastern society. When you were here before, I mentioned the name of Kittredge St. John. Do you know him?"

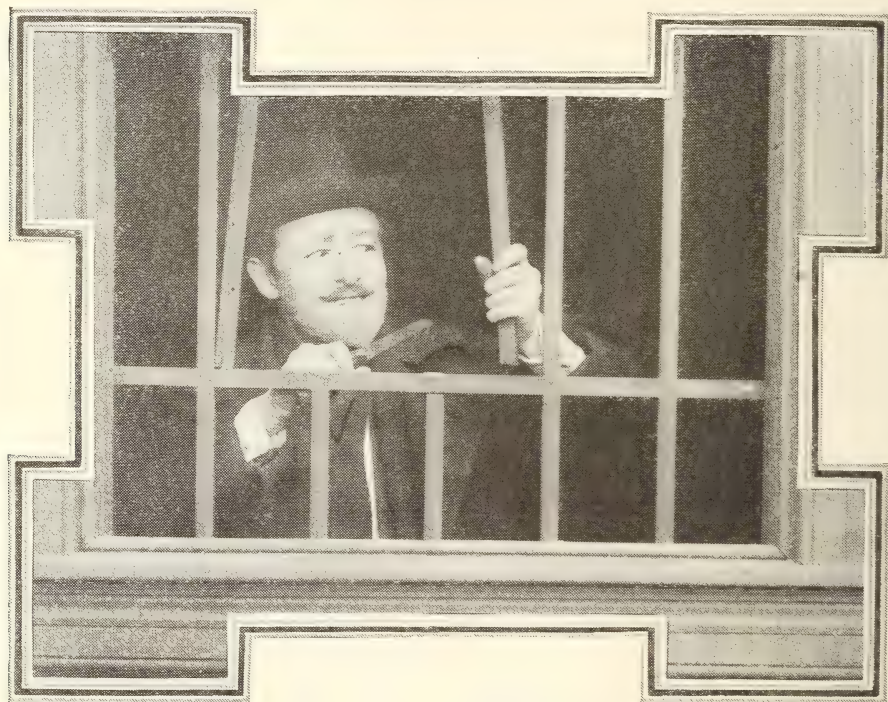
Sturges admitted that he had never heard of him.

"Very good," went on the agent. "All the better for our purposes. The idea is this: This gentleman is in very poor health, and wishes to withdraw from all social life for a while; but, as it is very necessary, according to his business, that he mingle a great deal in the

have only to be tactful, and follow his directions implicitly."

"It sounds all right to me, then," concluded Sturges. "I'll go to Milville to-night."

"Good!" replied the agent. "I'll phone that you are on your way."



Another series of rasps—a pause—and the second bar gave way.

social world, he desires to engage you to take his place, so that the public will not recognize that there has been any substitution. You are just the man for the place. Do you understand it?"

"Yes, I understand—but—are you sure it's all square and aboveboard? I'd hate to run any unnecessary risk, though I need the money."

"It's perfectly fair, I assure you. This St. John is well known in Milville, the suburb where he is living, and you are sure to have the experience of your life, mingling with the best people, going to the best clubs, and all that. You

And so it was that Sturges stepped off the train at Milville that evening, and was driven in a taxi to the Central Hotel. In his pocket jingled a new supply of money, and in another pocket lay a latchkey given him by the agent. He was to walk into the St. John room at the hotel as if it were his own.

As he entered the hotel, Mr. Bonwit, the banker, passed, and greeted him cordially.

"Well, well, well!" he gurgled. "How's my old friend Kitt to-night? Looking pretty well for a social lion, eh?" He touched Sturges playfully in the ribs.

The double was taken aback at first, then he rose to the part he was playing, and replied in an offhanded manner. He did not hesitate in the lobby, but hurried to "his" room. As he opened the door, he stepped back in amazement, for there, in dressing gown and slippers, sat what he would have sworn was himself. The two men looked at one another in silence, for neither could believe his eyes. Finally the one in the gown spoke:

"It's a wonderful resemblance, I swear! My dear fellow, you are supernatural! Sit down, and let's get the thing straight."

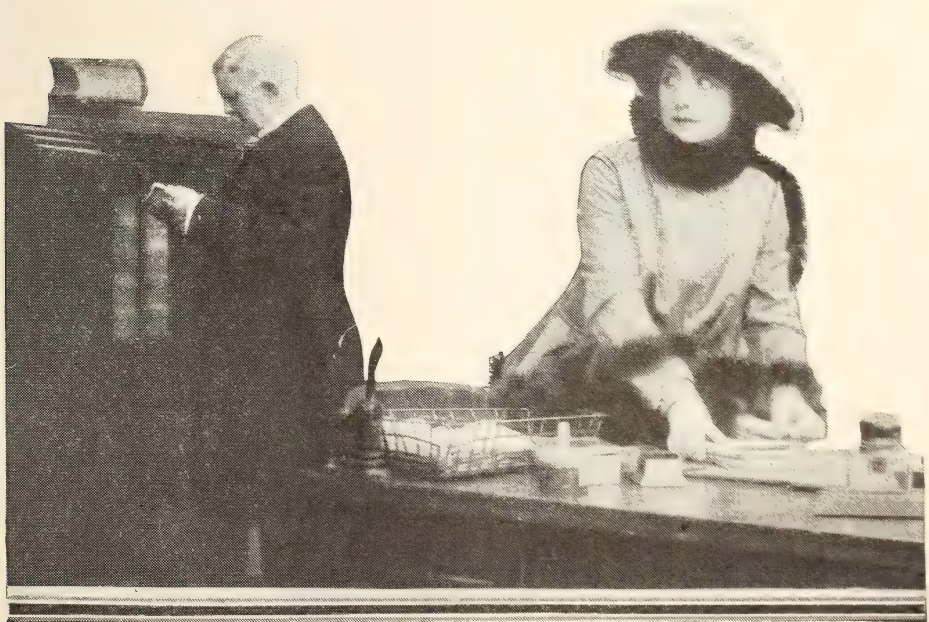
Sturges leaned uneasily against a table and let his host begin the conversation, for he had no words with which to meet the situation.

"I suppose you have had all the explanations necessary," commenced St. John. "You are to go about in the town as if you were Kittredge St. John, the social favorite, and you are to take directions from me here and do exactly as I say. There is only one thing I

must insist on—that you observe one peculiarity I am noted for—you must have a dislike for newspapers, and must not read them. I am noted for this habit wherever I go. Are the terms and conditions satisfactory?"

Sturges nodded, and then listened attentively while Kitt proceeded to a mass of minor directions. They were all easy to bear in mind, and Sturges was confident that here was one job in a million. The adventure of it all was beginning to appeal to him.

In the meantime, Rokane was busy at her share of the plan, though it is true she did not know what Kitt was trying to do. She had trumped up an acquaintance with the lawyer, Major Holbrook, to whom she represented herself as having a huge estate in Canada; and, moreover, she had lost no time in getting into the circle of the dazzled banker, Bonwit, who was fast becoming more and more of a victim to her personality. In Milville society, where she had firmly established herself, it was being whispered about that



Rokane "did the trick" as readily as if it had just been discovered.

she would shortly become engaged to the banker.

And so it happened that one night, after a dinner given in Rokane's honor by the greatest social power in the town—Mrs. Shackleton—Bonwit managed to draw her into the conservatory for the proposal that he had planned to make from the day they met. Rokane was well aware what was coming, but she had made up her mind to let the banker go his gait. It was all in accord with her purpose to engage herself to him. As they strolled into the glass room, two figures beyond a screen of palms caught her eye. Rokane flushed, in her eyes there burned a new fire of jealousy, and she bit her lips to keep back the exclamation she was almost on the verge of making. She saw a man bending over the laughing face of Dorothy Paget, whispering something into her pink ear. The man was Kittredge St. John!

Then she heard Bonwit talking to her in low, earnest tones, telling her of his admiration for her, and finally—she heard it as in a dream—he asked her to be his wife. The sight of Kitt leaving with Dorothy Paget robbed the conquest of all its triumph for Rokane, yet she did turn to Bonwit, and, with a half smile, which he took for signs of shyness, she consented. He seized her in his arms eagerly, but she struggled from his embrace and laid a finger upon her lips.

"Hush!" she whispered. "Not now, please! There is something else to be considered. I—I must—ask you to keep our engagement a secret for a short while. My husband's estate is not yet quite settled, and I dare not run the risk of having our engagement known. Will you promise, dear boy, just for a short time?" She smiled so alluringly at her new fiancé that the banker could not find the heart to refuse. He agreed to any length of time she might wish, and Rokane saw at once

that here was the easiest victim she had ever met. He escorted her home early, and when she was alone she could not help wondering what Kitt had been saying to that Paget thing there under the palms. At the thought of the little débutante, her eyes gleamed anew with a dangerous glow, and she tried to plan a course to retain his love. Perhaps he was at that very moment spinning along under the moon somewhere with her in her car. The thought was maddening.

But as a matter of fact, Kitt was slipping noiselessly along a shadowed area-way that lay next to the Milville Bank. He had planted the double successfully, first at the Shackleton dinner dance, and later at the Milville Club, with Archie Varnum and Holbrook, and he had decided that now the time had come for his first coup. He glanced at his watch. It was close to half past twelve. By now, the Double would have left the Shackletons to join the two clubmen in a card game which had long ago been arranged by the card fiend Varnum for the sake of settling a mock championship.

Kitt felt in his coat pocket. The jingle of metal told him that the necessary tools were all ready, and it remained only to open a bar or two in the window and climb through. Beyond lay half the wealth of Milville. He felt cautiously for the bars; it would be fatal to be heard now, for discovery at this stage would mean ruin. Then he produced a tiny file and a metal saw. The nearest passer-by could not have detected a soft rasp as the instrument bit its way into the painted iron. In a few moments the first bar parted, and he wrenched it to one side. Another series of rasps—a pause. Then a gleam of triumph crossed Kitt's face as the second bar gave way. It was easy work to one accustomed to such things. Through the narrow opening he had made he forced up the window and

dropped noiselessly inside. He turned, replaced the bars, and silently lowered the window. But not a moment too soon. He saw a flash of light, heard a step outside, and threw himself flat on his face. It was the roundsman on his beat.

For a minute, cold sweat stood out in drops on his face; then he breathed a sigh of relief. The watchman had gone on, unsuspecting. He tiptoed across into the inner office, scarcely being able to realize that he was alone with thousands of dollars, and had only to open the old-fashioned safe, which any child could have mastered, to secure it.

Working quickly, yet with catlike noiselessness, he hung a square of black cloth across the front of the safe to shut out his light as he worked. Then, like a child afraid of the night, he crawled under it, and in two minutes the iron door stood open.

Meanwhile, at the club, the Double was having the luck of his life. For the last four hands he had won everything, and the little stack of chips before him had grown to skyscraping proportions. Here was a chance to win as much as he would earn in a month, and Sturges held on eagerly. Finally Archie Varnum parted with his last chip.

"This cleans me out," he said, with an attempt to be careless about it. "If I lose this, I'll have to have you charge it. I never saw such luck. Go ahead. Play up. Whose lead?"

It didn't matter whose lead it was, for the Double won, as usual, and Varnum produced his note-book and gave his first I O U. But it

was only the start. When the party finally moved to disband, Varnum rose with a frank declaration that he had been "snowed under."

"I'll put it all on one note, if you don't mind, Kitt," he said to the Double, "and you can call me for it to-morrow."

The winner was sure it was all right, and pocketed the bit of paper. He was about four hundred dollars to the good, and it seemed to him, as he made his way back to the hotel, that this was surely the luckiest day of his life. What with all the winning, and the good-fellowship of these men, and—and Dorothy Paget had been divine to-day! What chance, he wondered—what chance would he have with her? Would she ever care for him if she knew that he was a masquerader—that without his borrowed plumes he would be a nobody, a starving actor, a college-bred do-nothing? He smiled to himself



To the amazement of all, Kitt's calm voice came over the wire.

hopefully, sighed, and turned in to sleep.

But the watchman of the Milville Bank was not asleep. True, he had made his rounds, but somehow he could not bring himself to feel that all was secure. He decided that he had better look over the plant again. He walked back by the window, where something, he never could tell what, moved him to try the bars, one of which came away free in his hand.

"There's burglary here," came his first thought, and he immediately bent down and beat a tattoo with his night stick on the walk. Less than half a minute passed before two bluecoats came running.

At the sound of the club on the pavement, Kitt dropped his tools on the floor, gathered what packages of bills he could and stuffed them into his inside pocket. His plan of escape was formed instantly. It would be a desperate chance, but he must not be caught. He put on his hat and made for the main entrance. It opened easily from within, and the next moment he had vaulted down the stairs to the street. The policemen were waiting for him, but he was not dismayed in the least.

"There's been a robbery here!" he cried. "For God's sake, come with me! They're in there!" He waved excitedly to the bank door behind him.

"Why, it's Mr. St. John!" exclaimed one of the bluecoats; but Kitt ignored his remark.

"I'm a director of this bank. I saw the thieves in the office," he insisted, and turned to allow the officers to precede him into the building. As they went in, he hung back till they had disappeared into the dark lobby. Then he jumped over the railing and disappeared around the corner. At that moment the town clock struck the quarter past one.

The next morning, as Sturges was

leaving the Paget home, after his morning call, a bluecoat laid a hand on his shoulder.

"You are under arrest for the robbery of sixty thousand dollars from the bank last night," came the quiet tones in his ear.

"Bank!" repeated Sturges, in surprise. "What bank? There must be some mistake. You want me—Mr. Kit-tredge St. John?"

"Certainly," the officer persisted. "I'm sorry, Mr. St. John, but it's got to be done. I saw you with my own eyes. It's a——"

"Saw me!" echoed Sturges blankly. "Why, nothing of the kind! This is absurd! Why——"

"That's what they all say, sir," replied the bluecoat stubbornly, "but better come along quietly, sir. The judge'll fix it all up." After a few more useless protestations, Sturges went quietly to the station.

But the judge did not fix it up. He was sure of the man, for three officers had identified him. He did consent, however, to Sturges' being allowed to summon Varnum and Major Holbrook to the court. They came in all speed, protesting against this glaring stupidity and indignity. Varnum fumed and threatened them all with impeachment, while Holbrook, as the town's chief lawyer, insisted that his word be taken. This sounded like logic to the judge, who, though he could not see where the mistake could have come in, still was disposed to treat the accused man fairly. The appearance of the sheriff himself settled it all.

"Why, judge," broke out that newcomer, "your prisoner was with the three of us last night, at cards, in the clubhouse. It's impossible that it could be he. Why, he came in with Varnum about twelve-thirty—I remember looking at my watch to see why they were so late—and he stayed with us all until two-thirty. I remember it was half past

two, because I had to take some medicine every three hours, and just as we put on our hats I saw that it was time for my pills."

The judge smiled.

"There seems to be some mistake. Surely, all these worthy citizens could

present to Rokane the next day, for she had told him it was her birthday. The fortunes of the Milville depositors had nothing to do with his ability to give her a parcel of securities valued at more than twenty thousand dollars. Bonwit was really courting Rokane, and this had always been his idea of the way to treat a fiancée. As for Rokane, she had no sooner recovered from her surprise at the richness of the gift than she set about evolving a way to realize



In the end the "degree" came home to him and a lengthy document was secured from him by the officers.

not be wrong about having been with the prisoner, especially our good sheriff here, who is so careful of his medicine. I can't see how I can hold the gentleman. Discharged!"

The officers looked at one another in wonder, and thought that the whole affair was very strange; but in the face of what had happened they kept their silence.

Another who was puzzled was Bonwit, the bank president; but the affair did not deter him from making a pretty

on them. It was the old, old trick of borrowing money on a package of bonds, and then, when the securities have been examined and the money about to be paid, to substitute for them a package of which only the top and bottom ones are genuine. Rokane selected Major Holbrook as the victim, called on him in his office and "did the trick" as readily as if it had just been discovered.

It seemed to her that fortune was favoring her in finances, but not in

love, for she had seen the man she loved, and who she thought was Kitt, making daily calls on the Pagets. She could find no necessity for it, save that he no longer cared for her. This idea was enlarged in her mind by the fact that she had seen little of him since her arrival in Milville. Therefore, she determined to take him to task about it that evening, when she should see him at a dinner Mrs. Shackleton was to give in honor of her birthday.

Yet, when Rokane arrived there, Kitt was not at the house. She asked for him casually, and received the crushing response that he was not going to be present, as he had accepted an invitation with the Pagets for a week-end at their country home. All Rokane's passion rose to the surface. It was plain enough he cared no more for her than if she had been a stranger. This empty-headed little débutante had driven all his love for her out of his head. Here she was, she thought, standing by him, shielding him, trying to aid him in a scheme to clean out the well-filled pockets and safes of Milville, and instead of thanking her for it he was spending his time with some new creature, some fairer flower! She would get even with him, even if she had to betray him.

That night, while they were all at dinner, the Shackleton maid suddenly screamed for help, and then came running into the dining room crying that the house had been robbed. She explained that she had gone into the dressing room just in time to see a man helping himself to Mrs. Shackleton's necklace from the open wall safe. And the man—she swore it was Kittredge St. John!

Rokane staggered to her feet, her face pale and her hands twitching nervously. She wondered if this was the end.

Mrs. Shackleton, after assuring herself that the jewels were really gone,

and that the thief had disappeared, fainted. Varnum called the police. Bonwit went for water for Rokane. Only Major Holbrook had presence of mind.

"Get Asbury Park on the wire—the Pagets!" he ordered. "We'll see if he is there or not. This is all uncanny!"

A moment later, to the amazement of all, they heard Kitt's calm voice over the wire asking who wanted to talk to him. Varnum looked at Bonwit in amazement.

"It isn't natural!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Even this servant couldn't have been mistaken altogether." But he kept his counsel, and determined to investigate a little himself. "Mr. St. John is there, all right, that's certain," he said to the guests, after hanging up the receiver; "and, what is more, he has given me some very good news. I am sure we are all glad to hear that he has just announced his engagement to the youngest daughter of Senator Paget—Dorothy."

At that instant, Rokane made up her mind. She rose abruptly and went home. Within an hour she had written two letters which would carry her plan to a finish. One went to Kitt, telling him to go to the Paget house the next night, as some important plans she had made depended on his doing this. The second went to the chief of police, telling him he should watch the Paget house the next night if he would catch the robber they were all seeking.

Kitt's capture, his indictment, and the efforts made to get him to confess, were all matters of a few hours. Milville had never been in such a seething pool of excitement. Rokane sat back quietly to enjoy her triumph; Dorothy Paget was prostrated; Varnum patted himself on the back as having suspected something when the Shackleton house was robbed. As for Kitt, he resisted all efforts to wring a confession from

him, but in the end the "degree" came home to him, and a lengthy document was secured from him by the officers, on the strength of which he managed to be let out on bail for ten thousand dollars. How he did it, few could ever learn, but it was rumored that Senator Paget, still believing him innocent, had used influence and money to gain him temporary freedom. Dorothy read the news in the morning paper without enthusiasm, for she never wished to see this man again. Yet, even

as she raised her eyes from the paper, he stood before her. The maid had just admitted Roger Sturges, who had come, innocently enough, to pay his regular morning call. Sturges had lived up to his promise to Kitt never to read the papers, and all the happenings of the day before had passed unknown by him.

"Are we going out to the park this morning?" he began gayly, but at the sight of her tear-stained eyes broke off. "What! Not been crying?"

"Monster! How dare you! How dare you come here into my home and talk to me after what you've done?" blazed out Dorothy, unable to control herself in the face of what appeared to be towering effrontery.

"What? Why, Dorothy, I don't understand! What do you mean?"

"Thief! Monster! Have you the courage to come here and say that— Oh, it is too horrible! Here are all the



"Here are all the papers blazing your guilt!" Dorothy cried.

papers blazing your guilt, and you have the— Oh—oh—" She broke down again, weeping pitifully.

Sturges seized the paper from her hand. In a glance he had taken in the headlines which told the story of the case. Slowly he realized what had happened and why he had been hired. Without another word, he left the house and started for the police headquarters.

Back in her room, Rokane gloated over her victory. She had had her revenge, and there was nothing now but to get out of town as soon as possible. Suddenly the door opened, and in walked Kitt. Rokane turned pale, for her conscience told her that he had come to settle with her, perhaps to kill her. But not so. Fresh from the jail, Kitt had come straight to her to tell her of his good fortune in securing his release. He met her eagerly and affectionately, but Rokane was cold and listless to his advances.

"Why don't you give your embraces to Dorothy Paget?" she asked him quietly. "You are going to marry her, you know."

"Marry *her*!" broke in Kitt. "Why, nothing of the sort! It's my double

"Forgive me! Oh, forgive me, Kitt!" she sobbed. "It was I who gave you away! It was I who betrayed you! Forgive me! I was jealous—I didn't want her to have you!"

Kitt leaped to his feet, his eyes blazing in anger. He seized Rokane by the wrist and towered above her in his wrath.

"You—you betrayed me! Oh, my God! And I might have gotten away with it all! You've ruined it all!"

That's what you've done!" he cried.

"You've ruined us both!" For a moment, it seemed as if he would strike her. Then he relaxed his hold on her. His love for her swept over him, driving before it his anger. He lifted her into his arms and kissed away the tears from her eyes.

"It's all right, little queen," he whispered brokenly. "There is a way out, and we will get away."



"Why don't you give your embraces to Dorothy Paget?" she asked him quietly.

who's going to do that. I'm going to marry you."

"Your double! Why, what do you mean?"

Kitt laughed, and, sitting down near her, told her how his whole plan had been worked. As it was unfolded, Rokane bowed her head sorrowfully. When he finished, she was weeping.

that gentleman insisted that everybody knew St. John, and he was mad if he claimed that he was not the man in question. It was nonsense. The lawyer would hear none of it.

So Sturges waited until the trial day, and from a hidden place he had selected watched Kitt mount the stand. He saw Kitt's eyes rest on him for an

Sturges had gone directly to a lawyer and told him the story, but

instant, he saw the prisoner begin to frame his story. But at the first words his blood turned cold. Kitt was looking directly toward him. Leveling a lean finger at him, the prisoner broke out:

"There, gentlemen, sits Kittredge St. John! There is your man!"

A thousand murmurs went up as the audience turned and saw the double sitting among them. Two officers stepped to the Double's side and took charge of him before he had time to offer a word. Kitt went on with his tale:

"My name is Roger Sturges. This man, seeing the startling resemblance between us, hired me to take his place in Milville, and while I went among the citizens as an honest man he found time to commit his crimes." Then slowly,

to the amazed mob, Kitt detailed the entire story, going into all the facts as if they had happened to him instead of to the Double in the audience, who was writhing for a chance to speak. At length he had finished.

"Do you think there is any need of keeping me any longer, judge?" he asked. There was a short consultation. Two officers led the Double into the prisoner's stand. Then the judge spoke.

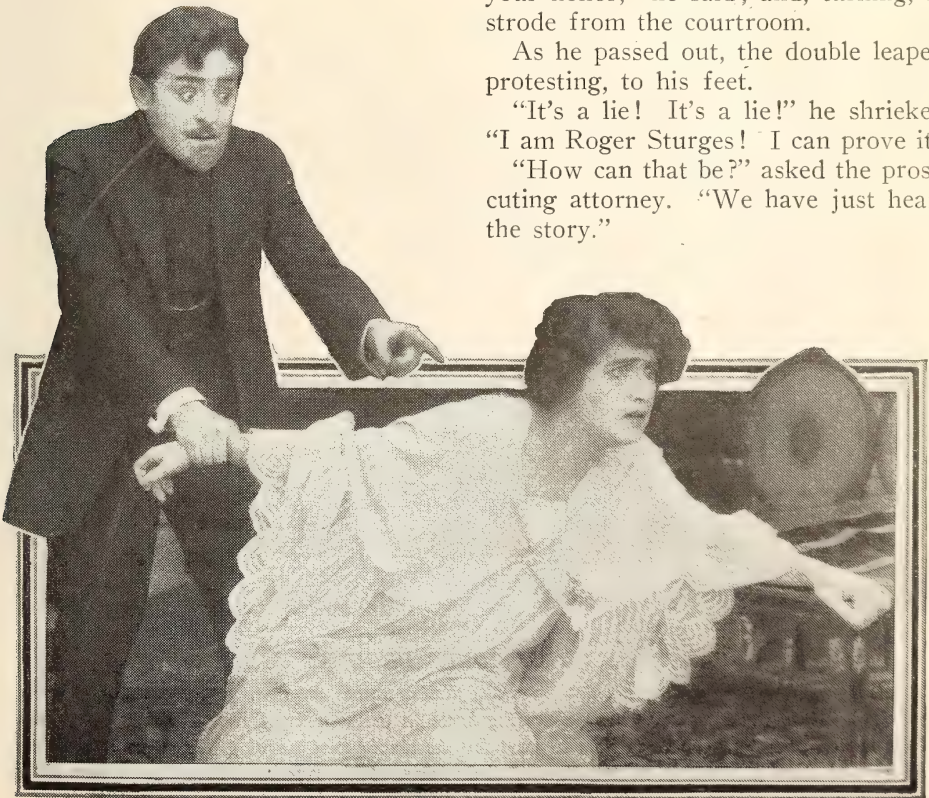
"I think not, Mr. Sturges; you may go this morning. If I want you, I shall summon you to-morrow. The bail issued in the name of St. John shall be transferred to you until we have finished with the real culprit." He reached out a fat hand, which Kitt seized smilingly.

"You are a very wise man of law, your honor," he said; and, turning, he strode from the courtroom.

As he passed out, the double leaped, protesting, to his feet.

"It's a lie! It's a lie!" he shrieked. "I am Roger Sturges! I can prove it."

"How can that be?" asked the prosecuting attorney. "We have just heard the story."



He seized Rokane by the wrist and towered above her in his wrath.

"Yes, but he says he played cards at the Milville Club the night the bank was robbed. I was the one who played the cards. Here—here"—he waved a slip of paper above his head—"here is Archie Varnum's I O U that he gave me then. How do I happen to have it, if I'm not the one who played the game?"

There was a sudden hue and cry to have the released prisoner brought back. Examination showed that this double must be telling the truth. He had been made the cat's-paw for all the other's robberies.

The double turned to Dorothy, who was sitting near by. Would she believe

him now? Would she, even if she believed, marry a—cat's-paw? He fixed his eyes steadfastly upon her. Then, as he watched, he saw that she returned his gaze, and he also saw that in the corner of her mouth a tiny smile was flickering, just to tell him—that she would believe.

The nearest officers had rushed to the door to bring back Kitt. Far down the road they saw the outline of a racing car containing the figures of a man and a woman.

Officer Burke turned to his mate despairingly.

"That road leads to the border line," he said.



MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW AT HOME.

Each night, after finishing the day's work of filming scenes for their justly popular comedies, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew motor to their charming home in the suburbs of New York City and forget all about motion pictures until it is time to start for the studio next morning. They are seen here enjoying a quiet Sunday morning on the steps of their home. This popular pair of producers of refined comedies recently joined the Metro Company and will be seen in a series of one-reel pictures of the same type which made them famous the world over.



CHAPTER I.

AN ADVENTURE IN FINE FEATHERS.

THE sewing room of Mrs. Hillary, of No. 22 Harrington Drive, was not only a practical work-room, but a thing of beauty as well; and the cheaply clothed sewing girl who had come from somewhere down on the lower East Side to ply thread and needle for ten hours at twenty-five cents per hour, cast many an envious glance at the sumptuous furnishings as she sang her song of the shirt.

It was a song not only of shirts, but of fine dresses and dainty lingerie—garments that needed here and there a stitch, or perhaps a little altering, according to Mrs. Hillary's instructions. In that sun-flooded room, with the rich draperies at the windows, and the big leather rest chair and settee, and the three or four real paintings on the walls to gladden the worker's eyes, the passing hours were far from tedious to the girl.

She was humming softly when, toward late afternoon, Mrs. Hillary came in. A lady whose age might have been anything between thirty and fifty; still youthful of figure and gowned to perfection, eyes still bright, and with just the merest hint of wrinkles—this was Mrs. Hillary. She carried in her arms a lace frock.

"Stand up for a moment, my dear," she said.

The sewing girl rose.

"Just let me see how you would look in this."

Smiling, the girl held the frock in front of her.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Hillary. "With a tiny bit off the skirt it will fit you, I believe, and, judging from your lovely throat I think you can wear a low-cut gown to advantage. White becomes you wonderfully. My dear, I am going to ask you to be a guest of mine to-night. This will be your 'coming-out' frock. Do you like the idea?"

The eyes of the little seamstress



"You mean I am to wear that?"

sparkled. And when Mary Denby's eyes sparkled one forgot the weary droop at the corners of the mouth, the cheeks pale with the pallor of the tenements. The sparkle in the big hazel eyes glorified the face and made you think of sunlight on rain-wet flowers. She pointed to her cheap waist, and then longingly to the lace-covered gown.

"You mean I am to wear that?"

Mrs. Hillary nodded. "Yes. It is just for one evening, and I will be greatly mistaken if you do not wear it with distinction. When you came this morning in response to my advertisement for a sewing girl I confess I was greatly surprised. Your manner, your speech, your youth, your lovely features, are so different from the average sewing woman. If I were to meet you on another footing and—excuse me—in other clothes, I should say you were well born."

"I have not always been a sewing woman; I have not always lived on Cherry Street," said the girl, the pallid cheeks growing pink. "But please—please don't ask me about my past."

"A woman with a past! Why, you are hardly more than a child, and yet you speak of a 'past.'"

"I have been married five years."

"Really you astound me," said Mrs. Hillary. "I think the legislature should prevent early marriages, especially among the poor. I suppose you have several children, too——"

"No, no. No children—thank God!" The last words were a whisper, but it was a whisper full of meaning, and Mrs. Hillary, who considered it excessively bad form to allow herself to be perturbed, changed the conversation.

"Well, my dear, I want you to forget that you are a married woman for to-night. You are to be my guest,

not my sewing woman. Your name is—er—Denby, I think you said.”

“Yes. Mary Denby.”

“Now, listen! As Miss Mary Denby I am going to have you meet Mr. Roger Manning, a young man who has more money than a young man ought to have. You will wear this gown and be as nice to Mr. Manning as you possibly can be.”

“That won’t be very difficult in a gown like this,” said Mary, smiling.

“Mr. Manning is the son of an old friend of my husband’s, and a very estimable young man, I believe. I may as well confess to you that it is all important that he should be kept in good humor. My husband has been offered a big contract, but it will take more capital than he can put his hands on to take it up—several hundred thousand, I understand; and he is hoping to be able to persuade Mr. Manning to go in with him. We have invited him to dine with us, and after dinner my husband and he will talk business. As a bait to him, I promised to introduce him to the prettiest girl in the city. I had Alice Martin in mind, but Alice has taken sick, and I cannot find anybody to fill her place. You see my difficulty, don’t you? Now the question is, will you come to my rescue?”

“Oh, indeed, I will,” said Mary. “I’d love to.”

Mrs. Hillary sighed her relief. “That’s settled, then. You can dress in my room. Cecile, the maid, will assist you. Try to keep Mr. Manning interested in outside topics. Tell him any story you like about yourself. You have only recently come to New York and have been introduced by a mutual friend—Miss Martin, let us say. You know little about me, and we have few mutual acquaintances. This will spare any embarrassing breaks. I see your eyes shining with the adventure. Child, you are very, very beautiful.”

CHAPTER II.

TO WIN A HALF MILLION.

Half an hour before the arrival of Mr. Hillary with his distinguished guest, Mary was arrayed in the wonderful gown; her hair was dressed high on her head, and just the merest touch of rouge on her cheeks gave them color, and made her look radiant when Mrs. Hillary inspected her through her lorgnette.

“I am proud of you,” she said honestly. “The only thing you lack is something to relieve the dead whiteness of your throat.”

She hastened away, and reappeared with a necklace of pearls. She fastened the pearl rope around the girl’s throat, then gazing at her for a moment, suddenly bent forward and impulsively kissed her.

Soon afterward Mr. Manning was being introduced—a tall, solidly built young fellow, with fine eyes and a chin that indicated strength of mind. Mary was a little shy at first, but she found the young millionaire a man without any affectation, and they soon became the best of friends. Very deftly she put him off when he inquired about her parents, and playfully told him that some girls liked to ring themselves about with mystery, and she was a girl of mystery.

“I quite believe it,” he said seriously. “I have never met a girl more charming, more winsome, and yet I feel that there is something about you that is a real mystery.”

All this was said at the dinner table, while Mrs. Hillary was plying Mr. Manning with dishes and endeavoring to interest him in gossip about her “set.” Presently her more observing spouse drew her attention surreptitiously to the fact that the girl was interesting their guest more than the chatter about other people.

She had contrived in the few mo-

ments before dinner to draw him aside and explain the absence of the young lady who was to have been at the dinner to meet Mr. Manning. He was shocked when she confessed that she had impressed the sewing woman into her service and planned the deception on the young millionaire.

to the exclusion of the girl, but as he watched her he had to confess to himself that he could find no fault with her. Her speech and behavior were beyond criticism. He echoed the smile of Mr. Manning, and relapsed into silence, save for an occasional comment across the table to his wife. It was



"The only thing you lack is something to relieve the dead whiteness of your throat."

"If he finds out that we've done a thing like this, it will be all up with his half million and all up with the Baldwin contract," he stormed.

"Don't worry," she told him lightly. "I am a good judge of people, and this girl will make no *faux pas*."

He was by no means happy over the deception, and he prepared himself for the wrath of Mr. Manning when the young millionaire should discover—as undoubtedly he would discover—the twofold character of the sewing girl who had become the guest.

Nervously he endeavored to aid his wife in monopolizing the conversation

quite evident that Manning was enjoying himself.

Mrs. Hillary beamed upon the young people; Mr. Manning would surely be as wax in her husband's hands after dinner. She nodded smilingly as the young millionaire slipped an orchid from the table vase and gave it to the girl.

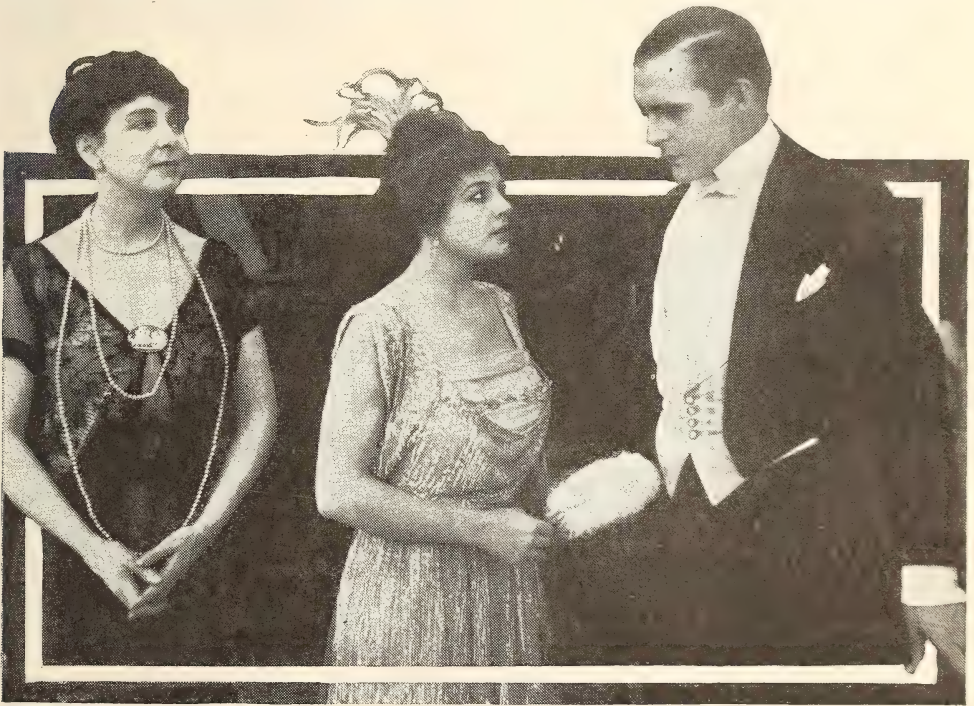
"You will allow me, I think," he said. "Miss Denby makes me think of flowers, and I should like to give her this choicest of all flowers."

With a soft-whispered, "Thank you," Mary fastened the orchid in her corsage. There was no need for rouge in her cheeks now. She had become

part of the environment. The listless air had left her. She had become a sparkling carefree débutante—for one glorious evening. She forgot the sordid home on Cherry Street, where a drunken husband was waiting for her; forgot the five bitter years that had followed her elopement with Stephen Denby, known to the Southern race tracks as a good fellow but too fond of the bottle. She was a motherless girl, and her father, Judge McCall, of Georgia, had had little time to devote to her. Her infatuation for the race-

Denby, who had hoped to profit financially by the marriage.

It must be said for Denby that he was fond of his wife in his own crude fashion, and though there were times when he treated her brutally he was as true to her as a man of his stripe could be. His race-track earnings grew smaller, and Mary begged him to give up the track and turn to something which would give them a steady income, however small. They had come to New York, but Denby's conception



"There is something about you that is a real mystery."

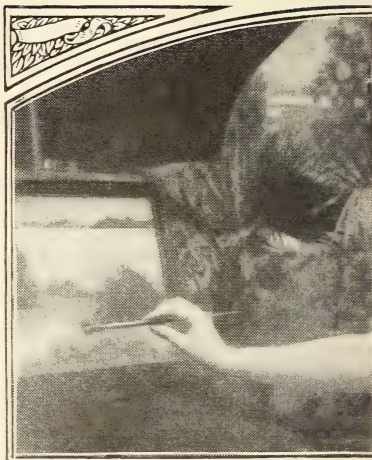
track man had left him a broken man. He had endeavored to make his daughter give up Denby, but loyalty was part of her religion, and though she knew she had made a bad bargain she persisted in staying by her husband in the face of her father's threat to disinherit her. The old judge died a year later, and his small fortune went to charity—much to the disgust of Stephen.

of work did not suit many employers, and he drifted from position to position, Mary managing to keep the wolf from the door by sewing. Worse than all, Denby had come in contact with thieves, and he was fast being drawn into the circle of the underworld. Amid such sordid surroundings, it was hard for the daughter of old Judge

(Continued on Page 90.)



Maybe you think just because Helen Holmes spends most of her time defying death in her effort to please the motion-picture public, that she doesn't care about playing "dress-up" parts, but this picture seems to tell another story.



Most of the critics have admitted that of them knew how true their words were. in pictures, but also when she is far away thing she enjoys doing most—aside from

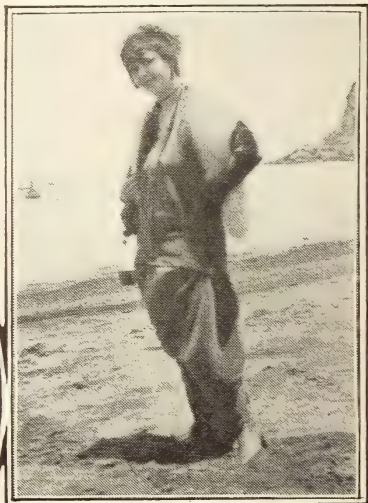


Billie Burke is often photographed alone, but she prefers to have her beloved "Ziegy" pose with her whenever possible. "Ziegy" is a more-than-ordinarily intelligent doggy and was given to Miss Burke by her husband, Florenz Ziegfeld.

Out of Range



Thomas H. Ince has other accomplishments besides being capable of making good motion pictures. He is also a piano player. Hist! He played that instrument for a living once upon a time, appearing in the vaudeville houses.



To look at Anna Luther standing peacefully by the seaside, one would never believe she was capable of dodging pies, in Mack Sennett's comedies.



Myrtle Steadman is an artist, but few She is not only an artist while appearing from the studio, for painting is the creating characters in celluloid.

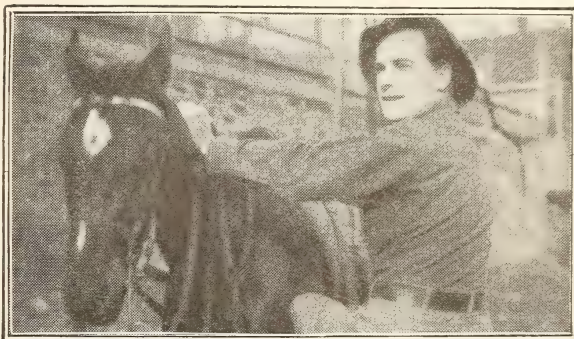
the Movie Camera



Dorothy Gish, the petite little Griffith star, has one pet hobby. That is decorating and redecorating her dressing room. Note the picture!



Yes, this is Edith Story of Vitagraph, and the car is really her own. What is more interesting, she drives it herself. The number of pictures of five and more reels that she has been playing in lately, however, do not allow much time for motoring.



Pat O'Malley has gained quite a name for himself by his equestrian feats both in and out of range of the movie camera. Of late, most of his riding has been away from the film, as his director, Bert George, has confined Pat's heroism to society dramas.



You know one of these men by sight and the other by reputation. J. Warren Kerrigan and Otis Turner, his director, work well together because they always agree!

McCall to keep her head above the swirling waters of crime. But she had grit as well as loyalty—and now had come this one wonderful evening in the luxurious home of the Hillarys, of Harrington Drive, when time seemed to have turned backward. She gave herself up to the intoxication of the moment; she was in her natural element.

In the music room, Mrs. Hillary, who was a brilliant pianist, tried to interest her guest in Liszt and Chopin, but Manning found the music of the girl's eyes more compelling. He sat with her in a palm-screened corner of the big room, and talked in an undertone. Mr. Hillary did, indeed, succeed in inveigling him into the smoking room, but the half-million-dollar deal made no impression on Manning's mind.

"It's worth thinking about," he assented, "but I'm not greatly anxious to embark on any more financial affairs

just at the moment. I'm hurrying back home to Chicago, and I'd rather wait and talk it over with my secretary."

"But we've got to act without delay," said Hillary, running his hands nervously through his steel-gray hair. "I took it as an intervention of Providence when you dropped in at my office in New York, and quite candidly I may as well tell you that I carried you home with me to thrash it out and get you in with me on the Baldwin contract."

"You're right; it was an intervention of Providence," answered Manning. "But it had nothing to do with business. Providence has made it possible for me to meet the most charming girl in the world. I want to thank you very heartily, you and Mrs. Hillary, for introducing me to Miss Denby."

"Yes, yes, I understand all that," said Hillary. "But——"

"Now, my good friend"—Manning



"Don't worry," said Mrs. Hillary. "I am a good judge of people, and this girl will make no *faux pas*."

put his hand on his host's knee—"don't bother me about business. I'm off for the West to-morrow, and I promise to write you within a few days."

CHAPTER III.

AN ORCHID IN THE SLUMS.

The wonderful evening was over. Manning had come and gone, and Mary Denby had put away the beautiful gown and the jewels, and pulled the worn jacket about her shoulders. In her pocket were the three dollars given her by Mrs. Hillary for her day's work as a sewing woman. In her bosom was an orchid, given to her by Roger Manning—for what? With her pulses throbbing, she vanished through the servants' entrance and made her way through the drizzling rain to the subway.

Manning had asked if he might accompany her home, but had been told that the girl was staying overnight with the Hillarys. What if they should meet in the subway throng? Would he recognize her? She laughed at her conceit. Mr. Manning was probably being whisked to his hotel in a taxicab, and had, no doubt, put her out of his mind, as she was determined to put him out of hers.

When she reached the dingy little tenement on Cherry Street, her husband demanded maudlinly where she had been.

"I have been sewing, Steve," she told him.

"Maybe you have, and, again, maybe you haven't," he retorted. A spare, loosely built fellow, with intensely black hair and eyebrows, this husband of the pretty sewing girl. His features were regular enough, but the mouth hung open, and there were furrows on his



He slipped an orchid from the table vase and gave it to the girl.

cheek that spoke of dissipation. "Like as not you've been doin' the stores and listenin' to free concerts and wastin' your time on fashion shows. If you'd only let me convince you there's money to be made in shopliftin', without a great deal of risk——"

"Steve, I've told you over and over again I won't steal."

Steve shrugged. "You always were a fool. Well, you've been at work, you say. What've you got to show for it? Come across!"

Mary drew back. "Steve, you've been drinking, and if I give you the money you'll only drink more."

"Cut out the preachin'," he said roughly. "Where's your pay for the day's work? I want it—quick!"

"No, Steve, don't ask me. We need things to eat. When you come to your senses you'll say I'm right."

"That money, I said," he muttered, and flung himself on her. It was a short scuffle. It might have lasted much longer, for Steve Denby's strength had been sapped by too close association with saloons, and Mary was by no means a weakling. But the struggle came to an abrupt ending when the girl's waist was ripped open and the orchid given her by Roger Manning fell to the floor.

Steve's hands relaxed. The sudden sight of the flower shocked him into full consciousness. The film of drunkenness left his eyes. He stared unblinking at the delicate blossom. He lifted his gaze dazedly to the blue-veined flesh left bare by the torn waist. Here against the lovely skin the orchid had nestled—

"So it has come to this," he said, drawing a hand across his sweating forehead.

"What do you mean, Steve?" she gasped. "Don't—don't look at me like that. Here is the

money." And from her jacket pocket she took the bills Mrs. Hillary had given her and held them out to him.

"Keep it," he said bitterly. "I don't want a cent of *that* money."

Her cheeks were aflame. "What horrible suspicion is in your mind?" she demanded. "I got this money honestly, Steve, for my day's work."

"And the flower?"

"The flower!" She picked it up and pressed it to her trembling lips. For a moment the contrast between the Hillary mansion and the sordid surroundings of the tenement flooded her mind and left her speechless. Steve waited, frowning. "The flower," she went on hesitantly—"it was given to me by the lady who employed me. She advertised for a sewing woman——"

"Who was she?"

"Somebody who is not on our calling list, Steve," she said, with a wry smile. "A Mrs. Hillary, who lives at 22 Harrington Drive."

"Wealthy, I judge? Orchids are expensive."

"Very. Why do you ask?"

"I was only thinking." Another mood had taken possession of him. His eyes sparkled. "Do you go back again to-morrow?"

"No."

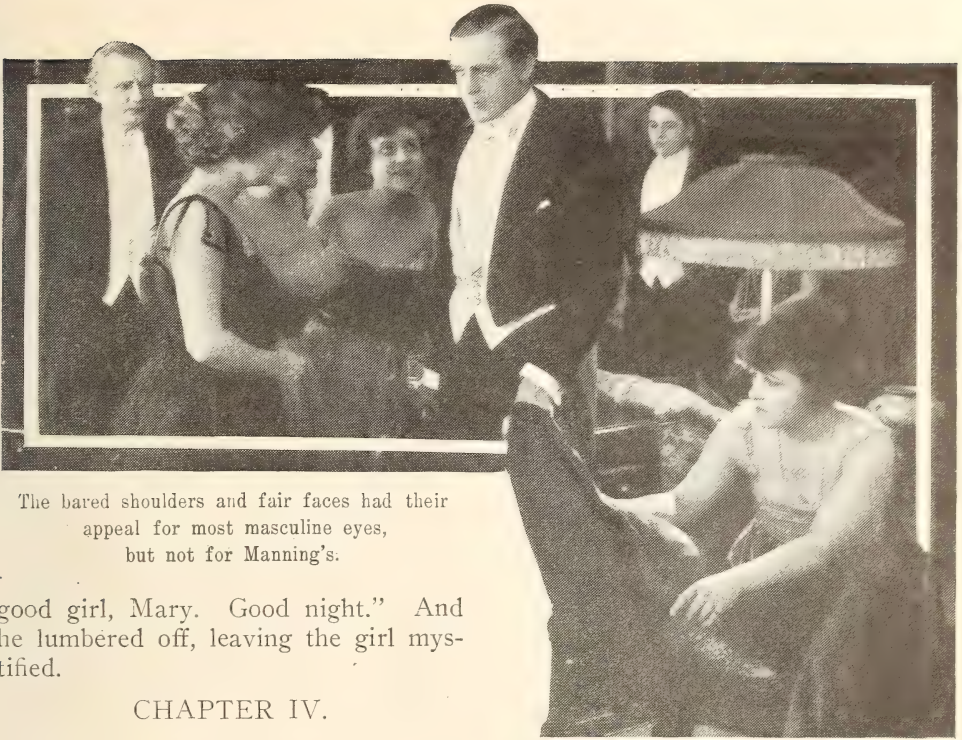
"H'm! That's a pity. But you'd only bungle it, anyhow."

"Bungle what, Steve? What are you talking about, anyhow?"

"Nothing. I'm going out to see some of the boys, and if I don't turn up to-night or to-morrow night, you'll know I'm busy. A little late work has been offered me, and—well, you're a



Mary had put away the beautiful gown and pulled the worn jacket about her shoulders.



The bared shoulders and fair faces had their appeal for most masculine eyes, but not for Manning's.

good girl, Mary. Good night." And he lumbered off, leaving the girl mystified.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ONE WOMAN.

Steve Denby did not come home that night, and in the morning, while Mary was scrutinizing the want ads, there came a knock on her door, and she opened it to admit—Mrs. Hillary.

"I thought I should never find your place," she began, "but the taxi driver could find a needle in a haystack, I believe. My dear, you will have to come back with me."

"Why, I thought we finished all the sewing yesterday," said Mary.

"This has nothing to do with sewing. I want you to be my friend Miss Denby again."

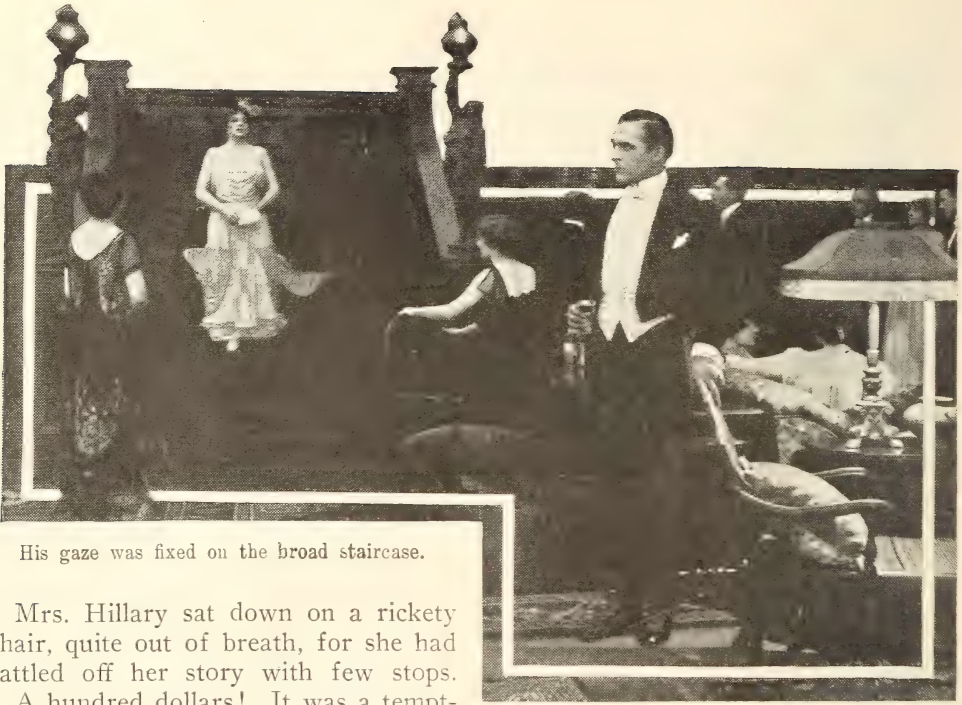
"Impossible!" said Mary promptly. "I must not. I enjoyed every moment I was your guest, but coming back—to this——" She stretched out her hand in eloquent gesture. "It is too horrible."

"I know, my dear. But I will make it worth your while. I'll give you a hundred dollars—now please don't in-

terrupt. Listen! Here's the whole situation. Mr. Manning is still hesitating about going in with my husband in the deal I told you about. He said he was leaving for the West in the morning, and we must keep him in the East at all costs. After he returned to his hotel last night I called him on the phone, and held out the biggest bait I knew—told him that you would be my guest for the week-end——"

"You did that!" cried Mary. "Oh, you must tell him——"

"Now, child, be reasonable. It won't hurt you to be pleasant to him for another day or two. I felt so sure I could win your consent that I invited Mr. Manning to bring his bag along and become our guest. He jumped at the suggestion, and will be at Harrington Drive this afternoon, expecting to renew acquaintance with you. Now say you will come."



His gaze was fixed on the broad staircase.

Mrs. Hillary sat down on a rickety chair, quite out of breath, for she had rattled off her story with few stops.

A hundred dollars! It was a tempting sum in Mary's circumstances. She tried hard to say no, but Mrs. Hillary finally had her way, and hope beat high in her breast as she hurried the girl to the taxicab waiting in the street below.

"You looked lovely last night, my dear," said Mrs. Hillary after they were settled in the cab; "but this afternoon I have planned for you a frock of the simplest of blue serge models. It may need a little altering, but Cecile will fix that—Cecile and you, if you want to assume the double rôle of seamstress and guest."

She laughed merrily, and Mary caught the infection and smiled, too.

"That's right; don't take the matter so seriously," encouraged the elder lady. "It's to be just a joke for you. But you are to gladden the eyes of Mr. Manning, and you will do it, with this trim serge suit and a little blue poke that we are going to fasten over your glorious hair. Then we will take a motor trip, and maybe dine somewhere,

and this evening I will have a few other friends at the house to meet our young millionaire and make things pleasant for him. Now that's the program."

Mrs. Hillary's program was carried out exactly as she had planned. Mr. Manning was duly impressed with the blue serge, and it is safe to say that no automobile trip was ever so enjoyable to him as the one he took that afternoon sandwiched between the lovely Mary Denby and the happy Mrs. Hillary.

They had an early dinner at Casby's tavern in Tarrytown, and hurried back to dress for the reception.

Cecile was putting the final touches to Mary's evening gown in the guest room allotted to the girl, when Mrs. Hillary, resplendent in a Parisian creation of old rose, pronouncedly décolleté, came in.

She put her arms round the girl's waist, and gave her a little hug.

"My dear, our little scheme has been a complete success," she cried. "Mr. Manning came back from the motor drive in the best of spirits, and when my husband buttonholed him in the library he wrote his check for the required amount without any hesitation. Oh, the plan has been a wonderful success!"

"I hope there's nothing—nothing crooked about the scheme," said Mary doubtfully, relapsing for a moment into the language of Cherry Street.

"I think I understand what you mean," answered Mrs. Hillary, with a smile, "but I assure you it is all above-board. My husband is a very shrewd business man, and when he says a proposition is a good one, you can absolutely rely on it being good. It will net Mr. Manning a big percentage, and it will save us from bankruptcy. My dear, you have worked wonders."

"Then I suppose you won't need me——" began Mary.

"Nonsense! Of course I will need you. You are going to stay overnight and remain my guest till our young millionaire starts West. Now, when you are quite ready, come down. I will try, with the assistance of the other guests, to keep him interested till you put in an appearance."

Mrs. Hillary

tripped off, shaking her fan roguishly at the girl.

She found Roger Manning the center of a group of girls. Laughing eyes invited him, but failed to arouse more than a passing interest. The bared shoulders and fair faces had their appeal for most masculine eyes, but apparently not for Mr. Manning's.

Mrs. Hillary bore down upon him. "Our little friend Miss Denby will join us in a few minutes," she told him.

His expression of listlessness vanished instantly. He exchanged a few commonplaces with the hostess, but his gaze was fixed on the broad staircase. She came at last, a lovely vision in



"I am only interested in—you."

white, a radiant beauty, regal in her bearing.

Manning left the circle, and met her at the stair foot.

"I'm glad you could stay over, Miss Denby," he said. "Somehow I am not interested in these other people. I'm only interested in—you."

Her lips parted in a bewildering smile. "Mr. Manning, you must not say such things. But come, this is a very conspicuous position. Let us join the others." And, taking his arm, she led him reluctantly away.

He considered that a lost evening, for she gave him no opportunity for a tête-à-tête, insisting that he divide his attention among the other guests. He had a whispered word with her as she said good night. It was: "We'll have you to ourselves to-morrow, Miss Denby, thank the stars."

CHAPTER V.

THE BARRIER.

On the morrow came the climax which Mary had dimly forecasted—and dreaded. It came after dinner, when Mrs. Hillary had blithely suggested that probably the young people would like to entertain themselves in the drawing-room for a few minutes before she and her husband joined them.

Manning boyishly welcomed the hint, and, offering his arm, he escorted the girl to the music room. She went at once to the piano, and sang softly an old Southern song.

There was a tremor in her voice, but she bravely continued to the end of the verse and nervously improvised an interlude. Then his hand fell on her shoulder—a hot electric touch—it seemed like a touch of fire.

"I love to hear you sing," he said, "but just now I want to talk to you."

"But supposing I want to sing——" She had risen from the piano, and

stood swaying, with a hand on the lower end of the keyboard.

"Even then I must insist."

"Don't you think we had better ask the others to join us?" she asked, forcing herself to speak.

"No. I cannot wait longer to say what is in my heart. Miss Denby, I love you. Will you be my wife?" The words came from him in a torrent.

"Oh, please——" she began.

"Listen to me, Miss Denby—Mary—I have only known you a few days, but I know there can be no other woman in the world for me. Won't you give me hope——"

"No, no, no!" she panted, pushing him from her as he caught her hands.

"You dare not say you do not love me," he went on in low tense tones.

"No, no! Please let me go."

He released her hands, and drew back a step. "I will go away and try to put you out of my life—if you say you do not love me."

"It can never be," she told him sadly. "I won't say I don't love you——"

"Then——" he broke in.

"Stop! I like you—like you a great deal, Mr. Manning. You are the kind of man—apart from your money—that I should be proud——"

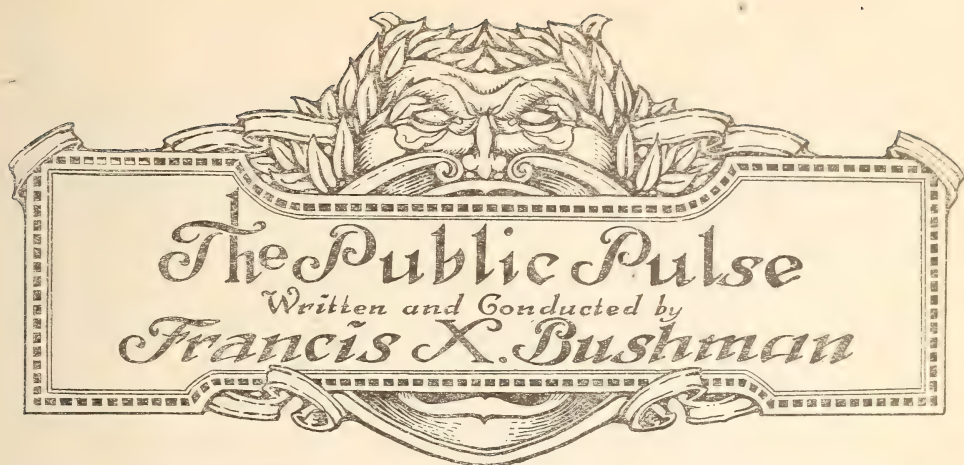
"If it is money that is the obstacle," he interrupted quickly, "I'll out-Carnegie Carnegie in giving it away."

"No, it isn't that," she said, with a wistful smile. "It is a much more terrible barrier. I told you I was a girl of mystery, and I am. I can never be your wife—that is definite. Please, dear, don't ask me why, but take my word for it. Oh, Roger, I wish it was possible—but it isn't."

"You wonderful Mystery Girl, I won't take this for a final answer. Some day I will clear up the mystery, and then——"

He turned as Mr. and Mrs. Hillary entered the room.

TO BE CONCLUDED.



I AM going to discard, so far as this article is concerned, any consideration of my letters and correspondents as such, and discuss a more general issue in the moving-picture field. We cannot take the movies too seriously these days. In the course of a year or so they will become the chief artistic resource of so very many people that their effect, inasmuch as they are the medium of communication to so limitless a public, is necessarily destined to be a matter for national concern. This has been more or less clearly indicated already by the prevalence of that tendency among our lawmakers, near lawmakers, and busybodies, which may be described briefly as the "censorship" habit.

The real truth of the matter is, that all those who have a professional interest in the moving-picture game should concentrate their attention on their public, on the business of supplying that same public with what it wants, letting the "censorship" movement look out for itself. Give the public what it wants, and the public will look out for the censors and make them behave and confine their activities within reasonable and proper limits. Now, what does the public want?

That is so large a question that I do not care to plunge into it offhand. The

general tendencies of the past, however, have been ably dealt with and commented upon in a book which has recently come to my attention. This same book, with no slight degree of insight, also ventures to point out the way of the future. The contents of this book, "The Art of the Moving Picture," by Vachel Lindsay, I wish to outline within the scope of a brief review in the hope that my readers and correspondents may be provoked thereby into making some interesting and illuminating comments on motion pictures in general.

Mr. Lindsay, who, I am given to understand, is an art critic of no mean measure of perspicacity and judgment, divides moving-picture plays into three kinds. There are the plays (1) of Action, (2) of Intimacy, and (3) of Splendor. This last-named kind the author subdivides into plays founded on fairy tales, on patriotic themes, into crowd pictures wherein the "dramatic asset is in showing changing moods of informal public gatherings; putting different types of mobs in contrast," and into plays of splendor with a religious signification.

This analysis of Mr. Lindsay's seems to me a fairly accurate one, and before I go further I want to ask my readers to express to me their prefer-

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ences, and to tell me in what particular way they prefer to see plays of this kind handled. The statement of various gentlemen who simulate the appearance, if not the wisdom, of the owl, to the contrary notwithstanding, we motion-picture people are largely dependent on the public for our notions of what themes to present, of how to handle these same themes.

To continue now with my review. Mr. Lindsay, reverting more or less to the terminology of art criticism, says that Action pictures are sculpture in motion—or, to be exact, *should* be sculpture of the best kind in motion. Intimate pictures are painting in motion—again the qualification as to degree of excellence; and Splendor pictures are architecture in motion. Later on he states, as clearly as he sees, a fundamental consideration that we moving-picture people should constantly remember, when he says “moving objects, not moving lips, make the words of the photo play.”

Turning his eye to the future, with the aim of indicating the lines along which the motion-picture art should develop, Mr. Lindsay well says that sentences interpolated in the film—leaders, that is—should be used to show changes of time and place and a few such elementary matters before the episode is fully started. He pleads with motion-picture people to emphasize the points wherein the photo play is unique. “The supreme photo play,” he declares, “will give us things that have been but half expressed in all other mediums allied to it.” Farther on, we find Mr. Lindsay laying his finger, with admirable accuracy, on a fact that I myself have long realized, namely that, in moving pictures, “the speed limit is soon reached. The limit of pictorial beauty cannot be reached. The shoddiest silent drama may contain noble views of the sea. This part is almost sure to be good. It is a fundamental resource.”

In this Mr. Lindsay has said, about as well as it can be said, what to my mind is the primary mission of the moving picture in this day and generation. We must strive to tell all our stories against a background of pictorial beauty that will thrill the heart of man as it is rarely thrilled. In this lies the secret of success, but, as Mr. Lindsay points out, great, natural effects and the splendid panoramas of cities, architecture in motion, are by no means the only pictorial possibilities open to the moving-picture man.

There remain interiors—intimate pictures. The question of interiors is a problem in details that remains eternally vexing. We can never know surely how well our careful efforts have brought out the effect we intended until all the work is done—that is, until the picture itself is on the screen. While Mr. Lindsay’s suggestions along this line are interesting, they so largely presuppose an intimate acquaintance with masterpieces of painting that, considering the scope of this review, I think I will omit any immediate discussion of them.

That the movies have come into their own no longer remains open to doubt. What does remain is the mandate that we shall make the very best of the possibilities of the new art we have been successful in developing. To do this, as I have indicated above, it is necessary that our public should coöperate with us and encourage us along the new lines that we, who produce, may feel justified in taking. Those who show pictures to the public are not as easily converted to new, experimental ideas as is the producer, and right there is where the public comes in with a vengeance. Go to the box-office man, my friends, and back up, with a personal word, any new ideas you are glad to see making their appearance.

No more striking and stable testimony to the more serious view being

taken of the movies these days is to be found outside of the simple fact that the demand to-day is for multiple reels, where yesterday it was for one, two, and three-reels. As long as motion pictures were a novelty, just so long were they done in miniature; now that they are an established, artistic part of the life of a great many people, the logical development of a story through whatever length it may need for proper treatment becomes a necessity. The interesting thing in this connection is that people are demanding longer stories; they are reading movie novels now, whereas they formerly read short stories.

This is not all the story of the development of motion pictures, however, as you may gather from the few extracts from Mr. Lindsay's book which I have quoted. The motion picture is not purely story; it is picture and story, principally picture. That accounts for the feature film. Greater and more splendid pictures, speedier and more telling action. Splendor and speed are the mystical passwords to motion-picture success, and, as Mr. Lindsay adds, "the crisis must be an action sharper than any that has gone before in organic union with a tableau more beautiful than any preceding."

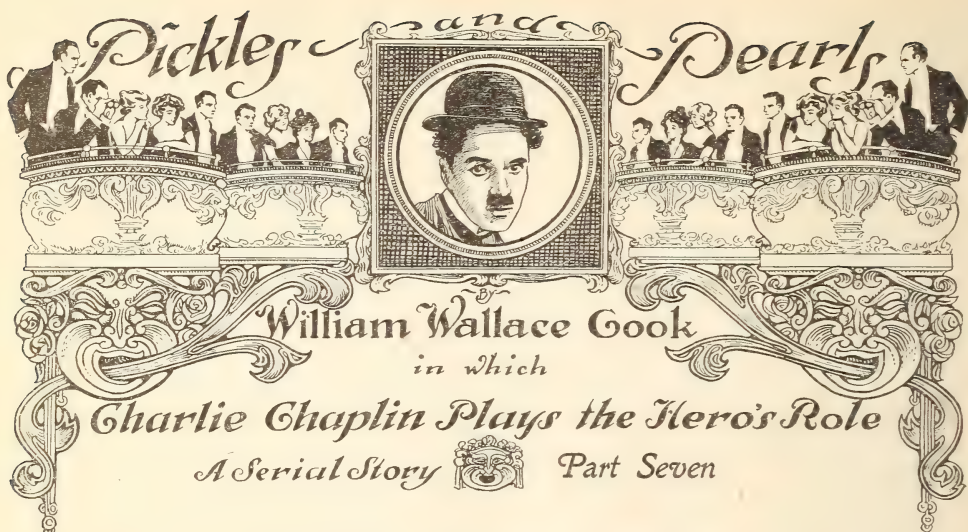
I have now given you a brief outline of one of the most significant comments upon motion pictures ever made in book form, and I have said something,

too, of my own opinion in this matter. What I want you to do for me is to tell me what you think of all this, and also along what lines you think moving pictures should develop; not only that, but also along what lines you would really very much like to see them develop. We are in a position now where we see through a glass darkly, and we need the guidance of a friendly public. None of us, as yet, know any too much about this great, new art; we all have lots to learn. The best sign of any is that most of us are willing to learn.

You, my readers, are as I am. In the pictures which you see, very often you miss something. What is it you miss most often? Generalize about what the movies lack in the message they bring to you, so that we all get together and make them what all we, who are really interested, hope and pray that they may be. On the foundation of their wonderful past, let us build a magnificent future.

I hope to receive many letters from those who earnestly desire to assist the producers in making better films, and I assure you that all comments and suggestions will be studied with care. When writing me in regard to this matter, kindly address me in care of "The Picture Oracle" department, and not personally. This will aid me in handling my mail.





SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

LOLA MCTODD, daughter of Silas McTodd, the pickle king, is known as "The Pearl of the McTods" because of her beauty. When she was young, a gypsy made the prophecy that if, when she was eighteen, she placed a wishbone over the door, the first man to pass under it would marry her. As her eighteenth birthday arrives, she finds herself with many suitors, chief among whom are Duke Penruddock and Harold de Vere, a young millionaire. Lola believes she should marry the duke, though she has never met him face to face, and her father favors the match. Charlie Chaplin, who has long sought his favorite brand of pickles, learns that they are made by McTodd, and applies to the pickle king for a place as night watchman at his plant. By mistake Charlie is the first man to pass under the wishbone, and Lola is greatly excited. Charlie secures the position, and starts work. The duke arrives unexpectedly, and Lola, who is unprepared, hides in the factory. She is caught in some machinery, and Charlie saves her life. McTodd offers Charlie a position in Samoa as special representative of the firm, hoping to thus remove him from the sight of his daughter, but Charlie refuses. The duke tries to do away with Charlie, but Harold de Vere proves the man of the hour, and saves the hero. Later Charlie again saves Lola's life. McTodd gives a ball to announce the engagement of his daughter to the duke. Charlie hides in a bank of palms, and sees Major Bright steal the famous tiara from Lola's neck. He accuses Bright of the theft, but McTodd explains to him that it is part of a prearranged plan to securing valuable advertising for the McTodd pickles through the newspapers—as they plan to give out a story about the jewel being stolen. A fire breaks out in the house, and the guests flee in panic. Bright steals the tiara again during the confusion—this time in earnest. He also attempts to take McTodd's life, but Charlie is on hand to rescue him. Harold also becomes a hero by saving McTodd's stenographer, Gwendoline. Charlie is hired by the pickle king to trail Bright and secure the tiara, thus postponing his trip to Samoa. As Charlie begins his search, he learns that Harold is also after Bright. They decide to work together, and their combined investigation leads them to suspect that the Duke and Bright are working together, and are a pair of crooks. They trail Bright to Bunkum & Brawley's circus, where both secure work. They pretend not to recognize Bright, who is a fire eater with the show. The stampede of an educated pig causes Bright to drop the tiara in front of Charlie. A fight follows, in which Charlie vanquishes Bright and two friends who come to his rescue. Harold seizes the tiara, and flees. Charlie quits the circus and sets out after Harold. He loses the trail his friend has followed at a farmhouse, and remains at this place ten days, feeling sure Harold will come to him. One morning he sees Bright, in disguise, heading for a near-by village, and follows him. Bright comes upon Harold, also in disguise, in the village, and the two fight in a box car of a train which is pulling out of town. Charlie comes to Harold's rescue, and forces Bright to tell all he knows about Duke Penruddock. From this information our heroes learn he is in reality Jack O'Byrne, a noted bank robber. Harold tells Charlie he has read in the paper that Lola McTodd is to be married to the duke that afternoon. They figure that the train will arrive in time to save the Pearl of the McTods, but just as they reach this decision the train is wrecked. Unknown to them, the workers in the pickle factory, where the wedding was to have been held, strike, and boldly declare they will prevent the ceremony unless their wages are raised. McTodd sends for the police.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BOGGSVILLE, FORTY MILES AWAY!

CHARLIE opened his eyes, sat up, and thoughtfully pushed a dent out of the crown of his derby hat. The branches of a lordly oak shielded him from the rays of the morning sun.

Between him and the base of a high embankment was a heap of kindling wood and twisted iron rods. On the top of the embankment stood many freight cars, some on the rails and some cross-wise of them, and showing a tendency to totter into the right of way. A locomotive, considerably demoralized,

had plowed half through a gondola and was nearly buried in twenty tons of coal.

Wreckers were at work. A gigantic derrick was clearing the wreckage away, but operations had seemingly only just begun. A man in blue overclothes passed Charlie, with a crowbar over his shoulder.

"Just a moment, friend," called Charlie. "Will you tell me where I am?"

"You happen to be safe, for a wonder," was the reply. "We thought you were done for. You were carried to that spot an hour ago, and haven't flickered an eyelid until now. How did you ever do it?"

"Do what?"

"Get out of that junk heap alive."

"I give it up. There was a blank, a hiatus, as it were. A little while ago I was traveling toward Boggsville; then came a crash, and—and I went to sleep. That was an hour ago, you say?"

"All of that."

"How far are we from Boggsville?"

"Forty miles."

"There were two friends with me in the box car." Charlie's voice failed him a little. "Where—where are they?" he faltered.

"We saw one man limping away at a pretty good gait," was the answer.

"Did he wear a red uniform and carry a paper bag?"

"I can't remember. The other man was toted this way, and laid on the other side of the tree. I guess it's a fatality—the only fatality connected with the smash. Engine crew jumped when their old pop bottle hit the coal. Head-end brakeman fell down on a box car and hung on to the toe path. The gang in the way car was only shook up. I guess," the man added sarcastically, as he moved on with the crowbar, "that you'll think twice before you try to beat the railroad company out of another ride!"

"H'm!" mused Charlie, feeling

around for broken bones. There were none, but he found several bruises. "How did I do it?" he inquired of himself, climbing to his feet; "how could I ever escape from such a comprehensive wreck as that with hardly so much as a scratch? Ha! Destiny has reserved me for better things."

He missed his cane, and went to look for it. One end of the bamboo stick protruded from the kindling wood. He drew the cane forth and found it to be intact. "More luck," he ruminated. "Let me see," he reflected, "what was I doing when I encountered this trouble?"

Already he had thought of Harold and Pridby, and made inquiries. Now he thought of them again, and went back to the tree and around to the other side.

Harold de Vere was lying sprawled out on the ground. His eyes were closed. A paper bag was clutched rigidly in his right hand.

"Poor Harold!" murmured Charlie. "It looks very much as though he had seen Fifth Avenue for the last time. But he did not neglect to save the tiara! I wonder how Pridby missed it before he limped away?"

Charlie knelt down beside his unconscious friend. With gentle hands he removed the bag from the clutching fingers. Strange! The bag had not even been torn. Opening the bag, Charlie removed from it the glittering, fateful tiara. The McTodd jewels had passed through many vicissitudes, but never any like these!

Replacing the diadem in the bag, Charlie began searching through the pockets of the ragged red coat. It was necessary to learn Harold's home address in order to communicate with his next of kin. Perhaps there was a card-case, or a notebook, or——

Charlie felt a thrill as he drew from an inside pocket a picture of beautiful Lola McTodd. It was a poster picture

of the peerless beauty, and the advertising had been carefully cut away.

Charlie sat back with the picture in his hands. As he gazed at the charming face, he sighed heavily; then he looked around warily, and, feeling positive he was unobserved, he pressed the poster picture to his lips.

At last, in one keen, vibrant moment, he had analyzed his elusive emotions. It had required a train wreck and a narrow escape to bring the truth home to him, but now he knew. Ah, yes, he had succumbed to the charms of the fair girl who was that day to be wedded to a counterfeit duke! He sighed again, and again touched his lips to the picture of Miss McTodd.

"How dare you! That picture belongs to me, if you please!"

Charlie almost dropped the picture in his astonishment. He turned, to see De Vere sitting up at the foot of the oak, aye, and regarding him with baleful eyes.

"Then you are alive!" exclaimed Charlie.

"Certainly I am alive! I have as much right to be alive as you have. You thought I had succumbed, and that you could go on to Boggsville alone, return the tiara, and save the Pearl of the McTods from the designs and false pretenses of Jack O'Byrne. But I am entitled to as much credit as yourself for unmasking this false pretender! If Lola and her father are to choose between Harold de Vere, millionaire, and Charlie, the night watchman, the result is not difficult to forecast. I shall be the favored one. But," and De Vere's voice grew bitter, "you have deceived me! You yourself are in love with Lola McTodd!"

"Talking about rights," returned Charlie, with spirit, "did you ever read a love story, De Vere?"

"Have I not, indeed! But what of that?"

"Tell me, did you ever read one novel

in which the girl failed to marry the man who saved her life?" There was triumph in Charlie's voice as he added: "I have saved Lola twice—twice!"

De Vere dropped his head suddenly, and pulled a splinter out of his red coat. Too true, ran his bitter reflections, this Charlie *had* rescued the lovely Lola McTodd more than once; but——

"I had more to do with preserving Miss McTodd from that infernal machine than you had!" asserted De Vere, throwing up his head quickly. "What could you have done if I had not overheard O'Byrne talking with Pridby there in the hotel? You basely left me under the rim of the Italian fountain, and went on to rescue Lola yourself. And it was equally base of you to take all the credit."

Physically, Harold had not been injured in the least. Mentally, however, he was in a terrible state.

Charlie did not wish to quarrel with De Vere. They had worked together for several days, and had passed through grievous dangers and hardships side by side. Now, it was too bad that a woman should come between them and kill their friendship.

"Harold," said Charlie soothingly, "it must be ten o'clock."

"How do I know what o'clock it is?" was the petulant rejoinder. "My watch was stolen while I was hurrying to the factory that night, to save you from the infernal machine."

"Ten o'clock at least," pursued Charlie, "and Boggsville is forty miles away!"

"Forty or four hundred, what is that to me?"

"But at three this afternoon the supposed duke weds Miss McTodd! Can you so soon forget the fair Lola and the net of deceit in which she has been caught?"

"Ah, me, the wedding!" Harold struck his forehead heavily. "I had

forgotten about the wedding! The scoundrelly O'Byrne must be foiled!"

He got to his feet, swaying slightly and supporting himself against the tree.

"We have a long way to go," remarked Charlie, also rising; "and the railroad is blocked to traffic. We cannot ride to Boggsville in the cars, Harold, but must seek other means of transportation. You and I were spared from the wreck just for this work. Let us be going. We will yet foil this pretended duke."

"We will foil the duke!" repeated Harold between his teeth. "That is for me to do, and henceforth I shall work alone. What has become of Pridby?"

"He escaped, and——"

"So," breathed Harold, "you allowed the wretch to escape! I presume no more was to be expected of you, now that your perfidy has been revealed, and I know you for what you are. I tell you, I shall save Miss McTodd myself!"

Thereupon, he turned away in wrath, waveringly climbed the embankment, and tottered off toward Boggsville along the railroad track.

"The next few hours will tell the story, Harold de Vere," muttered Charlie, "and if I save the beautiful Lola McTodd the third time——"

He did not finish, but clenched his teeth, flourished his cane, and aimed straight for a wagon road that crossed the landscape in the near distance. Boggsville was forty miles away—but what were forty miles to him?

CHAPTER XXXVII

ONCE MORE TO THE RESCUE.

The clocks in the little city of Lawton were striking twelve as Charlie turned into the main street. He had covered eight miles between ten o'clock and noon, and Boggsville was only thirty-two miles away.

Although weary, he first proceeded to the railroad station. De Vere, tramping the ties, had not yet been reported in and out of Lawton.

"I am still in the lead," thought Charlie, and inquired his way to the nearest garage.

A car and driver were to be had at three dollars an hour. Charlie had not three dollars in his pocket, but he had Mr. McTodd's check for a hundred dollars. He offered this to the proprietor of the garage, who insisted on a retainer.

The proprietor's name was Leeson, and Leeson had cashed several checks for strangers with melancholy results. "I'll have to find out if this is good," said he.

"Everybody knows Silas McTodd, of Boggsville," explained Charlie. "Why, he owns all Boggsville, including the pickle works. His check is good for a million."

"But maybe," and Leeson looked Charlie over with a suspicious eye, "you have forged this check. Wait till I run over to the bank."

Charlie had to wait. While he cooled his heels in front of the garage, a rattle of wheels on railroad iron dinned in his ears. He cast a glance in the direction of the railroad track, and saw a handcar going north. Harold de Vere was alone on the handcar, and, with tremendous industry, was bending to the bar that supplied the motive power. In trepidation, Charlie watched until he was out of sight. Something had to be done, and quickly.

The roadster that was to take Charlie on to Boggsville stood in front of the garage. The man who was to do the driving had just filled the radiator from a bucket and was moving away. Charlie climbed into the car, and got under the steering wheel.

"Hold on a minute!" shouted Leeson, on his way back from the bank. "McTodd's all right for any amount, but I

can't take a chance on you. I have been taken in too many times by——"

Buzz-z-z! It was the self-starter getting into action. *Clank!* The control slipped into "low," and the clutch came in with a jerk.

"Stop, I tell you!" yelled Leeson.

"You'll find this car in Boggsville," shouted Charlie, "and you can keep the hundred!"

The wheels ground complainingly as the control went over to second speed, then no more than whispered as they meshed in "high." Charlie, the undaunted, was off like a streak along the main street.

Ten miles was the speed limit within the corporate limits of Lawton, and Charlie was going thirty, if he was going one. A policeman got in front of the car, and raised his club. A second later, he dropped the club as he jumped to keep from being run down.

The outskirts of the little city whirled past the roadster, and Charlie came out into the peaceful country, flanked with woods on one side of the road and the railway track on the other. He swept by De Vere, tugging at the levers of the handcar, and flung him a mocking, defiant laugh. De Vere, startled by the laugh, lifted his bent form to stare at the racing car in the wagon road. He shook his fist at his former comrade. Charlie barely caught that menacing gesture out of the tails of his eyes, when De Vere and the handcar were swallowed up in the distance behind.

At Hooperton, the next station, a chain was stretched across the road. Evidently the garage men had telephoned from Lawton, and Charlie was expected.

Hooperton was a village. The chain was stretched between posts planted at the edge of board walks reserved for pedestrians. On one of the walks stood a constable, with a large and prominent star on the breast of his coat. This official waved a heavy cane.

But did Charlie stop? Not at all. He knew how to drive a car with judgment and skill, and he simply turned the machine to the walk, rattled over the boards, and came into the road again beyond the chain.

In his haste to dodge disaster, the constable backed into the window of the village store, and, when Charlie vanished across the sky line, the storekeeper was out in front, giving the constable a piece of his mind.

Right merrily, Charlie kept to his winning clip. At the rate he was going, he ought to arrive in Boggsville by one o'clock, with two full hours in which to return the tiara and convince Silas Mc-Todd that the prospective wedding was a mistake.

Motor cars, however, are noted for proving unreliable in a pinch; and this pinch of Charlie's gave the roadster an opportunity to go wrong. Suddenly there was a sputtering, a few ineffective explosions, and the engine gasped and went out of business.

Charlie got down and looked things over. No matter how much one may know about an automobile, when the crisis arrives, and the motor refuses to mope, any one of five thousand things may have happened, and it is always the last thing you look for that has stalled the machine. Patiently, Charlie began going through the list of troubles that might have caused the car to go wrong.

Minute after minute slipped away. With feverish energy, Charlie pursued his diagnosis, but he probed and pottered to no avail.

After nearly an hour of unrewarded effort, during which he spoke harshly of all motor cars in general, and of that one in particular, he found a loose brass pin dangling from the end of a rubber cord. As he slipped the pin back into its socket and prepared to resume his journey, the purr of another machine struck on his ears.

He looked back along the road over

which he had come, and, on a little "rise," he saw a touring car. Leeson was at the wheel of the car, and beside him sat—Harold de Vere! Charlie could make no mistake in identifying either of the men, for they were in plain view, and coming on at terrific speed.

De Vere must have realized how little hope there was in pitting a handcar against an automobile, and winning out. Undoubtedly he had come down from the railroad, and hailed Leeson as he chased along in pursuit of the roadster. But the whys and wherefores were of small concern to Charlie. His ideas all centered about Boggsville, and he put the roadster in motion and speeded up.

For miles, there was a race such as one might hope to read about occasionally, but never to see. During all that wild and fearsome driving, De Vere was waving his arms wildly, and urging Leeson to a faster and faster pace.

The touring car was gaining, too, for Leeson was reckless to the last degree, while Charlie had his own safety more or less in mind. Then, as usual, Charlie had one of his happy thoughts. He put his foot through the roadster's wind shield, and fragments of glass were scattered along the road. He listened as he bent to his work of steering, and, from behind, there came a sharp report. The broken glass had caused a puncture, and the touring car, as Charlie saw by a swift glance behind, almost stood on its searchlights for a moment. De Vere shot one way and Leeson another, while their machine settled down and halted, with its nose against a telegraph pole.

Charlie, at this point, struck a section of rough road. He had to hang to the steering wheel, to keep from being thrown out of the roadster. The engine labored. A smell of frying enamel assailed Charlie's nostrils, and smoke floated in clouds from under the hood.

It was clear that he was burning up his motor; but it was equally clear that he dared not stop to let the overheated machinery cool off. Onward he flung, spouting vapor and leaving a trail of it far in his wake.

He was close to Boggsville when the expanding metal under the hood choked the pistons, and the tired engine popped and sputtered its last. It died fighting, behaving so valiantly that Charlie regretted having roasted it.

Half suffocated by the rolling fog, Charlie toppled from the car, and, with the bagged tiara in one hand, and his cane in the other, crawled to a distance and filled his lungs with fresh, sweet air.

Getting his feet under him, he elevated himself. From the little height on which he stood, he was able to look off toward Boggsville. Between his point of observation and the town lay the pickle works.

After all those days of struggle and peril and high achievement, how his heart swelled as his gaze comprehended those loved walls of the factory! It was as though he stood looking into the dear features of a cherished friend, from whom he had been separated for years, instead of days! He stretched out his arms toward the gray walls, he kissed his hand to them, and—— But stay! Why were those automobiles parked at the rear of the shipping room? What meant that crowd near the workroom entrance?

As he gazed and wondered, three strokes of a bell rolled faintly toward him from the factory clock. It was three in the afternoon! Three, and the hour of the wedding was at hand!

That bell galvanized Charlie into action. Waving the bag wildly, he galloped toward the factory. "Wait for me!" he shouted excitedly to the lowering heavens. "This wedding must be called off! Wait for me!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.

The situation at the entrance to the workroom will be recalled. Handsomely gowned ladies, and gentlemen in frock coats and high hats, were barred from the interior of the works by a crowd of determined strikers. Mr. McTodd, his authority set at defiance, was facing Big Bill Hankins, foreman of the shipping room, and spokesman for his discontented fellow workers.

Bill Hankins, it was known, had fanned the smoldering grievances of the employees into a flame of out-and-out rebellion. In fact, it was due to his generalship that advantage had been taken of that hour in pressing home the demands of the strikers.

Perhaps it will also be recalled that Blivens, the bookkeeper, had started for the nearest telephone to send in a call for the police. It was not the intention of Big Bill to let a riot call be sent in.

"Stop, Blivens!" he roared.

Blivens stopped. There was a compelling note in that bellowing command that filled him with dismay and brought him up short.

"Go on, I tell you!" cried Silas McTodd frantically. "Send the police here at the double-quick, Blivens! I will see, by George, if a respectable manufacturer is not to have protection against his ruffianly workers!"

Blivens moved onward again, only to be halted by an even more emphatic shout from Bill Hankins.

"Try to call the police," threatened Hankins, "and we will destroy all the decorations in the tank room! We will tear to pieces the banks of flowers that cover the vats, rend to fragments the great bell of cucumber blossoms, smash the chairs; and damage and disarrange the velvet carpet! Then," and he leaned toward the white-faced and gasping proprietor to breathe the final unnerving threat, "we will set fire to

the works! Sir, call Blivens back, or all this will happen!"

A murmur ran through the ranks of gathering guests. The power of the lawless strikers was beginning to be understood. Silas McTodd fell silent, and his trembling hand brushed his brows. It must have been as a dream to him, a terrible nightmare. He swayed as he stood, and the faithful Blivens sprang to support him.

There was a lull in proceedings. Hankins had played his biggest card, and a pall of silence hung over the scene. At that juncture, a voice was heard, ripping through the stillness like an explosion of musketry:

"Wait for me!"

Dazed, wondering eyes turned in the direction from which the voice had come. A young man, waving a bag with one hand and a cane with the other, was tearing around the corner of the factory.

"Charlie!" whispered Silas McTodd, in hopeless tones, and dropped his face on the shoulder of Blivens.

"It is Charlie!" yelled Bill Hankins, in an abandon of joy. "He'll be with us, friends, and he is a host in himself. According to our revised schedule of wages, the night watchman is to receive ten a week. There is a four-dollar raise in this strike for Cheerful Charlie!"

Hankins did not know that Charlie had been persuaded to go to Samoa. The whereabouts of Charlie, during the preceding ten or twelve days, had been more or less of a mystery to the employees of the works.

"Charlie! Charlie! Charlie!" shouted the workers, waving caps and handkerchiefs. "Charlie is with us! He is a striker, like all the rest!"

Charlie, entirely in the dark regarding recent events at the factory, was exceedingly bewildered.

"What's the trouble here, Bill?" he demanded.

"We're demanding our rights, Char-

lie," answered Hankins. "Eight hours' work and more pay all around—except for Blivens, Jorkins, and Miss Rives. You are with us, of course?"

Charlie was popular with the men employees, and lately he had stood pretty high in the esteem of the lady workers. If he did not join the strikers, he would incur the general dislike of the factory force. He wavered.

"Charlie," said Mr. McTodd, lifting his face and directing an imploring glance at his former night watchman, "are you going to turn against me?"

That question, spoken just in that way, would have melted a heart of stone. How was Charlie to escape from that snare, continue in the good graces of his employer, and yet keep the friendship of the employees?

"Bill," said he, "we must talk this over. Mr. McTodd," he added, "a word in private with you."

Charlie and the helpless proprietor stepped aside.

"Why don't you cut down the hours and raise the pay, Mr. McTodd?" Charlie inquired.

"Because," was the dogged response, "the McTods have always run their own business, and they have made it a point of honor never to allow themselves to be intimidated. Honor, with me, means more than life itself."

"H'm!" mused Charlie. "This strike is the real thing? It has not been developed for—er—publicity purposes?"

"How can you ask such a question?"

"Pardon me. You are so remarkably skillful in running down press notices, that the question, I think, was excusable. By the way, I have recovered the tiara."

"I expected that," was the calm answer, "but the tiara has nothing at all to do with this trouble. The men will not let me into my own workroom. Is it in your power to open the way?"

"I will try, sir."

Charlie went back to the strikers and addressed himself to Hankins.

"Bill," said he, "this is very unfortunate. You have a daughter—in the chow-chow department?"

"I have, as you know," Hankins answered. "Henrietta is with us in this strike, and she is just as determined as the rest of us. We are resolved to have justice, Charlie."

"Bill," proceeded Charlie gently, "suppose, on the very day Henrietta was taken away from you, your job in the shipping room was taken away as well?"

"I—I don't exactly understand," mumbled Hankins.

"This afternoon, according to plans, Mr. McTodd is to be robbed of his only child. The factory here is the source of the McTodd millions. Can you not picture to yourself the sad lot of your employer, beset, as he is, on this day of days? His daughter is the apple of his eye, even as this factory is his pride and joy. Now—now——" Charlie's emotions welled up in his throat and bothered him. "Bill, is our kindly employer to have his child stolen from him by a duke, at the same time his factory is closed against him by his employees? Is he to be bereft of the love and companionship of his devoted daughter, and of the right to operate the pickle works, in one dread afternoon? My friend, pause ere it be too late!"

It was a most powerful appeal. The words were simple, but they were as direct as they were touching. Big Bill swallowed a lump in his throat, and winked away the furtive tears.

The workers, too, showed signs of distress. It was clear that they, like their leader, were wavering.

The ladies and gentlemen in the background struggled to conceal their feelings. Blivens smothered a sob, and Silas McTodd passed a handkerchief across his eyes.

It was a tense moment, exceedingly

tense. Charlie hoped that he could control himself until he had cleared a path for Mr. McTodd into the factory. He went on.

"Don't bear down too hard on our employer this afternoon, Bill! Be kindly. Allow him to enter these portals without interference. Let him range freely about the premises; and oh, Bill, brighten his declining years with friendly coöperation. Thus, my friend, you will win happiness for yourself, while dispensing it to others!"

By that time, Big Bill Hankins was crying on his coat sleeve.

"I—I don't know why you had to c-come around and pull this soft stuff on me right when we c-could strike a telling blow, Charlie," said he plaintively, "but you have crushed the strike for this afternoon, all right." He lifted his head and waved his hand. "Let 'em have the factory for the wedding, friends," he called to the strikers. "We can do this for Charlie, anyhow."

The workers cleared away and left the silken canopy free for the passage of Mr. McTodd and his guests.

"Wedding?" echoed Charlie, startled.

"Miss McTodd is to marry the duke here at the works," answered Hankins, "and we were holding up the ceremony until we could get our rights. But it's all right, now. You——"

Charlie dropped, not easily and gracefully, but with a suddenness and abandon which indicated a most disordered state of mind. He had used his wonderful eloquence on the strikers, not wisely, but too well. In fact, he had helped along the very wedding which it was his purpose to prevent.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MISSING BRIDE.

A stream of ladies and gentlemen poured into the great tank room, wrought into a bower of beauty for that festive occasion, and were shown to

seats by the ushers. Charlie came out of his daze to hear Mr. McTodd giving orders to the bookkeeper.

"Use the office phone, Blivens, and call up the manor. Tell my daughter to come in ten minutes. Also, get the Boggsville Hotel on the wire, and give the same instructions to his grace, the Duke of Penruddock. The ceremony will be half an hour late, and I fear my little girl will be worrying."

"I will do the telephoning at once," said Blivens, and hastened away.

Charlie got up. "Mr. McTodd!" he called. "Just a minute."

The pickle king stepped to the side of his employee.

"Again you have placed me in your debt, Charlie," said he gratefully. "By George, you did that well! Where is the tiara?"

"Here, sir," and Charlie passed over the paper bag.

Mr. McTodd looked into the bag to make sure there was no mistake.

"Some time," said he, after convincing himself that the tiara was really in his possession, "you must tell me all about how you recovered the jewels. I am very busy this afternoon, however, and have no time to listen to your story. You look fatigued, my boy! Go up into the loft and rest."

"I can't rest, Mr. McTodd," returned Charlie. "I can't rest a minute until I make a few terrible revelations. Sir, this wedding must not proceed! The ——"

The great man stiffened. "Must not proceed!" he echoed. "What do you mean?"

"The man who calls himself the Duke of Penruddock is not a duke," Charlie continued. "He is a fortune hunter, a dishonorable schemer, who——"

"Careful!" cut in Mr. McTodd angrily. "You are going too far!"

"The man who claims to be the Duke of Penruddock is a scoundrel, and his real name is O'Byrne, Jack O'Byrne.

The police want him for various crimes, and very soon he will be arrested and thrown into prison. He——”

“Preposterous!” scoffed the pickle king.

“Lately the man was ringmaster in a circus——”

“Stop!” exclaimed Mr. McTodd, in a passion; “I will hear no more. You, you of all men, can come to me at a time like this with such base fabrications!”

“O’Byrne is a designing——”

“Cease! You are the designing one. Having rescued my daughter twice, you have presumed upon her gratitude and mine, and have dared to aspire to her hand yourself! How can you behave so!”

“It was this so-called duke who sent the infernal machine to me——”

“Nonsense! His grace would not stoop to such questionable work. Why should he send such a machine to you?”

“He was afraid I would stand in his path——”

“You will drive me insane! Leave here at once. I will send you a check to pay for your work in recovering the tiara, but you shall not go to Samoa in my employ, nor will I allow you to work for me another instant.”

But Charlie stood his ground.

“Listen,” he continued firmly, but respectfully. “If this wedding proceeds, I will use all the powers of my eloquence to stir up the strikers! Your employees will sweep in on the factory and halt the wedding by force, if necessary. Mr. McTodd, I am a man with a mission, and that mission is to save your daughter for the third time.”

Enraged though he was, this threat gave the deluded manufacturer pause. Charlie had demonstrated his powers as an orator, and Mr. McTodd knew he would be as good as his word.

Fate was back of all this, fate as that gypsy, eighteen long years before, had foreseen it and cast it into rhyme.

Could not the awful spell be broken? Silas McTodd ground his teeth and clenched his hands in a spasm of sudden helplessness.

At this moment, three men hurried around the corner of the factory. “There he is!” called one of them. “Arrest him! Do not let him escape!”

Charlie looked up and recoiled. Leeson was bearing down on him. Ere Charlie could make a move either to flee or to defend himself, a burly policeman had him by each arm.

“What is the meaning of this?” inquired Mr. McTodd.

“This man,” and Leeson leveled an accusing finger at Charlie, “stole an automobile from me. I run a garage in Lawton, and the fellow made off with the machine. I took another machine and followed, but the rascal managed to keep out of my way until this moment.”

Charlie shivered. He could not dodge these blows of circumstance, but he could face them with his customary courage. This he did.

“I gave you a check for one hundred dollars,” said he. “Mr. McTodd’s check it was, and you would not accept it.”

“Wouldn’t take my check for a hundred dollars?” bristled the manufacturer. “Do you mean to insult me?”

“Sir,” answered Leeson, “I would accept your check for any amount, but the man who presented it was a stranger. How did I know the check was not forged?”

“In those circumstances,” said Mr. McTodd, grasping at the chance to eliminate Charlie for the afternoon at least, “in those circumstances, sir, you were entirely justified in refusing the check.”

“I was in a hurry to reach Boggsville and stop the wedding,” Charlie explained, “and that is why I took the car.”

“Your interference with the wedding was not desired,” declared Mr. Mc-

Todd coldly, "and will not be tolerated. Take him away, officers!"

"Wait!" begged Charlie. "Mr. Leeson, you have recovered the machine I used in coming to Boggsville?"

"I have."

"Then keep the hundred-dollar check and let me go!"

"You have damaged the car at least two hundred dollars' worth," said Leeson, "and I am determined to proceed against you."

Charlie had one more hope. "Mr. McTodd, give Leeson what you are to pay me for recovering the tiara, and see if he will call our little account square."

"Never!" answered the pickle king. "Away with him! Ah," he added, hurrying toward the front of the factory, "here comes the duke!"

Charlie had done all that he could, and had failed. Rude hands dragged him away, past the scoundrelly Jack O'Byrne, who, with his best man, was just descending from his automobile. O'Byrne saw Charlie in the grasp of the officers.

"I always knew that man was a rogue, Mr. McTodd," said he. "What has he done that brought him to this?"

"I was deceived in him," answered the pickle king. "He stole an automobile."

"My word!" And the polished scoundrel looked after the hapless Charlie and gave a mocking laugh.

"Come into my private office, duke," went on Mr. McTodd. "My little girl will be here presently, and we will wait there."

In the luxurious private quarters of the pickle king, the proprietor of the factory, the bridegroom, and the best man waited for the coming of the bride. They waited until a quarter of four, and then Blivens came in to ask the cause of the delay. The ladies and gentlemen, gathered to witness the ceremony, were growing restless, and the

organist had been waiting for fifteen minutes to play the wedding march.

"You called the manor when I told you to, Blivens?" queried Mr. McTodd. "Yes, sir."

"Are you sure Lola received the message?"

"She took the message herself."

Then Mr. McTodd himself called up his residence. Hawkins answered. According to Hawkins, Miss McTodd had left the manor in the limousine at twenty-five minutes of four.

"Could there have been an accident?" queried the supposed duke, in alarm.

"We must discover what has happened," answered the anxious pickle merchant. "I will take my roadster and go over the road. Have no fears, duke," he added, trying to be composed; "all will be well."

In ten minutes, Mr. McTodd was back at the factory. His face was pallid, and he reeled as he entered the private room.

"Where is Miss McTodd?" was the question flung at him.

The pickle king threw up his hands and dropped heavily into a chair.

"Was there ever such a mystery as this?" he groaned. "My daughter left the manor for the works at twenty-five minutes of four, and somewhere between our home and the factory she disappeared completely. Ah, Heaven, what can this mean?"

The bride was missing. There could be no wedding without the bride. What fearsome influences had been at work to cross the plans of Silas McTodd and his fair daughter, Lola?

CHAPTER XL.

THE ESCAPE.

Two of the largest members of the Boggsville police force had been detailed to accompany Leeson and arrest the man who had taken the automobile. Charlie looked up at these guardians of

the peace while walking jailward between them, and they seemed so formidable that he was badly discouraged.

"Mr. Leeson," said he, looking toward the garage man who was walking behind, "would you mind telling me what became of the gentleman in the red uniform?"

"Gentleman!" sneered Leeson. "He was a tramp, like yourself, and no friend of yours."

"Do not be rash in your judgments, Mr. Leeson. Many a true heart beats beneath a ragged coat, and not every man in motley is a vagrant or a vagabond. I should like to know what became of the man who was once my friend."

"I picked him up in the road—he hailed me, said he knew you, and was eager to have a hand in running you to earth. Thinking his information regarding yourself might be valuable, I delayed my pursuit long enough to take him aboard."

"That is all very interesting," said Charlie, "but it does not relieve my mind regarding my former comrade. Was he injured when your machine stopped so suddenly and threw you both overboard?"

Mr. Leeson exploded angrily. Charlie waited until the ebullition had subsided, and then patiently repeated his question regarding De Vere.

"We repaired the puncture and came on to Boggsville," said the angry garage man, "and the tramp got out of the car when we arrived in sight of the town. He explained that he had some business, either at the McTodd manor, or at the church."

"I suppose, then," murmured Charlie thoughtfully, "that he is waiting at the church. There is nothing he can do to stay the relentless progress of events, and the whole matter is still up to me. Gentlemen," he inquired of the officers, "am I giving you much trouble?"

They looked down on him, those two giants in blue, and smiled sarcastically.

"There's nothing you can do to make us trouble," said one. "Eh, Pollock?" he appealed to the other policeman.

"Not if we know it first, Blake," chuckled Pollock.

"Yonder is a house," said Charlie. "Would you mind leading me through the gate in order that I may quench my thirst at the pump in the back yard?"

"I'm thirsty myself," remarked Leeson, as the officers hesitated.

"I guess we can tarry long enough to visit the pump," decided Pollock, "although my idea of a thin time is to round up at the pump of a householder with the intention of assuaging thirst. However," he added tolerantly, "I suppose some people are built that way."

They walked through the gate, around the side of the house, and came to the well, which Charlie had glimpsed from the road. There was something else he had glimpsed besides the well, namely, two hives of bees under a little trellis of grapevines.

The bee Charlie knew to be an industrious insect, jealous of its prerogative in storing up sweets, and quick and fiery in resenting any and all interference with its labors. Those two hives were not more than six yards from the pump.

"You are very kind to me," said Charlie appreciatively, edging to a spot between the pump and the rendezvous of winged workers. "Shall I do the pumping?"

"You stay right where you are," Pollock answered, "and I'll manipulate the pump handle. Leeson, you hold the tin cup."

Blake fastened his fingers in the collar of Charlie's coat, while the other officer and the garage man began their operations. It was a situation fraught with many possibilities—Pollock and Leeson bending at the pump, only Blake

to guard the prisoner, and all those bees in the background.

Charlie opened the proceedings by stepping suddenly and forcibly away from Blake. The latter's hold on the coat collar failed.

"Here!" snapped Blake, moving on Charlie with outstretched hand. "They'll hand you a drink when—— Ugh!"

The breath was forced from Blake's lips by a quick compression of his chest. A large number thirteen, with paralyzing suddenness, had found its mark. In spite of the swiftness with which it was delivered, that blow was a studied effort. The huge policeman was overended in the direction of the bees. The bench, on which stood the hives, was struck with force, and the honey-makers found themselves with homes overturned and demoralized. Immediately, a cloud of buzzing and angry insects surrounded the trellis, and began seeking revenge. It is the nature of a bee, when rudely treated, to attempt reprisal; and, in these attempts, it lacks the power of discrimination. The innocent as well as the guilty are apt to suffer.

"Help!" shouted Blake. "The prisoner is getting away! Pollock, look out for——"

Then Blake had other matters to think of, and they did not even remotely concern the escaping prisoner. A hissing sounded in his ears, and point was given to the angry whispers by certain red-hot punctures of his epidermis.

"Ouch!" he roared, thrashing his arms about him, and bounding to his feet. "Take 'em off! Do something! Pollock—Leeson——"

He ran toward the pump, and the swarm flew with him. Pollock was starting after Charlie, one way around the trellis, while Leeson was going the other way. The bees were not playing favorites, and they marshaled in three squads, and each squad sought a victim.

A lady ran out of the house to protest against the wanton destruction of her property. The intruders had brought the situation to such a pass, however, that the lady preferred to remain at a distance and urge a pet bulldog, that had come from the house with her, to enter the mêlée.

The dog bounded joyously to his work, and laid hold of the coat tails of Mr. Pollock. A detachment of the bees made for the dog, and the animal's disposition, none too gentle at best, was prodded and spurred until particularly malevolent.

Leeson led the flight toward the road. Blake followed, and Pollock brought up the rear, with the bulldog firmly attached.

Charlie saw no more. While the officers and the garage man, wrapped up in their personal troubles, fled toward the front of the premises, and blindly sought the gate, Charlie was racing toward the back fence. He himself was not immune from that stinging malady. A few of the bees deployed in his direction, and helped him to a swifter pace. He took the alley fence at a leap, and then flung off down the alley itself at a prodigious burst of speed. His safety lay in flight; but, while he felt it highly desirable to preserve his liberty, it seemed even more desirable to escape the buzzing demons which insisted on following him. In this he presently succeeded, and found leisure to deal with his whereabouts.

McTodd Park was away on the left. The park, however, held unpleasant memories, and he chose the woods that lay to his right, and stretched between the pickle works and the town. In a few minutes, he was immured in the thick timber, and could halt for breath and consider what was next to be done. Seating himself on an uprooted tree, he fell to canvassing the present state of his fortunes.

He was a fugitive from injustice. In trying to be helpful to others, he had suffered arrest, and would have suffered detention but for that bit of bee-yutiful strategy.

His reward for his labors had been sorry, indeed. Silas McTodd would not listen to his revelations, but had turned against him. Charlie had thought better of McTodd than that!

But should the fair daughter of the deluded and headstrong pickle king have her whole future wrecked because of her father's folly? Not if Charlie could save her! He was desperately determined on that point.

Yet, what was there that Charlie could do? The wedding was taking place at the works—perhaps the ceremony had already been finished—and the ducal pretender could snap his fingers at interference. There was no time for Charlie to find Big Bill Hankins and talk the strikers into raiding the factory.

The outlook was exceedingly gloomy. Charlie had achieved his liberty, but to no purpose, it seemed, so far as the un-

fortunate Pearl of the McTodds was concerned. The fugitive was at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and it appeared best, even necessary, to take himself completely and quietly out of the country, bidding farewell to Boggs-ville forever.

But he would be even with Jack O'Byrne! There were ways——

His reflections were broken in upon by a distant cry of distress. It was a call for help, and in a woman's voice!

Thrilled, he sprang from the tree trunk, shouted a gallant response to the frenzied call, and galloped rapidly through the woods. At last he halted, paralyzed with amazement. In front of him was a limousine, far off the road, and crowded into the bushes. A stout rope was bound around and around the car, crossing the doors, and holding them shut. Through the encircling cables peered the white, despairing faces of two young women.

One of the faces was that of Jenkins, the maid, while the other—ah, the wonder of it!—was that of beautiful Lola McTodd!

TO BE CONTINUED.





This department will answer questions submitted by our readers either of general interest, or relating to pictures. No answers will be given to questions regarding matrimony, religion, or photo-play writing. Letters should be addressed: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Write only on one side of the paper. No questions will be answered unless accompanied by full name and address, which, however, will not be used. At the top of the paper give the name, or initials, by which you want the question answered in the magazine. No questions will be answered except through these pages. All questions will be answered in the order received, so that failure to see the answer in the next number means that its turn will come later, as we receive many letters a week, all wanting an immediate answer. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the play and the name of the company, if possible. Questions concerning photo-play writing should be addressed to editor of the scenario writers' department, above address.

ELSIE.—My dear girl, you certainly have given me a long and hard job! Don't let that trouble you, though; the more I have to work, the better I like it. Theda Bara was born on an oasis in the Sahara Desert, twenty-five years ago. No, she is not a Jewess—her mother is French and her father Italian. For all the details, read her own story of her strange life in the issue of February 15th. While it is against our policy to state the salary of players, I am willing to tell you that Miss Pickford draws a salary of more than twice the amount you mentioned. If you want to know whether or not the field is overcrowded, just walk along Broadway, in the vicinity of Times Square. You will find hundreds of capable players parading "the Great White Way"—jobless. If you ever did become a screen player, your hair, being red, wouldn't be against you. Look at Mae Marsh. I

think, though, Elsie, that you had better stick to the choir—you would be much nearer home, and the work is easier. I am very glad to hear that singing in the choir never "affects" you. In my opinion, humble as it may be, the Ince Brothers should be ranked: 1. Thomas; 2. Ralph; 3. John. You see, I am no respecter of ages, as John is much older than the other two. Compare Henry Walthall and Crane Wilbur, eh? Walthall, I think, is the greatest screen actor in the world. That's the answer. Four versions of "Carmen" have been produced. I rank them as follows: 1. Fox Film Company, starring Theda Bara; 2. Lasky, Geraldine Farrar; 3. Thanhouser, Marguerite Snow; and 4. Helen Gardner Players, Helen Gardner. The "vampires" you mention I rank thusly: 1, Theda Bara; 2, Louise Glaum; 3, Grace Cunard, although it's been a long time since the latter has played one of

these "soul-destroying" parts; 4, Charlotte Burton comes next, and although she is placed last, she is one of our most fascinating little "evil ladies" on the screen. No, Elsie, Flora Finch is not the widow of the late John Bunny; nor is she married to Hughey Mack. I can't answer the next question, because it is against the rules. Willard Mack tells me that he cannot claim the honor of relationship with friend Hughey.

COSSIE.—David W. Griffith spent eight long months producing the "Birth of a Nation," and it is stated that the cost exceeded half a million dollars. Worth it, don't you think? Yes, Mae Marsh was great in that picture—I enjoyed her work more than that of any of the other players. She was born in Madrid, New Mexico, nineteen years ago. Pretty May Allison had the lead opposite Harold Lockwood, in "The Buzzard's Shadow."

JANE W.—Dear me, nothing but long, hard questions this issue. I'm always on the job, though, ready to serve you. William Hinckley played *Stuyvesant Brown, junior*, in "The Wayward Son" (Reliance). Audrey Munson, a famous artist's model, was featured in "Inspiration" (Thanouser); the incomparable Bessie Barriscale was starred in "The Mating" (N. Y. M. P.); William S. Hart was the name of the man you talked about after seeing "The Darkening Trail" (N. Y. M. P.); Harold Lockwood was featured in "The Buzzard's Shadow" (American). I think it's a toss-up between "The Mating" and "The Darkening Trail" for the honor of being called the best of these four Mutual masterpictures. William Farnum is now playing at the Edendale, California, studios of the Fox Company. His latest film, at this writing, is "A Soldier's Oath." Husky William was born in Boston, July 4, 1876. Theda Bara is working in the Fort Lee, New Jersey, Fox studios. Her

last feature was "The Serpent." She was born on the Sahara Desert twenty-five years ago. Dorothy Gish is again back at the Triangle Studios, in Los Angeles. She has finished playing in "Betty of Greystone," at the Eastern plant. Dot was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1898. Betty Brown, the winsome little Essanay lady, first saw the light of day in 1892. The place was Nyack, New York. The latest film she has played in is "The Reckoning Day." Dustin Farnum was born the same time and place as his illustrious brother William. He is at present working at the Pallas-Paramount Studios, in Los Angeles. His most recent offering was "The Call of the Cumberlands." Antonio Moreno, that handsome Spaniard, was born in Madrid, twenty-seven short years ago. He was last seen in "A Price for Folly," and is still working for the Vitagraph Company. Robert Mantell, Fox's new leading man, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1854. His latest release is "The Green-eyed Monster." At present, he is heading one of the many Fox companies in Jamaica, West Indies. I've spent half a day looking up your answers already, Jane, and I haven't reached the end yet! The men you mention for heavies are now nearly all playing dashing heroes. Of them all, I would choose Harry Carey as the greatest screen villain, but he is now an upholder of the right fighting the "Graft" Trust in Universal's big serial. Taking their best heavy work as a criterion, I would rank them as follows: 1, Harry Carey, Universal; 2, Stuart Holmes, Fox; 3, Bryant Washburn, Essanay; 4, Jack Richardson, American. Jack Richardson is said to receive more mash notes than any of the others, so he must be the handsomest. I'm sorry, but I'm not allowed to mention the salaries they receive. Mary Pickford receives the largest salary of any dramatic star. The same goes for Charlie Chaplin in the

comedy end. Sorry, Jane, but it is against the rules to tell "who's married to who." According to Metro's hard-working press agent, Mary Miles Minter is the youngest star. She is not quite fifteen. "Daddy" Manley, of Universal, is the oldest of them all. He forgets when he was born. It's so long ago—over eighty years, in fact. The best pictures? Triangle and Paramount, in my humble opinion. So people tell you, you would make a good film player? Don't believe all you hear.

ALLISON ADMIRER.—Thank heavens, a short question at last! Barbara Gilroy was in the girl in "Bill Bunks, the Bandit" (Falstaff). Glad you like the magazine. That makes it unanimous. I'll speak to the editor about Miss Allison's picture.

M. BOND.—Shorter than the other—thank you. You may address Mr. Bushman in care of this magazine, or the Metro Film Company, New York City. You guessed the color of his hair and eyes—light and blue respectively.

Miss L. W.—I don't know of any picture player of note who attended a moving-picture school. A written application to a studio would do you little good. In fact, I think you would be a great deal happier if you stayed at home.

BABE GENTRY.—Awfully glad you enjoy the magazine so much, Babe. You want to know what has become of "your" Florence Lawrence? She is back in the fold, appearing in Universal features. Now, aren't you glad?

C. A. BUSHNELL.—Pathé Frères, New York City; Universal Film Company, New York, and Mutual Film Company, New York, all produce educational motion pictures.

C. E. F.—Thanks, a thousand times. We wish you all the good luck you wish us. Smiling Billy Mason is the chap

who played the lead in "You Know Me, Al" (World). You may address him in care of the Keystone Film Company, Los Angeles. Billy is now dodging bricks and pies at that address.

B. R.—Another Chaplin fan? Yes, Charlie is about the cleverest picture comedian that was ever flashed on the screen. According to Charlie, he was born in France, of English parents.

H. D. E.—Young Jack Pickford played the same part in "A Girl of Yesterday" (F. P.) as he does in real life—"Little Mary's" brother. Burt L. Standish writes the Frank Merriwell stories. I can't tell you anything about correspondence courses, as I never studied any.

CLEO.—Cleo, you're beginning to seem like an old friend. You haven't missed writing me for several issues. Yes, the Bushman Theater was named after the one and only Francis X. The late John Bunny had several theaters named after him, as have Maurice Costello, Mary Pickford, Florence Lawrence, and several others.

G. M.—Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, nineteen years ago. She entered the picture field five years ago with Biograph, under Griffith's direction. When he left for Mutual, she accompanied him, and the same thing happened when he affiliated himself with Triangle. Miss Marsh has never been on the stage. Her best-known film is "The Birth of a Nation." She has been sick in Colorado for several weeks, but is again back at the Triangle studios, in Los Angeles. Sorry, but I can't answer the marriage questions—against the rules, you know. Willard Mack and Enid Markey played opposite one another in "The Conqueror" (Triangle). "Don Quixote," produced by Edward Dillon for the Triangle Company, and featuring De Wolf Hopper, has proven a big suc-

cess. It was necessary to prolong its run in New York City. Personally, I liked it very well. The work of Fay Tincher and Julia Faye pleased me the most. So you want interviews? Wait and—watch!

UNIVERSAL FAN.—The cast in “Mr. McIdiot’s Assassination” (Universal-L-KO) is as follows: *Mr. McIdiot*, Ray Griffith; *the Chief Assassin*, Dan Russell; *the Woman*, Louise Orth. In my opinion, the greatest pair of fun-makers are Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand. Charlie will have to look out for his clever brother Syd. Beverly Bayne is the beautiful girl who plays with Mr. Bushman. Billie Ritchie is funny, all right, but give me Charlie Chaplin any day in the week.

E. Z.—George Walsh played the leading rôle opposite Theda Bara in “The Serpent.” His clever brother Raoul directed the production.

MARYANNE.—So you think that Ed Coxen and Crane Wilbur curl their hair? Maybe they do—I don’t know. Winifred Greenwood plays opposite Coxen, and Crane, of the flowing locks, has Cecilia Santon as leading lady. Very sorry, but the rules of the depart-

ment forbid my telling the wages—par-don, I mean salary—that each receives.

DIZZY DAN.—Your name suits me, after looking up these answers. Baggot was born in St. Louis, 1870; Bushman, in Norfolk, Virginia, 1885; Mary Fuller, in Washington, District of Columbia, 1893; Arthur Johnson, in Cincinnati, 1876; Mary Pickford, in Toronto, Canada, in 1893; Lillian Walker, in Brooklyn, 1888; and last, but not least, the stately Earle Williams first saw the light of day in Sacramento, California, in 1880. Didn’t think some of them were so old, did you?

MOORE ADMIRER, JOHNNY, PETER PAN, FRISCO FANNY, V. T. E., MARY, 18; D. R., RAYMOND G., BELLE O’ TH’ BOULEVARD, A. A. B., N. BROWN, DENVER; TOMMY, LIZETTE, PICKFORD FAN.—Your questions have all been answered above, or are against the rules. Don’t let this stop you from writing, though; the more often I hear from you, the better I like it. Be sure to read the rules under the title of this department, and if your question is not among those barred, send it along. By-bye till next issue.



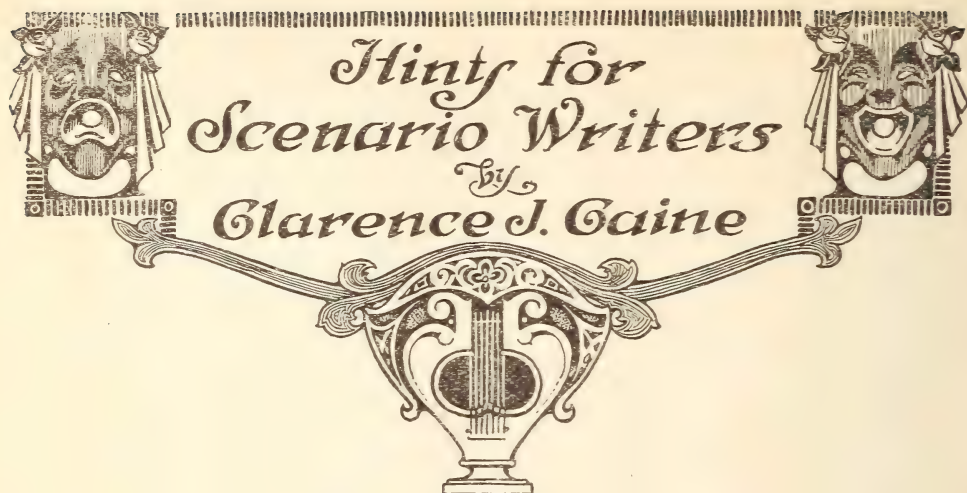
THE IRONY OF FATE

I TAKE her to a picture play;
She smiles, says “Thank you!” and—I pay.
And then she lauds each leading man
From Francis X. to Wallie Van.

Moreno, Walthall, Wilbur, Drew,
Bushman, Williams, Lockwood, too,
Costello, Blackwell, Johnson, Hall,
Baggot— Gosh! She loves them all!

And I am better far than they,
I find the nicest things to say,
I’m just as handsome as can be—
But she won’t even *look at me!*

MARJORIE GLEYRE LACHMUND.



Hints for Scenario Writers *by* *Clarence J. Gaine*

UNPLEASANT SUBJECTS.

IT may be highly dramatic to have your hero dying of consumption by degrees while he hastens back to his home to tell the girl he has always loved that the man she believes untrue to her is really the man for her to marry, but—when you see something similar on the screen, you will remark that the man's death struggle is mighty unpleasant to look at, and that the author of the scenario should have selected a more agreeable theme.

That applies to all the other "questionable" dramatic situations which, when worked into a scenario, do not appeal to the artistic mind. The world is so full of subjects which thrill and grip the human heart that there is no need for making use of that which repels the finer senses. Now and then something of this variety may be used as a sharp contrast, or a play which deals with it entirely, such as some of the most noted Henry B. Walthall successes, may be used, but in the average photo play it is best to avoid it as much as possible.

The photo-playwright must always consider the women and children who will be among his audiences. To their minds, anything unpleasant is a poor screen subject, and they will avoid the

theater at which they saw the picture in the future. The exhibitor, therefore, will suffer, and the manufacturer will suffer through him. Therefore the scenario editor is usually opposed to subjects which are liable to offend any motion-picture-theater patron and on his black list, with a big check mark opposite it, is the unpleasant subject or any variation thereof.

ANOTHER SAMPLE SCENARIO.

In the next issue of this magazine, we will publish a sample scenario of the multiple-reel variety so that our readers who have studied our single-reel sample may become better acquainted with the difference existing between the two. There will be explanatory matter to accompany the scenario similar to that which was printed at the time the one-reel sample script appeared.

MR. WILLETS' VIEWS.

Gilson Willets, one of the foremost scenario writers in the country to-day, who is the author of most of the notable pictures put out by the Selig Polyscope Company, recently expressed his views on the art of writing for the motion-picture screen in a few well-written paragraphs. We reproduce

them herewith, without comment, as they carry their own message:

There is probably an army of five hundred thousand men and women in this and other countries to-day who are ambitious to become writers of the photo play. Out of that great number, perhaps a few hundred are consistently successful. Why? Because an idea seemingly prevails that the profession of photo-play writing is an easy one; that all that is needed is a typewriter and some paper and—then to dash off a comedy or drama and await payment thereafter.

Never was there a more mistaken conception! The profession of photo-play writing is not an easy profession. Long study and experience are necessary before one can succeed in other professions, and yet men and women will not understand that the art of creative writing is as difficult a profession.

To succeed as a photo-playwright, or as a writer of fiction, one must possess the power of observation; one must have acquired an insight into human nature; one must have talent of originality; and, also, one must have the power to put down on paper that which he sees.

ONE DANGER.

Very often, when working over a plot, an author comes to a certain point where he seems to travel in a circle. He works harder, perhaps, than ever before, and yet he can make no headway. He builds up carefully a certain line of development, only to find that he has to discard it because it leads to what he is trying to avoid. Then his mind refuses to penetrate the darkness which envelops what he believes to be the right road, and, try as he will, he cannot effectively concentrate on the plot.

The best thing to do when in a position like this is to put away all work and forget it for the immediate present. It may be a rush order, but one certainly can gain nothing by trying to work when the mind is confused. A half, or even a quarter, of an hour's walk may bring one back to the work refreshed, or a longer period of relaxation may be required.

Some say that one must either master one's plot at once or be mastered by

it, and this is largely true. When one gets off with a flying start on a story, he will probably glide easily to the finish, even though the story may be most exceptional when finished. At other times, when the main idea is hard to secure and the development has to be forced, one may do what he considers his very hardest and very best work, and when he looks over the script find that he has created the worst sort of stuff.

Each writer must understand himself in this matter. He must study his peculiarities and learn how he can best avoid this danger. It is purely an individual problem, and, like others we have referred to in the past, must be treated by each individual. The best we can do is to call it to the attention of all our readers and offer general suggestions on the matter.

SCENARIOS AND COPYRIGHT LAW AGAIN.

Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania, has introduced a bill into Congress, which, if it goes through, will so amend the copyright laws that motion-picture scenarios will be subject to copyright, the same as unpublished books and unproduced plays written for the speaking stage. It is provided that any person entitled thereto under the provisions of the act may secure a copyright for a scenario by typewriting the same with notice of copyright as required, and such notice must be affixed to each copy of the scenario published, typewritten, or offered for sale in the United States by authority of the copyright proprietor.

It is further stated in the bill that if it be enacted into law, copyright may also be had on a scenario by the deposit of two typewritten copies of the title and description, with cast of scenes without prints or other identifying reproductions thereof. After copyright has been secured by the publication or

typewriting of the work, with the notice of copyright as provided above, the owner shall promptly deposit in the copyright office or mail to the register of copyrights, Washington, District of Columbia, a complete copy of the scenario, together with one print taken from each scene or act, each to be accompanied by a claim of copyright. No action or proceeding would be maintained for infringement of copyright in any work until the provisions of deposit of copies and registration of such work shall have been complied with.

Section twenty-five provides that if any person shall infringe the copyright in any work protected under the copyright laws of the United States, such person shall be liable (a) to an injunction restraining infringement, and (b) to pay to the copyright proprietor such damages as the latter may have suffered, due to the infringement, as well as all the profits which the infringer shall have made from such infringement, and in proving profits the plaintiff shall be required to prove sales only, and the defendant shall be required to prove every element of cost which he claims, or, in lieu of actual damages and profits, such damages as to the court shall appear to be just; and in assessing such damages, the court may, in its discretion, allow the following amounts: In the case of the infringement of an undramatized or non-dramatic work, or scenario, by means of motion pictures, where the infringer shall show that he was not aware that he was infringing, and that such infringement could have been reasonably foreseen, such damages shall not exceed the sum of one hundred dollars; in the case of a copyrighted dramatic or dramatico-musical work or scenario by a maker of motion pictures and his agencies for distribution thereof to exhibitors, where such infringer shows that he was not aware that he was infringing a copyrighted work, and that

such infringements could not reasonably have been foreseen, the entire sum of such damages recoverable by the copyright proprietor from such infringing maker and his agencies for distribution to exhibitors of such infringing motion picture shall not exceed the sum of five thousand dollars, nor be less than two hundred and fifty dollars, and such damages shall in no other case exceed five thousand dollars, or be less than two hundred and fifty dollars. This is not to be regarded as a penalty, and the exceptions shall not deprive the copyright proprietor of any other remedy given him under the copyright law, nor shall the limitation as to the amount of recovery apply to infringements occurring after the actual notice to a defendant, either by service or process in a suit or other written notice served upon him. The court may allow one hundred dollars for the first, and fifty dollars for every subsequent infringing performance.

ANSWERS TO READERS.

R. A. DOUD.—In an early issue—perhaps the next—this magazine will carry a sample scenario which will be of the multiple-reel variety. By studying this script, you will be able to learn just what the difference between a one-reeler and a longer scenario is.

L. Z. HAUTEAUX, New Bedford, Massachusetts.—We have a list of all the film companies, which we will send upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope. This will give you the information you desire in regard to the studios in New York City. If you write these studios, and state just why you wish to visit them, telling what experience you have had, and what your ambitions are, we believe everything would be made agreeable for you. It is our honest opinion, however, that more knowledge can be gained by studying the screen than by visiting the studios. If you follow our department closely,

you will receive enough hints as to how the pictures are made to enable you to "look behind" the scenes, as they are flashed on the screen, and figure out exactly how they were taken.

H. LEVINE.—We do not understand what you mean when you ask whether you write the synopsis of scenario first. If you mean in the script as it is submitted to the editor, the answer is the synopsis, but if you mean which you write first when working out your story, there are several answers. Some writers write out a detailed synopsis of plot action for their own benefit before beginning to write the scene action; others do this mentally, and write their scene action before anything else. In either case, the final synopsis prepared for the editor is written last, after the scenario proper has been completed. The fact that it is written last seems to contradict what we said in the beginning of the answer, but it doesn't, for when the script is retyped, the first thing that is written is the synopsis, as it is the first thing to be read by the editor.

M. MURRAY.—It is best to submit scenarios to the scenario department, rather than to the managing director of a company. Some companies prefer multiple reelers, while others are in need of one and two-reel plays. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for our market booklet. By watching our department from issue to issue, and by carefully studying the screen and your own plays, you will soon gain an insight into the art. To perfect yourself, after that, will mean much work and hard study.

L. H. PORCH.—Not all of the companies produce comedies, but a fair portion of them do. It is a question of producing good comedies, not just comedies. *Joker* is produced by Universal, and *Starlight* is a brand released by one of the lesser programs.

H. FRIEDMAN.—We regret that we cannot suggest any company of the class you mention, as we are not well-enough acquainted with them.

J. K. BRIDGERS.—If you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, we will send you our market list. The average price for scenarios is from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars per reel, depending entirely upon how good the scenario is. We do not at any time read or criticize manuscripts, so to send them to us is a waste of time and postage. We promptly return all that are sent us, unread, if return postage is inclosed.

J. K. OSBORNE.—We do not use scenarios here at all, as we are publishers, and in no way a motion-picture company. Read answer to J. K. Bridgers in regard to our market booklet, and to the prices paid for scenarios by the producing companies.

P. D. HATCH.—Read the foregoing answers, and you will learn where you can secure a market list, and how.

LIVE-WIRE MARKET HINTS.

The Vim Comedy Corporation, 750 Riverside Avenue, Jacksonville, Florida, is in need of slapstick comedy scenarios, and are willing to pay twenty-five dollars per reel and upward for suitable material. All material which is submitted must have a story, and contain original situations, in order to meet with the approval of this concern.

Scenarios which offer star parts to its two child players—about seven years of age—and which contain action far above the ordinary, are needed by the Lubin Film Manufacturing Company, Twentieth Street and Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. These are preferable in three reels, but a two or a one-reeler might do. One-reel comedies of the polite variety suited to Billie Reeves are also in demand.



Screen Gossip

by
Al Ray

THE letters have been pouring in at a lively rate of late, much to the extreme satisfaction of yecscribe. Mary Davis Carr obliges with her opinions on the best smilers among the actors and actresses, which she ranks as follows: (1) J. Warren Kerrigan, (2) Crane Wilbur, (3) Carlyle Blackwell, (4) Tom Moore, (5) Henry Walthall. She wants to know if I agree with her. In some cases I do, and in some I don't, but every one has his taste.

All of the above mentioned have a winning smile of their own, but Miss Carr has overlooked three of the best. Did any one ever miss that Charlie Chaplin smile? Of course they didn't. Let me tell you that it is the most fetching smile that there is, a real, honest-to-goodness smile. The same goes for Douglas Fairbanks, of Triangle. Just look at a photo of "Doug" smiling, and you will find yourself smiling, too. You can't help it. I know I couldn't. Henry Walthall, although he very seldom smiles, has one so genuine, when he does, that you can't help ranking him among the best. Miss Carr picked two of the best, in my opinion, anyway. Here is my list of the five with the smile: (1) Charles Chaplin, (2) Douglas Fairbanks, (3) Tom Moore, (4) Wallace Reid, (5) Henry Walthall.

She gets along much better with her woman smilers, picking three of the best, in my opinion. Her list is as fol-

lows: (1) Mary Pickford, (2) Marguerite Clark, (3) Anita Stewart, (4) Marguerite Cortot, (5) Constance Talmadge. She admits that Ruth Roland is some smiler, but regrets that she can't place her among her five. Ruth Roland certainly has it on Constance Talmadge, when it comes to smiling; in fact, she is one of the best little smilers that we have. Here is my list of the actresses with the fascinating smile: (1) Mary Pickford, (2) Marguerite Clark, (3) Marguerite Cortot, (4) Violet Mese-reau, (5) Ruth Roland.

An original serial by Jack London, written especially for the Vitagraph Company, and arranged in scenario form by Charles W. Goddard, one-time playwright, but now a full-fledged photo-playwright, has been turned over to that company, and is soon to be filmed. It is a red-blooded tale of romance and adventure.

Florence Lawrence is hard at work at the Universal studios, at Leonia, New Jersey, after a long vacation spent on her farm.

Marie Doro, formerly of the stage, and more recently of the Griffith players, has joined the Lasky Company, where she plans to become a regular motion-picture player and give up her stage work.

The arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew at the Metro studios recently gives that concern four members of the noted Drew-Barrymore family. Ethel and Lionel Barrymore are the other two representatives under the wing of the feature company which has made them all sit up and take notice.

And now we have with us a film version of Rex Beach's "The Ne'er-do-well," with Kathlyn Williams and Wheeler Oakman in the leading rôles. Selig made the picture and sold it to a Western exchange man for the fabulous sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It ought to be something worth seeing.

The Signal Film Corporation, of Los Angeles, which is putting on "The Girl and the Game" serial, has added Rhea Mitchell, formerly of the Ince players, and Ray Meyers, one time a Griffith director, to its list, and will make five-reel masterpieces, edition de luxe for the Mutual program.

Lou Tellegen and Geraldine Farrar recently denied the rumor that the sunlit skies of California affected their hearts while they were working at the Lasky studios last summer, but a New York paper insists that friends of both are convinced that wedding invitations are soon to be sent out. It would indeed be quite an honor for the home of Lasky pictures to be the setting for the beginning of a romance between two such noted persons.

The Lieblers, one of the noted theatrical producing firms of a few years ago, are about to enter the film game, according to rumor, and have already signed Cyril Maude to act before the camera for them. Mr. Maude will be

remembered for his wonderful portrayal of the character rôle in "Peer Gynt" for the Morosco Company by those who do not know of his remarkable stage career.

The lights in the studio have proved too much for Charles Richman's eyes, and the noted Vitagraph Company's leading man has been forced to take a vacation. He has worked steadily in the studio in Brooklyn for almost a year, and has played the lead in such big plays as "The Battle Cry of Peace," "One Night," and many others.

David Warfield, far-famed and much-celebrated character, who has long been associated with Belasco, the producer, has flatly declared he will never act for the films. It seems a pity that his art should not be preserved for future generations if he is really in earnest, but other stars have said the same thing, and then, when a producer beckoned—but why go on? It's the old story.

Theda Bara has made a terrible discovery, and hereafter will take utmost care not to walk under ladders, not to marry more than once on Friday, the thirteenth, and not to do anything without first crossing her fingers. Oh, yes, the reason? "Theda" may be reconstructed to spell "death."

Joe Jackson, who has made thousands laugh in vaudeville houses throughout the world with his "tramp" character portrayal, is to be seen in a Triangle-Keystone production.

Willard Mack, who did really wonderful work under the direction of Thomas H. Ince, has turned his attention to the scenario end of the game,

and signed a contract to write exclusively for Lasky. George Bronson Howard and Paul Dickey have also signed similar contracts with the same firm.

One of the big deals in the film-producing game which has been hanging fire for a long time, and which has only recently been consummated, is the merger of the World and Equitable companies, through which the former concern passes out of existence.

Tom Moore, of the famous Moore family of screen favorites, has reëntered the field with the Lubin Company.

The Blue Bird Photo Plays, Incorporated, who are soon to set forth a number of big plays featuring big stars, has issued a statement which stamps the concern as being quite different from others of its class. It has said that no stage star can secure an engagement without having already made good in at least one picture on the screen. This means that every star they will present will have a following in the smaller photo-play houses, as well as in the larger houses, because of his or her combination of stage and screen success.

William Fox, a producer who has risen to the top of the game in the last year, has laid plans to build a film city on Long Island which will surpass anything of its kind in existence. Five fully equipped studios are to be included in the city.

Tyrone Power has deserted the Selig Company and joined Universal, where he is working under the direction of Lois and Phillips Smalley. His first picture is "The Ill Born."

Robert Harron visited New York a short time ago on a sad errand. He brought East the body of his brother Charles, who was killed in an automobile accident in Los Angeles.

That the Famous Players Company and Mary Pickford are not to sever the relationship which has been so profitable to both is made certain by the formation of a new company to be known as the Famous Players-Mary Pickford Company. In this newly organized concern, "Little Mary" is said to own fifty per cent of the stock. All her future pictures will be made by this company and released through Paramount, as has been done in the past.

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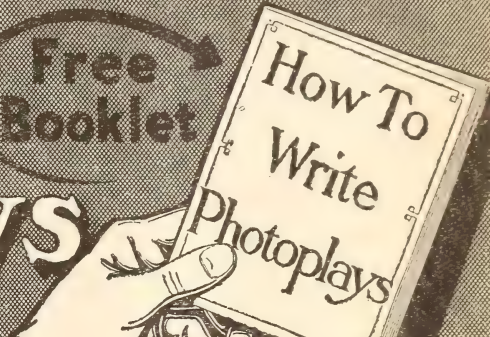
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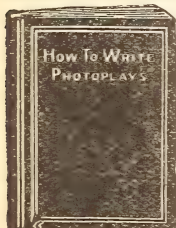
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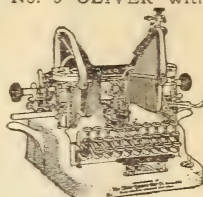
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1916
15 CENTS



MARY PICKFORD



MARY PICKFORD'S PERSONAL
VIEWS OF MOTION PICTURES

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Vol. IV

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WHICH IS THE PRETTIER?

This picture shows the two Mersereau sisters, Violet and Claire, both of whom have reached the public's heart through Universal films. The former, who is the best-known, is at the left. Their directors who have reached no decision, pass on to you the problem of which of the two is the more beautiful.



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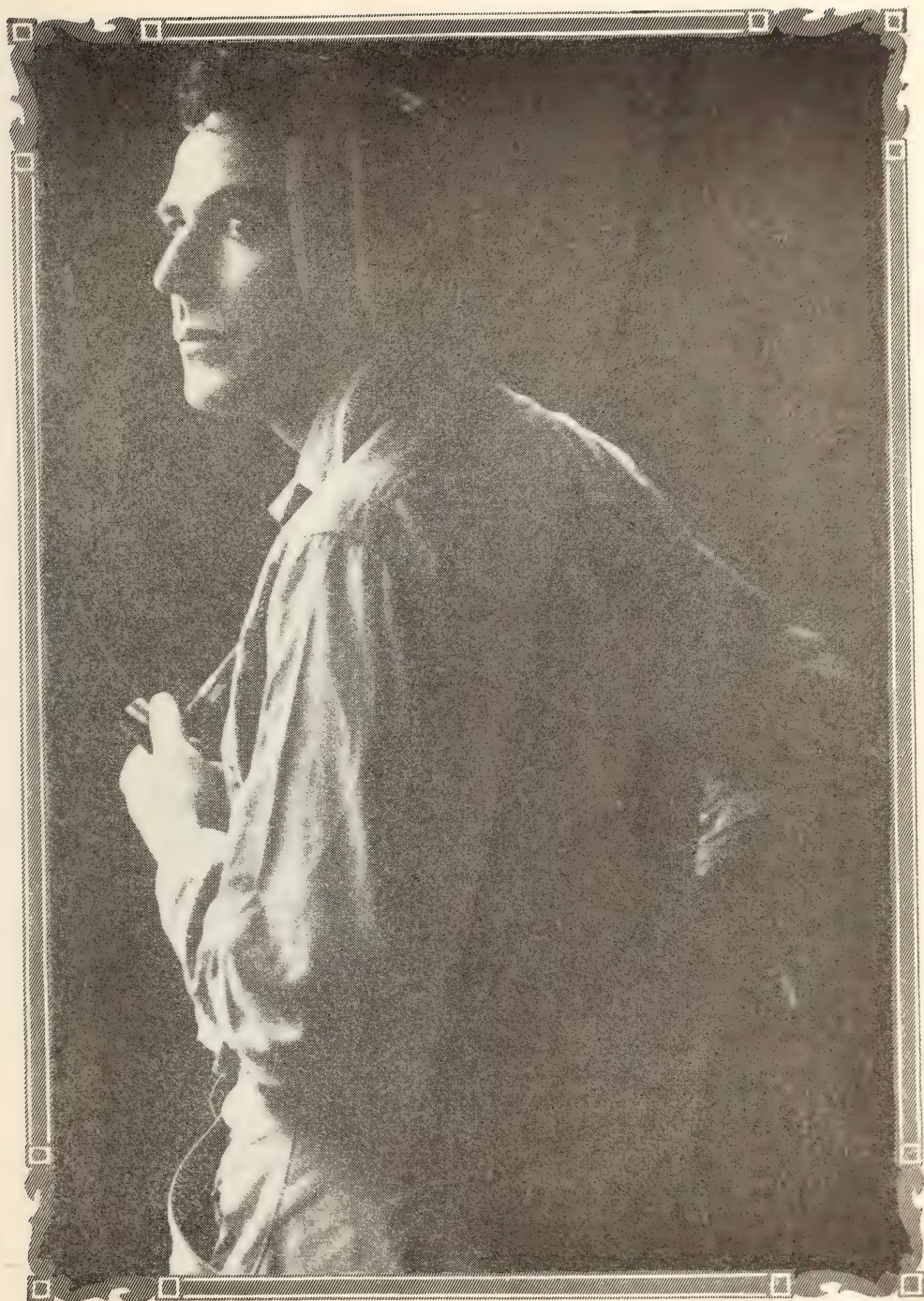
WALLACE REID
(*Lasky.*)



GERTRUDE ROBINSON
(Gaumont.)



SEENA OWEN
(Griffith-Triangle.)



HOUSE PETERS
(*World-Equitable.*)



RUTH BLAIR
(Fox.)



ROBERT WARWICK
(*World-Equitable.*)



VIVIAN REED
(*Selig.*)



ANN MURDOCK
(*Essanay.*)



BESSIE EYTON
(*Selig.*)



IRENE HOWLEY
(Metro.)



HELEN BADGLEY
(*Thanhouser.*)



MISS MARY PICKFORD

the idolized star of the Famous Players Company, has approved the following article as being in corroboration with her own personal views of motion pictures.

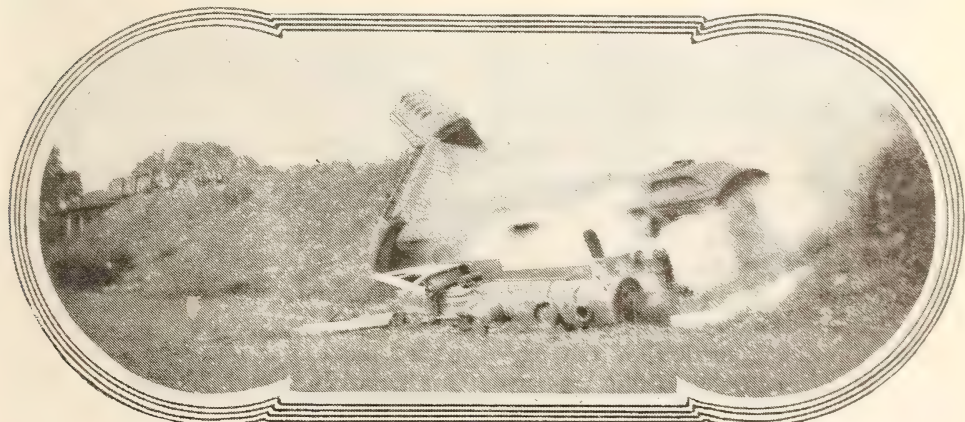
NOWHERE is the tremendous progress of the motion picture more strikingly reflected than in the audience which crowds the photograph theater to-day. In the short span of years which measures the life of this giant industry, the motion-picture theater itself has grown from the corner grocery store to the palatial establishments which one finds in the heart of the theater district of every great city in the country.

But the theater is simply an indication of the character of its audience, and the audience, in turn, is an index

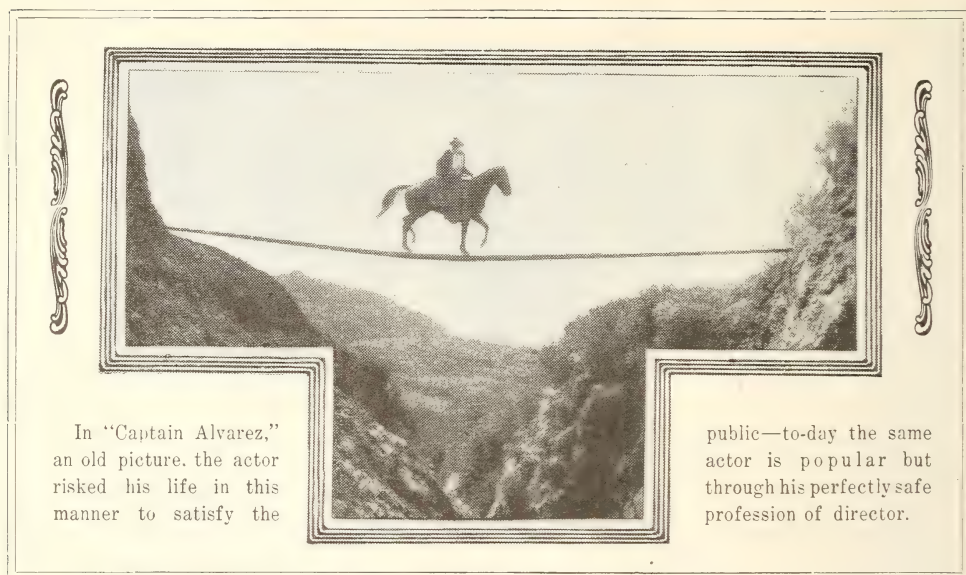
of the quality of the films which are to be found on the screen. For, as in every other walk of life, a man is known by the company which he keeps.

In the days of not so long ago, the film enthusiast was lured into a gaudily bedecked little theater of negligible ventilation, which, in nine cases out of ten, was a converted store. When he had climbed over two or three disgruntled citizens, and found an unoccupied seat, if he was at all sensitive, he automatically took stock of his surroundings.

And what surroundings they gen-



The old way of making the public gasp and bringing success to a picture.



erally were! To his left, there would probably sit a man of pungent Latin extraction, whose love of self-betraying vegetables was annoyingly apparent. On his right there sat, perhaps, a squalling infant, who preferred to place his feet in the visitor's lap, rather than that of the totally unconscious mother. Fate would generally place our enthusiast immediately in front of a pair of sight-seeing shopgirls, whose audible enjoyment of their chewing gum was only interrupted by such erudite remarks as "Ain't it grand," "Some dress that," or "Pipe the eyes on that guy, Josie."

Above the chorus of infantile wails there arose at times the violent protests of a helpless piano, which seemed to be lifting its strident voice in protest at the manhandling which it was receiving from a heartless brute.

Or, if our enthusiast went to a vaudeville theater to seek amusement, he suffered equally, if not similarly. At the end of the stage portion of the performance, when the lowly film was announced, there was a stampede of those who seemed to make it a point of never

being caught in the act of looking at the "shiftin' pichers," as they were eruditely called by one devotee. If our enthusiast determined to see the films, despite all comers, or goers, he generally drew his feet up under him after the third or fourth person had trod upon them, and then began frantically dodging back and forth in a wild endeavor to catch at least a fleeting glimpse of the screen between the scurrying forms of the departing spectators.

Then, just as something of unusual interest appeared on the screen, some large woman, with a plume-bedecked hat, would surge up out of her gallery seat, and the picture would be obscured by the shadow of her finery. By the time that the woman had moved, the interesting scene was gone, and he found even his own determination baffled.

How different is the situation to-day, when there is scarcely a big theater in any city that has not been given over to motion pictures at one time or another. The palatial Strand Theater, in New York, with its seating capacity of over three thousand, is a striking example

of the tremendous upward step which the silent drama has made within a very few years. It is one of the most beautiful theaters ever built in America, and it was erected for the sole purpose of exhibiting motion pictures. The Strand, however, is not an exception to the rule of devoting great houses to the newer form of amusement, but is rather typical of what is being done all over the country.

The progress of the motion picture, measured by the architectural development of the theaters, has a parallel in the history of the advancement of the quality of the productions. This, strangely enough, has its counterpart in the development of the modern stage drama within the last twenty-five years.

There are still many who will remember such thrilling stage productions as the Indian dramas, "The Cattle King," "Across

the Continent," and others, in which Buffalo Bill and some of the celebrated scouts appeared. Next there came a deluge of thrillers, depending chiefly upon mechanical ingenuity for their effect: "A Ride for Life," "The Still Alarm," "Ninety and Nine," and others of that ilk, which introduced the fire engine, locomotive, and other startling things in the rôle of props.

Next came the spectacular offerings, military plays that filled the stage with troops and horses. "The Drummer Boy of Shiloh," "Shenandoah," and others too numerous to mention held the boards. Then there followed the society dramas, such as "Zaza," "Iris," "Sold," "The Mummy and the Hum-

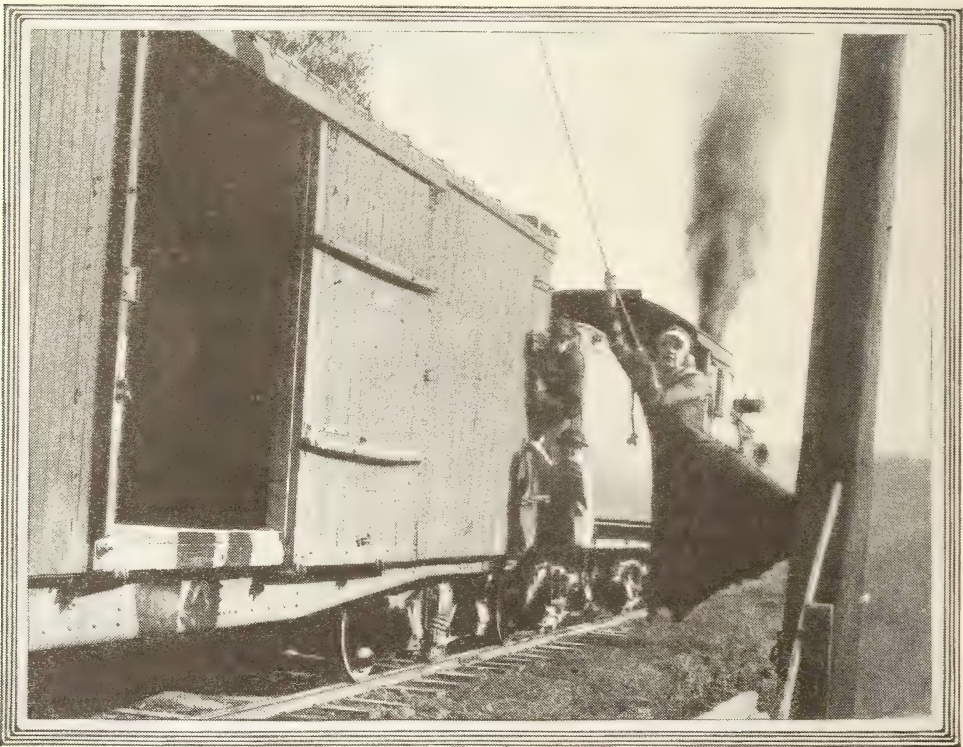


Three poses that display "Little Mary's" versatility. Miss Pickford has risen to be the most popular person in the world and has never appeared in a single "thriller"—which is proof enough that the change in pictures has been for the better.

ming Bird," "Bought and Paid For," "Bella Donna," and hundreds of others.

It will scarcely be necessary to trace the parallel for any motion-picture follower, for he will see in this very brief sketch of the stage development an almost exact replica of the story of the film. Biograph, Edison, and the other early-day companies flooded the screen with Indian films, and then, as trick

the "drawing-room" drama, which reached its culmination with the introduction of adaptations of many of the great stage dramas, some of which have already been enumerated. Though there were some society plays produced upon the screen in the early days of the motion picture, the thrillers and "stunt" pictures were so greatly in the majority that it was not until 1912,



Helen Gibson is one of the few who survives as a player of thrillers—but even she has to be an actress as well.

photography became more and more thoroughly understood by the camera men, they used all sorts of "effects." Realism ever has been one of the great assets of the motion picture, and this fact was used to the utmost advantage by the producers. The Civil War burst forth on the screen in all its glory, and the actor dead littered the fields for miles around.

Then the next phase of the story was

when the Famous Players Film Company inaugurated the first feature program devoted to the introduction of stage stars and adaptations of theatrical successes, that dramas of this character became a potent factor in the motion-picture industry.

To-day, they are in the great majority with producers in general, the African picture and other exotic settings being in the minority.



Marguerite Clark's wonderful expression and acting are what carry her pictures.

rule was Mary Pickford, who has become the foremost of film stars without ever risking her neck in any of these frantic films.

The remarkable personality of Miss Pickford, together with her previous stage training, made it unnecessary for her to enter into this suicide race. Though Miss Pickford is essentially a film star, as against Marguerite Clark, Geraldine Farrar, Pauline Frederick, Madame Petrova, and others who have

Another marked tendency away from the old order of things is the transferring of many of the death-defying thrillers from tragic and adventurous stories to comedies. The comedian to-day must needs be a combination of india-rubber man, clown, and bombproof structure.

In the "old" days, if one may apply such a term to an industry so young, the thrilling stunts were done by brawny heroes, or little slips of girls, of whom nobody had ever heard until they made their leaps through space—and into ephemeral popularity. There were many of these girls who became stars, through their daring rather than through their histrionic ability. One of the notable exceptions to the general

deserted the stage for the screen, after building up great reputations on the



A "thriller" would spoil a Mary Pickford film. This remarkable star has learned the way into the people's very hearts.

former, her progress on the screen has been marked by performances of exactly the same type as those in which her confrères have been starred. That is, they are comedies and dramas of the so-called society type, which have been adapted from stage or book, or stories which have been written expressly for the individual.

With the possible exception of an aëroplane flight, which she made in California during the taking of "A Girl of Yesterday," and which it was not at all necessary for her to make so far as the actual film was concerned, since the use of a substitute would never have been detected, Mary Pickford has never starred in scenes where sheer physical

courage predominated over all histrionic requirements. It is, perhaps, due to this fact to a degree at least, that Miss Pickford has continued to hold her prestige, while many of the girls who were considered great film favorites a few years ago have faded into comparative inconspicuousness.

A very simple explanation of the failure of these exponents of the thrill in motion pictures to hold sway undoubtedly lies in the fact that the public has come to suspect the authenticity of many of the feats which appear on the screen. When the old trick picture was at its height, and the public received each new trick and each new thrill with a "How do they do it?" it was inevitable



Geraldine Farrar is also an exponent of the newer art where impressive acting rules.

that this question should tempt many writers to give answers to the inquiries.

The public wanted to know—why not capitalize the market ability of such stories and tell it? So there appeared in magazines of all kinds and sizes, articles which explained in detail, with profuse illustrations, the exact methods by which many of these effects were obtained. It was shown that the heroine did not really pick the child up off the tracks, as the rushing express train bore down upon her, but that the whole process was reversed, and that she actually laid the child down on the tracks as the engine backed away.

The agile gentleman who nimbly crawled up the side of a house, to the amazement of the audience, was shown to have crawled safely across a studio floor on his hands and knees upon a huge piece of canvas, which was painted to resemble the front of a huge building. The daring leap from the cornice of one skyscraper to the top of the adjoining building was shown to have been a very commonplace jump, rendered perfectly safe by the fact that the connecting roof between these apparently separate structures was just out of range of the camera. With this concealed, the effect was that of a yawning chasm, and the distant view of the street confirmed the impression of towering heights, whereas the only possible danger was that of a sprained ankle, if perchance the jumper missed his footing and fell to the connecting roof a few feet below him.

Then the matter of substituting or "doubling" extras for the stars in difficult rôles was explained very thoroughly, and so many instances were cited of cases where doubling had been resorted to, that the canny ones proceeded to shake their heads wisely every time a star turned her face away from the camera. It was a sure sign that somebody was doubling! They knew, because they had read it all.

Thus, by the single act of exposing a few of the incidents in which illusions had been created, the picture men robbed themselves of the great sustaining power of mystery. Just so long as the public remained in the dark concerning the technicalities and the mechanics of film making, just so long would it have retained its interest in them. We all have a very wholesome respect for everything that we do not understand—the worship of the sun, moon, and stars sprang from a great awe of the unknown. But now, that astronomy and meteorology have taught us many physical facts concerning our neighbors, we no longer look upon them with the same feverish intensity with which they were formerly regarded.

With the glamour of mystery once removed, the pendulum of credulity swung the other way, and the public became so skeptical concerning everything in the way of thrills which appeared upon the screen, that scenes of this nature became a drug upon the market. Nobody would dare to admit that he believed a spectacular stunt to be real, for fear of bringing down the ridicule of the initiated upon his head.

Shorn of the prestige which came with their exhibitions of daring, the actors and actresses who had made them their stock in trade found it necessary to turn to other things. As a result, most of these players have abandoned this form of acting, with a few exceptions, in which cases the players actually risk their lives. In these the public has learned to lay faith, and that is probably the reason for their survival. Their number, however, is very small, and this field is almost limited to Helen Holmes, of the Mutual Company, and Helen Gibson, of Kalem.

It was only natural that the stage stars, when they became motion-picture players, should have been presented in plays which embodied nothing of the



Madame Petrova has found a better way of thrilling the public than by wrecking trains.

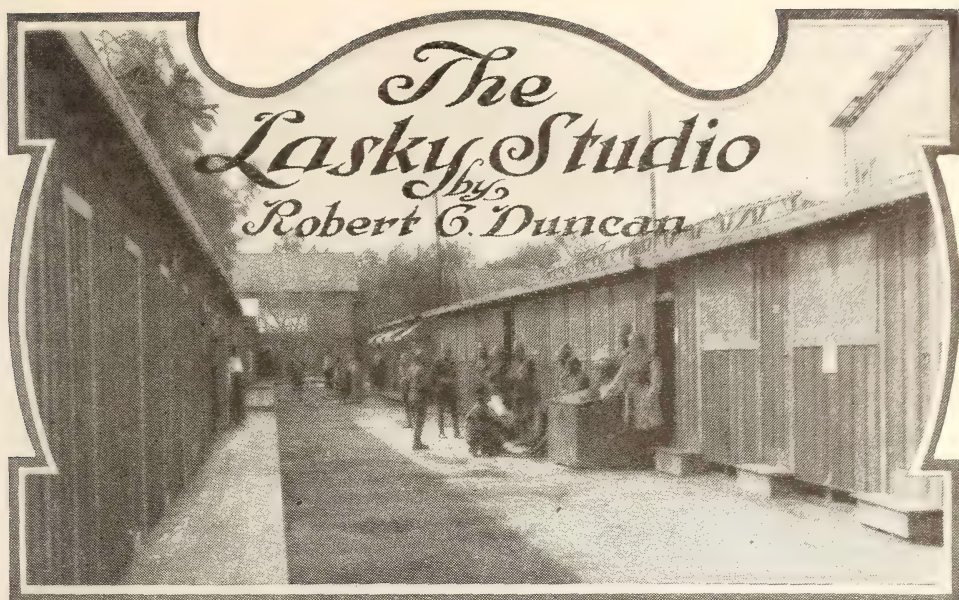
thrill variety. The line of demarcation must be clearly drawn between these players and those who had been film favorites since the beginning, in order to more forcibly stamp upon the minds of the public the fact that the introduction of these celebrities meant a new era in film production. Moreover, the stars themselves, with few exceptions, would have rebelled at the idea of casting aside all the art which their experience on the stage had developed in order to provide shivers for the public.

So the powerful dramas which had proven successful on the stage, were adapted to the requirements of the screen, and the stellar rôles were intrusted in many cases to those who had made them famous on the stage. The appearance of these stars, and the presentation of well-known plays on the screen, attracted a new audience to the motion-picture theater—those who had previously scorned the “movies,” as

they were pleased to call them with contempt.

But there were very few houses which were suitable for the presentation of these bigger pictures, and into which the newcomers were willing to go, and, as a natural result, “legitimate” theaters were taken by the film men for the exploitation of these features. As the consequence of this step, enterprising men who foresaw that the motion picture was more than a passing public fancy, and realized that the business was gradually molding into permanent form, invested millions in the erecting of great motion-picture playhouses or renovated suitable theaters.

Hence, it may truthfully be said that the progress of the film industry has been due to natural and healthy growth, in which film, theater, and public have all reacted one upon the other in gradually building up new standards, and in advancing the ideals of the producers.



"Lasky Lane," the dressing-room street in the Lasky studio yard.

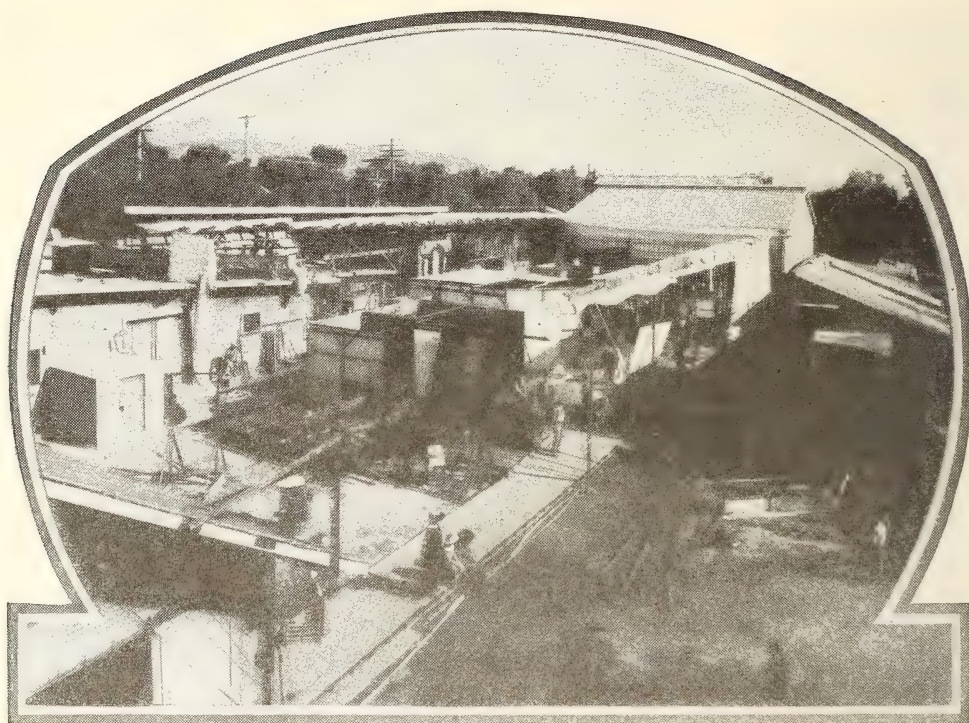
To take our readers behind the scenes, into the studios of the large film companies, take them where the big pictures are made, let them watch the players at work, and introduce them to the famous actors and actresses—these are the purposes of this series of articles, of which this, the Lasky studio, is the second. Each article will be individual, and up to date—a single trip to the studio which is its subject. The articles will appear in every issue, until all the big studios throughout the country have been dealt with.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

HOLLYWOOD used to be a quiet, homely, conservative little suburb of Los Angeles, about half an hour out by electric cars. But that was before the residents looked out of their windows upon strange and devious things—in other words, before the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company literally took possession of the town.

"Alas for Hollywood!" said one resident whom I met upon my arrival. "To the north, I see an automobile, with two bears in the tonneau, dashing by. To the east, I see another automobile is scurrying past, loaded up with pretty girls in Fiji Island scantiness of attire, perhaps, rings on their noses and in their ears. I hurry to my only remaining window, which overlooks my garden, where roses and orange trees mingle their sweet breath. There, I see

some one negotiating with a member of the family to use the garden as a setting for a scene. And I know, without looking out on the veranda, that I will find a group waiting the verdict, some of whom will have on décolleté gowns, and others wearing full evening swallow-tail coats and yellow shirts. I am equally sure that some *one* of the party will be the particular friend of my charming neighbor next door, and of course I'll never refuse. It is inevitable. Hollywood, the peaceful, has become but a memory, and we live in a strange world!"

Armed with this information, and prepared for any uncanny thing which might happen, I started along a beautiful avenue of pepper trees that had dropped its red berries for so many years over the staid heads of Holly-



A general view of the open-air stage at Lasky's Hollywood plant, showing the inclosed glass-roof studio in the background and the dressing rooms to the extreme right.

wood's best citizens, and followed the path hundreds and hundreds of "extras" and regulars have taken, and which leads to the high inclosure that is the outer wall of the Lasky studio.

I presented the letter that would pass me within the gates.

Mr. Lasky, pleasant, genial, and radiating that enthusiasm for the moving-picture industry characteristic of all associated with it, kindly received me and allowed me to ask a volley of questions.

And, what was still kinder, he answered most of them.

He told me he had the best art director in the country in Wilfred Buckland, and the finest director in the business in Cecil de Mille; and then he asked me what could keep them from having the best pictures on the market.

"Nothing does," it was easy to answer.

I had heard a great deal about Wilfred Buckland, and knew he had been David Belasco's right-hand man for years in staging some of his finest productions. And I had seen Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen" just a night or two before.

"I have a friend who has gone again and again to see the wonderful 'close-ups' in 'Carmen,' especially where she tells her fortune by the red glare of fagots. He calls it a fine old Rembrandt," I said.

"Yes—Mr. Buckland was striving for just that effect. Splendid pictures in light and shadow!" answered Mr. Lasky, greatly pleased.

We were launched on the fascinating subject of Farrar.

I got out a notebook and pencil, ready for real figures.

"She must have been almost a priceless lady," I suggested.

"Well, one hundred thousand dollars for eight weeks' work, six hours a day," said the noted producer. "Add about fifty thousand dollars for private car to and from New York, all her expenses out here, and it makes some little expense bill—but Miss Farrar was worth it. Every one was very fond of her about the studio; and Mr. Buckland even stood for "Mesha," Miss Farrar's goat, making a choice diet of his rare and valuable drawings. Sometimes Mesha prefers the asbestos covering over the radiators, however. She took part in "Maria Rosa," the play produced for the screen by Miss Farrar before she left Lasky."

He was thoughtfully silent a moment, then brightened up and added:

"Would you like to go out in the yard and see the Plaza de Toros?" said Mr. Lasky.

Of course I was delighted.

Out past the big stage and an attractive two-story bungalow which had been Geraldine Farrar's dressing room, into "Lasky Lane," as the little street is called which reaches from the front wall to the rear of the grounds, on each side of which are the tiny buildings used as dressing rooms and offices, and into the big "yard" we wandered, and into the streets of Seville, cobblestoned, quaint, Spanish as art and knowledge could make it.

It was a perfect reproduction, even to height.

"You see," explained Mr. Lasky, "if



Miss Geraldine Farrar in her cozy bungalow with which the Lasky Company provided her as a home during her stay in California.

"When the opera season is over, Miss Farrar will return and play several rôles in which she has been famous."

And naturally the subject of Farrar and "Carmen" led to its setting.

there was a cornice or a scroll or a stone missing or added, some one who saw the picture and had been to Seville would have it spoiled for them. Not even Geraldine Farrar's wonder-

ful acting, at two dollars and seventy cents a minute, would pacify them if Seville was not Seville. You see, these film-fan fellows are getting too canny for us. We don't spare expense any more. The Plaza de Toros cost us five thousand dollars to build. We used twenty-five tons of plaster of Paris in it, and only show the scene on the screen for thirty seconds."

And so I began to learn why the Lasky pictures are such perfect ones.

Then we strolled over to the Villa Marmosa, used in "Mr. Grex, of Monte Carlo," also a perfect reproduction, mightily expensive. And when we walked around the corner, I found myself where Forsyth Street turns into Houston, in New York.

"Around the world in fifteen minutes, I call this," said Mr. Lasky.

And immediately we were in Chinatown, in San Francisco.

"Notice this Chinese lettering on the window?" he questioned. "A Chinaman did that. You never can tell when a Chinese missionary or a Chinaman, will visit a moving-picture theater."

Out of Chinatown, into a little Algerian village on the edge of the Sahara Desert, was the next startling change. It was a set used for Lou Tellegen's picture play, "The Unknown." I gazed upon it with awe, and was brought back to my surroundings only when Mr. Lasky went on: "We made an interesting discovery when that was built. Something didn't look right about it when they tried out a picture. They sent for our most expensive director; they put the research department at work, even called to the thousand-a-week actor, who happened to be passing by, for advice. Finally the assistant camera man hit on the trouble. It was dirt.



Director General de Mille instructing Miss Farrar in the technique of the silent drama, at the Lasky studio.



Geraldine Farrar and "Mesha," her pet goat, enjoying a sun bath between scenes.

"They had to rub common dirt over the walls in places to look as if the Arabs of the desert had leaned against them for some

hundreds of years." And that led to another story:

Some black rats were needed for a scene to be taken the next day.

"They cannot be found," said the harassed property man.

"We don't know that word 'can't' around here. Have those rats on hand by ten to-morrow morning," said the director.

"Say, get at that scene quick if you want these rats in it," yelled the property man—at ten the next morning. "They are licking themselves white again."

He had gone to an animal store in Los Angeles and bought all the white rats in the place and painted them with lampblack.

During that trip about the yard of many wonders, I learned that the Lasky Company releases practically three five-

reel features a month. Some of the biggest scenes ever put on by them have been the Plaza de Toros, in "Carmen,"

the House of Representatives for Washington scene in "The Woman," New York street scenes in "The Cheat." They figure their productions cost on the average about twenty-five thousand dollars, exclusive of the star's salary. The costliest scene ever taken to date was the blowing up of a dam holding back an immense volume of water, and the flooding of a town at its base. Several months were required to prepare this scene, and at a cost of more than fifteen thousand dollars. It was used in the Valeska-Suratt production of "The Immigrant." The breaking of the dam and the outpouring waters ran about twenty feet of film, or twenty seconds of actual time. The inundated city was probably seen for ten seconds.

The Lasky Company is considered to have one of the best-equipped and

The Lasky Studio

modern motion-picture plants in the United States. The studio occupies an entire block at present. Before this gets into print, they may occupy two blocks, so fast do the needs expand with the growth of the industry. One end of the block is devoted to the executive offices and the huge stage. In the rear end are the four laboratory buildings and the double-deck paint

frame. One of the most unusual features

Charlotte Walker, Blanche Sweet, Victor Moore, Cleo Ridgely, Wallace Reid, and Anita King.

There are three directors assisting Director General Cecil B. de Mille—his brother, William C. de Mille, George H. Melford, and Frank Reicher. A director and an assistant director, a camera man and an assistant, two carpenters, and a property man work on every scene.

In the scenario depart-

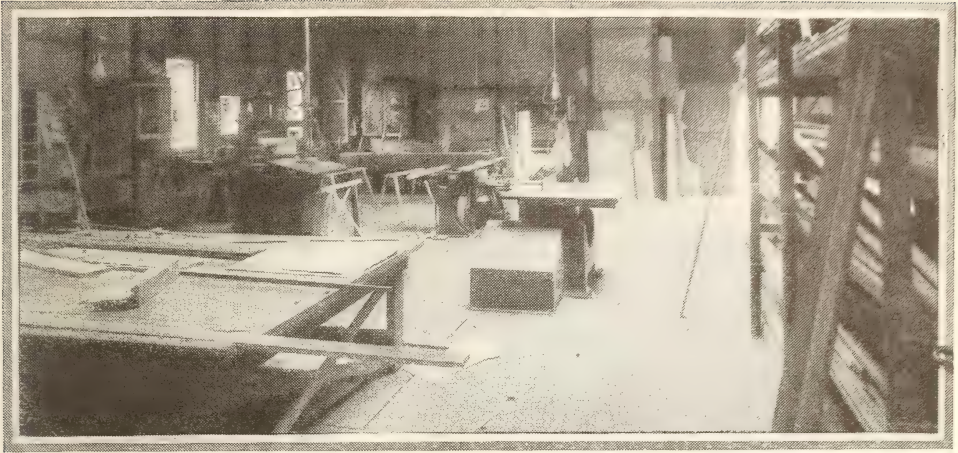


The drying room in the laboratory. The "drums" which are seen in the picture are used in drying film after it has been taken from the developing solution.

about the place is an automobile truck carrying a portable electric-light plant, taken on location and about the studio grounds. The valuation of the Lasky interests is some place in the neighborhood of half a million dollars.

While the stock company does not consist of more than fifty members, the majority of them are stars or artists of reputation. Foremost among them are Fanny Ward, Theodore Roberts,

ment are to be found many noted writers—Margaret Trumbull, well-known author of "Keeping up with Molly," Marion Fairfax, famous as the author of "The Talker" and "The Builder," Hector Trumbull, formerly dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, and Jeannie McPherson. Recently, four other noted writers were added, viz., George B. Howard, Willard Mack, Channing Pollock, and Rennold Wolf.



A section of the carpenter shop, which is one of the big features of the Lasky studio. Buildings, parlors of society homes, streets of European and American cities and everything else imaginable are manufactured to order here.

We had just come to where carpenters were at work on the interior of a whitewashed cabin, in which a real fire was lighted and busy in the fireplace, when some one sent for Mr. Lasky.

"Here is the man who can tell you all about this," he said, and introduced me to Theodore Roberts, who took up the work of enlightening me where his employer had left off.

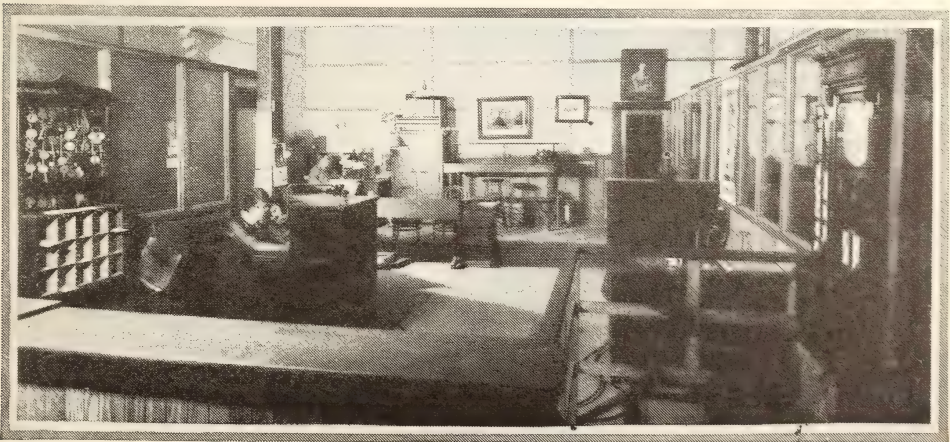
"I don't believe there is a person about the studio who isn't interested and happy in imparting their enthu-

siasm about moving-picture production to the stranger within the gates," he said, when he pointed to the cabin. "'The Haunted Cabin' for the 'Pudd'nhead Wilson' production," he informed me.

"And, why the fire on this warm day?" I queried.

"To smoke up things a little. It won't do to have things look new, you know."

Then I learned of the recent purchase of the moving-picture rights to all



The business office and reception room.

Mark Twain's stories, for which the Lasky Company have paid one hundred thousand dollars down, and pay a royalty on each play produced.

"And who is to take the part of Pudd'nhead Wilson?" followed naturally.

"I am," said Mr. Roberts.

Just at that moment, Anita King, known as "The Lasky Girl," came

actors. For instance, how Fanny Ward fell off a bridge quite accidentally during the taking of a scene in the Lasky yard, with a twenty-thousand-dollar fur coat on, and neither Miss Ward nor the coat were damaged. We talked about her five hundred thousand dollars' worth of jewels, and how much more precious was the youth she maintained in spite of years.



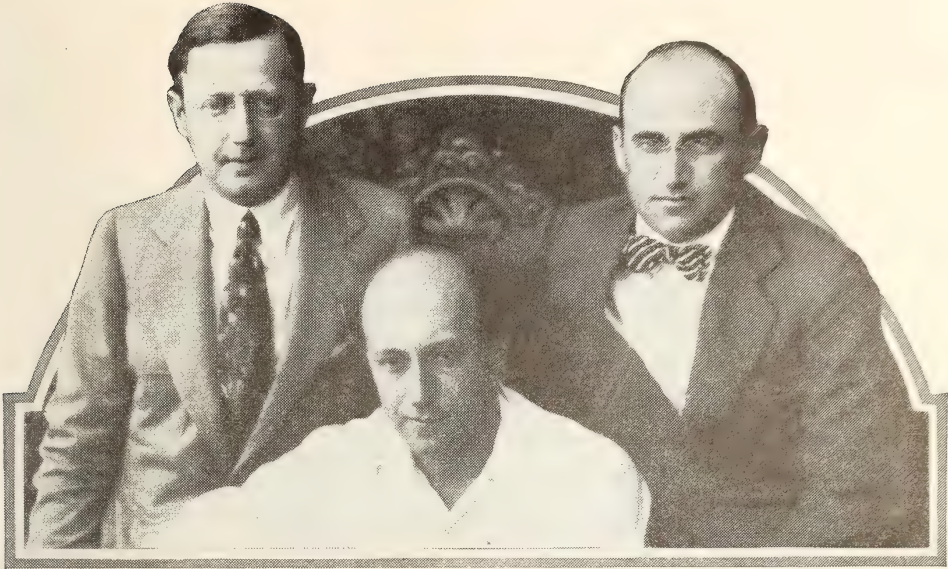
A street in Seville, set up in the Lasky studio yard. This "set" was one of the many used in "Carmen." The Plaza de Toros, shown in the background, alone cost five thousand dollars to build.

along, and I was introduced to her. Miss King told me of her trip across the continent in an auto all alone, and Mr. Roberts broke into the conversation long enough to say it was the greatest advertising "stunt" ever put over by the company.

And then we talked about some of the things that befall moving-picture

"It seems to be a very dull day. There isn't much going on," said Miss King, as we stepped on the stage.

I thought there was plenty going on. A charming golden-haired girl, in a lace-trimmed nightie and fetching bou-doir cap, was being robbed of her jewels and horribly choked by a brutish burglar in a "set" directly in front of



The guiding minds of the Lasky Photoplay Company. . Jesse L. Lasky, Cecil B. de Mille and Samuel Goldfish.

us. It seemed almost enough to be going on any place. The terrorized eyes of the woman, the projecting, ugly lower jaw of the burglar, the click of the turning camera, and an intense-looking director held me spellbound. Then, presto! the smiling eyes of Cleo Ridgely looked into the laughing, genial face of the burglar; the director said the scene was about as good as they could get it, and they were all a happy, carefree family in an instant.

Down a little farther on the stage was a quiet, domestic household of a generation ago, the living room ornately furnished, tidies, bric-a-brac, clocks, and too many chairs and too many tables, all the overfurnished custom of those few years back. The young "mother" was literally adorned in a vivid plaid waist with huge mutton-leg sleeves, and a tutor tutored the same kind of a bad boy that has no period for his existence but belongs to *this* generation, whatever *this* generation happens to be. He was a good little actor, but it was the "tutor" that came in for special notice.

"His name is Littlefield," explained Miss King. "A few years ago, he was the telephone boy around town, but by constant study and observation grew out of that and is now one of the best character men in the company. A perfect marvel at make-up, so marvelous that, while it is a fixed rule with us not to have any one play two parts in a picture, we gave him fourteen in 'The Virginian,' and no one suspected he played more than one."

Next we came to a "set" representing a dreary, sordid little room with a plain wooden table and a few old wooden chairs. A gas jet flickered at one side of a shabby door. The only bright thing in the room was a few strands of golden hair that escaped from under a cheap little cap on a certain person's head.

Yes, the certain person was Blanche Sweet.

Was she acting "The Poor Little Rich Girl"?

Her salary of one thousand dollars a week and her present dress might suggest it, but she wasn't. Only a scene

for "The Pace." Of course, she will be a lovely young thing in a bewitching gown in the end of the play, to atone for those bedraggled clothes and that disfiguring make-up.

A bald-headed man with piercing black eyes was directing the scene. I knew at once it was Cecil de Mille.

The most important part of the setting seemed to be the gas jet. At least, it needed more rehearsing than any one in the scene, to be turned down properly for just the correct light effect as Miss Sweet goes out of the door.

The next thing I saw made me feel that the producers certainly do keep you guessing.

First you discover that some one who has fallen off a cliff one hundred feet or so into the sea isn't a dummy at all, but a real, expert diver; that they spend thousands of dollars for a set of French furniture to have a scene the genuine article, and then—they fake a rainstorm!

I caught them at it.

It was a mob scene in the grounds behind the studio stage.

There were groups of girl extras with fluffy clothes and dainty hats, and men extras with their best spring suits caught in that rainstorm, and yet none of them got wet. An iron frame set over the space just within range of the camera and in front of the actors. It was fitted with pipes, and water turned on, so that every one in the picture looked as if they were in the rain. Of course, a real rain in California is too scarce a thing to depend upon.

"Is everything about this studio always as pleasant and playful as it seems

to-day?" I, a four-hour visitor, asked, somewhat cautiously.

"Where is George Melford?" said a voice near by. "Doesn't he want to take a 'still'?" Then several who were standing about laughed.

"That is your answer," said my informant. "If you want to get an outflow of language not always playful and pleasant, you should be around when Mr. Melford is taking a 'still' and somebody moves."

But Mr. Melford was not around to take the "still" in which somebody might move, and the time of day had arrived for the good old California sun to withdraw to cheer another part of the world. Every one was going home. There wasn't much of a rush for the exit doors at the Lasky studios, for no one is allowed on the grounds except those actors who take part in the day's work, hence my impression of quiet and peace remained.

As I passed beyond the door, out the gate, and again found myself on the avenue lined with pepper trees, I saw the "family" coming "home" in autoloads. Some Indians and some ballet dancers; some firemen and some nuns; some pirates and some German soldiers. And "Mesha" and a bear!

Then I realized where the noise, excitement, and hurry described by the old Hollywood resident had been. Out on location, and I had missed it!

But I had not missed a very good time and a lot of very interesting information about things I wanted to know. Besides, I could see what the others had been doing that day when their pictures were thrown on the screen at my favorite theater.



Making a Million Dollar Picture

By Creighton Hamilton



I HAVE seen a million-dollar photo play in the making!

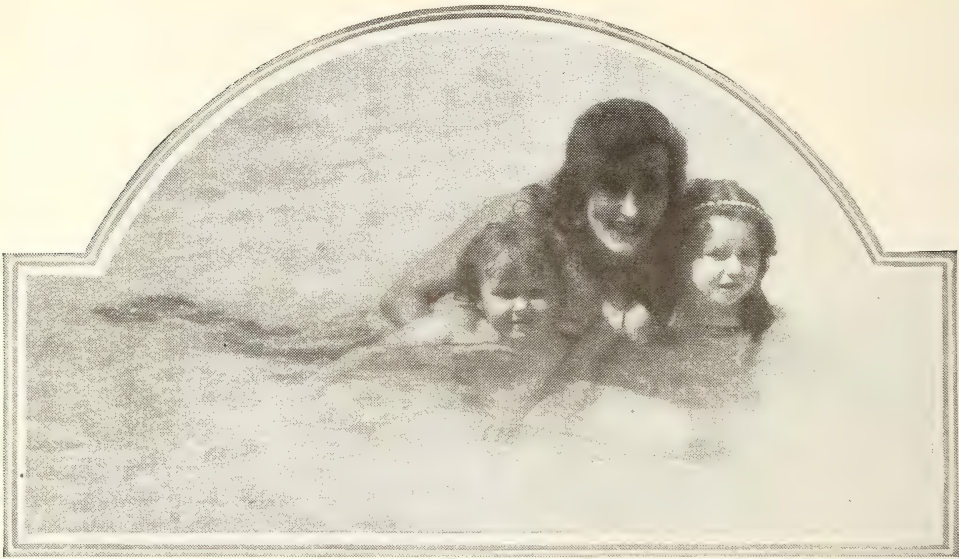
Knowing that the pick of the Fox Film Corporation is in Jamaica, British West Indies, making a marvelous motion picture featuring Annette Kellermann, and that the dramatic field and the film industry have been so prolific of exaggeration and the tales of big-salaried press agents, that really large motion-picture achievements are liable to fall under suspicion, the editor sent me to Jamaica to see what really was going on.

For over two weeks, I was the guest of Mr. Herbert Brenon, the director general, at the Osborne House, St. Ann's Bay, where the entire cast of principals are living, and I had the extreme pleasure of seeing part of the filming of this stupendous feature.

On my first morning there, I was taken in one of the fleet of motor cars to see the principal set—a magnificent Oriental city. For a time, I thought I had been whisked to the glories of ancient India. The city was gorgeous be-

yond description. We entered slowly, so as to be able to examine the buildings, through the city gate. To the left were the troops' barracks, next came the bazaar, with multitudes of natives clothed as in so many rainbows, then a public market, and, opposite it, the slave market, an exact replica of the most famous institution of that kind in the world. Soon the barracks of the royal guard came into view; facing it was a beautiful mosque, and then, in the background, surrounded by the most glorious vegetation, was the royal palace. Kingston harbor glistened through the apertures, and the branches of the trees. All was aglow with life and action, and the most thrilling and awe-inspiring scenes were being enacted. The picture is to be a huge surprise to the public, and I am duty bound not to divulge the story.

But, to get back to the Oriental city—a city as opulent and colorful as Bagdad or Cairo. Few spectators of the Kellermann picture will credit the fact that this city was erected in its entirety



Annette Kellermann, the star of the production, with the two "baby mermaids," Catherine and Jane Lee.

in less than two months, but such is the fact, and I have Herbert Brenon's word for it. Its sidewalks are of brick and concrete, the buildings of stucco, built firmly to withstand the ravages of the tropical hurricanes, and every detail of construction carried out as might be the case with permanent structures. To give credit where credit is due, I will say that the work was carried out under the general direction of Mr. Brenon, assisted by Technical Director J. Allan Turner and George Fitch, and Scenic Chief Artist Joseph Braddon. It is constructed within the two-hundred-and-fifty-year-old walls of Fort Augusta, some twenty miles from the capital of Jamaica.

The scenes, big as they were, that were being rehearsed in this film city, are minor ones in comparison to some that were taken before I reached Jamaica. This seemed hard to believe, until I saw parts of the earlier ones run off in the projection room, which Mr. Brenon has installed.

Next, we motored to the underwater city that has been constructed. Here,

I saw something that would turn a musical-comedy director green with envy. A bevy of beautiful girls, with fascinating figures, were swimming about, clad as mermaids. There were hundreds of them, and right in their midst I discerned little Kathie Lee, who made such a big hit as the baby mermaid in "Neptune's Daughter." This underwater city is a marvel of beauty, and, I am tempted to say, surpasses the Oriental city we had just motored from.

Here, I met Miss Kellermann. She was timidly gazing at a score of alligators, not one less than a dozen feet in length. Bill Shay, who is playing opposite the diving Venus in this feature, was joshing her about something, and Brenon, winking at me, said: "Not getting nervous, are you, Miss Kellermann?" "N-n-o," she answered; but her expression belied her words. I didn't blame her when I learned what they were talking about. A thrilling scene in this great motion-picture spectacle requires that Miss Kellermann, as an Oriental princess, be thrown into a watery den filled with immense sauri-

ans. The swamps in the neighborhood of Kingston fairly swarm with alligators; a score of them were to be obtained alive, which presented several difficulties. Nobody could be found who knew how to trap an alligator. Finally, however, Colonel Antonio Morales, a swarthy South American animal collector, arrived in Jamaica on a northbound steamer, with a collection of live animals and reptiles.

"Could he capture twenty alligators in the time before sailing?" He could—with proper help. That night—it was a bright moon-light one, and the best for the gallant colonel's work—the task began. The 'gators were roped as they came a-courting, for it was the breeding season, and then great blocks of wood were thrust into their ferocious jaws. In less time than it takes to tell, Mr. Brenon had his twenty saurians, and alive, too. He thought two hundred dollars each, the price specified by the colonel, was reasonable enough, considering the dangers. So did I—he'd have to pay me a million dollars to even go near one!

That night, at the hotel, I had the pleasure of meeting the other members of the company. Besides Miss Kellermann, Mr. Brenon, and Mr. Shay, there was Claire Whitney, Rhy Alexander, Violet Horner, Walter Miller,

Hal de Forest, little Kathie, and Jane Lee, and Alice, the pretty little daughter of J. Allan Turner, and hundreds of good-looking chaps and girls who were just as beautiful in regular clothes as they were garbed as mermaids. They are a delightful crowd, more like one big family than a moving-picture company. Each one wishes success for the other, and all wish success for the picture. They did everything possible for me, while I was in Jamaica, and made

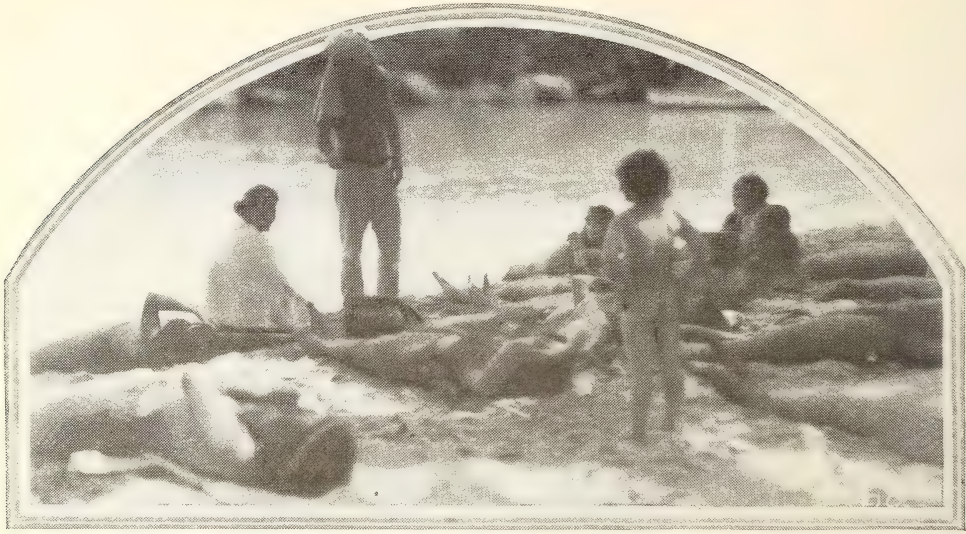
my stay more than pleasant. Later, I learned that this small army of talent was only a little part of the cast that will appear in this picture. To get down to cold figures, figures that I know to be true, there were twelve hundred actors and actresses sent from New York; there will appear



Miss Kellermann "cringing" before the directorial commands of Mr. Brenon.

in the picture thousands of Hindus interned in Jamaica since the completion of the Panama Canal; a thousand British cavalryman; the English West Indian squadron of battleships; and about five thousand additional people recruited among the native Jamaicans. Dazzling, isn't it?

Now, I'll let you read some more figures that will make you gasp: Last August, Mr. Brenon took down to Jamaica a boatload of people, including players, directors, technical men, and artists. The following ships of the



The life of motion-picture mermaids, when not actively engaged in mermaiding.

United Fruit Company's great white fleet were required as transports: *Tivives*, *Almirante*, *Carrillo*, and *Santa Marta*. The yacht *Nemesis*, late property of Baroness de Forrest, was chartered to carry the principals, camera men, mermaids, et cetera, among the coral reefs of the tropics.

There were sent from America more than one thousand tons of properties and costumes, costing more than two hundred thousand dollars. Tons of photographic chemicals were shipped to the Fox Jamaican laboratories.

Some more statistics will give you an idea of the magnitude of the film. There was constructed the biggest stage in the world, five hundred and fifty by two hundred and fifty feet for erecting great sets—six companies working at a time. Dressing rooms were built for three thousand players. Property rooms were erected capable of turning out the most elaborate work from a freak head to a huge and gorgeously caparisoned elephant. Masonry works, with cement mixers, had to be laid out. Carpenter shops, employing three hundred workmen, and equipped with American-made machinery, were provided. Machine

shops, containing every appliance imaginable, auto-repair shops for a fleet of fifty automobiles, gasoline storehouses and supply stations for oil, tires, and all other accessories, a medical staff headquarters—all of these were provided.

A zoölogical garden was created to house the lions, tigers, elephants, camels, panthers, flamingos, swans, baboons, and the rarer species, such as birds of paradise, some costing as much as two thousand five hundred dollars.

Any reader with even the faintest conception of motion-picture costs can see a good part of the million dollars expended without further assistance.

I was speaking with Brenon, over the cigars, of the difficulties of getting chemicals and apparatus for developing and printing his film, together with other necessities. He smiled, and answered: "Why, my dear fellow, every week, Mr. Fox ships down any stuff we may need, on the United Fruit steamers. The last steamer that left New York brought two elephants and three tigers we had forgotten in our hurry!" Think of that!

An amusing incident occurred one



The day's routine includes many splashes in the water—which may or may not be called work.

day during my stay. Secretary Harry Lee had marked on the application of one of the hundreds of black seekers for work, "O. K., H. Lee." The following morning, a policeman appeared with the Jamaican in custody. He explained that the boy had been arrested for a minor offense, and bore a letter from the magistrate addressed to "Mr. O. K. H. Lee," in which his honor, Sam Burke, stated that rather than impede the work of the William Fox companies, he would release the boy. Mr. Burke was thanked for his consideration in the name of Director Brenon, but was informed that the company did not desire to employ law-breakers. The incident showed, however, the high esteem in which the photo-play enterprise is held in Jamaica.

As has been the case since the arrival of the companies on the island, Mr. Brenon has been flooded with offers from the military and civil authorities to do everything in their power to aid in making the million-dollar picture

"the greatest that has ever been screened." Sir John Pringle, one of the greatest dignitaries of the island, as one example, has courteously placed his magnificent plantation at the services of the Fox Company, including his entire stable of one hundred blooded stallions, and the hundreds of black employees working on his estate, the largest single holdings in the West Indies.

My second day there, the fair and beautiful Annette had the narrowest escape of her life. She was motoring, all alone, to a location when something happened to the steering wheel, and she lost control of it. The car was going at a terrific clip, and she found it impossible to shut off its power. Utter destruction for Miss Kellermann seemed imminent. Through the roads it tore, and then, to the horror of the powerless driver, she discerned the glistening waters of Kingston harbor beyond. Approaching the edge of a low cliff, and with no hope of stopping her machine, the dauntless Miss Kellermann stood



Players with Mr. Brenon's "million-dollar company" resting on the lawn.

up in her seat. The instant the car left dry land, she jumped off to one side and plunged into the waters below. For an instant, her body was not visible, then it appeared, and swiftly and adeptly she swam to the shore, where she was met by Herbert Brenon, who, at the wheel of his ninety-horse-power racing Simplex, had followed her. Eagerly and anxiously, he asked her if she were hurt. "No," she replied; "but wasn't it an awful shame no camera man was on the job?"

Miss Kellermann, one night at a dance in Kingston, told me that Herbert Brenon had written the scenario, himself, for this unusual spectacle. It is obvious that he "wrote his own ticket" for trouble when he laid out the large tasks he has to perform.

It is hardly too much to say that, on a far less scale, of course, he faced much the same situation that confronted Colonel Gorgas when he was sent to Panama to clean up the Isthmus.

There were many lengthy discussions between Gorgas and Brenon before the latter departed for Kingston, with the vanguard of the hosts to follow.

Entering the harbor of Kingston, the director's eye spied the picturesquely grim walls of ancient Fort Augusta, stormed a score of times by pirates of the Spanish Main, and set amid olive-colored and drab mangrove swamps denized by crocodiles of immense size, and other tropical reptiles. Flamingos of gorgeous hue were visible in every direction.

"Splendid!" shouted Brenon to Miss Kellermann, who was standing by his side on the captain's bridge. "Just what I want for some of the battle scenes!"

"Humph!" said Captain Smith, of the *Carrillo*. "I'd give Fort Augusta a wide berth—it's the worst fever hole on the island."

The director said nothing, but the day after the ship docked, he took a launch to Fort Augusta, there being no other

way of reaching it. He found it a wild, ruinous structure, the entire space within its crumbling, but still impressive, walls, overgrown with heavy vegetation from which rose a steaming miasma that fairly shouted fever. The prospect did not look encouraging, but as he looked about him, Brenon realized that he had found the ideal spot for one of the most impressive scenes of the picture.

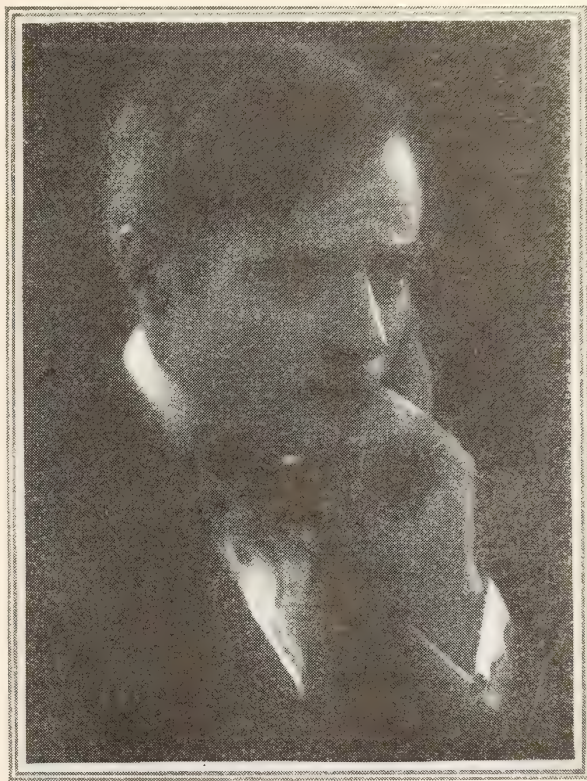
"If Gorgas cleaned up Panama, I guess I can make this place healthy," he said to one of his assistants. The man shook his head, but Brenon persisted.

That night, on his return to Kingston, he consulted with Doctor Scott, official bacteriologist of the island, who at first shook his head, but later waxed enthusiastic. The result was that the two men got together. Tons of disinfectant were sent for from New York, the old fort was cleaned up and drained by a complete tidal system of tiled drain pipes, and a field hospital set up, where, every day, each one of the workers was examined—no small task—by a corps of students from the Royal Kingston Medical School.

Fort August, formerly Jamaica's

pesthole, has now been turned into a pleasure resort, where Kingstonians flock to enjoy the breezes from the blue Caribbean. When not actively engaged in work, you will find countless pretty girls of the Fox Company sporting in its waters in bright-hued one-piece bathing suits—for all the world like their sisters on the coast of California.

It was here, in an improvised auditorium, that the photo players gave a wonderful benefit performance for the Jamaica Aëroplane Fund. This fund, which has already purchased and sent one aeroplane to fight for the British cause, had been laboring unceasingly after obtaining the first air fighter to raise funds to send more sky



Herbert Brenon, the director general, under whose personal supervision the picture is being produced.

ships. It was a welcome proposition, therefore, when Mr. Brenon offered the services of the Fox Company to appear in a grand benefit program of unique vaudeville acts and sketches.

Every act was staged under the personal supervision of Mr. Brenon. I was privileged to be present, and thoroughly enjoyed myself. As the photoplay company contains many noted names and brilliant stage performers, it

was difficult to prune down and eliminate acts, which, if it had not been done, would have furnished a show longer than the famous Chinese plays—plays that last never less than a week for one performance.

The bill, as finally presented, set forth a variety of acts that were each notable of their kind, and aroused the vast audience to a high point of enthusiasm. The band from the Royal West Indian Regiment was present, and furnished the incidental music. His Excellency Sir William Manning, governor general of the island, and his worship the mayor, as the program described him, were the honor guests, each occupying boxes that they had paid five hundred dollars each for. The black population packed the big galleries, where Electrician Jimmy Sullivan had installed a battery of spot lights to illuminate Miss Kellermann's ballet number, which was the bright particular spot of the entire bill.

Nearly every artist on the Fox staff contributed their talent, and made a wonderful success of the affair. As the governor general declared, amid the storm of applause, it was "the greatest show ever seen in Jamaica!" A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Brenon for the entertainment, which resulted in the handsome receipts of nearly four thousand dollars.

Some days later, I collared Johnny Schneiderman, who is in charge of the laboratory work in William Fox's Jamaica plant.

"How do you ever manage to get good films in this tropical climate?" I questioned him. His answer should be of unusual interest to all lovers of the photo play:

"The perfect development of film and the proper care of it in tropical climates has heretofore presented a practically insurmountable obstacle to the producer of the feature pictures, for which reason such perfect and

exotic scenes as those presented by the Island of Jamaica have not been utilized. Since being engaged by Mr. Fox to supervise the erection of an analytical department in order to secure the most perfect moving-picture prints hereto turned out, I have made a careful and detailed study of the conditions surrounding picture making in the tropics.

"One of the most important matters to be observed is in the shipping of the raw film from the point of production, for, if the raw film is shipped from the manufacturer already perforated, it will have a decided tendency to shrink, as the air of the tropics is almost sure to penetrate the shipping cans. For producing a film which will result in perfect projection, the perforation should be made upon the spot when working in tropical climates, as otherwise the shrinkage of the film will cause a great deal of unsteadiness when projection ensues."

Greatly interested, I asked him to what use they put the refrigerator plant that has been installed.

"Our refrigerator plant is a very important factor in securing perfect results, as the temperature in Jamaica is very rarely lower than eighty degrees, but with the developer and other chemicals controlled at sixty-five degrees through the use of our refrigerator, we are able to get the best results.

"Mr. Fox has had installed a filtration system which removes from the water all dust, dirt, deleterious matter which might have a tendency to affect the perfect development of the finished picture. My analysis of the water here discloses the fact that it is strongly alkaline. Such being the case, we must reduce the strength of the carbonate of sodium, and it is important that this work be done at night, as the air conditions then are much better for good work in the laboratory for the purpose

of properly trying the film, a very necessary and important part of my work.

"Mr. Fox has authorized me to install a system of fans, as the faster the film dries in this climate the smaller the grain will be. The drying room has been made dust proof by using very fine netting and placing a system of suction blowers, by which the air is forced out of the room. The air of this room is positively controlled by this method in conjunction with the refrigerating plant at a positive temperature of sixty-five degrees. The positive prints are made under the same conditions.

"The projection rooms adjoining the laboratory are equipped very elaborately, so that Mr. Brenon and his assistants may be able to be certain that the best work has been done."

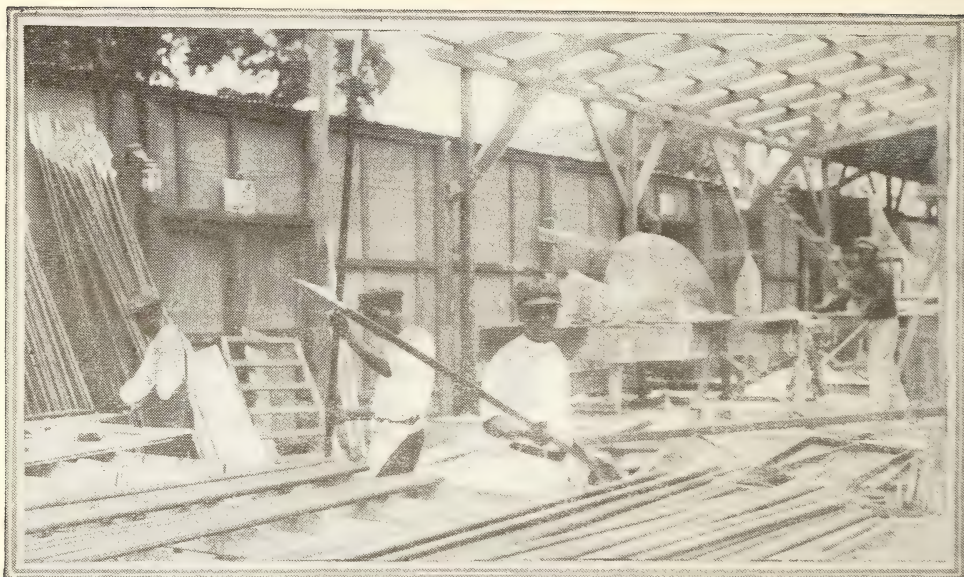
When Mr. Schneiderman had finished this lengthy talk, my brain was in a muddle from all the technical

terms, and I hastened to the hotel and jotted it down, with a cool Jamaican drink by my side.

Later that night I met him again, and, inspired by a clear Havana cigar, he waxed enthusiastic. "Most of my staff of assistants," he said, "inspired by the liberality of Mr. Fox, and his determination to make this feature a world beater, have spared neither time nor pains to take full advantage of the wonderful opportunities he has presented to them. When the picture is finished, I am sure it will prove that motion-picture photography in the tropics, which has heretofore been surrounded with difficulties, owing to the financial inability of companies engaged therein to make such elaborate preparations as Mr. Fox, will be seen to be not only entirely feasible, but even better, as far as the sharpness and distinctness of the film is concerned, than will



Mrs. Lee, the wardrobe mistress, costuming a native.



A section of the carpenter shop at Kingston, Jamaica, which is the company's "ammunition plant."

be possible even in the temperate regions of the north."

Interesting as the subject was, the terms began to mix me up again, and, summoning a waiter, I told him what I would like to drink.

"Same for me!" came from Johnny; and then we talked of that little white lane in little old New York called Broadway.

The morning before I left Kingston for New York, I accompanied Mr. Brenon to Fort Augusta to see some battle scenes. It was the most marvelous of all the motion-picture scenes it has been my privilege to view. What seemed like tens of thousands of soldiers, some on horses and some on foot, and clad in the wildest and most fantastic of costumes, "fought" as though for their very life. Mr. Brenon, aided by an even score of capable assistants, directed this stupendous battle by underground telephone—the same appliance the mighty Griffith used in "The Birth of a Nation." It was an awe-inspiring sight, one that will never be forgotten. For hours and hours these

dusky warriors "fought." Brenon was like a wild man, shouting an order through the phone one minute, placing an extra camera man or two the next, and then answering the dispatch of a messenger from the "front," and sending him off with a mighty shout.

Never have I seen a man put his whole heart and soul in the production of a film as Herbert Brenon did. He was like a bundle of nerves controlled by electricity, and doing the work, both mental and physical, of a hundred men.

The day wore on, and a short rest was called for a hasty luncheon. Then the terrific battle started again. Soldier after soldier would fall, seemingly dead, until the ground was strewn with them. The sun was setting in the West when a halt was called for the day. Then the "warriors" who had received cuts and bruises on the "field of battle" retired to the company's hospital, where they were at once taken care of.

I can say no more—everything was shown in confidence—so I am unable to tell you the outcome of this battle, what caused it, what the results were,

and what part the pretty Annette Kellermann and splendid Bill Shay took in it. I will say, however, that it will show them to the American public in a way never before thought of.

Before I returned to the good old U. S. A., Mr. Brenon and his staff bade me an affectionate farewell, and had me understand how really glad they were to have had this opportunity of showing me their masterpiece in the making. Several players who were free for the day went to the boat with me. It was a merry crowd, while it lasted, and I was sorry to leave them, even though I heard Broadway "calling me."

Finally I was on the boat, trying to remember some of the hundred messages I was to take to friends and relatives in New York. As we left the pier, I answered with my handkerchief

the waving hands of the players, and listened to the strains of "Auf Wiedersehen," which the gentle breezes wafted to my eager ears from the café at the dock.

Losing sight of the players as they faded from view, I turned my gaze on old Fort Augusta, where the greatest mimic battle of all times had been waged. All the years of assault it had suffered during the days of the Spanish Main had not placed as much of a mark on it as had the forces under the command of General Brenon, U. S. A.

Going to my cabin, I thought deeply over this marvelous picture and the strides that have been made in the art of the photo play, and tried to prepare myself to wait, in patience, for this, the greatest feature film in the history of the world.



WHAT ARE THEY TALKING ABOUT?

When a constellation of screen stars, such as this one, which consists, starting at the left, of Lillian Gish, Fay Tincher, Dorothy Gish, Constance Talmadge and Mildred Harris, gets together, what they may talk about is quite a question. From the expression of Dorothy Gish, who is the center of attraction, it must be mighty interesting. Perhaps it is about her last scene, or maybe about the censorship question—and then again, it might be something you said in that letter you sent her. It is a terrible advantage these screen players have of being able to talk while you watch them, and yet not let you hear. But what they say is a secret of their own, and the best any one can do is guess.

Behind the scenes with Fatty and Mabel

By Wil Rex



The Keystone Quartet—Fatty Arbuckle, Mabel Normand,
Al St. John and Joe Bordeaux—in action.

ONE of the most wonderful places you can find anywhere is Fort Lee, that magic New Jersey town across the Hudson from New York City, where murders, robberies, and Indian chases take place while the police force—his name is Pat—leans, yawningly, against a convenient lamp-post. The home of the first Keystone comedy, and now, because of the crowded studios of California, the “fun factory” of Roscoe Arbuckle, Mabel Normand, and their gang of devil-may-care comedians.

A better place to spend a day for inspiration, perspiration, and real, unvarnished hard work would be impossible to find. So I was commissioned to have my alarm clock in working order.

We met at the ferryhouse early in the morning, and luck was with us. A racing motor came tearing up, spitting oil and smoke. Almost hidden behind a huge steering wheel was Mabel Normand, the idol of the film fans. Immediately we renewed our acquaintance of years back—who wouldn't?—and the little lady was kind enough to ask us to ride with her.

Reaching the Jersey side of the river,

our adventures soon began. Every one who motors knows that Fort Lee Hill is one of the most dangerous spots in the East. Mabel started up this young mountain at full speed, but the noble car got tired be-

fore we reached the top. Slowly, but surely, it was stopping. I looked around nervously, and my heart rose when I saw the water far, far below.

“Maybe I’d better walk?” I suggested nonchalantly. “The car might go easier if I get off.”

Mabel just looked at me and laughed.

“Oh, this is nothing,” she said lightly. “Only yesterday, my machine backed all the way down, and if it wasn’t for the ferryhouse, I would have been doing some ‘water stuff’ without a camera in sight.”

“Cheerful!” I remarked, and stealthily started for the ground, but returned to my seat meekly when I heard Mabel laugh and murmur:

“’Fraid cat!”

Strange as it may seem, we reached the Keystone-Triangle Studios—one of the largest glass-inclosed film factories in the East—without further excitement. Something was bound to hap-

pen, though. Entering the yard, we barely escaped sending Al St. John, "the Bouncing Boy of the Films," into the next county. By a miraculous leap, he jumped on the radiator, and rode away to the garage with us. Keystone should employ one camera man to do nothing but follow Miss Normand around.

The studio was bristling with activity. Roscoe Arbuckle, the elephantine author-actor-director, was superintending the construction of a set, aided by Ferris Hartmann, his coworker, and a dozen prop men; Elgin Lessley, the intrepid camera man, who has the reputation of turning out the clearest films of any Keystone crank turner, was loading his magazines. A dozen rough-and-ready comedians were practicing falls down a stairway. The heavyweight director turned and saw us.

"Oh, Miss Normand, get ready for the hall scenes, please."

"Very well, Roscoe, and—very good!"

The dainty little comedienne going to her dressing room, I strolled over to the busy throng and exchanged greetings with Arbuckle.

"How are you getting along with your new picture?" I asked.

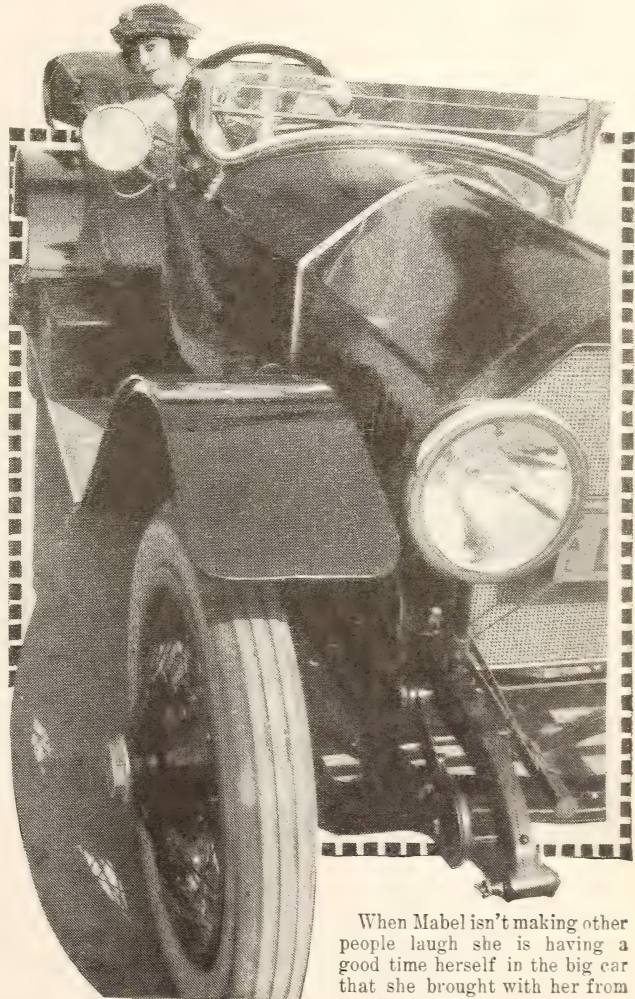
"Slow, but sure," was the reply. "It's a new theme, and I want to go at it easily. I'm not trying to be a 'highbrow,' or anything like that, but I am going to cut an awful lot of the slapstick out hereafter. If any one gets kicked, or a pie thrown in his face, there's going to be a reason for it."

"How about that staircase?" I queried. "That looks as though something exciting was going to happen."

"Oh, nothing much," he answered. "St. John and I are going to fall down it, but that's about all. Here, I'll show you," and I snapped the picture as he did.

Oh, it's great to be a comedian—if there's a hospital handy!

As we stood talking, I heard an excited altercation in French and German, with an occasional word in good old U. S. A. I looked frightened, but Arbuckle only laughed.



When Mabel isn't making other people laugh she is having a good time herself in the big car that she brought with her from the Western coast.

"Don't get worried," he said. "That noise is only the favorite indoor pas-time of Miss Normand's maids. One is a loyal French girl, and the other was imported from the banks of the Rhine. Everything went nicely until the excitement started in Europe. Then things happened. The two maids considered themselves envoys to carry out the fight on this side, and Mabel hasn't yet been able to change their opinions.

As we spoke, a pistol shot rang out.

"Do they shoot, too?" I inquired quickly.

Again Arbuckle laughed. "Oh, that's only St.



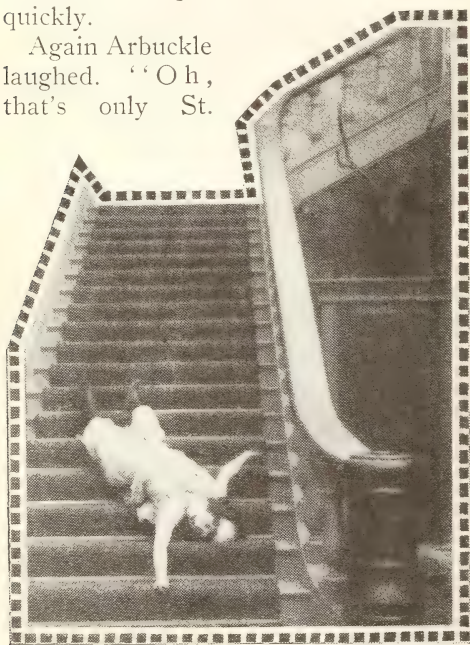
Mabel can tell things without speaking—she is plainly asserting here that there is a vacant seat beside her.

John shooting apples off Joe Bordeaux's head. I'm going to pull that stunt in my next film!"

Miss Normand presently came out, her hair in beautiful curls, crowned with a dainty boudoir cap. The lights were turned on, Lessley got his camera into position, and Mabel and Fatty took their places.

"Now, Mabel," instructed the director, "you start running down the steps, then look over the banister, and start to fall. I'll rush down and catch you before you go over. Let's try it once." Then to Ferris

Hartmann: "How does it sound to you—O. K.?" His co-



A Keystone comedienne's morning exercise.



Fatty is a hero every day—but it's hard work.

worker nodded. "All right," said Arbuckle to Lessley, and the camera turned.

Miss Normand "registered" surprise at the top of the stairs, and then started running down. Suddenly she stopped and looked over the railing. She leaned too far, and started to slide down the banister. At this moment, Arbuckle started after her, and caught her on the way down. The scene was ended, and the players, directors, and camera men got together, and talked it over. Mabel had some suggestions to make — she's quite a director herself, you know. Among other pictures, she produced "Caught in a Cabaret," with Charlie Chaplin.

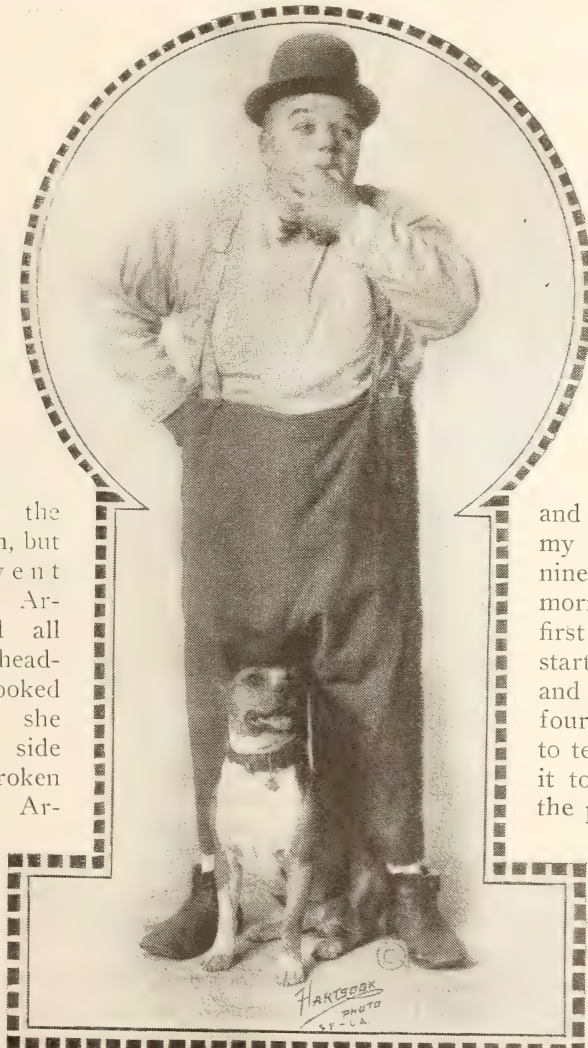
Once more the scene was taken, but something went wrong, and Arbuckle slipped all the way down, head-first. Mabel looked on as though she thought her side partner had broken his neck, but Arbuckle scrambled up, and, grunting, said: "Try it again." Time and again the same scene was filmed

until it suited all present. "How many times do you take the same scene?" I asked the director.

"Till I can't do it any better," he answered. "Often I use ten or fifteen thousand feet of film for a two-reel production. The average Keystone costs nearly twenty thousand dollars, you know, and we've got to do our best. Generally, I take a month or more to produce a picture that runs less than thirty minutes on the screen. In one

of my films, "Fickle Fatty's Fall," I spent just one week getting the kitchen scenes I was in, alone. I used over ten thousand feet of film just for that. In one part of the play, I had to toss a pancake up and catch it behind my back. I started nine o'clock in the morning, did it on first rehearsal, then started the camera, and didn't get it till four-thirty! I'd hate to tell you how long it took me to catch the plate behind my back in "The Village Scandal"! I seldom rehearse since then."

Arbuckle called to St. John for a scene. He was to hang



The dog knows where to go when he doesn't want Fatty to find him, and he manages to get into the picture, too.

50 Behind the Scenes with Fatty and Mabel

from a chandelier and kick down a few policemen who were on his trail. Oh, no, no rough stuff in this picture—not at all! The very first time they rehearsed it, a little English chap, playing a cop, got in the way of St. John's feet, and had his jaw damaged more

"Nothing to it at all," he answered; "but I'll let you have it: Twenty-eight years ago I was born in a little two-by-twice town in Kansas. They tell me my weight at birth was sixteen pounds and a half. Maybe it was so—I have to take their word for it, anyway.

"My first experience on the stage was in San José, California, in 1904, when I acted as a super on the stage at the request of a hypnotist, who wanted subjects to demonstrate his hypnotic powers. I thought that I made a hit, and decided to take a chance myself. My first venture after



I wanted unusual pictures and had asked for one of Mabel looking sad. Someone spied her talking to me—and got one.

or less. Two minutes later, Lloyd Peddrick, an old friend of Mack Sennett's, broke his nose in a scene in which he was playing a butler.

"Gee, you got your face in the way!" was the only comment from Fatty.

Later, I learned that there is not a member of the Keystone Company who hasn't had bones broken. Some of them retire after one picture.

By this time, luncheon was ready.

"Now that we have a little leisure," I asked Arbuckle, "how about telling me some of your career. It ought to make interesting reading."



Mabel can dress as a society woman, sit before a fireplace, read a book—and what is a great deal more—look natural—a real accomplishment for a Keystone actress.

this was as a ballyhoo with a carnival company, which lasted less than a month.

"My next experience was a little different. It was singing illustrated songs in San José. This job lasted a year, and then I went to Frisco doing the same stunt. From there, I worked

than he does himself. Some of my greatest stuff comes from the supposed dull brains of 'supers.'"

Looking through the door, I spied Mabel, all dressed up in velvet and furs. I leaned over to a camera man and told him I wanted an unusual picture of Mabel—one where she looked sad—then I went over to where she stood.

"Want to go for a ride?" she called.

The long, skinny fingers of fear clutched my heart, but bravely I answered: "Sure!"

She sent some one for her car, and I helped her up on a window seat, and asked her to tell me the history of her life while waiting for the buzz wagon.

I saw my camera man come up quietly, but paid no attention to him. Later, I found that he had taken the picture I asked for—while Mabel was talking to me.

"I was born in New York," she said, "and nearly all my life, it seems, has been spent in moving-picture studios. First, I was with the Vitagraph, then played for Mr. Griffith at the Biograph Company, and now I'm with the Keystone. You know, I am one of the original Keystone players. Four years ago, Mack Sennett broke away from the Biograph, and took Ford Sterling, Fred Mace, and myself with him. The four of us organized the Keystone Film Company.

"At first, it was a hard struggle. Money was scarce, and it was a long time before we were sure of our pay check at the end of each week. Our first picture was produced right here in Fort Lee, but we soon went West. This is my first trip back to good old New York in four years, that is, with the exception of a few days a year or two ago, when my mother was very ill.

"For a long time, I directed all the pictures I played in, the best known of which are the Chaplin series. Lately, however, I have given up that end of the game, finding enough to do with acting."

That was all the information this modest little actress would give on her great life. I'll add something that Miss Normand omitted, and say that she is the most popular comedienne in the world, and also the best. She is remarkably pretty, more charming off the screen than on, if that is possible, and as lovely as she is pretty. She is the champion woman swimmer and diver of the Pacific coast, and I look to see her capture many trophies East this coming summer.

She is athlete to a degree, and is fond of all outdoor sports, in many of which she excels her male competitors.

Miss Normand's car was brought to the door, and I hopped in, after bidding "Good by!" to Arbuckle and his various assistants.

"Going to the big city?" I queried, looking for a nice ride all the way home.

"Oh, dear, no!" she said. "I'll take you to the ferry; but I've got to hurry back to the studio to see the scenes we took to-day run off. You know, Roscoe never leaves the place until he O. K.'s or N. G.'s the day's work, and I always look it over with him. It keeps us busy."

A little more talk, and the ferry was reached. "Too bad you can't come across the river with me," I said, as I was about to leave the pretty little star.

"We might go right over, without the ferry, if this car was a——" Mabel started, but I silenced her in time. This isn't an automobile-joke book.





Just a little different from the others.

IN every motion-picture studio one visits, star actresses and actors, together with their directors, are the persons that claim one's interest. There are other players, standing about or working in scenes, who have small parts and no reputation, that are never noticed by the visitors. Some of these players are deserving of no notice, for they work only for a day or a week "just for sport," and then flit away from the studio, and forget all about it—except when telling their friends of their experience in the camera wonderland. But there is a class to be found among this group who are deserving of the attention of the visitors and of the public who attend the picture theaters—the extra girls, who are working toward the top.

That is the reason for this little story. The editor decided that in their ranks there must be one who was typical of the class, and commissioned me to find

her. The qualifications were not hard to remember: she had to be pretty, ambitious, intelligent, and be in a position where she worked in a studio almost every day, but was not on the regular pay roll.

I started my search for her one bright and sunny morning, submitting myself to the unhappiness of traveling by surface, subway, ferry, and interurban trolley to the Universal Film Manufacturing Company's new eastern studio, at Leonia, New Jersey. There I explained my mission to the powers that be, and secured permission to wander about the studio floor. This I did for more than an hour, seizing every opportunity to talk with the extra girls and test their possibilities of being the subject of the article.

Suddenly I found her.

I asked her if she were ambitious, and if she were on the regular salary list of the Big U. To the former, she

answered in the affirmative, and to the latter in the negative. I did not have to ask if she were pretty and intelligent, for I am fortunate in being blessed both with eyesight and reason.

She was called to work in a scene by her director, and I hurried downstairs to the office of Bert Adler, the official man about the studio, and asked him for her name.

He told me it was Miss Beatrice Cloak, and at once launched off into a rapid-fire line of publicity talk. You know, Mr. Adler is one of the best little press agents in film circles, as well as being a studio man extraordinary. I really would like to have listened, but, realizing that the day was short, I pleaded for a leave of absence, and hurried back to studio floor just as Miss Cloak finished working in the scene.

"How would you like to be interviewed?" I asked her.

"Very much, indeed," she replied.

"But I think you could find a great many better subjects in the studio, if you tried."

"You are the one we want, though," I insisted; and so we walked in and out of a maze of scene sets until we found a seat in the corner. There I explained my mission to her.

"I'll be awfully glad to tell you all about my work," she said, "if you really think it is interesting. I didn't suppose that any one noticed the extra people enough to want to write about them. As far as I am concerned, I haven't ever thought of such a thing, because there are so many other things which claim my attention all the time. It's really very hard work, and every day seems to bring more and more difficulties. I always keep mine to myself, because I know that every one else around the studio has troubles, too, and no one would be interested in mine."

Her viewpoint of the work was just



Miss Cloak asking Julius Stern, manager of the Universal studio at Leonia, N. J., if he can use her in a scene.



Though her rôles are seldom important, she studies the scenario on every possible occasion. Seated directly behind her in this picture is Augustus Phillips, the Universal star.



Playing the part of a flirtatious young wife, in a scene with Paul Panzer, her "lover" and Wallace Clark, her "husband."



the one I had been seeking, I thought to myself, as I asked her: "It isn't 'just fun' for you, then, like it is for some people who play small parts, is it?"

"No, indeed!" was the quick reply, and it was accompanied with a sort of a wistful smile.

"You see, I have a little apartment in upper Manhattan with my mother, and when one has to meet the landlady regularly with one's rent, it doesn't leave much time for playing before the camera 'just for fun.' I think that those girls and young men who come to this and other studios to work, when they don't really have to, shouldn't be hired. They fill the places which ought to go to the people who are depending on this work for a living, and I have seen so many girls turned away from the studio who really needed the money that I have come to have a firm dislike for the other class."

"But isn't the work fascinating enough to draw one to it, even if money didn't enter into the bargain?" I protested.

"I don't think I'd say that," Miss Cloak answered, and from her manner I could judge that she was really quite as much of a business woman as she

was an actress; "but it is really very much more interesting than any other kind of work a girl can do. I go home every night very tired, but I hardly can wait until morning to get to the studio again, if I know that I am to play a part the next day. You see, I am never

certain of just what the next day will bring. I may or may not be called on to work in a scene—but I always live in hopes. I have done practically all my work at the Universal studio, for I believe that the best way to break into the ranks of the regular players—and that is my ambition just now—is to concentrate my efforts in one place. All the directors have my telephone number, and call me up whenever they need me. It's just a trip across the ferry to the interurban line, and only a few minutes' ride to the studio, so I can get there much quicker than the girls who live in other parts of the city."

"Have you ever had any important parts?" was my next question.

"No, I really haven't. They are mostly small rôles in the picture; characters which have nothing to do with the story, but which often allow me to appear in scenes alone for several sec-



Miss Cloak had been skating on the pond in Central Park, New York City, just before this picture was snapped.

onds or with one of the stars. Last week, I had a scene with Harry Meyers in which I was supposed to be a lady barber in a shop into which he strolled to be shaved. It was a comedy, and was awfully funny. He told me afterward he wondered how I ever kept from laughing; he doesn't know that, no matter whether the scene is funny or tragic, I take it very seriously. You see, I look upon it as an art which I must learn, and which I am willing to admit to myself I have much to learn about. I always study the other actresses when they are working in scenes in the studio, and when I see them in pictures on the screen. If I had chosen stenography as my work, I would take pains to learn how to increase my speed in taking dictation, and now that I have determined to make good in the movie game, I am going to study just so much harder to learn all that I can about acting before the camera, because I realize that while a stenographer has only her employer to please, a motion-picture actress has the whole world."

She paused a moment, and looked across the studio, very interested. I followed her gaze, and saw Miss Mary Fuller going through the rehearsal of a scene with Mr. Henderson, her director. When they had finished, I turned to Miss Cloak with another question.

"You ought to be in a position," I said, "to tell the ambitious young girls all over the country whether or not they ought to try to work in pictures."

"I'd rather not answer that question directly," she replied, smiling, "because I can't agree with you that I am in position to judge their chances of success. I didn't come over here because I was stage-struck, but rather because I wanted to take up some kind of work which would enable me at once to take care of my mother, and which would offer me a future. I thought over all the different things I could do, and de-

cided motion-picture acting was the thing that looked most favorable. If I didn't think now that I could be a success I would give it up at once, but so far I have been greatly encouraged by the results of my efforts.

"I can assure you of this much, though, the stories one hears about the great dangers that threaten a young girl in the motion-picture studios are greatly exaggerated, and many of them are absolute falsehoods. The gentlemen I have met have been real men, whom any one could admire. Most of them are married, and have families, and their families are about two-thirds of their lives. They do their work at the studio and do it well, and at night they go home, the same as any other man of the business or professional world does. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule, but one finds undesirable people in any walk of life. All a girl has to do is to avoid them, and, once they are given to understand she has no use for them, they do not try to force themselves upon her.

"The stage-struck girl is really in more danger than the girl who comes to the studio to earn her living by her work. I am not subject to flattery, and neither are the majority of the other girls who depend on this work for their income, but when a girl comes here who is 'just crazy' about some person or other, and who doesn't leave when she learns that there is no work for the day, I always can see the possibilities for such stories as one hears about the studios."

She paused a moment, and I took the opportunity to secure more information. "I suppose," I ventured, "that to become a real star is your greatest ambition?"

"Yes, indeed, it is," she said, her face lighting up with enthusiasm at the thought of the goal before her. "That is really the thought that is buzzing in

my mind all day long. I do hope I will be able to realize it."

I glanced at her with no little admiration. Her whole heart seemed to be in the work, and I admitted to myself I could not see how she could possibly do other than succeed.

"I haven't any idle dreams about the future,

to be just one of the extra girls as long as I remain in their ranks. I never forget my ambition, though, and I am always planning and working for the future that I am firmly convinced in my heart awaits me."

"May I ask what you are paid for each day's work?" I queried.

"We get five dollars



though," she went on; "I never allow myself to think I am a coming star, who has but to wait her time to take the place which is rightfully hers. I like to consider myself just a student, and an industrious one. I always try to keep my place about the studio, and I hope I will con-

Miss Beatrice Cloak, one of the thousands of extra girls.

every day that any of the directors use us," she answered. "Some weeks, when I only work two or three days, it isn't funny at all; but I also pose before the still camera for a fashion company at the same rate, and between the two I generally manage to draw a fair week's



Director Robert Hill, of Universal, explaining a scene to Miss Cloak, while Paul Panzer sits waiting for the call of "action!"

salary. I have to, because mother and I have to live, and we can't unless I keep busy. Mother has been working for me a long time, and wants to work again, but as long as I can take care of her I am going to do it."

The last statement suggested that her life had not been all happiness, and, in response to a carefully worded query, she told me of it.

Her father, Samuel D. Cloak, was telegraph editor of the *New York World* for twenty-three years. His death was tragic, and he left his family practically penniless. Miss Cloak's mother determined to have a home for the children, and secured work. Beatrice gave up all thoughts of a college career, and also started work. It was a long, hard fight for her mother and herself, but it made the girl understand the serious side of life. The posing she did before the still camera and the way in which her pictures were praised led

Miss Cloak to feel certain that she could be a success in motion pictures. Then came her consideration of the matter, and her breaking into the work, both of which were described to me during our talk. I also learned another fact which surprised me—that she is only eighteen years old.

"There are some days when the five dollars do not seem to be near enough compensation," she said, following a pause. "Those are the ones spent on locations during the winter. Often I wear thin dresses, and only have a loose wrap about me when we are out taking scenes along the Hudson River, and I guess you can testify to the wind that blows over from the Palisades."

I could, and sympathized with her. Then our talk drifted back to the work in the studio, and another point in favor of the girl's success was brought to life when she said:

"I see quite a few people here who

don't seem to be able to get along with the others, and every time I see them I become more determined that I will never be one of their number. I always try to be accommodating and nice to every one, and I am sure I never lose by it, even though it does put me out a little sometimes. When we are making up for a picture, or selecting our wardrobe, I always try to help the other girls because several of the actresses have been very kind in helping me. I often bring my own dresses over to the studio, and if I have no use for them during the day I am always glad to let any of the other girls take them."

I didn't make the remark aloud, but I thought to myself that this was the exact spirit of other girls who had started at the very bottom and worked their way to stardom—for instance, Miss Beverly Bayne, who came to the Essanay Company as an extra girl, and who now is being featured with Francis X. Bushman by the Metro Company.

"Are you personally acquainted with very many of the stars?" I asked.

"Yes, I have met a number of them," she said, "most of them at the Universal studio. Let's see, I know King Baggot, Mary Fuller, Ben Wilson, Dorothy Phillips, Matt Moore, Jane Gail, Harry Benham, Charles Ogle, Paul Panzer, August Phillips, Harry Meyers, Rosemary Theby, Hazel Dawn, and Mary Pickford. Some of them I know better than others, of course, but I like them all very much. Miss Pickford is the only one I didn't meet in the studio."

Here was something interesting, indeed, I realized, and hastened to ask her to tell about meeting the far-famed "Little Mary."

"I was at the beach one day," she said, "and after I had been in the water for some time, I went ashore to rest in the sand. A little girl came over and sat down near me. Pretty soon we began to talk, and she remarked that it was quite a treat for her to get away



Arriving at the Universal studio in New Jersey for the day's work.



She knows that one way to learn is to listen, and that is what she is doing here, while Director-Actor Harry Meyers instructs his leading lady, Rosemary Theby.

from her work for a day. Quite naturally I was inquisitive about her work, and she told me that she worked in the Famous Players' studio. Then she slyly said that I might have heard of her—her name was Mary Pickford. I surely was surprised, for I had often heard her name. I would have known her at once if I attended the motion-picture theaters as often then as I do now. We had a fine visit, and she offered to introduce me to the directors at the Famous studio, if I wanted to work in pictures, but I hadn't considered taking up the work at that time. I met her at the studio only recently, however, when I worked in a few scenes in 'My Lady Incog' as a telephone operator, and she was just as nice as ever, and encouraged me greatly by her advice.

"It's funny that the camera has never bothered me," went on Miss Cloak. "Even the first day that I worked in the

studio I felt at ease before it. That has puzzled a great many of my friends, for I have never been on the dramatic stage, and they can't figure how I could have such confidence in myself."

"Then you haven't had stage experience," I remarked, a little surprised.

"No. I almost joined the 'Maid in America' Winter Garden production at one time, but I decided I didn't care for that sort of work."

Being an alert interviewer, I realized that this was my chance to learn how she actually broke into pictures. Therefore, I put the question to her.

"I have Ben Wilson, the Universal director, to thank for getting into the picture game," she replied. "I was living in Washington, District of Columbia, when he was there filming some scenes, and I applied to him for a position. He told me he could use me in a scene, but the weather was bad, and

the company returned to New York before the scene was filmed. Later, mother and I moved to New York, and I went over to Universal to see if Mr. Wilson could give me any work. He remembered me, much to my surprise, and used me in two or three scenes. Then the other directors started to give me work, and now I am called by all of them whenever there is a part I can play."

"Any hobbies?" I asked.

"No, I haven't gotten that far yet," she smiled back. "I am just like any other girl when I am not working in pictures. I like to dance, as every girl does, and I enjoy going to the theaters—if the plays are good—but if they are not interesting they get on my nerves. During the winter, I like to skate, and during the summer to swim. All of these things come after the thing I like best—home. I really think I can enjoy an evening in my home better than being out pleasure seeking."

"Miss Cloak!" called her director, and I knew that it was time for her to return to work. We said good-by, and I left the studio, satisfied with my chat with her, for she certainly embodied all the ideals of the extra girl I had hoped for.

That she is certain to make good is the honest opinion of those under whose direction she has worked. Her attitude toward the work, her enthusiasm, her earnestness, her intelligent study of the camera's requirements, her personality, and her natural charms all tend to make her future look exceedingly bright. As I reported to the editor, I couldn't help but feel a bit proud of the fact that in the extra girl I had selected to represent the many hundreds of others of the class which are to be found in the studios throughout the country, I had chosen one who had far more than an even chance of becoming one of the screen celebrities within the next few years.



"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY——"

'T WAS on an afternoon in June
I saw her first, with joy attune.

She smiled at me—no harm in that;
And I smiled back—just tat-for-tat.

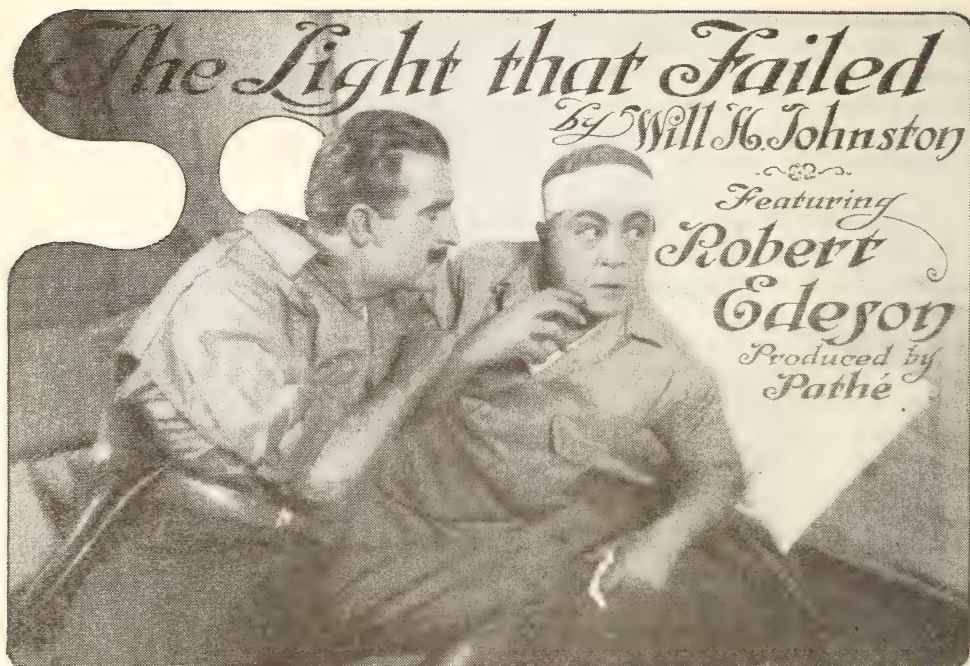
I liked her eyes—I liked her hair,
I liked her self-reliant air.

Her loveliness my heart beguiled,
She won me by the way she smiled.

I felt a thrill of rare delight;
It was a case of love at sight.

The girl for me beyond a doubt—
And then the film just faded out.

—ROBERT FOSTER



"Bite on the bullet, old chap, and don't let them think you're afraid."

THE lean years had passed, and Dick Helder approved heartily of the fat ones that were at hand. Sitting with his friend Torpenhow in his London studio, after a return from the East with a packed portfolio of easily sold sketches, the young artist felt that life was worth while.

"Famous overnight," he laughed.

"Almost," said Torpenhow. "When you left London for Egypt, nobody knew you."

"And then came the war, and I made battles plain and fancy, and——"

"And you never would have got anywhere if you had stuck to the job of staff artist," interrupted Torpenhow, tugging at his mustache.

"Right, Torp. And, as war correspondent in the Sudan you had been everywhere and seen everything; you steered me into the wickedest den in Port Said——"

"For color," hastily added the war correspondent.

"Good old Binat's," said Dick, and he lolled back in his long chair, and looked at the watery autumn sunshine filtering through the windows, and gave himself up to thought. Presently: "Will you ever forget the delight of the seminude Zanzibar girl, when the old Arab told her that an artist, meaning myself, wanted her to pose for me?"

Torpenhow laughed. "The girl was pleased, but the British jackies whom she was entertaining were decidedly opposed to her leaving them."

"Typical of Port Said, wasn't she?" said Dick. "Torp, old man, there's iniquity in many parts of the world, and vice in all, but I believe the concentrated essence of all the iniquities and all the vices in all the continents finds itself at Port Said."

"I wasn't thinking so much of that, Dick, as of the fact that there you had the choice of all the races of the East and West for studies, and the advantage of seeing your subjects under

the influence of strong excitement, at the gaming tables and the dance halls. It was the color you got at Madame Binat's that made you famous."

"Wrong and right, Torp. More than all else, it was your discovery of Bessie——"

"The little gutter snippet."

"Never mind her character. I bless the day you brought her here."

"She was starving on the street, ready to collapse, when I carried her to the studio and fed her. I'd have turned her over to one of the charities if you hadn't begun to rave over her, Dick."

"And you'd have raved, too, Torp, if you'd had the artist's eye, instead of the correspondent's. Her face and figure will be worth thousands to me. She's a model worth any price. That's her ring now, Torp. Get out."

Torpenhow shuffled off into the adjoining room and passed through it by a side exit to the street.

"Dickie boy, we're going to capture London, ain't we?" Radiant, Dick Helder's model came in; flushed, eyes

ashine, alternately hugging herself and Dick, as she took off her wraps.

"We've almost completed the capture, Bessie," he laughed. "If my eyes hold out, I'll put you in a picture that will be the talk of the town, and people won't be asking who's the artist, but who's the model? That's if my eyes hold out, as I say."

"Your eyes!" she caught him up. "Dick, you've spoken once or twice about them. Is it something serious?"

"Very," he answered. "I had a specialist examine them, and he gives me a few weeks, and then—oblivion."

"You poor boy!" She was all sympathy. Her arms went round his neck, and she kissed him.

Gently he put her away. "Run along now, Bessie, and get your togs off. I want to get a pose while the light holds." His eyes were aching, but he bathed them and settled himself to mix the colors on his palette.

Bessie danced in, and, with business-like promptness, stepped on the little platform and took the pose that she had held for some days.

"It's mostly your face I want to get,"



The British jackies, whom the girl was entertaining, were decidedly opposed to her leaving them.



"The world is waiting for you, Dick. Go out and capture it, and then come back to me."

he said. "I haven't yet decided what expression will fit the figure best." It was the beginning of a soliloquy, and Bessie knew better than to interrupt him. For half an hour, he worked, and then he put down his brushes.

"It's no good, Bessie; the face will have to wait for another inspiration," he said. "I've spent the last fifteen minutes getting the right flesh tints in the lovely curves of your body, and, except for a hesitant stroke or two, I haven't had the courage to attempt your mouth or the bewildering beauty of your eyes. Rest up, now, for a minute or two, and maybe we'll try again."

Bessie stepped from the platform and rolled herself, Eastern fashion, in a gorgeous shawl.

"Cigarette?" he asked, sprawling back in an easy-chair.

"Not now. My nerves are all jumpy," she answered, and seated herself on the chair arm. "Let me light one for *you*." Playfully she took a cigarette from the box, put it between his lips, and lit it.

"Bessie, girl, you're certainly good to me. I'll always be grateful to good old Torp for rescuing my beautiful Venus from the streets that day."

She sprang from the chair and stood before him, the shawl drawn back from her exquisite body. "Can't you think of me as anything more than a beautiful Venus, Dick?"

He gazed critically at the girl, and, instead of answering, bent over in his seat, caught up a brush, and began to work on the canvas.

But she caught his arm. "Didn't you hear what I said, Dick?" she demanded.

"Don't—don't speak!" he pleaded. "Your eyes had just the right expression——"

"Bah!" she flung herself from him, and, wrapping the shawl close around her, sat down on the sofa to sulk.

Dick paid no heed. He painted like one inspired. At last he stepped back and eyed his work critically. Partly satisfied, he whistled a strain from a popular ballad, and covered the canvas.

"Now, Bessie, what were you say-

ing?" He sat down beside her and drew his hand across his tired eyes.

"Never mind, Dick. I want to ask you a question: Have you ever been in love?"

"I am," he answered. "You've heard me speak of Maisie——"

"Your schoolgirl friend? Tell me about her."

"She's the most adorable——"

"Cut that!"

"Why, Bessie, you aren't jealous?"

"Oh, no; not a bit! I've seen your Maisie, and she's everything that's sweet and good. And I—I am only a model."

"The loveliest model in the world," he assured her. And then: "Maisie and I went to school together. We plighted our troth as boy and girl. There was a verse we were fond of. Want to hear it? It ran something like this:

"And we shall be so happy
That if either lips were dumb
They wouldn't smile in heaven
Till the other lips had come.

That's pretty, isn't it?"

"Oh, very."

"Well, I wanted to run away with her, but Maisie was very sensible. 'The world is waiting for you, Dick,' she said. 'Go out and capture it, and then come back to me.'"

"And now that you've captured it, you've gone back to her?"

"Not exactly, Bessie. You see, Maisie has become a bit of a painter herself, and she has a quaint idea that neither she nor I will be able to work out our own destinies if we are tied together."

"So she's turned you down, eh?"

"Practically that, Bessie."

"That's why she has never come to the studio?"

"Don't talk about it any more," he said. "I'm so tired, and my eyes are burning."

Impulsively she pulled his head to

her bosom and held it there, patting his hair and cooing to him as she would to a child.

The studio door opened. Torpenhow and Maisie stood there—Maisie, the girl who had never before visited his studio, but who had been brought there by Torpenhow, who was anxious to reunite the young lovers. Maisie took one horrified look at Dick clasped in Bessie's arms—and fled. Torpenhow slammed the door and raced after her.

Dick jumped to his feet. "Somebody came in, Bess. Who was it? I can't see very well."

"Nobody," she answered. "The door wasn't shut. It—it just slammed. Draft or something."

Dick sat down and began to play idly with a Japanese dagger lying on the property table.

"Why don't you forget this Maisie person?" asked Bessie.

"You don't understand," he said. "You never would understand in a thousand years. Maisie thinks and moves in a different sphere from you, and——"

The door was flung open, and Torpenhow stormed in. "I say, you people, when you want to do any love-making, lock the door as a preliminary," he began acidly.

"What are you talking about, Torp?" inquired Dick languidly, with half-closed eyes.

"Talking about!" snapped Torpenhow. "When you and Bessie were fussing on the sofa, I had the bad fortune to bring Maisie in."

"Maisie—Maisie here!" cried Dick.

"Yes. Took a single, solitary look at you, and then scooted. All my attempt at explanation went for naught. She wouldn't listen. The little lady is probably crying her eyes out, and telling herself that Dick has turned out the bitterest disappointment of her young life."



"Can't you think of me as anything more than a beautiful Venus, Dick?"

"That's rot, Torp! Maisie is sensible."

"Maisie is a fool, or worse!" Bessie broke in. "She's an artist, too, you know, Torp, and probably she plays the same game with the men who pose for her——"

Dick's face flamed. He caught up the dagger, and made a lunge at the girl. Torpenhow intervened. "Put that thing away, Dick. We can straighten out this affair without murder. Look at Bessie's face now. I'm no artist, but if you can put that expression into a picture, I believe your fortune's made."

Bessie had the look of a woman scorned, intensified a thousandfold. Hatred, malice, and, withal, a certain melancholy, were written there.

Dick's filmy eyes glowed. The artist was foremost. "You're right, Torp; always right." He grabbed a sketch pad, and, with a few deft strokes, transferred to it the concentrated hate that flamed in Bessie's face.

"There! I've got it! The thing I've been praying for. Bessie's beautiful figure is on the canvas over there, and I painted in a face that I thought satisfied me. Now I know I was wrong. I'll paint it out in the morning and make this new idea take its place. I'll knock off for the day and rest. Up at daybreak, old man. Bessie, forget what happened. Show up as early as you can to-morrow. Pray God my eyes hold out!"

The picture was finished—with Dick partly in the dark, though the sun shone gloriously. When he put the last stroke to it, he was alone, and he stood back to gloat over it. A moment he strained his throbbing eyes, then the light failed utterly for him. The picture faded, the details of the room faded. A horrid darkness settled over him. Madly he rubbed his fingers across the eyelids. He felt them part, felt that his eyes were wide open, yet he saw nothing. Then a groan came from him, and a

series of strange cries. They brought Torpenhow hurrying from the adjoining room.

"Torp, Torp!" he screamed. "I can't see—I'm all in the dark—I'm blind—blind, man!"

Torpenhow put an arm around his friend's shoulders. "It was bound to come, Dick," he said gently. "That saber cut you got in the Sudan sealed your fate. The doctors told you. Don't take it so hard. Remember the old fighting days." His grip tightened. "Remember how you lay in the tent, bandaged, all ready to give up. You were younger then, not seasoned to horrors, like myself. Remember how I said to you: 'Bite on the bullet, old chap, and don't let them think you're afraid.' And you did it, Dick; you did it. And you're going to do it now." His grip could draw no closer. Both men were breathing heavily. Dick threw his head from side to side, and groaned.

Bessie had come in silently from the dressing room. To be quite candid, the picture on the easel interested her more than the blind man. She stared at it, and, staring, loathed it. It was a hideous mask of herself she looked at; a revolting face he had given her; hate and cruelty and vice were all written there for the world to see. She swore under her breath—good, round oaths that belonged to her past environment.

Swiftly she snatched the canvas from the easel and carried it into the other room. There she emptied half a bottle of turpentine on a duster and began to scrub the picture viciously. The paint did not smudge quickly enough. She took a palette knife and scraped, following each stroke with the wet duster. In a few moments, the thing was a formless, scarred mass of colors. Tip-toeing back, she replaced it on the easel and drew a cover over it.

"The picture," Dick was saying.



"Put that away, Dick. We can straighten out this affair without murder."



Dick had turned out the bitterest disappointment of her young life.

"Thank God, it's done! I'm going to call it 'Melancholia,' Torp. No, don't look at it now. Run out and bring the critics—the best men you can find. This is my masterpiece, old man. Bring 'em, Torp!"

Torpenhow hurried out, and returned shortly with a group of men, among them an oculist, who insisted on treating Dick's eyes, but Dick would not listen to him.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I've done my last picture. I'm blind. It's a ghastly blow, but it didn't come till I had finished my great painting. Bessie, girl, show them the 'Melancholia.'"

But Bessie was in the dressing room, shaken, sobbing. She told herself that she ought to get away from the place, but something held her there against her will. Through the half-open door, she saw Torpenhow go to the easel, draw aside the protecting cloth.

The critics stared, bewildered, silent, horrified.

"A beauty, isn't she?" said Dick. "No wonder you're all struck dumb." He felt his way among them, and took the canvas in his hands. "It's the biggest thing in my life," he went on. "Bessie's lovely body was the easiest thing to reproduce, but it wasn't till I saw her in a white-hot rage that I got the inspiration for the face. Pretty hard on the little girl, yes, for I've made her look like a woman from one of the dives. But it's just the face to fit the thing. It's striking, eh? Why don't you fellows say something?"

Torpenhow half guessed what had happened, and put his finger on his lips to still the questions of the critics. Then he began to praise unstintingly. The others joined in, but the oculist drew Dick away at last. "Get into your street clothes, and come over to my

place. I want to see if something can't be done to save your eyes. You're too good an artist to lose." By coaxing and command, he persuaded Dick to allow himself to be dressed for the street. As he was being helped into his overcoat, there came the sound of something falling in the adjoining room. Torpenhow ran to the half-open door.

"It's Bessie!" he gasped. "She's fainted." The girl was lying in a huddled heap on the floor.

"Poor little woman!" said Dick pityingly. "Plucky for her to pose for a picture like this, eh? She's worn out, I'll bet. Somebody get a glass of water—smelling salts—hurry—hurry! Give me a hand, some of you fellows."

They led him to the anteroom, and he knelt by the girl on the floor.

"She was the inspiration for my one great painting," he said.

Bessie's eyes opened, and she stared at Dick, stared at the group about her. Shuddering, she whispered: "It was awful—awful, I tell you!"

"She means the picture," said Dick joyously. "Awful is the word—beautiful, but awful. Gentlemen, when a painting affects your model like that, there's something in it. You're coming around all right, Bessie, eh?"

The girl caught sight of Torpenhow, and stretched out a hand to him. "Take me away, Torp—please."

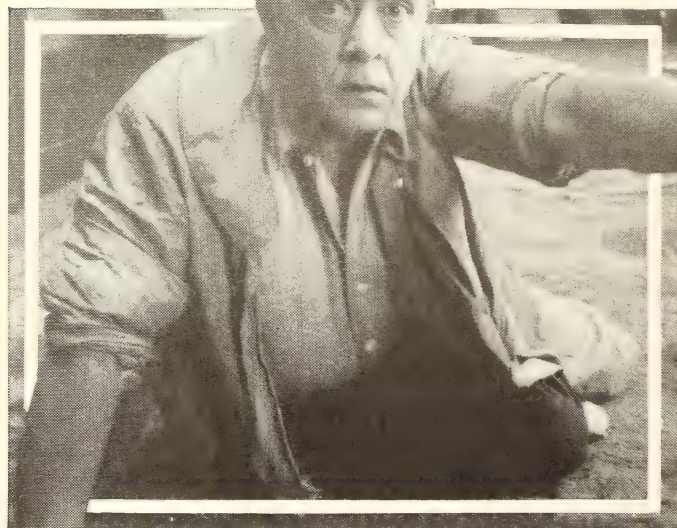
They operated on Dick at the hospital, but it was of no avail. One of the surgeons broke the news to him as gently as he could.

"Sight permanently destroyed." Dick caught up the words from the mass of technicalities with which the surgeon cloaked his tidings. "I'm not surprised,



"She was the inspiration for my great painting," he said.

doctor. That scar on my head is from a sword cut I got in the Sudan. I made light of it at the time, but a wise old physician told me that it would affect the optic nerves. And he was right. It was the East that blinded me, doctor, and yet I love the East. I'd like to go back. I have



"Torp, Torp!" he screamed. "I can't see, I'm all in the dark—I'm blind, man—blind!"

painted my last picture. It's a great painting, but fame doesn't seem to interest me now. Maisie—that's the girl I have loved, doctor—she's at outs with me, and so— Tell me, do you think a blind man could make his way to Egypt without much trouble?"

"A tourist agency could fix you up," said the surgeon. "You could hire a man from there to go with you. Or how about your friend Torpenhow, who comes in every day?"

"No, no; Torpenhow would never agree to my going. It's got to be the agency—in a day or two—after I have decided what I'll do with the painting."

The next day, Dick was back at the studio—and within a week he was on

the way to Egypt. He had managed his "escape," as he styled it—adroitly. By telephone, he had arranged for a courier, and had him book berths on the next steamer. On the day of sailing, he made Torpenhow wrap up his last painting—for he was still unaware that it had been ruined—and take it as his gift to Maisie. Then, when his friend had gone, he summoned the courier, told him what things she wanted packed in his

trunk, and was off to catch the mail steamer for Suez.

Maisie's eyes were wet, as Torpenhow unwrapped the canvas and displayed the mutilated painting.

"He put his soul into it," said the war correspondent. "The figure was marvelous

—I had seen him at work on it—but it was the face that worried him, and he did not get an inspiration till Bessie quarreled with him that day after you and I visited his studio. Then he completed what he called his master work. When Bessie saw it, she hated it, and impulsively destroyed it."

"And he doesn't know that it is ruined?"

"What was the use of telling him? Let him have all the comfort he can get out of it."

"What became of Bessie?" she asked abruptly.

Torpenhow shook his head. "God knows! She left—and that's all I know about her."

"Dick was very fond of her," said Maisie tentatively.

"Dick was nothing of the sort," he answered hotly. "She was his model. That's all Dick thought about her. In all the world there was but one woman for him—yourself. I know."

Maisie was sobbing into her handkerchief.

"Poor Dick! I have loved him always. But I thought—I thought——" She broke off. "Torp, take me to him."

"That's the talk!" cried Dick's friend.

He was all aglow when they reached the studio, and he opened the door, with a breezy: "Dickie, boy, here's a little surprise for you."

But there was no answer. He stared about in amazement. "Where are you, Dick?" he shouted, and ran to peer into the adjoining rooms, while Maisie stood, panting, in the doorway, fear in her eyes. A scrap of paper, affixed to the easel, drew her eyes. There was writing on it.

"Torp, maybe some one has taken him out for a walk, and they've left this message." She pointed to the easel.

Torpenhow stared at the unfamiliar writing—the writing of the courier Dick had hired. He read it through dazedly, and then slumped down in a chair.

"What is it, Torp?" cried Maisie.

"Dick's gone! Gone, I say! That's his farewell, written by some stranger. Read it!" And Maisie read:

OLD MAN: I can't stand it any longer. I'm off to lose myself somewhere, anywhere. If you love me, don't try to find me. I am glad Maisie has the painting. Tell her I have always loved her, and my last thought will be of her.

Torpenhow and Maisie labored hard to find trace of Dick, but it was a full week before they learned that he had hired a courier to take him to Egypt. Straightway, Torpenhow looked up the dates of sailing.

"You're going out to try to find him?" asked Maisie; and when he nodded, she went on: "Take me, too, Torp. I want to be with him."

Let Torpenhow tell the rest. It is an extract from a letter written by him to a certain red-headed girl in England:

"They died out there, Dick and the

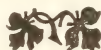


"A beauty isn't she?" said Dick. "It's striking, eh? Why don't you fellows say something?"

girl he loved. Maisie and I traced him to Madame Binat's, in Port Said, traced him across the desert, and learned that he had gone with a British expeditionary force. On the firing line we found him, his bodyguard a burly Sudanese. What the lovers said to each other when they embraced, I do not know. They both were happy beyond my words to tell. But it was only a brief moment of happiness, so far as this life was concerned. They were shot down where Dick wanted to die, amid the battle smoke, and where Maisie was well content to die, in her lover's arms. I had lost them in a sudden sortie of the at-

tacking forces, and when the smoke cleared, I came upon them, united in death, slain by the enemy's bullets. In Dick's hand, I found a piece of paper with a verse on it, a verse which I had heard him repeat many times, and which he and Maisie were very fond of. It was written in the same hand that inscribed his last message to me, the hand of the courier who had guided him from the studio to the East that he loved so well:

And we shall be so happy
That if either lips were dumb
They wouldn't smile in heaven
Till the other lips had come.



A NEW-FASHIONED GRANDPA

WHEN it's bedtime an' my grandpa
Lights his pipe an' says to me:
"So you want a story, sonny?
Well, climb up here on my knee!"—
Then I'll bet that no boy ever
Hears the kind of tales I do,
When my grandpa tells me what he's seen
And all that he's been through.

Why, shipwreck yarns are nothin',
Nor 'bout Civil War times, when
It comes to what he says he's seen,
Along with other men.
My grandpa sailed across the seas
When Chris Columbus did;
And he was counted in the crew
Of bad, old Captain Kidd.

He marched with Roman soldiers
Against Gaul and Briton; and
Among the Christian martyrs, too,
My grandpa took his stand.
He's been 'most ev'rything, an' yet
He's not so old. A supe
Is what my grandpa is, you see,
With a moving-picture troupe.

KEENE THOMPSON.



*Green
Stockings
by
Kenneth Rand*

*Featuring
Lillian
Walker
Produced by
Vitagraph*

I WON'T wear them again!" Celia Faraday crushed the letter in her hand. It was from home, and announced the engagement of Phyllis, her youngest sister, to Mr. Robert Tarver. Another of the three Faraday girls was going to be married. But still Celia, the eldest, remained unwed.

That meant, by an ancient custom which was still in vogue in the part of England where her home was situated, unless she could become at least betrothed in the meantime, that she would have to wear green stockings at her younger sister's wedding—as she had already done when Madge, who was a year and a half her junior, had married Colonel Rockingham. Well did she remember the latter occasion when her sister—and in fact every one but her aunt—had spurned her.

"I won't do it!" she repeated vehemently. "I'll show them that I can make one man propose to me at least—I don't care how!"

For some time Celia sat there before the dressing table, with her handsome brows drawn together in thought. An

artist, or other expert judge of feminine beauty, would have pronounced her the fairest of the three Faraday sisters, which made it strange that no man had ever yet wooed her. It was a fact; in all the twenty-five years of her life, she had never had a suitor. In addition to beauty, she had wit. Perhaps that was where the trouble lay. The keen sense of humor which Celia possessed may have turned would-be supplicants for her heart and hand away—upon its being directed against themselves.

The fact was, all the men of her set Celia had so far met had only aroused her derision. She hadn't wanted to get married. Nor did she want to now. Which accounted for the trend of her thought as she sat gazing straight before her into space from under that frown of concentration upon the problem she had set herself.

"The very thing!" she exclaimed, jumping up with the frown cleared away on her brow, while her eyes danced with a mischievous light. "That's what I'll do—with Aunt Ida's help!"



Her sister—in fact every one but her aunt—had spurned her.

Celia ran from the room to go in search of her aunt, at whose country place she was paying a visit. With a humorous outlook upon life which matched her own, Aunt Ida and she were the best of chums, despite their twenty-odd years' difference in ages.

"Now what have you been up to?" the old lady smilingly asked, looking up from her embroidery in the summerhouse where Celia found her. "I can tell from your face and manner that you've been concocting something—out with it, my dear!"

"I've been manufacturing a fiancé," announced Celia, descending like a whirlwind to a place beside her aunt on the rustic seat that ran around the interior of the summerhouse. "Listen! I've got it all thought out; and it's a plan that's bound to succeed, because there isn't a flaw in it anywhere. But you've got to help me——"

"Why?" Aunt Ida bubbled into laughter. "Does the fiancé lack an arm or a leg, that you want me to supply for——"

"He lacks everything," Celia hurriedly broke in; "head, arms, and legs, to make him real, for he doesn't exist—outside of my mind, that is. That's where I meant I'd manufactured him. Don't interrupt me, auntie, dear, while I explain. I've just had a letter from home. In it, father tells me that Phyllis is engaged—to young Bobby Tarver, who's gone in for politics of late. Well, you know what that means for *me*. Another chance to put on a pair of those hateful green stockings. Here I am, still single, though I'm six years older than Phyllis. I just made up my mind that I wouldn't do it——"

"You mean that you wouldn't remain single——"

"Oh, listen to me, *please!* No, I don't mean anything of the sort. I've not the least intention of getting married. But I'm just as determined that I won't wear green stockings at Phyllis' wedding. I'm going to tell them all, when I go home to-morrow, that I'm engaged. To—let me think—yes, that name will do as well as any other.

To Colonel Smith. Do you see now what I'm driving at——"

"I see," her aunt quickly inserted, regarding her with a look of exaggerated alarm, "that you've apparently taken leave of your senses——"

"No, I haven't!" Celia rushed on. "My scheme, as I told you, is without a flaw—and so it can't help but succeed. I'll say that I met Colonel Smith here. He wooed and won me in a whirlwind courtship—such as a gallant soldier would be expected to make. On the same night that I left for home, he departed for his post in—in South Africa. That's how I get around the fact of my turning up engaged, but without a fiancé. Of course, you've got to help me out by telling them that such a person as Colonel Smith *was* paying you a visit here. But you'll do that for me, won't you, auntie?"

The elder woman laughed—as though despite herself—and shook her head.

"You goose!" she chided the girl beside her. "What you're proposing is preposterous beyond words. Do

you suppose you could keep up the pretense of being engaged forever——"

"No, and I don't intend to. I've thought of that, too—I told you I had thought of everything. I'll get rid of my imaginary fiancé after he's served his purpose of saving me from wearing those horrid green stockings, as easily as I invented him."

"But how?"

"How do girls often lose the men they're engaged to marry? In a month or two, or maybe three, I'll announce that he died, or was killed out there in South Africa. Do you see how simple it's all going to be? Nobody can prove that a real Colonel Smith, who won my promise to be his wife some day, never existed. Not if you'll say you had him as a guest here, just for the fun of it——"

"As you know I will," her aunt capitulated, with twinkling eyes—"just for the fun of it."

Celia hugged her, and then ran away to begin packing for her departure, on the morrow, back to her father's house. Many a laugh she and her aunt had in the hours that remained before it was time for her to drive to the station,

over the planning of the details of the story of Celia's lover. He was blond, they



He discovered her and stood beside her—just staring and wishing.

decided, and, of course, tall and broad-shouldered, with the bronzed skin of one who has spent most of his life in the open. His given name was Robert, which Celia announced she had converted into the nickname "Wobbles." With these points talked over with her aunt and settled upon, to the end that their stories might stick together later, Celia left to break the news of her engagement to her two younger sisters and her father.

They viewed her, upon hearing it, she noticed, with increased respect. But not only was the attitude of her own family toward her changed. That of the world at large was instantly altered. From a girl who was wanted by none, Celia, now that she appeared to have been found desirable by one, was sought by many men.

Among these was Bobby Tarver, Phyllis' fiancé. He had paid little attention to Celia before. But the moment she came home with the story of her betrothal, his eyes traveled comparatively from Phyllis to her in a way that said plainly as words that he was thinking he had made a mistake by proposing to the youngest of the Faraday sisters too soon, when all the time it was the eldest who was the most beautiful, talented, and altogether desirable. He was ready to "flop," Celia saw, with amused scorn, at the least sign of encouragement from her. Every time she sought some quiet corner and sat down, he discovered her and stood beside her—just staring and wishing.

The dandies of London society who now flocked eagerly round her, where before they had been notable by their absence—after coming once or twice within range of her mockingly witty tongue—she held in heightened contempt.

Could any one of them compare with her Wobbles, she asked herself. For the truth was, a strange thing had happened to Celia. In the mental picture

she had drawn of the officer stationed in far-away South Africa who had won her heart, she had unconsciously portrayed her ideal. Writing to him every day—as she did for the benefit of all beholders—she had fallen seriously in love with the man who did not exist, as she had told her Aunt Ida, outside of her own mind.

Why didn't such a man as the big, fearless soldier she had visualized as her fiancé really exist? And, if he did, why didn't she meet him? she often asked herself, as she sat pouring out her heart in those love letters to her dear, imaginary Wobbles, which she afterward secreted in a box in her room upstairs.

It was while she was inditing one of these letters in the library, one morning, a fortnight after her home-coming, that Celia looked up to find the maid standing on the threshold.

"The new army list has arrived, miss," the girl announced, holding up the folded paper which she bore. "Would you care to see it?"

Celia jumped for her and literally tore the paper from her hands. She had told her aunt that she had thought of everything to prevent the discovery of the hoax she was perpetrating upon her family and every one else who knew her—and here she had forgotten this! She might have known that the army list would arrive almost any day.

Issued regularly by the British war office, and containing the names of all the officers who had died or been promoted, or who were still in the service in their previous rank, a glance at it would at once have exposed her to her sisters or her father.

"Yes—yes, I would like to see it," Celia stammered out to the maid, who stood regarding her in round-eyed surprise. "Thank you, Rosalie. And—that will do."

As soon as the servant had departed, she consigned the list, unopened and



Her hand dropped limply to her side and she raised her eyes toward the ceiling—the others thought it was toward heaven.

unread, as she had received it from the maid's hands, to the fire—with a sigh of relief as she saw it take flame and its smoke curl up for the narrowness of her escape from the danger in that forgotten quarter.

Another and graver one which Celia had overlooked presented itself a few weeks later—although she was unconscious of it at the time.

Madge and Phyllis entered the library where she again sat writing, and inquired if she was sending another letter to her intended husband. She replied, with what was the truth, that she was. They teased her by trying to look over her shoulder to see what she was writing. At last, to get rid of them, she brought the letter to a close, and then sealed it in an envelope and addressed it to "Colonel Smith, Somaliland, South Africa." This was to give the epistle an air of reality before her sisters' watching eyes.

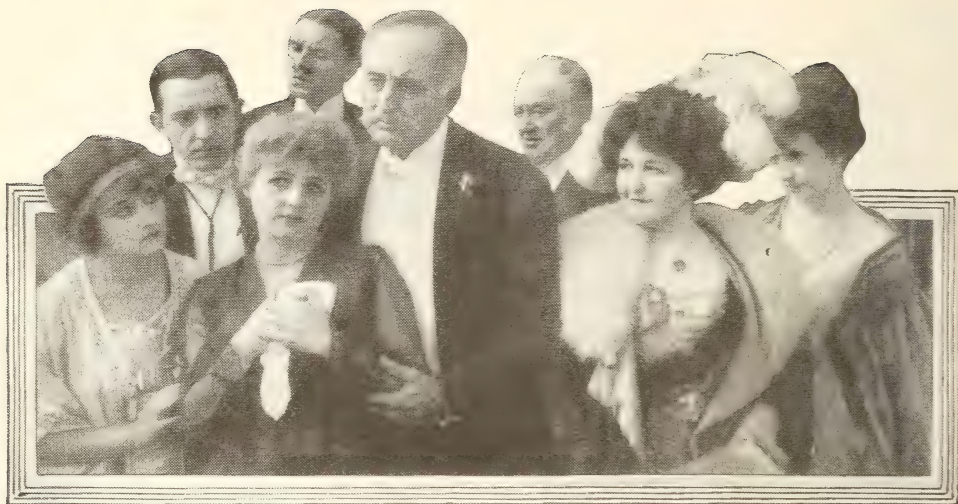
At that moment, her Aunt Ida—who had come two or three days before to pay the Faradays a visit—called Celia's name from upstairs.

Placing the letter in one of the books that lay on the library table, she went from the room to find out what her aunt wanted. She had scarcely gone when the butler appeared on the threshold.

"I'm all ready to drive over to the village now, miss," he addressed Madge. "If you've got a letter to go, you'd best let me have it at once—I'll just have time to get it into the mail for the next steamer to South Africa."

Madge hastened out of the library and upstairs to fetch the letter she had written to her husband, Colonel Rockingham, who was also stationed in South Africa, from the dressing table in her own room, where she had left it. In a moment or two, she returned to place the letter in the butler's hand.

"Wait!" Phyllis cried out, as the servant was turning to depart. "Celia will want her letter to go by this boat, too." She addressed her sister: "Parker says he hasn't time to wait if he's going to catch this mail. Hadn't we just better take her letter out of that



Her father, too, told her she must brave the "disappointment" somehow.

book, there, where she put it, and give it to him—without losing the time it would take to run upstairs and ask her if she wants it to go?"

"Of course," agreed Madge, crossing to the table and removing Celia's letter from the book. "Take this with you, too, Parker."

The butler departed with both Madge's letter to her husband at his far-away post in Africa, and Celia's to her imaginary fiancé. And thereby hangs this tale, which proves again that the best-laid plans of mice and men—and women, too—oft go astray.

It was the middle of that night before Celia remembered that she had left the letter in the book downstairs. Jumping out of bed, she descended in the dark after it. She bumped against the table in the library. Three or four volumes fell from it to the floor. By the dim light of the fire, Celia saw an envelope slip from one. Picking it up, she threw it on the logs in the fireplace, not knowing that it was an old letter of Madge's, instead, which she had cast into the flames.

In blissful ignorance that her own letter was even then speeding upon its way to the lover she had invented for

herself in Somaliland, Celia went back upstairs and to bed—to dream that her Wobbles had really turned up before her in the flesh and claimed her for his wife.

"It's time to kill him off," she informed her aunt, several days later. "Father and the girls are beginning to think it's funny that I never get a letter from him, when I go on writing to him every day. The explanation to account for that is that he's been ill with a—a fever of some sort. And it's proved fatal. I'll have to hold an onion under my nose to bring tears to my eyes, I suppose, and break the sad news to them that my fiancé is dead——"

"But, hold on!" interposed her aunt. "How can you be expected to know that he's dead when you've never heard from him?"

Celia's brows puckered into a thoughtful crease.

"I have it!" she exclaimed at last. "I'll stop in at the drug store in the village on our way to the Millers for tea this afternoon and telephone to the *Times*. I'll notify them that Colonel Smith has died at his post out in Somaliland, and they'll print the item. They won't know who it was that gave

them the information over the telephone, of course. Come, let's go right away!"

That evening, when Celia came home with her aunt, she was met at the door by Phyllis, who flung her arms around her with the tearful statement that "she was so sorry." Some one placed a *Times* in her hand, and Celia read the item announcing "Colonel Smith's" death. Her hand dropped limply to her side, and she raised her eyes toward the ceiling—the others thought it was toward heaven.

Madge embraced her likewise, with moist eyes, and in a hushed voice assured her that she had her deepest sympathy. Her father, too, kissed her tenderly and told her that she must be brave and weather the "disappointment" somehow.

"At least," Phyllis told her consolingly, "it's better than if you'd never been engaged at all, dear."

"Much better," Celia agreed, as she moved slowly away to go to her own room. "I'll never have to be haunted again by the bugbear of wearing those green stockings," she confided, in a whisper, to her aunt, as she passed her, "after this."

Celia had played the last card in her game—and won. Nobody suspected her of having invented the existence of a man who had wooed and won her, and later of his death of fever in South Africa, when he had served the purpose for which she had created him. Everything had worked out exactly as she had figured it.

And then—the blow fell.

One evening, just as the Faradays were sitting down to an early dinner, in order to arrive in time for the bridge party to which they had been invited in the house of one of their friends that was located an hour's motor ride away, the butler announced the arrival of a guest.

"Colonel Dorrelton, from Somali-

land, he says he is," the servant stated. "And it's Miss Celia he wants to see."

With all the color drained from her cheeks, Celia rose with a sinking sensation in her heart and went into the drawing-room, where Parker had informed her the visitor was waiting.

"It is a sad errand that brings me here," began the tall young man of military bearing who rose to offer her his hand as Celia entered the room. "My poor friend, Colonel Smith——"

"Who did you say?" Celia gasped, staring at him.

"My late lamented friend and brother officer, Smith," the caller went smoothly on, regarding her with interest as he did so. "He asked me, on his deathbed, to come to you, his fiancé, and turn over to you all his worldly possessions. Here they are. This watch and chain"—removing them from his waistcoat as he spoke and proffering them to her—"and this gold pocketknife, cigarette case, and scarf-pin——"

"Do you mean to tell me," she blurted, with her eyes still fixed upon the sun-bronzed face of the man before her, in a stare of horrified incredulity, "that such a man really existed ——"

She clapped her hand over her mouth, drawing back a step.

"Allow me to offer you my sincerest sympathy in your bereavement," the man who had given his name as Colonel Dorrelton continued. "I know what a blow the news of his death must have been to you. While you have lost an intended husband, I have also lost a friend, tried and true."

Taking the watch and chain and the other articles of which he had stripped himself, and hastily putting them down on the table beside her, Celia demanded:

"How did—did you know where to find me?"

He smiled as he watched her.

"Well," he answered, "that did give me a bit of trouble. You see, Smith died before he could tell me whereabouts in England you lived. I looked at the letter you wrote him, though, and got the name of this town from the postmark. Inquiry which I made in the village upon my arrival brought out the fact that 'Celia,' the name signed

himself to be the friend of the man to whom she had written that love letter, just then.

The butler appeared and handed Celia a package which she immediately recognized as the new army list. She sat for a moment looking interrogatively at Colonel Dorrelton before snatching the list from the butler's hands, placing it on her



She sat for a moment, looking interrogatively at Colonel Dorrelton.

to the letter, was the eldest daughter of Major Faraday, who lived in this house, and who was known to be engaged to an officer stationed in Somaliland who—er—who had recently died. So I did succeed in finding you, after all."

"My letter——" she began blankly, and then pressed her lips tight shut once more.

What had actually happened to that letter she had written and placed in the book in the library under her sister's eyes, and later thought she had destroyed, she instantly understood. Either Madge or Phyllis must have mailed it, and afterward forgotten to say anything to her about it.

There was an interruption to her interview with the officer who declared

chair and sitting on it. She was almost trembling when the butler left, fearing that her new friend would ask some question about her actions with the list, but her trouble was solved just then when Major Faraday entered the room. After Celia had introduced him and Colonel Dorrelton, he announced that the rest of the family would go on to the bridge party without her. She and the old friend of her dead fiancé would naturally have much to talk over between them, and they would be left alone for the remainder of the evening to do it.

There was no objection Celia could openly voice against the arrangement without unpardonable rudeness to the man who heard it proposed. She glanced up timidly at him and plainly

showed that she would have given anything she possessed to have been able to avoid the ordeal of spending the next few hours alone with him, in dread every moment of the next question he would ask her about Colonel Smith.

When, at ten o'clock, the family returned, Celia had found out a great deal about this handsome young officer from distant Somaliland who had dropped down at her feet from out of the clear sky. The sum of what he had told her convinced her that here in the flesh she had met at last the embodiment of her manly ideal.

But, nevertheless, she drew her aunt aside at the first opportunity to confide in her the determination she had formed.

"Father's invited him to spend a week with us, and he's accepted," she whispered in her aunt's ear. "I'm going to run away. Back to your house with you. I've got it all arranged with Bobby Tarver—he thinks I'm going to elope with him, I believe, but no matter. Hurry and pack up your things. Bobby's promised to have his machine

at the end of the driveway an hour from now, when every one else is in bed. He'll honk his horn to let me know he's waiting and the coast's clear. He'll drive us to the station, where we can take that eleven-forty-two for your place. Don't lose a minute's time, now, but run upstairs and get ready."

Celia said "Good night" to every one, and then hastened to her own room, there to don a coat, hat, and heavy veil and pack a few necessary things in a satchel, with which she crept down the stairway of the silent house, a half hour later, to the library—where she found her aunt already waiting.

"I told you you'd get into trouble," the elderly lady, who shared the panic into which she had been thrown by the arrival of the officer from Somaliland upon the scene, addressed her, in a tremulous whisper. "And now you're in for it, and so am I, for ever being foolish enough to help you——"

"Oh, why *doesn't* Bobby honk that horn?" Celia anxiously broke in, as she paced the floor in a fever of impatience to be off.



She glanced up timidly, and plainly showed that she would have given anything to avoid spending the next few hours alone with him.



"Father's invited him to spend a week with us and he's accepted," she whispered in her aunt's ear. "I'm going to run away!"

She seized her aunt by the wrist the next moment.

"Listen! Don't you hear it?" she hissed into her ear.

"Why, no," the elder woman protested, "I'm sure the horn didn't honk ____"

Celia clapped one hand over her mouth, shaking her shoulder warningly with the other.

"I don't mean the horn," she whispered. "I thought I heard somebody stealing downstairs—and somebody *is*! Quick! We'll hide behind that screen."

They crouched down behind its shelter, not a moment too soon. The door opened, and the dim figure of a man could be made out, advancing toward the table in the center of the room—on which lay the unopened new army list which had arrived that evening.

Celia, peeping through a crack in the screen, saw that it was Colonel Dorrelton.

He picked up the army list and started with it toward the fireplace—and Celia, stepping boldly out from behind the screen, confronted him.

"Why are you trying to destroy that list?" she demanded sternly; and then added shyly, but with a look that showed she had guessed the truth:

"You don't need to answer—I know. It is because you are afraid some one might discover, by looking through it, that *there is no such person as a Colonel Dorrelton!* You are nothing but an impostor——"

With a laugh, he shrugged in a gesture of surrender.

"Caught!" he acknowledged the truth of her charge. "No such person as Colonel Dorrelton does exist. He is a purely fictitious person who was brought into being by a girl's letter. Two ingredients were used to create him—'curiosity' and 'loneliness.' A poor duffer of a soldier, marooned at an army post in the wilderness, wanted to see if a certain girl was all that the letter she wrote implied——"

"You are——" Celia faltered as she stared at him with a return of the look of incredulity to her eyes.

He stepped toward her with a tenderly derisive smile.

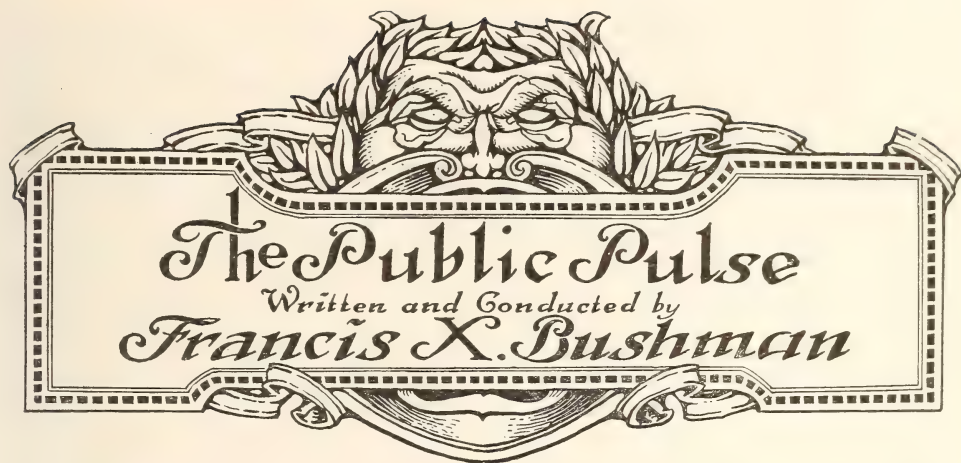
"Can't you guess?" he prompted.

And as he spoke he opened his arms.

"Tell me who I am," he urged, as she remained silent.

Slowly Celia smiled back at him.

"Wobbles!" she sighed with contentment, as she allowed his arms to close round her.



A LETTER which came to me recently, asked, among other things, a question which the men at the very top of the ladder of success in the motion-picture world often inquire of themselves, and occasionally of each other. The question is: "Why isn't there more coöperation between the people engaged in filming plays?"

I am going to try to arrive at a solution of this problem, by stating the facts as my long experience before the camera has allowed me to see them. When you, my readers, see a picture flashed upon the screen, unfolding the plot of the story gracefully and with apparent ease, you little realize the difficulties which it was necessary to overcome before that film reached the finished condition in which you see it.

I believe most of you know how many people in various walks of life assist in the making of every photo play. In this great industry, perhaps more than in any other, there exists a strange combination of the mechanical and the artistic, and the persons representing both are so closely associated and so different in their ideals, that the obstacles to be overcome are many. You all know that the motion pictures of today are the result of the blending of the highest of Thespian arts and the great-

est science of photography the world has ever known. The leaders of both these classes are giving the best that is in them to elevate the silent drama, and the result is obvious. But the people representing these two classes have entirely different viewpoints of the work, and therein lies the cause of the many difficulties which arise.

First of all, we must consider the director, who is the pivot around which every production swings. He must be a master of both drama and photography, for he is the man who draws together the two classes, and who allows both to rule the production to just the right degree. He must work with the scenario writer, the actor, the actress, the scenic or technical director, and the film editor, all of whom are in their own way true artists; he must work with the stage hands, the scene painters, the studio manager, the laboratory superintendent, and the camera man, every one of whom are depended upon to make the production a success through his mechanical skill.

Closest coöperation exists at the present time between the director players, scenic or technical director, and the camera man, and slowly but surely the scenario writer is being allowed to enter this charmed circle, where he really belonged from the very beginning. I

am afraid the same cannot be said truthfully about the coöperation between the director and the studio manager, who really represents the stage hands, scene painters, and others who work about the scenes; the laboratory superintendent, who represents the forces which develop the negative, print and finish the positive, and the film editor, whose duty it is to assemble the subject and edit it to the form in which it will be marketed. The breach is not as wide at the present time as it was a short time ago, but it still exists. I am inclined to think that the only reason for it is because the men in these branches have failed to get together and thrash out the ideas each has, and all, therefore, think that the others are trying to "run his department," to use the vernacular.

I do not wish to carry the idea that this condition exists in every studio, for my personal experience has taught me that it does not, but in looking over the many homes of photo plays throughout the country, this is the general condition that one finds.

Time will doubtless erase this drawback, as it did the state of affairs between the camera man and director. I can well remember my early days in making pictures. It was disagreement all the way, and I look back now and smile, as many more do, at the way directors and camera men used to argue about certain effects. The director, I am sorry to say, was not always right in those days. He did not know the camera the way a present-day director does, and he therefore often called for things that were quite impossible. Then he would refuse to listen to the camera man, for most directors at that time considered the camera man merely as a part of the machine needed to make a reproduction of a scene on film. In reality, most camera men were brainy fellows, and were usually right when they argued a point with their director.

Slowly the directors came to realize this, and the camera men, eager to coöperate, gladly talked over things and explained their viewpoint. The directors realized the value of these little talks, and the result was an immediate change for the better in the photographic qualities of productions.

Something similar existed between players and directors in the beginning, though not quite so noticeable. Many of the early directors had a habit of studying the script at home, and then coming to the studio and ordering the players to do this, that, and the other thing in a scene without telling them the why and wherefore of it. This, of course, served to mystify the intelligent player, and his work became more or less mechanical, merely walking through scenes and laughing or crying for so many seconds, as directed. Then the directors began to realize that if they spent half a day reading over the script with the leading players, and talking over their parts with them individually, the finished production would be much better. This system was consequently adopted, and has worked out most successfully. There is nothing I value more than going over a scenario with my director, until the other players and myself thoroughly understand the characters we are to portray.

Teamwork between the players has existed here and there from the first, and, while there is more of it to-day than ever before, there still exists a little too wide a breach in this respect for the good of the industry. I have been very fortunate in having one of the most intelligent and talented leading ladies on the screen—Miss Beverly Bayne—work opposite me. We go over our parts together, and when we rehearse a scene, we understand exactly what the other is to do. It is time saving, and has proven very effective when the results are shown on the screen.

As I said before, the scenario writer

is slowly entering the conference between the "powers that be" during the making of a picture. This is as it should be, for not even the cleverest director is capable of fully appreciating the fine little details which an author has incorporated into his plot and action. When the day arrives for the scenario writer and the director to go over, inch by inch, the scenario of the former before the latter confers with his players and camera man, we will then be nearing the perfection for which we are all striving.

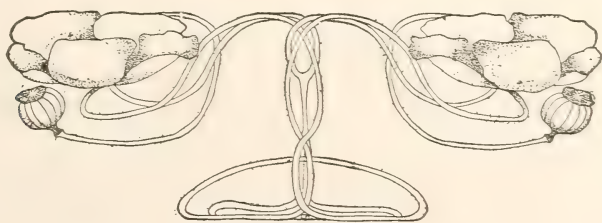
The directors who are possessors of more or less mechanical minds, do not find it so difficult to get results from the technical or scenic director, the studio manager, the stage hands, and others, for they can explain matters to these gentlemen with more sympathy than their less fortunate brother directors, whose minds run chiefly to the artistic. The men I have mentioned in the mechanical end are slowly working toward the director in artistic ideals, and I can foresee the day when perfect coöperation will exist between them. The results will astonish you, my readers, when that day arrives.

You can easily realize the limited time a director has to work in, and it is not difficult, therefore, to appreciate the reason he is not closer to the laboratory superintendent and the film editor. It is really the place of these men to make appointments with the director,

and talk over the film they are working on with him. He can give them instructions and suggestions as to the effects he was striving for, and often, through their skill, these very effects can be gained after they seemed hopelessly lost in the course of staging. The companies which have their studios in one part of the country and their laboratories and film editors in another, are making a fatal mistake, in my estimation, for there can never be the proper coöperation with many miles separating these two branches of the producing forces—and I think all of you will agree with me that success is achieved largely by coöperation.

This answers the question my reader asked, and covers my viewpoint on the subject. I trust that others who have an honest desire to see better motion pictures on the screen, will write me, and either ask for explanations of the points which they do not understand, or offer suggestions for bettering screen subjects. We all enjoy good pictures, and I assure you that those of us who are engaged in making them, are at all times willing to coöperate with those of you who see them, if we can only be drawn closer together.

I am going to ask you again, to kindly address your suggestions and questions in regard to this matter to this department, and other letters to me personally, as this is a great help to me in handling my correspondence.





"Shut yer trap," commanded Steve. "Make a holler and I'll drop ye."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

MARY DENBY, born of wealthy Southern parents, had eloped, when only seventeen years old, with a man whose life was given over to gambling and drink. Five years later she finds herself in New York, with no funds and her husband out of work. She secures a place with a wealthy Mrs. Hillary, as a sewing girl. Mrs. Hillary's husband is anxious to interest Roger Manning, a Western millionaire, in a business deal, and, as a lure to bring him to his home, promises to introduce him to the most beautiful girl in the East. The girl whom the Hillarys had in mind is taken ill, and Mary is induced to pose as a society girl for a single evening, being arrayed in fine clothes, which Mrs. Hillary supplies. Manning at once falls in love with her. She returns to her squalid home, after a wondrous evening, and finds her husband drunk. He forces her to tell him of the society mansion where she sewed, and then goes away, with a remark that he has formed a plan to get some money. The next day Mrs. Hillary calls on Mary and offers her one hundred dollars to pose as the society girl again during a week-end which Manning has consented to spend at their home. She says her husband has not yet completed the business deal, and that, unless Mary helps her again, Manning will return West, and they will be financially ruined. Mary consents, because she needs the money. On the second day of the week-end, Manning proposes to her, and, though she knows she loves him, she dismisses the thought and tells him that what he hopes for can never be.

CHAPTER VI.

LOYALTY—AND LOVE.

WITH admirable self-control Roger Manning turned from Mary Denby to greet their host and hostess who had entered the room.

Said he: "You came at the psychological moment. Miss Denby and I had embarked on a heated discussion that threatened to end in open warfare."

"Why, I thought I heard Miss Denby

singing!" exclaimed Mrs. Hillary. "Won't you sing again, my dear?"

Mary's agitation was apparent to Manning, if not to the others, and he came to the rescue with: "No, please. Miss Denby has a lot of sobbing Southern melodies that grip the heartstrings and make you feel sad and foolish. Let the piano sing to us, Mrs. Hillary—something stirring and cheerful. Miss Denby and I have talked ourselves hoarse, and we will sit here and enjoy in silence what music you give us." And

he drew the girl to a big divan and sat down beside her.

Mr. Hillary beamed at everything and everybody. He was in a mood to agree to anything, for he had Roger's check in his pocket, and that meant the saving of the Baldwin contract. He pulled a rocking-chair to the side of the piano and sank into it contentedly.

Mrs. Hillary played Chopin's "Military Polonaise" with sparkle and vigor. Execrable or brilliant, her playing would have been all the same to the sewing girl masquerading as guest. Mary Denby's heart was beating wildly, and she was grateful to Manning for saving the delicate situation. His passionate proposal still rang in her ears, and she knew that despite her loyalty to the wreck of a man tied to her for life, she loved this broad-shouldered stranger who had come out of the West, and, after a few hours' ac-

quaintance, had implored her to be his wife. She would have told him of her miserable home on Cherry Street, of the drunkard who was her legal husband, but her lips were sealed by the hundred dollars given her by Mrs. Hillary, to play her rôle of guest.

Cecile brought in coffee, and there was more music, and Manning, conscious of the girl's preoccupation, artfully directed the conversation from her and told a number of pointless stories of financial deals in the West.

Mary pleaded a headache and retired early—strangely enough to sleep dreamlessly after the most momentous experience in her life.

The Hillarys followed soon after; but Manning declared he would go down to the library and smoke a pipe before going to bed.

Long after the lights had gone out on the upper floors, Roger Manning sat in an easy-chair in front of the library fire, unaware that the blazing logs were dying down to ashes, unaware of the lateness of the hour.



Mary's agitation was apparent to Manning, if not to the others.

"I love her," he said to himself over and over again. "I love her and she loves me. What is the barrier between us? Some day I will ferret out the mystery that surrounds Mary Denby."

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE UNDERWORLD.

"You've got the right dope," said "Jimmy the Rat," known to the police variously as "Flossie Jim," "Dopey" McNeill, and "The Turk." Suspected of many crimes, and suspected with excellent reason, he yet had been able to wriggle out of the clutches of the law. Nobody had ever been able to catch him "with the goods." He was rather a director of others than a performer. To him had come Mary Denby's husband, Steve. Jimmy the Rat had given him one or two small jobs which had turned out more or less successfully.

On the same evening and at about the same hour when Manning was declaring his love for Mary, her husband was telling Jimmy the Rat the story of his wife's return from Harrington Drive, the struggle for the money, and the discovery of the orchid which the girl had concealed in her breast. "When she told me she had been to 27 Harrington Drive, I knew I had a hunch," Steve had babbled on. "Do you remember a mare named Orchid on the Southern tracks? She was among the also rans for a while, but she loped in winner at New Orleans. Do you remember the date? Twenty-seventh of October. Twenty-seven—same number as the house on Harrington Drive, where Mary got the orchid flower. Orchid—twenty-seven. It's a hunch, Jimmy. Take it any way you look at it. Orchids are expensive. The people have money; jewels, likely; silver. What do you say if we make a raid? It's a hunch, I tell you."

"You've got the right dope," re-

peated Jimmy the Rat. "Harrington Drive is a long way from the dead line, and if we tap a curious cop on the bean, there won't be many reserves to fill in the breach. Orchid—twenty-seven it is."

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM POVERTY TO LUXURY.

No. 27 Harrington Drive was in total darkness. Manning had snapped out the electrics in the library before sitting down at the open fire to puff his bedtime pipe and try to unravel the mystery of Mary Denby. A broad porch extended across the front of the house and around one side. Steve's counselor, Jimmy the Rat, selected the side porch as the place to begin operations.

"A bedroom is always the safest place for a burglar," Jimmy had declared. "Nine people out of ten pound their ear so strenuously that they wouldn't wake up if a Zeppelin dropped a bomb at the bedside. Bedroom windows are always open. Therefore, us for the fresh-air-fiend sleeping rooms."

Fortified by a stiff drink, Steve climbed the porch pillar, crept along the roof, and pushed up a window, slightly open at the bottom. Revolver in hand, he waited. He could hear the deep breathing of some one in the room. The even intake and expulsion of breath reassured him that the occupant was asleep, and sleeping soundly. He put a leg over the window sill and dropped noiselessly on the thick carpet. Electric flash in hand, he explored the room, which was partly lighted by one of the street electrics.

A pearl necklace, lying carelessly on the dressing table, gave Steve his first gasp of surprise. "Oh, this is too easy," he told himself. On a chair was a heap of lingerie, rich in texture, evidently well worth taking away. In

a closet where he flashed his torch were gowns that meant real money; silk stockings and costly fripperies—Steve's hunch was working.

He stepped to the window to signal an "All well" to Jimmy the Rat. As the glare of the street light fell on him, there came a muffled shriek from the bed. He turned instantly, revolver ready for action. His pocket flash searched the room and rested on the face of the awakened sleeper.

"Mary." It was a strangled cry, choked back by his sense of caution even in that supreme moment when he made the benumbing discovery that the woman whose luxurious bedroom he had broken into was none other than his wife, the poorly clad sewing woman of Cherry Street.

Her hands were at her lips. Her eyes stared at him wildly.

"What are you doing here?" Steve's question was a tense undertone, wrathful, menacing.

Her bosom rose and fell in great gasps. Dazedly she raised herself from the pillows and struggled for speech. "It's you, Steve?" she whispered.

"It's me," he said grimly; "but I didn't expect to find you here, dolled up in laces fit for a queen. What's the answer? Fine dresses and jewels and—— Oh, I ought to shoot you!"

"Steve, Steve, you can shoot me if you like, but, as God lives, I have done nothing wrong!" She pushed the covers from the bed and joined him at the window. "I am Mrs. Hillary's guest. I can explain——"

"All right. You explain it when you get home. Put your things on and come."

"But, Steve, you didn't come here for me, did you?"

"Nope. Swag," he answered laconically. "Jump into your fancy clothes,



She loved this broad-shouldered stranger who had come out of the West.

now, grab everything worth grabbing, and——"

There came a gentle tap on the door, repeated more loudly.

Steve sprang to the window and clambered out on the roof of the porch. "Answer," he whispered to the frightened girl, his chin on a level with the sill. "Answer. But if you give me away I'll shoot you!"

Her hands clutching her breast in vain effort to quiet the pounding of her heart, she called: "What is it?"

"We thought we heard a noise," came Mrs. Hillary's voice. "We thought we heard you speaking. Is everything all right?"

"Yes, yes, everything!" cried the girl. "I must have been talking in my sleep." She switched on the light and opened the door. Mrs. Hillary, in boudoir cap and kimono, stood on the threshold; behind her Mr. Hillary blinked sleepily and pulled his room robe closer about him.

"I'm so sorry to have disturbed you," Mary went on, speaking rapidly. "I had the wildest kind of a dream, and I dare say I shrieked out loud."

"We distinctly heard you call out," said Mrs. Hillary, "and then it sounded as if you were holding a conversation with yourself."

Mary laughed. "I'm so sorry."

"Well, for goodness' sake don't dream any more to-night!" snapped Mr. Hillary, shivering in the draft.

His wife looked at the open window. "Aren't you afraid of the night air?" she asked.

Alarm flashed in Mary Denby's eyes. She darted a quick look at the sill, but her husband's head was no longer visible. Doubtless he was crouching beneath, listening, and with his pistol ready for use.

"No, no," she answered quickly. "I am a real fresh-air fiend."

"And you are sure everything is all

right?" asked Mrs. Hillary, still unconvinced.

"Indeed, yes. Everything. Now I'll sleep like a top. Good night."

"I hope to the Lord you do," yawned Mr. Hillary, and led his wife away.

Mary closed the door and switched off the light. She stood listening to the retreating footsteps, and then, utterly exhausted from the strain, flung herself on the bed, nerveless.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Steve stepped into the room again. "Close shave," he whispered, sitting down on the edge of the bed. "You did good work, girl. I didn't think you had it in you. But we got to hustle now. Any other little trifles besides the pearls that we want to take?"

She shook her head, speechless. He stowed the pearls away in his pocket. It would have been useless to reason with him even had she been in sufficient control of herself, and she made no attempt to stop him.

"I'll risk a trip to the lower floor," he added, "and see what I can pick up. Hustle now. Get into your street things. Be ready when I come back, and we'll make our get-away from the porch."

He opened the door, stood for a moment to assure himself that the coast was clear, and then cautiously descended the stairs.

Near the bottom one of the steps creaked, and——

"Is that you, Mr. Hillary?" came a voice from the gloom.

Roger Manning, who had fallen asleep in his chair in front of the dead library fire, awoke to the sound of voices on the floor above him. He rubbed his eyes and got to his feet stiffly. He listened, but silence had fallen on the house again. Without turning on the lights, he made his way

to the reception hall, and stood at the stair foot, wondering if the sounds he had heard were part of his dreams.

With his hand on the balustrade he gave himself up to musing again. It was here he had stood with Mary Denby, the Mystery Girl, and eyes spoke love to eyes that surely answered love, though the girl had told him that she could never be his wife.

"She *shall* be; she *must* be!" he whispered to himself happily.

He became aware that on the steps above him something was moving. "Probably my good host," he told himself; "come to send me to bed. Then came his call: "Is that you, Mr. Hillary?"

"Yes," came a muffled response, followed by a noisy yawn. It was the voice of Steve Denby, but it might have been the voice of anybody, cloaked as it was by the yawn. Steve held a loaded revolver, but he had no intention of using it except in case of dire necessity. It was a moment when quick thought and action

were demanded. If he ran back to the room, the man who had hailed him from below would arouse the household, and both Mary and he would be in danger of arrest. Better to sneak upon the unsuspecting man, whoever it was, and trust to luck to be able to club him into unconsciousness before he could cry out.

But fate intervened. As Steve crept cautiously down, Manning's hand at the side of the stairs encountered a push button. Mechanically his finger pressed it. The lights glowed in the ceiling cluster, and Manning began an apologetic speech—to pause aghast



Battered and bruised and gasping for breath, Steve crawled to the bottom step and sat there, helpless.



"Now maybe you will tell me what this is all about?" said Manning.

after the first word or two. This was not Mr. Hillary, but a man menacing him with a pistol, a man with shabby clothes and tangled hair, a man whose evil face stamped him as an associate of criminals.

"Shut yer trap!" commanded Steve, in subdued, tense tones. "Make a holler and I'll drop ye. No harm'll come to you if you back over to that door and open it."

If Steve Denby was quick of thought, so was Manning. Obediently he backed to the door, but as he did so he passed a table on which lay a number of books. His hand dropped carelessly on one of the books, then he suddenly sent it whizzing at the burglar. It caught him full in the face, doing little damage, but it upset his balance for a moment, drove him backward a step, and in that fateful moment Manning flung himself on the armed man.

Almost at the instant of the shock of encounter the revolver was sent spinning to the floor and Manning

kicked it out of reach. Steve felt that this was to be a fight for life, and he used every foul trick he knew. Roger Manning was no milksop millionaire, but a man with hardened muscles, and in a fair fight the struggle would not have lasted beyond a couple of blows, but Steve grappled with him, and, fighting tooth and claw, rolled with him to the floor.

At last Manning got his hands on Steve's throat, choked him into a satisfactory attitude of nonresistance, and then picked up the revolver. The fight was over.

CHAPTER X.

THE LIE.

Steve Denby was a thoroughly cowed man. Battered and bruised and gasping for breath, he crawled to the bottom step and sat there, helpless, while his victor stood looking down at him, pistol in hand.

"Now maybe you will tell me what this is all about?" said Manning.

Steve had no words, nor was there time for words, for the sounds of the conflict had been heard in the rooms above, and Mr. and Mrs. Hillary, now thoroughly frightened, came hurrying down the stairs. Mary, surmising what had happened, followed more slowly. Manning looked up, and even in the stress of the moment he had a new sense of the loveliness of the girl, a plaintive little figure in her filmy robes, her hair in a long braid, a beribboned cap setting off the beautifully shaped head. He smiled at her reassuringly.

"It's only a poor housebreaker," he said. "The fellow and I had a bit of a struggle——"

"You're not—not hurt?" asked the girl, fear in her eyes.

Steve Denby glanced around—and saw a new avenue of escape. "Say, you—put away that gun," he drawled. "It might go off and give my wife a scare."

"Your wife!" cried Mrs. Hillary, appalled by the possibility that the man might be speaking the truth.

"Sure. Didn't I come here to see

her?" Then, to Manning: "You're the 'angel,' I suppose. Well, none of you flash guys can put anything over on me. Stow that gun, I say. Don't you see the little lady is quite frightened? You'll have to forgive the lateness of the call, ladies and gents, but a man has a right to call on his wife at any hour—eh?"

Manning laughed. "You're an ingenious burglar, very," he said. "Miss Denby, this—er—gentleman makes the most extraordinary statement I ever heard in my life. He claims you are his wife."

"Go on, Mary; tell him," prompted Steve.

For a moment she hesitated. To confess the truth would be to free Steve, perhaps, but it would be to un-cloak her own double identity and embroil Mrs. Hillary in the disaster.

"I don't know this man," she said, with whitening lips.

Steve made a movement toward her, but Manning pulled him back.



"Say, you—put away that gun," he drawled. "It might go off and give my wife a scare."

"I tell you she's my wife!" raved the prisoner.

"Now, don't get excited," soothed Manning. "You must be a fool to think we'd swallow such a tale as that."

"He is a thief," said Mary, anxious only to get the scene over with. "Search him. He passed through my room and I awoke and saw him take the pearl rope which Mrs. Hillary let me wear."

Mrs. Hillary exclaimed in alarm. Steve choked back the oaths that were ready to leap from his tongue, and relapsed into sullen silence. Manning ran his hands over him, dived into his breast pocket, and brought out the pearls.

"Are these yours, Mrs. Hillary?" he asked.

"Oh, indeed they are!" cried Mrs. Hillary. "And thank you for preventing him getting away with them."

"That's settled, then. Apparently he has taken nothing else. He probably would have made a richer haul if we'd given him time." Then, to Mr. Hillary: "Can you use a gun?"

"Why—yes," answered Mr. Hillary nervously.

"Then keep him covered while I telephone the police." He put the pistol into his friend's hand and ran to the rear room, where there was a desk phone.

Mrs. Hillary fingered the pearls and looked from Mary to Steve.

"Was the man in your room before or after you dreamed?" she asked, suddenly suspicious.

"Before—no; I mean after——"

"Then you could not have been very sound asleep."

"Oh, I was—I was. I was dead to the world." The girl was very near to hysterics.

"And when you woke and saw this man in your room, why did you not give the alarm right away?"

"I—I was so dazed——" She broke off and suddenly grasping Mrs. Hil-

lary's hands, went on gaspingly: "I'll tell you the truth. I *must* tell it. I can't act a lie any longer. This man is my husband."

"Good Lord!" exploded Mr. Hillary, and lowered the pistol, while Steve grinned.

"Then you and he have conspired to rob me?" cried the astounded mistress of No. 27 Harrington Drive.

"No, no; please don't believe that. He did not know I was here. You can lock us both up if you wish, but how is Mr. Manning going to feel if he finds that I am an impostor?"

Steve did not wait for further parley. Springing to his feet, he was up the stairs three at a time. Pluckily Mr. Hillary pointed the weapon up the stairs, shut his eyes, and fired blindly. There was a deafening report, and Steve's laugh rang out as the bullet plunged into the calm features of one of the Hillary ancestors on the landing.

CHAPTER XI.

THE NAKED TRUTH.

At the sound of the shot Manning dropped the receiver on the hook and rushed back to the reception hall. The fleet-footed girl was already vanishing up the stairway in the footsteps of the burglar. The older folks were toiling in her wake, Mr. Hillary bravely brandishing his weapon.

"He's escaped!" he roared. "Gone through one of the upstairs rooms!"

Manning leaped after them and grabbed the pistol from Hillary's hand.

Mary stood at the door of her room, panting.

Manning tried to pass her, but she pushed him back.

"He went through here!" she cried. "Oh, please, Roger, let the poor fellow go. I hate to think of anybody in the hands of the police."

"That's nonsense, dear," he said gently. "Kindness shown to burglars



"I'll tell you the truth. I *must* tell it. I can't act a lie any longer."

is the worst possible thing for them. They thrive on kindness. Severity is the best preventive of crime."

"Oh, please, please, dear!" she begged.

But he would not be stayed. He broke from her clinging hands and dashed into the room. The light from the street was streaming in at the open window, and he guessed instantly that the burglar had escaped through it. He made his way to the window, stumbling over a chair in the way. Leaning out, he felt the roof of the porch beneath. He stepped out on it, and on the street below saw two men running, one of them the burglar who had been in his grasp a moment ago. He sent a shot after them, but evidently without effect, for the men vanished on the run around the corner.

Mary and the others had come into the room and turned on the lights.

"You've got your way," said Manning, a little disgusted. "The burglar has gone—scrambled down from the room and made a clean get-away."

"You saw him?" asked Mrs. Hillary.

"Yes, and tried to shoot him. I missed. He and his pal showed me a clean pair of heels. Well, folks, run along to bed now. You'll not be bothered with the nighthawks again, I reckon." And, closing the window, he smilingly pushed his host and hostess out of the room. "I'll phone the police that they can call off the hunt, but I'll sit up half an hour or so in case they come to make inquiries."

"Good night, Mr. Manning, and thank you for saving my jewels," called Mrs. Hillary, as she and her husband started along the passage to their own room for the last time that eventful night.

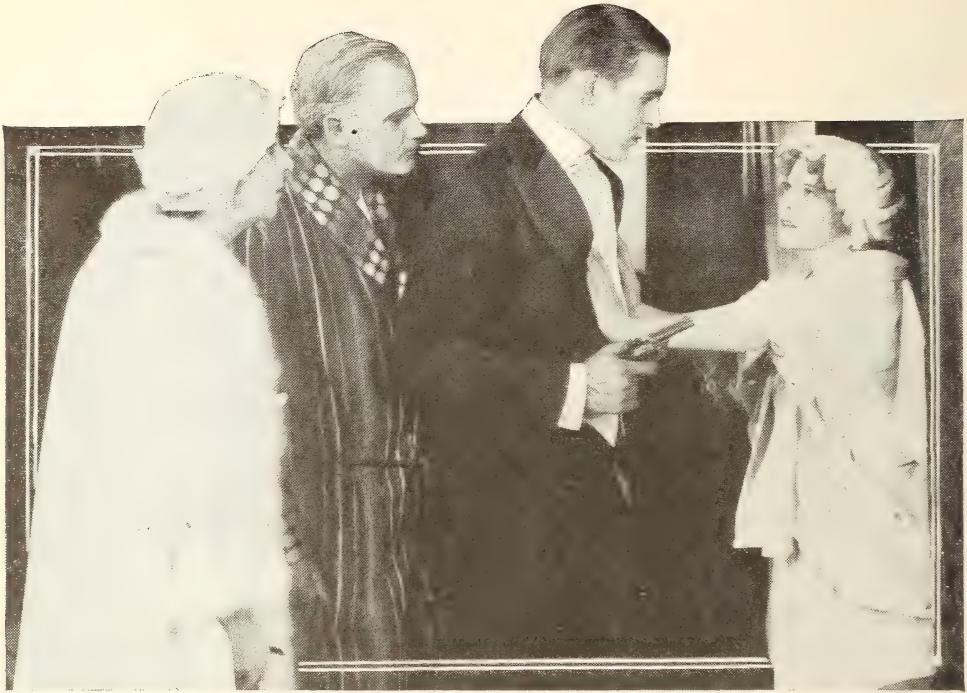
Manning lingered a moment for a last word with Mary Denby at the door of her room.

"That man"—he began—"he did not harm you?"

"No, no."

"Thank God! Mary, why don't you give me the right to guard you; to be always your shield in time of danger?"

"Because——" She hesitated. The great moment of her life had come.



Manning tried to pass her but she pushed him back.

Torn by conflicting emotions, she could no longer keep up her deceit. She must make the decision now that would affect her whole future, and she made it with a whispered prayer for help. "Because," she said, in a dull undertone—"because I am the wife of the burglar."

He put up his hand as if to guard against a blow.

"You are unnerved," he said gently, taking her hands and smiling down into her eyes. "Come. Tell me that this mystery that you hinted of is nothing but a figment of the imagination. Tell me there is no barrier to our eternal happiness. I love you, dear heart—love you beyond anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath."

His arms were about her. Her senses reeling, she felt his lips on hers. His clasp left her breathless. Panting, she struggled free and turned from him, sobbing, to hide her head against the portières.

"I have told you the truth," she insisted; "the grim truth. I am that man's wife."

"And I insist that you are the wife of no man, for the fates have decreed that you shall be mine," he retorted, and would have gathered her into his arms again. But she thrust his hands away.

"Listen to me," she cried. "I am a sewing girl. Five years ago I ran away from home with a race-track follower, who dragged me down to a New York slum. I might have been a woman of the streets, but the good Lord stopped me before I took the awful step. I have been true to the man I married, thief and burglar though he is. I came here at the earnest plea of Mrs. Hillary, and posed as her guest. She insisted. I came as her sewing woman, but she had expected to introduce you to a girl in your own circle. The girl took sick, and Mrs. Hillary begged me to take her place. I saw no wrong in it then.

'Wear the clothes of a society woman,' she said, 'and I will give you a hundred dollars.' And I did it. I thought it would be no more than a jest. Perhaps I was wrong, but a hundred dollars meant a fortune to me; and so —"

She broke off and looked at him pleadingly, with the eyes of a child. "And then I met you—the man I had seen in my dreams in days gone by; the man I must meet, talk with a few glad days, then put out of my life forever. Now let me go. I must leave this house now, since you know the truth. My poor Cherry Street clothes are here, in this room. I will put them on and take up the old life again and say—say good-bye to you."

He had listened in silence, and now he broke out in recriminations, disjointed, exaggerated. And when his outburst was expended, he stared at the girl in silence, watching her heaving shoulders, feeling no pity for her, but an indignation against her and against the host and hostess who had made her party to the deception.

"I would have loved you, Roger," she said brokenly, "if I had met you before—before——" She could not finish the sentence. Choking, she left him, and the door closed on him.

He made his way down the stairs, clinging to the rail like an old man. The clouds had gathered about him. The sunshine was gone from his soul. Dully he telephoned a message to the police, and, returning to the reception hall, flung himself into a chair, the incarnation of despair. His dream of happiness was shattered. If what Mary Denby had said was true, then were death desirable.

He sat for a long time, his thoughts chaos.

In half an hour that seemed to him an age, Mary Denby, clad in the cheap coat and hat that suggested the lower East Side rather than Harrington

Drive—Mary appeared. She passed like a wraith. He held out a hand to stay her, but she paused for only a moment, then the outer door opened and the girl who had meant so much to him passed out into the night.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRAP.

In a poorly furnished room on Cherry Street three people sat talking over the occurrences at Harrington Drive. They were Jimmy the Rat, Steve Denby, and his wife Mary.

"No use bein' worried," said the philosophic Rat. "We made our little get-away as slick as a Russian retreat. You queered the game, Steve, when you popped eyes on your wife in that swell room; and, as I've been sayin' these many years, it's the skirts what bring the best men to the pen. But you've opened somethin' that looks good to me. Now, Steve, what's the matter with invitin' Mr. Manning, the millionaire, to come here and help his poor little friend Mary from bad men—meanin' you and me?"

Steve looked vacant. "I don't get you."

"'S easy, my boy. Little Mary's in trouble. She sends him a cry from Macedonia. Come and help. See? We indite that same little cry. 'Dear Freddie or Bert or whatever the guy's name is. For Gawd's sake, come to yer little girl's assistance. Bad men have me in their clutches.' See? 'Clutches.' That always fetches 'em. Friend Manning receives the sad little whine and he lopes down here on the run. 'Where's the lady?' says he to us. Then we get in our little play. We say to him, say we: 'Dear sir, you're up against it. Fork up a million dollars or whatever sum we decide upon, and the girl is yours. Make a holler and we taps you on the bean.' Oh, it's a cinch, believe me!"

"I'll write no such letter," declared the horrified girl.

"You'll do what I tell you!" snapped Steve, grasping her arm and looking at her maliciously.

"Cut the rough stuff, Steve, old boy," said the Rat. "It don't pay among friends. And we want the little girl to be our friend. See? Ain't no needcessity for her to do the

to forgive them, pointing out that they had planned the deception for no other purpose than to make his stay pleasant.

"You brought that girl here and introduced her as Miss Mary Denby," he said, "and you allowed me to fall in love with Miss Mary Denby, knowing all the time how impossible was my suit."

"We did not know you felt that way about her," answered Mrs. Hillary, somewhat aggrieved. "How should we

know that she had a husband who was a burglar? I acted on impulse, and I contend that almost any other woman would have done the same. I had planned you should meet a real beauty, and when sickness prevented my plans being carried out. Providence sent me this Denby girl. She was well educated, and she is as much a lady as any I have ever met."

"A great deal more a lady than many I have met," said Manning, a little sadly.

"It is too bad you did not inquire about her home life——"

He was interrupted by the maid.

"A letter for Mr. Manning, if you please," she said.

Manning glanced at the crude superscription, slit open the envelope, and read the badly written and badly spelled note signed Mary, which Jimmy the Rat considered a work of art. Two words were written on the corner, and these two words gave him more concern than all the rest.

"More mystery," he muttered. "And this time I'm going to beard the wolf in his own den and find out."



"Mary, why don't you give me the right to guard you; to be always your shield in time of danger."

writin'. I'll fix it up. Get me pen and a bit of paper."

Steve brought the writing utensils, and Steve laboriously inscribed his plaintive message and signed it "Mary."

But the girl, while the others were hunting for an envelope, snatched the pen and wrote on a corner of the note:

Don't come.

MARY.

CHAPTER XIII.

DAWN FOLLOWS THE DARKEST HOUR.

Next morning Manning had a bad quarter of an hour with his friends, the Hillarys. They pleaded with him

Excusing himself, he abruptly left the table. "I want to telephone, if I may," he said.

He called his hotel and got his Japanese valet on the wire.

"Jump into a taxi and come here right away. We're going to make a trip to the slums. Bring an automatic with you," he instructed.

An hour and a half later a taxi pulled up at the door of a tenement on Cherry Street. Roger Manning stepped out.

"Wait for me," he said to the valet. "If I am not back in ten minutes, get a policeman and come up to the Denby flat."

Jimmy the Rat met him at the door.

"You're Mr. Manning, sir," he asked. "I been waitin' for you. Mary Denby's in hard luck. Her brutal husband has been beatin' her, for tryin' to leave him, sir, I believe. I'm a friend of the family, sir. Come right up, sir; she'll be glad to see you."

Rambling on, he mounted the stairs, and Manning followed him, stern-lipped, not knowing what kind of trouble awaited him, but determined to meet it face to face.

He was bundled into the Denby flat, and the door locked.

Mary was standing in the little parlor, gazing out hopelessly at the unlovely back yards.

"What is it?" he began.

She turned as he spoke, and the blood surged into her cheeks.

"You!" she cried. "Roger! You came——"

"Of course I came."

"But did you not see what I wrote on the cor——"

"Here! Let me attend to this," came a strident voice, and Steve entered from another room. "You stay in there," he said to the girl, and, thrusting her into the bedroom, he locked the door. Then he turned to Manning.

"I'm glad to see you again, my swell

friend," he said bitingly. "But this time we've got you in our power. The tables are turned. Oh, don't try to pull any gun! My friend Jimmy the Rat will drop you if you do. The door is locked, and you can't get out by any way but the fire escape, and I'll see that you don't leave that way. Now, sir, kindly fork over what ready cash you have handy in your jeans, and you can give Mary a small check for ten thousand dollars—— Here! Steady! None of that!"

But Manning could contain himself no longer. He made a swipe at the burglar which would have felled him had it landed, but Steve ducked, and he and Jimmy the Rat piled onto the husky young millionaire.

Manning got in a couple of terrific blows that put Jimmy out of the fight, but the ready Steve caught up a heavy bottle and brought it down with stunning force on Manning's head.

Then the door was smashed in, and the Japanese valet and three policemen entered. Denby jumped for the fire escape, turning for a moment to drop one of the officers with a shot from his revolver. His fire was answered with another shot. The bullet caught him as he scrambled out on the fire escape. He swayed for a moment against the low railing, then toppled through the hole. When they reached him, he was dead—killed almost instantly by the policeman's bullet.

They carried the lifeless body back into the room and laid it on a couch, covering it with a rug.

Manning had recovered from the blow on the head, and, with strangely mingled feelings, he bent over the silent form—the barrier that had stood, but stood no longer, between him and supreme happiness. He went to the bedroom where Mary had been imprisoned, and unlocked the door.

The girl was close to fainting, and he put his arm around her.

"Oh, I am so glad you are safe!" she cried.

"Why are you glad?" he demanded.

"Because—because—— Oh, don't make me say it, Roger. My husband——"

"You have no husband, dear," he said softly.

"Roger—the shots I heard—you killed him!" she cried, horror in her eyes.

He shook his head. "The man deserved death, but I did not kill him. He brought the fatal punishment on

himself. He shot and killed one of the officers who broke into the room. And one of the officers shot and killed him."

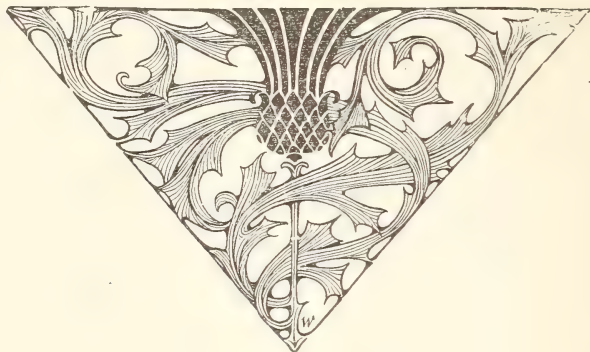
Mary, for a second, looked around helplessly, uncertainly—then her eyes returned to the grave, tender eyes of Manning.

"And now"—she said brokenly—"what shall I do now?"

For answer, he held out his hands to her.

"Marry me," he said simply, "and let us make the past as though it had never been."

THE END.



FILMED

SEE a feller jumpin' from a forty-foot cliff!
 See a bantam cowboy knock a greaser out stiff!
 See a gal a-ropin' of a hoppin'-mad steer!
 See a horse a-runnin' till you wanten just cheer!
 See a tiger lookin' at yer, lashin' its tail!
 See a shootin' desperado hittin' the trail!
 See an aviator do a double flip-flop!
 See a forty-centimeter goin' plop-plop!

See the feller crankin' of these wonders for the screen!
 Think of all the thrillers and the crazy stunts he's seen!
 Gee!

I'd like to be

That camera man!

That lucky moving-picture camera man!

W. C. MACDERMOTT.



The Picture Oracle

Questions and Answers about the Screen

This department will answer questions submitted by our readers either of general interest, or relating to pictures. No answers will be given to questions regarding matrimony, religion, or photo-play writing. Letters should be addressed: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Write only on one side of the paper. No questions will be answered unless accompanied by full name and address, which, however, will not be used. At the top of the paper give the name, or initials, by which you want the question answered in the magazine. No questions will be answered except through these pages. All questions will be answered in the order received, so that failure to see the answer in the next number means that its turn will come later, as we receive many letters a week, all wanting an immediate answer. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the play and the name of the company, if possible. Questions concerning photo-play writing should be addressed to editor of the scenario writers' department, above address.

IVAN W. DICKSON.—Barbara Tennant is playing with the World Film Corporation. Jane Fearnley and Alice Joyce are both resting at the present time. It is rumored, though, that Miss Joyce will soon re-enter film work via Gaumont. Phyllis Allen is playing at the Keystone-Triangle Studios, in Los Angeles. Marguerite Snow's studio address is in care of Metro Film Corporation, New York City. Thanks for your kind words regarding the magazine. Hope you also like the gallery, which you have been asking for. So you want pictures of Octavia Handworth and Louise Vale? I'll speak to the editor.

J. J.—So you are one of the many "Little Mary" fans? The cast of principals in "The Foundling" (F. P.) is as follows: *Molly O.*, Mary Pickford; *David King*, Edward Martindell; *Mrs. Grimes*, Maggie Weston. Yes, I agree with you—it was one of Mary's best re-

leases. My opinion of Blanche Sweet? She's one of our greatest little stars. I rank her very highly, indeed. Have you seen her latest picture, "The Ragamuffin" (Lasky)? It's great! Dainty little Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, 1897. I believe I have answered this same question at least twice each issue. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, 1893. Antonio Moreno, the Vitagraph star, was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888.

W. J. PHEE.—Tom Santschi played the part of the American who saved Kathlyn Williams in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig). Are they just showing that serial out your way now?

A PROFESSIONAL, Champaign, Illinois.—Very glad, indeed, that you liked our story version of "My Old Dutch" (Universal) so much. I agree with you that Florence Turner's work was wonderful. It does seem good to see her on the screen once again.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Sorry, but I can't answer those marriage questions. Against the rules, you know. No, as far as I know, Crane Wilbur doesn't use a curling iron. The other questions you'll have to ask him.

L. SERBRING.—The great and only Charlie Chaplin was born in France, of English parents. Yes, I agree with you that he is a wonderful comedian.

KATHRYN.—Ah-ha, an admirer of Guy Coombs! Anyway, Kathryn, you show good taste. Yes, he did splendid work in both "Barbara Fritchie" and "My Madonna," two excellent Metro subjects. A little of his history: Guy was born in Washington, District of Columbia, 1882. His first professional appearance was on the stage with Mrs. Fiske, in "Becky Sharp." His greatest legitimate work was while playing opposite Charlotte Walker, in "Boots and Saddles." He started his screen career with Edison over five years ago, and next went with Kalem, where he played opposite Alice Joyce, Anna Nilsson, and Marguerite Courtot. Recently he joined the Metro Company, and can be addressed either there or at the Screen Club, New York City.

CURLS.—Enid Markey played *Kalaniveo*, in "Aloha Oe" (Triangle). A marvelous picture, wasn't it? Florence Turner, the favorite of the good old days, was *Sal*, in "My Old Dutch" (Universal). Edna Goodrich had the lead in "Armstrong's Wife" (Lasky). Very happy to know you enjoy reading this magazine so much.

E. CAPORAL.—So you want to be an actor? Alas and alack, my boy, the field is overcrowded! You would stand no chance in the world, especially as you say you are a novice. Better stick to your regular job, and don't bother with pictures, except to see them. It will save you many heartaches.

G. A. P.—The American Film Company (Mutual) hasn't, as yet, an-

nounced any sequel to "The Diamond From the Sky." In due time, however, they will give all the particulars.

VAL SIEMS.—Address Grace Cunard at Universal City, California, and Pearl White in care of Pathé Frères, New York City. I imagine either one of them would send you a photograph on receipt of twenty-five cents, to cover cost of mailing, et cetera. Yes, I believe Kathryn Williams would answer a letter. Why not try, and see? Your letter was very nice, indeed.

M. R. W.—"Cabiria" was released by Italia Film Company; "The Idlers" (Fox); "Trilby" (World); "The Merchant of Venice" (Kleine and also Universal); "Two Orphans" (Fox); "The Regeneration" (Fox); "The Rise and Fall of Napoleon" (Kleine). Wilton Lackaye played *Svengali*, and Chester Barnet *Little Billie* in "Trilby" (World). Max Figman and Lolita Robertson had the leads in "The Hoo-sier Schoolmaster" (Masterpiece). Emily Stevens was starred in "Cora" (Metro).

N. R. S.—I agree with you that Charles Ray is a wonder. Yes, "The Coward" (Ince-Triangle) was his greatest piece of work. If you knew how much I enjoyed your letter, you would write more often.

PEGGY.—Elsie Jane Wilson played opposite Harold Lockwood in "The Lure of the Mask" (American). She is with Universal now. Wheeler Oakman was *Bunko Kid* in "The Spoilers" (Selig). You are right about William Farnum. "The Spoilers" was his greatest picture. Grace and Mina Cunard are sisters. No, I'm sorry, but I can't tell you the brand of cigarette Warren Kerrigan smokes. Want to send him some?

I ASK U.—Very clever alias, very clever! Marshall Neilan is twenty-five years old. Certainly bright for a youngster, isn't he? Yes, that's his real

as well as reel name. He is now producing for Selig, and will, I understand, appear in his own pictures from time to time. It would be a shame if he didn't, wouldn't it? Your other question about him is out of order. Look at the heading of this department. Cecile Arnold was *The Peach* in "The Submarine Pirate" (Keystone-Triangle). Don't you think the name suited her? Cecile is one of our prettiest little film players. Cannot answer your question regarding the "clearing house" you mention. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to our Scenario Department, and you will receive a reply by mail. Yes, film companies are always glad to receive suggestions. I doubt very much if you would receive remuneration, however.

J. O. K.—More than sorry, but I haven't the slightest idea how you could become a screen player. As I have said time and again before, the field is overcrowded. If you could only have the opportunity of walking down Broadway, New York City, you would see scores of capable actors "at leisure." "At leisure," in plain English, means "out of a job." Ed Coxen is a leading man for the American Film Company, at Santa Barbara, California.

J. C. ANDERSON.—So you, too, want to get in the film game? You show better sense, though, in picking out camera work. I know of no schools that I can recommend. The best way is to try to enter some picture concern as "still camera man"—from your letter head, I imagine you are a photographer—and work yourself up until they give you a crank to turn. It's a hard road, though. The salaries run all the way from as little as twenty-five dollars to several hundred. I should say the average was about seventy-five. Sorry I can't help you, but I get dozens of similar requests, and have to tell them all the same.

CLEO.—Welcome once again! I feel lonesome when I don't hear from you. Releasing means placing the film on the market, on which day it will be shown at first-run theaters.

ANNA LITTLE ADMIRER.—Anna Little was born in Sisson, California, 1894. She was in comic opera for four years, then joined the New York Motion Picture Corporation in 1911, and stayed with them for three and a half years. She was starred in "The Battle of Gettysburg" by them. Miss Little joined Universal in 1914, and played opposite Herbert Rawlinson in "The Black Box." Last fall, she deserted them and signed a long-time contract with the American Film Company. She is about five and a half feet tall, and has brown hair and eyes. Yes, I agree with you that she is the foremost delineator of Indian rôles in the film world to-day.

BILLY.—What, didn't you read Theda Bara's own story of her life in the February 15th issue? If you had, you would have noticed that Miss Bara was born on the Sahara Desert twenty-five years ago. She has no real rival as a player of "vampire" rôles.

41144.—Yes, you are right. Creighton Hale, the Pathé star, played in "The Old Homestead" (F. P.). *Rickety Ann*, in that play, was Margaret Seddon, while the sheriff was played by Russell Simpson.

I WANT 2 No.—You want my opinion of Helene Rosson? I think that she is a remarkably clever little star, and as pretty as she is clever. Helene, who is just seventeen, has been playing leads for less than six months, and see where she is!

INQUISITIVE.—Yes, Ollie Kirkby is a sister of Nona Thomas, the little girl who is making such rapid strides with the Tom Ince forces. Ollie says her ambition in life is to see Nona make good.

ALASKA FAN.—Glad to hear from all

my friends in the frozen North. How is the gum-drop market up there now? So you want Pauline Frederick's latest release. It is "The Spider" (F. P.). Thomas Holding plays lead opposite the divine Pauline.

A. A. C.—Write more plainly in the future, won't you, as a favor? Really, it was a difficult proposition making out what you said. Thank you! Marguerite Marsh is Mae's sister. She was born in Lawrence, Kansas, 1892. Her hobbies are music and painting. No, I have no doubt but that she will send you a picture. Better send along a quarter, though. Times are hard, you know, and photographs cost money.

F. I. Y.—So you want to know who the greatest actor is? In my opinion, no one can compare with Henry Walthall. He is a past master in the art of expression. At present he is working opposite Edna Mayo, in "The Strange Case of Mary Page," Essanay's serial story.

CUBAN FILM FAN.—Arthur Shirley, who is scheduled to play the leading rôle in "The Fall of a Nation" for the National Drama Corporation, was born in Sussex, England, in 1886. Hector Sarno (Universal) was born in Naples, Italy, 1880. Wellington Playter (Metro) first saw the light of day in Yorkshire, England, thirty-three years ago. John Oaker (Horsley) had the same thing happen to him in Ottawa, Canada, in 1893. Hamilton Revelle (Metro) was born in Gibraltar thirty-three years ago. Robert Mantell, the famous Fox star, made his earthly appearance in Irvine, Scotland. The year was 1854. All your favorites seem to be foreigners, what's the matter with the Americans—don't you like them?

JEAN.—Antonio Moreno's full name is Antonio Garrido Monteagudo Moreno—that's all. He was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888, came to America at the age of fourteen, and started his

professional career three years later in stock, at Northampton, Massachusetts. His first picture experience was gained with the old Reliance, where he played opposite Norma Phillips in "The Mutual Girl." He then went to Vitagraph, where he has been ever since. Yes, Tony is one of our best little heart-breakers.

NELLY.—Marjorie Daw's big opportunity came when Geraldine Farrar was in California for the filming of "Carmen" (Lasky). Geraldine fell in love with the dainty little girl, and watched over her with great care and interest. I understand that she is fifteen years old.

QUESTION MARK.—So you read in a recent publication that William Russell is with Biograph? It's all wrong. Bill has been playing with the American Film Company for a good many months, and he expects to remain with them. He was with Biograph in the bygone days.

GIRLIE.—No, Betty Marsh is not Mae's sister. She is her niece. The Marsh family is certainly clever. Mae, Mildred, and Marguerite, the sisters, all play leads with Griffith-Triangle. Betty, the niece, is under Mack Sennett's wing, and Leo, the brother, is one of the best camera men with the Triangle forces.

JACK P.—Very glad you liked the life of Theda Bara so well. Yes, I agree with you that she is a very clever writer. So you think this magazine is improving every issue? We all do our best to make it a success.

WINSOME WINNIE.—Your letter was awfully long, but, at that, I was sorry when I reached the end. Sorry I can't help you out on those marriage questions—against the rules, though. Milton Sills was *Lake*, in "The Deep Purple" (World); *Lucile*, the dancer, in "Whom the Gods Would Destroy" (Lubin), was played by Rosetta Brice;

Ina Claire and Tom Forman had the leads in "The Wild-geese Chase" (Lasky); *The Wandering Gentleman* in "Mr. Flirt In Wrong" (Universal) was portrayed by Charles Winninger; *Craig*, in "The Black Box" (Universal), was Frank MacQuarrie, one of the famous MacQuarrie brothers; Edna Mayo is *Mary Page* in "The Strange Case of Mary Page" (Essanay).

R. S.—George Fisher was *Jack Sturgess* in "The Darkening Trail" (N. Y. M. P.). Yes, he is a clever youth, and getting better parts every day. Did you see him as the *Prince*, in "Peggy" (Triangle), with Billie Burke?

TOM.—The Thanhouser Twins, Marion and Madeline Fairbanks, are just fourteen years old. They were formerly on the stage. No, Douglas Fairbanks is not related to them.

B. W. C.—No, you won't see any more Sidney Drew comedies on the Vitagraph program. Mr. Drew and his charming wife have just signed a long-time contract to produce for Metro. They will release a one-reel comedy every week. Yes, they are about the best polite comedies released.

H. E. S.—The reason that you haven't been seeing much of James Kirkwood lately is because he is spending all his time directing. Yes, he is still with the Famous Players.

E. G.; Art; 333; T. H. O.; Raymo; B. H. T.; J. I. S.; Mary; Gwen; English Fan; J. O. H.; L. M. K.; S., Havana, sorry I can't answer your questions, but they are against the rules. Read the heading of the department, and then I'll be glad to answer any or all questions that comply with the rules.



DOES IT MAKE YOU GASP?

To furnish one thrill for a recent production of the American Film Company, a seven-passenger touring car and a taxi were totally wrecked in a collision. The fact that a valuable leading man and two drivers risked their lives in the same wreck was a mere detail. Their funeral expenses would have been assumed and their families cared for in the event of death or their hospital bills and salary paid in case of serious accident. When an "extra" who had volunteered to drive one of the cars failed to appear, it cost the producers one hundred and fifty dollars to find a substitute, for "extras" are not inclined to be careless unless money or a leading part is their reward and in this play a leading part could not be given. It is a way motion-picture makers have of "going through with" things regardless of cost, once those things are started.



Gently, yet firmly she pressed the revolver into his hand, keeping her lips to his.

COME, Gaston, you are dreaming!" The tall, black-bearded man, leaning across the table in the brilliantly lighted café on Montmartre, lightly tapped his companion's arm.

"Dreaming? Yes," replied the other, heaving a dolorous sigh. "Dreaming of Sadunah—Sadunah, the beautiful. Ah, but she was magnificent to-night! Far more beautiful than I have ever before seen her. And her dancing—it was wonderful!"

"Everywhere I go the talk is of Sadunah," said the other man, his tone lightly scoffing. "Her name is on the lips of every one. I am tired of hearing so much about this woman, who, seemingly, has driven all Paris mad!"

"Ah," exclaimed Gaston enthusiastically, "you have not seen her, or you, too, would be charmed. She is the most beautiful dancer that has ever appeared in our city. Not only is she a wonder-

ful exponent of Terpsichore, but she herself is beautiful. In the abandon of her dance, her wonderful, jet-black hair cascades over her shoulders of alabaster loveliness, while her laughing eyes steal their way into the heart of every spectator."

During Gaston's delineation of the beauties of Sadunah, his companion puffed quietly on his cigarette, and from time to time sipped his tall glass of absinth.

"I must see her," he stated at last, more to himself than to the other, his eyes dreamy through the haze of cigarette smoke.

Snatches of conversation from nearby tables reached the ears of the two men, and the name of Sadunah was often repeated.

In the home of the great artiste, a far different scene was being enacted.

She who had listened to the plaudits of artistic-loving Parisians had hastily fled from an after-theater supper, given by Comte de Chatonet in her honor, to be with her daughter Editha, whom she loved with a passionate intensity which surpassed the usual mother love.

Seated on the edge of the bed in the ivory-and-gold bedroom of Editha, Sadunah was holding her daughter's hand.

"Mother, were they pleased with you to-night?" questioned the girl, who stood on the threshold of womanhood.

"Yes, yes, darling," replied Sadunah; "the audience was almost beside itself. It is pleasant to be so loved by my dear compatriots; but their love and their applause mean little to me. You are the only person in the whole world who means anything in my life," concluded the dancer, crushing her daughter to her breast and kissing her ripe, red lips.

"And you, mother, dear, are the only one whom I have ever loved," rejoined the girl.

Kissing her again, Sadunah rose.

"There, there, darling; you must go to sleep now," said she. From the doorway, she turned to murmur, with a wistful smile at her daughter: "Some day you will love another more than you do me, I am afraid."

"Never, never, never!" returned Editha, her eyelids fluttering sleepily.

Shaking her head, as she smiled her wistful smile still, Sadunah passed from the room. As she made her way to her own sleeping chamber, her thoughts were all of her daughter. Her happiness and well-being were the supreme things in the mother heart. For this child, who was just entering womanhood, Sadunah was willing to make any sacrifice, however great, if she could but assure herself that the future pathway of life would hold no thorns in the roses with which she intended to pave the way her daughter would tread. Nothing should ever occur to spoil the future happiness of this winsome maid.

Inevitably the dancer's thoughts drifted to Henry Laroche. Her eyes glittered ominously and her bosom tumultuously heaved, as she thought of this man, whom she feared would wreck her daughter's future happiness. For weeks he had been paying eager court to Editha. His suit had been frowned upon by Sadunah, but with the persistence of a man deeply in love he had clung tenaciously to the hope that eventually the mother would relent, and permit him to declare that which was in his heart.

"He shall never have her," breathed Sadunah. "What is he? Only the secretary of Mostyn May. When my daughter weds, it will be to a man who will be able to give her every happiness in the world. Laroche—pouf!"

As her maid aided Sadunah to disrobe, she wondered at the overwrought condition of her mistress. There being no other reason apparent, the maid put down the display of temper to that "temperament" with which all artistic persons are endowed.

"Well, Henry," jubilated Mostyn May, rubbing his hands together, "we cleaned up pretty well on the Bourse yesterday, and to-night I intend to have a little jollification to celebrate the event. Have you any suggestions to offer?"

The man to whom he spoke was one who by his audacity and the magnitude of his operations had steadily forged his way to the top rung of the ladder of success, until he was recognized as the peer of all brokers on the Bourse, had labored until he had become a power not only in the money market of France, but in all exchanges where men made their money work for them. Thoroughly absorbed in the business of making money, he had lost practically all touch with the world, which was the delight and the joy of the average

Parisian. So now he appealed to his secretary, Laroche, to aid him in providing an entertainment which would prove attractive to his friends.

"Why not have Sadunah dance? She is the rage at present, and I am sure that your guests will appreciate her."

"Do you think she would dance for me and my guests?" questioned May.

"It would be necessary for you yourself to ask her," said Laroche. "If I

I hope that she will grant my request." He turned to his desk and for a brief interval there was silence, save for the scratching of a pen, as it moved rapidly across the sheet of note paper. Sealing the envelope, May summoned a messenger and quickly sent the missive on its way.

"There is nothing to do now but to hope for the best," said the financier, as he turned to take up various matters of grave financial importance.

An hour later, Mostyn May was reading Sadunah's reply. She would be very happy to appear for the entertainment of Monsieur May's guests. A delighted smile played on the features of the financier as he summoned Laroche to his side.

"See, Henry," said he, pushing the reply toward Laroche. "She will dance for us."

"She is very kind," was the other's only reply.

A wild, weird blare of music burst

from the Oriental musicians squatted on the floor in the drawing-room of Mostyn May's palatial home. The cadences from the reed instruments rose and fell. A hush of expectancy settled over the assembled guests. Garbed in flowing robes, Sadunah entered the room.

With undulating steps, she made her way to the space which had been cleared for her. Her every posture and movement was gracefulness personified. She danced like one inspired. The music



"Then I may hope?" asked May.

were to ask her, I am sure that she would refuse; but, coming from you, I am rather inclined to think that she will consent to appear."

"Hum!" mused May, stroking his chin. "What have you done to incur the displeasure of the fair Sadunah?"

"Why, nothing," replied Laroche. "I am simply in love with her daughter, that is all."

"Which, to a jealous mother, is quite enough," returned May. "But I will dispatch a special messenger to her, and

from the reed instruments shrilled more loudly. Sadunah whirled and postured, completely captivating the eyes and hearts of her spectators. There was a prolonged burst of music, as the dancer sank to the floor in a graceful curtsy, her jet-black hair rippling over her shoulders.

For a moment, there was silence, which was quickly broken by the applause of Mostyn May's guests.

The affair was a great success—especially for the host; and during the remainder of the evening, Mostyn May did little else than admire Sadunah.

"When may I have the pleasure of seeing you?" he queried, as he aided her to enter her car.

"To-morrow afternoon. Come and have tea with me."

"I thank you," he returned, as he raised her hand to his lips.

In a trice, she was whirled away, and May stood beneath the light of the porte-cochère, and gazed after the limousine.

"To-morrow," he whispered, as he made his way back to his guests.

"James, tea."

Quietly the butler withdrew from the room, and in a few moments returned, drawing in the tea cart.

"You have seen me only as the dancer, Monsieur May," said the financier's hostess; "but now you will see me as the housewife."

"You are charming in either rôle," courteously returned Mostyn May.

Deftly, Sadunah poured the tea, and passed it to the dignified English butler, who was happy only at teatime, when his mistress observed all of the customs which are so dear to the heart of every true Englishman, whether he be of high or lowly birth. Obsequiously, James handed the cup to May.

Settling herself back among the luxurious cushions, Sadunah gazed at the financier through half-closed lids.

"Your daughter," began May, as he placed his empty teacup on a convenient stand; "where is she?"

"Oh, Editha is out; but I am expecting her back directly," replied the dancer, and her eyes glowed as she mentioned her daughter's name.

"Then, may I remain and make her acquaintance?" pleaded May.

"Most assuredly. It will be a pleasure to have your company. In the meantime, here is a photograph of Editha. It hardly does the dear child justice, though. But, for that matter, no one can ever do her justice."

"Truly, you love your daughter deeply."

"Love her? Ah, m'sieu, I love her better than life itself."

Before May could reply, a door softly opened, and the subject of their conversation entered the room.

"Editha, darling," cooed Sadunah, fondly kissing her daughter. "M'sieu May, permit me to present my daughter, Editha."

Shyly the girl extended her hand.

"Charmed!" murmured May, bowing low.

Almost directly after the meeting, Editha withdrew from the room.

"Sadunah," began May, "you know that I called this afternoon, not merely for the pleasure of having tea with you, but to repeat the question I asked you yesterday."

The dancer vouchsafed him a smile. Whether of encouragement or derision, Mostyn May was unable to decide.

"Don't you understand, dear, that I love you deeply?" pleaded May. "Can't you realize what you mean to me? Sadunah, will you marry me?"

For a moment, Sadunah closed her eyes in dreamy meditation. As she opened them, a smile played upon her lips.

"I will give you your answer to-morrow," said she.

"Then I may hope?" asked May, his eyes lighting joyously.

"You will have my answer to-morrow," returned the dancer.

May arose, and lightly brushed Sadunah's hand with his lips.

"To-morrow, at this hour, I will return," said the financier, as he quitted the room.

Scarcely had May withdrawn from the room, before Editha entered. She crossed to her mother, and sank down

concerned. Three weeks later she and Mostyn May were married.

A large party had gathered in the house of Monsieur and Madame May to welcome them back from their honeymoon. Among the more intimate friends of the financier were the Earl of Wansford and his son, Lord Sandown. And Editha was also of the party.

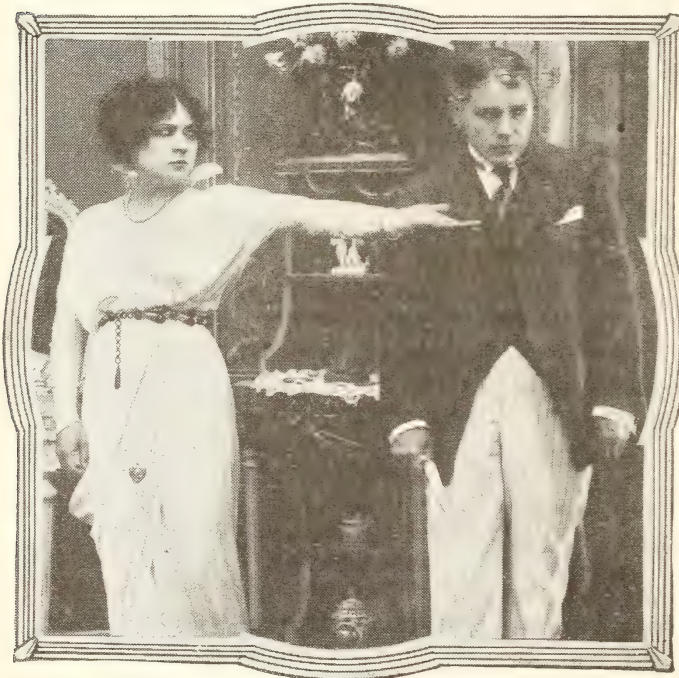
At dinner that night, notwithstanding

her new-found happiness, Sadunah's thoughts continually strayed to her daughter, and as, from time to time, her eyes glanced in the child's direction, the mother was conscious of the fact that Lord Sandown's eyes were fixed on Editha. In his gaze, Sadunah read a message of love and adoration. Shyly, Editha would ever and anon steal a glance at his lordship. If Sadunah read the signs aright, it was truly a case of love at first sight.

With a woman's natural quickness of

perception where matters of the heart are concerned, she decided that this young man was the one to whom she could safely intrust her daughter's future happiness. Satisfied on this point, she decided to bring about a consummation of her hopes.

That night, when her husband came to her in her boudoir, Sadunah employed all the wiles and arts known to woman to compel him to aid her in carrying out her determination. So thor-



Sadunah whirled on her husband.

on a cushion at her feet. Sadunah leaned over and lightly kissed her daughter's cheek, as she lovingly stroked the girl's hair.

"Ah, *chérie*, and how do you like M'sieu May?" queried the mother.

"I think he is very, very nice, indeed," returned Editha.

"Could you love him as a father, darling?"

The girl answered in the affirmative. That settled it, so far as Sadunah was

oughly enamored was May with his wife, that her slightest request was regarded by him as a command, and he quickly promised to aid in bringing happiness to the two young people.

Days fled on winged feet. Winter had settled over Paris, the holiday season had arrived, and Sadunah was dreaming of the balmy breezes of the Riviera. A corps of servants had been dispatched to May's château to prepare for the huge holiday house party that Monsieur and Madame May were to entertain.

Among the guests were the Earl of Wansford and Lord Sandown. To his father, the young nobleman had imparted the secret of his heart. At first, the father regarded such a marriage as a *mésalliance*, but eventually the son, through Mostyn May, had brought his father to what he considered a proper frame of mind, and the earl had consented to an engagement, providing Editha loved his son.

Perched high on the cliff and overlooking the beautiful bay was the château. Within were gathered the members of the house party. During the two days that had elapsed since his arrival, Lord Sandown had been pressing his suit with fervor. Editha, her heart as free from other loves as a child just from a convent, realized that she truly loved this man. And, when he asked her to wed, she gave him her whole heart in all its purity.

"Permit me to announce our engagement," said Lord Sandown, as he entered the drawing-room, his arm about Editha's slender waist. A light of pride glowed in the young man's eyes, but the girl blushed charmingly.

Immediately, Editha was the center of the feminine portion of the party, while the men gathered about Lord Sandown and congratulated him upon the successful termination of his love affair.

Henry Laroche entered the room.

Quickly he understood the situation. A snarl of disappointment twisted his features. The death knell of his hopes had been sounded. Recovering himself, he made his way toward the happy couple and uttered the usual commonplaces.

Alone in his library sat Mostyn May. On the table before him was the following letter:

MY DEAR NEPHEW: For the past few weeks my health has been rapidly failing. As a result my physician has ordered a change of environment. I will be deeply grateful to you and my new niece if you will prepare the little cottage at the Devil's Pool for the reception of myself and the faithful Marks. Affectionately, your uncle, CLIFTON JUDD.

"It's too bad that Uncle Judd will not join us in the château, but he will be comfortable, and near enough, in the cottage," mused the financier, as he drew a sheet of note paper toward himself, and rapidly wrote a reply.

A few days later, Clifton Judd, the millionaire, accompanied by his valet, Marks, to whom liquor had become a curse, arrived at the cottage overlooking the Devil's Pool.

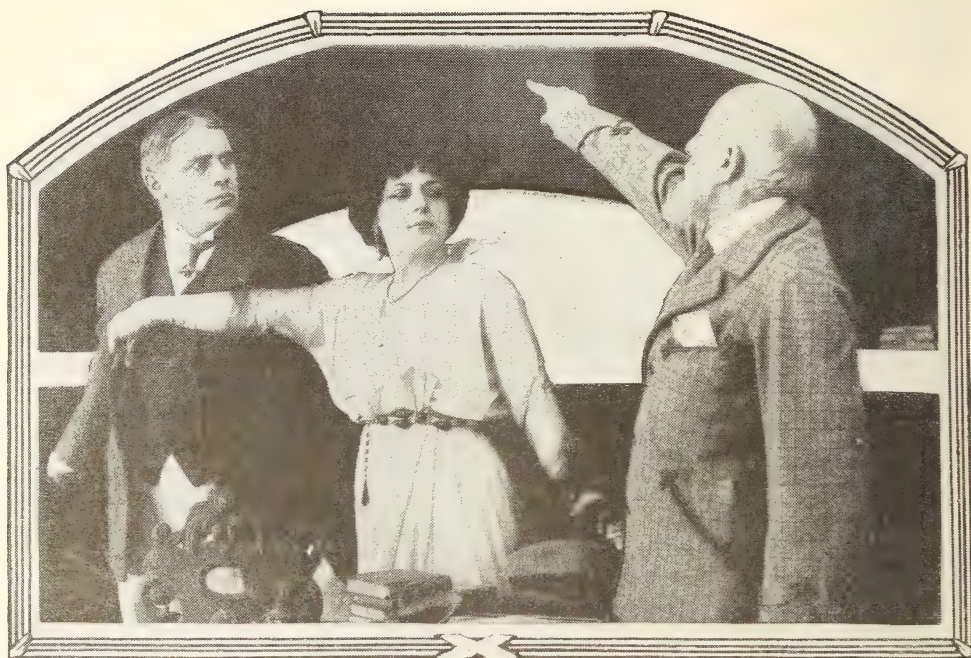
"This is the end," groaned the financier, his face a pasty white. "This is the end!"

Sadunah whirled on her husband. Her eyes widened in alarm as she noted the haggard expression of her husband. In his nervous fingers there fluttered a letter. With hasty steps, she crossed to his side, and took the letter from his trembling hand.

Her face went white as she read:

M. MOSTYN MAY: Unless you are able to secure two hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the end of the current month, to cover certain operations on the Bourse, which if they are not properly attended to, will compel the board of governors not only to suspend you, but also to institute criminal actions against you. There is no question but that you fully realize the illegality of your actions, and unless this matter is properly adjusted you will be branded a thief. Yours,

MAURICE CLAUDET,
Chairman Board of Governors.



"Out of my sight, both you and your dancing wife!" he cried in a voice hoarse with anger.

Her husband a thief! In that one thought all the cherished dreams of her daughter's future happiness were shattered. All the scheming that she had done was to go for naught. She felt no sorrow for this man who had given her his name. Her sole thought was of her daughter. For Mostyn May she had only loathing and contempt. She had married him for the advantages which such a marriage might bring to her daughter.

Savagely she turned on him, as she cried: "Then you are a thief!"

"No, Sadunah, not that—not that!" mumbled May, his face twisted in a grimace of mental anguish.

"What are you to do? In a month you will be driven from the Bourse, and probably to prison. Haven't you any plan to save my name and that of my daughter?"

"There is only one——"

"Yes, there is only one," interrupted Sadunah, "and that one is your millionaire uncle, Clifton Judd. You must ap-

peal to him. Think, man, think of my daughter and of me!"

"I am afraid if he knows the truth, he will not help me," returned May.

"He will help you! He must help you!" cried Sadunah. "There is no one else to whom you can go, and you must ask him to aid you."

Slowly mental order was restoring itself in the chaotic brain of the financier.

"I will ask him," said May, his teeth coming together with a determined snap, while a gleam of hope flickered in his eye.

"When?" demanded Sadunah.

"Immediately," replied the financier. "Will you accompany me?"

"Yes."

Quickly snatching up a wrap, Sadunah and her husband left the château, bound for the cottage balanced atop the treacherous cliff that overlooked the Devil's Pool. With the desperation born of despair, the dancer urged on her husband's lagging footsteps.

Through her mind revolved many schemes to save her daughter's honor, should the millionaire deny aid to the man accused of illegal operations on the Bourse.

Diffidently, May rapped at the door, which was opened by Marks, whose breath reeked with the odor of liquor.

"My uncle," began May, "I would see him."

"Yes, sir," responded Marks, leading the way to the living room, where the aged man sat.

"Ah, this is an unexpected pleasure," said Clifton Judd, as May and Sadunah were ushered in. "To what am I indebted for this visit?"

"Uncle," began the financier, "I have come on an errand of the utmost importance. In your keeping lies my honor—what there is left of it."

"What do you mean? Come, explain yourself!"

"Some of my speculations on the Bourse have gone amiss, and unless I have two hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the end of the month, I will face a term in prison."

"A term in prison!" exclaimed Judd, aghast. "Weren't the speculations honest?"

"No," responded his nephew, his agony of mind convulsing his features.

"Then, you—you are a thief?" queried the millionaire in a voice that was hardly audible.

"Yes," was the response.

Squaring his shoulders, the old man leveled a menacing finger at the man who stood in the shadow of prison bars, and, in a voice that was hoarse with anger, cried:

"If you had lost your money through honest speculation, I would gladly aid you. But you are a thief! You have dragged into the mire an honored name! Out of my sight, you miserable scoundrel! Out of my sight, both you and your dancing wife!"

Gasping for breath, the aged millionaire sank back into his chair.

Sadunah, her eyes glittering ominously, grasped her husband, who appeared as in a daze, by the arm, and led him from the cottage.

Neither spoke as they made their way back to the château. With a glance of vindictive maliciousness at the man who, by his acts, had ruined her daughter's future happiness, Sadunah turned from him and made her way to the privacy of her boudoir, while he passed into his library. She wanted to be alone. She wanted to think.

All the air castles that she had builded for her daughter's future were tumbling about her ears. The brilliant wedding to Lord Sandown would not take place. She herself would spend the days to come in misery, branded as the wife of a felon.

Like a tigress at bay defending her young, Sadunah paced up and down her boudoir, cudgeling her brain for some plan to avert this disgrace which threatened her daughter and herself.

Suddenly she halted in the center of the room. Her eyes glittered with the maniacal light of murder. There was but one way out. Crossing to the bell cord, she jerked it.

"Marie," said Sadunah, as the maid entered, "ask M'sieu May to step here."

Quietly the maid withdrew, and a few minutes later, Mostyn May entered the room.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"I have thought of a plan to save us from this disgrace which threatens us all," returned his wife.

"And your plan?" questioned May eagerly.

"There is but one way out: Your uncle's death alone can save us," she hissed. "You must kill him!"

"Not that! Not that!" cried the financier in abject despair.

"You must kill him!" repeated Sadunah in cold, hard accents.



"You must do it!" Sadunah's demand was curt and final, and Mostyn May cringingly conceded.

"I cannot!" groaned May, as he staggered from the room, with the awful thought buzzing in his brain.

That night was one of misery for both Sadunah and her husband. In her room, the scheming wife slumbered fitfully. As for May, he paced up and down his sleeping chamber smoking one cigar after another, pausing occasionally to take a stiff drink of brandy. As dawn was breaking, his face haggard by the all-night vigil, May sought his bed, and in his mind there was the resolve to make one more appeal to his uncle.

Early in the afternoon, he dispatched a note to Clifton Judd inviting him to the château for dinner. By the same messenger, however, came back the following reply:

I shall not even dine with a thief. Heaven give me strength to reach town to-morrow to revoke my will.

All was lost—wealth, love, honor, friends. In the days to come, he would be branded as a thief. As these thoughts flashed through May's mind, he trembled, and slowly the insidious poison of his wife's suggestion began to seep in and take possession of his brain. Calmly he contemplated the terrible crime.

All through dinner, he was strangely preoccupied. With a woman's intuitive sense, Sadunah realized that her suggestion was bearing fruit.

Slowly the tall clock in the library chimed the hour of midnight. Flinging his cigar from him, May rose to his feet and slowly made his way to his wife's boudoir.

"Are you yet willing to admit that my plan is the only logical way out of your trouble?" asked Sadunah, as the financier seated himself.

"I don't know. I have been thinking it all over," responded May huskily.

The battle was half won. Again Sadunah was exercising all of the wiles and arts of the coquette to bring this man to her feet. She glided to his side, and climbed up on the arm of his chair. Her soft, white arms stole around his neck. Gently she kissed his cheek, as she stroked his hair.

"Don't you realize, darling, that you must carry out my plan? Can't you understand that there is no other way to save us from disgrace?" she wheedled. "Won't you do this to save me?"

He looked into her eyes. How could he deny this woman, whom he loved even more than honor itself, anything?

Stretching forth her hand, she picked up a small pearl-mounted revolver from a near-by stand. Gently yet firmly she pressed it in his hand. With her lips on his, she murmured:

"You will do this for me?"

"Yes, darling. Anything."

"Then, come," she urged.

Like ghosts, they stole from the silent house, and slowly made their way to the lonely little cottage, high up on the crest of the cliff.

"I can't do it," moaned May, fumbling with the key to the cottage. "I can't do it!"

"You must do it!" Sadunah's command was curt and final, and her husband cringingly conceded.

Staggering like one intoxicated, May entered into the cottage. A night light shed its soft glow in the little alcove, where Clifton Judd lay sleeping. On a near-by cot, the drink-sodden Marks tossed uneasily in half-drunken slumber.

A light breeze whisked a filmy cloud from the face of the moon, and a shaft of mellow light fell on the tense, eager face of Sadunah.

The sharp, spiteful crack of a pistol split the air! Sadunah started. A second report rang out! Then all was silent.

Clutching the still-smoking revolver

in his nerveless fingers, May stumbled from the cottage.

"What was the second shot for?" breathlessly whispered Sadunah, clutching the sleeve of her husband's coat.

"Marks. He interfered, and I killed him," returned the financier, like one in a horrible dream.

Sadunah felt her courage slowly slipping from her. With an effort, she threw off the momentary fear which threatened to spoil her plans.

"The revolver? What did you do with it?" she questioned.

"Here it is," returned May.

"Go back, do you hear, go back and put it in the hands of Marks."

"I can't, my God, Sadunah, I can't!"

"Coward!" she hissed, as she snatched the instrument of death from his trembling hand and made her way into the chamber of death.

Quickly stooping beside the inert form of the murdered valet, she closed his fingers over the pearl handle of the pistol. A final glance about the room, and she departed.

Back, down the tortuous slope to the château, she led the man who had sacrificed everything in life to save the future happiness of the woman he loved.

Each sought their beds, but to toss through the few short hours that remained before dawn.

In the east, the red rim of the sun was just peeping over the horizon, as one of the gardeners on the estate discovered the open door of the cottage. No response came to his knock. He entered the room. In the bed in the alcove lay Clifton Judd, a gaping hole in his temple, while a sanguine streak stained his pillow. Crumpled up on the steps leading to the millionaire's sleeping chamber, was the form of Marks. In his right hand was clutched a pistol.

Dashing from the house of carnage, the servant quickly made his way to the château, where he quickly gathered the

other servants about him and told them of what he had just seen.

Laroche, the master's secretary, was summoned, and the known details of the crime were given to him. Attended by a couple of manservants, the secretary hastened to the lonely cottage.

A cursory investigation, and Laroche was convinced that Marks, in drunken delirium, had murdered his master, and then, realizing the enormity of his crime, had turned the pistol on himself. Suddenly his attention became riveted on a near-by object. Quickly stooping, he gathered it up and tucked it in his waistcoat pocket, a smile of grim satisfaction on his lips.

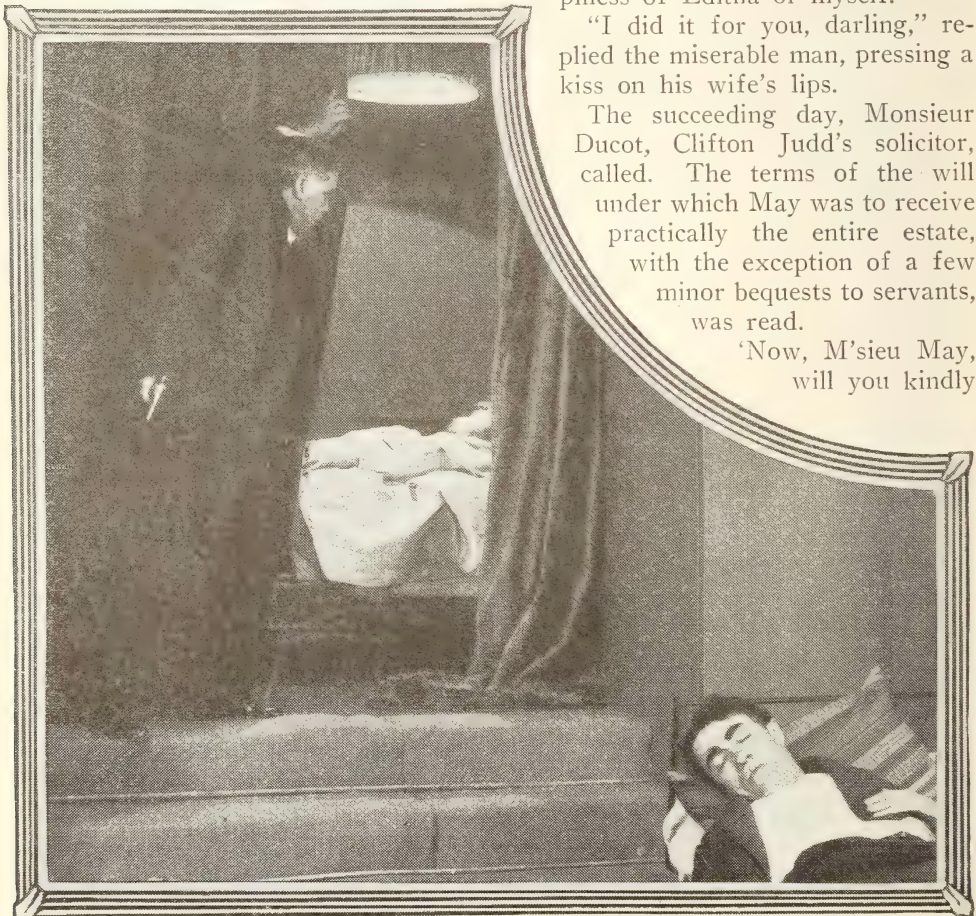
All through the coroner's inquiry, Mostyn May moved about like a man in a dream. Before him constantly arose the vision of the murdered men. The coroner completed his work, and his verdict was that the case was one of murder and suicide.

"Can't you see, dear, that everything has turned out for the best?" asked Sadunah, twining her arms about her husband's neck, following the announcement of the coroner's verdict. "In a day or two, you will come into your uncle's money, and you will be able to meet your obligations, and honorably resign your seat on the Bourse. Nothing will ever happen to spoil the happiness of Editha or myself."

"I did it for you, darling," replied the miserable man, pressing a kiss on his wife's lips.

The succeeding day, Monsieur Ducot, Clifton Judd's solicitor, called. The terms of the will under which May was to receive practically the entire estate, with the exception of a few minor bequests to servants, was read.

'Now, M'sieu May, will you kindly



A night light shed its soft glow in the little alcove where Clifton Judd lay sleeping.

sign here?" asked the lawyer, picking up a pen and indicating the place for the murderer's signature.

With nerveless fingers, May grasped the pen. His face was ashen. Before him rose the face of the murdered man, a great, gaping hole in the temple. Wildly he clutched at his collar, and, with a shriek of agony, toppled across the table—dead!

"What you ask is preposterous!" declared Sadunah, a month after the death of her husband, as the former secretary stood before her in the library of the château.

"But, madame, I love your daughter," persisted Laroche. "I have loved her from the first time I ever met her. She must be mine!"

"Can't you understand that she is engaged to Lord Sandown, and that to rob him of her would be to wreck both their lives?"

"I understand nothing except the dictates of my own heart. I love your daughter, and, by Heaven, she will be my wife!"

"Do you forget, sir, to whom you are speaking?" questioned Sadunah, her eyes flashing.

"No; I realize only too well to whom I am talking," retorted Laroche, drawing a bit of crumpled lace from his pocket. "Do you recognize that?"

Sadunah's face went livid with fear. The bit of crumpled lace had been torn from her gown on the night of the double murder.

"Ah," said Laroche, a note of derision in his voice, "I see you do! That bit of lace was found in the room in which Clifton Judd and his valet Marks were murdered. Your husband, goaded on by you, committed the deed. I want Editha. Give her to me, and I will remain silent."

Crushed and broken by the revelation of Laroche, Sadunah stretched

forth her hand, as if to ward off some expected blow.

"Come to me to-morrow," she whispered, "and you shall have my answer."

A smile of triumph and of satisfaction played about the corners of his mouth as Laroche quitted the room.

All through the silent watches of the night, Sadunah was stretched on the rack of mental torture. She had sacrificed everything for her beloved Editha. Would the supreme sacrifice—the laying down of her own life for the happiness of her daughter, be too much? At last, as dawn was breaking, the resolve was taken—no sacrifice would be too great!

"Ah, M'sieu Laroche, you are, indeed, prompt!" said Sadunah, as the former secretary put in an appearance for his answer.

As he gazed at the woman before him, Laroche realized how great must have been her torture during the hours that had elapsed since his last visit. Great, dark circles were beneath her eyes. She looked old and haggard. All the youth and buoyancy of spirit had departed.

"So much depends upon your answer that it was with difficulty that I waited until this afternoon," returned Laroche.

"My answer, m'sieu," said Sadunah, "is no! You cannot marry my daughter."

For a moment, Laroche was aghast at the temerity of this woman, who dared to refuse his request, when he held her life in the hollow of his hand.

"Is that your final decision?"

"Yes."

"But suppose I were to inform your daughter that you are a murderess——"

"You wouldn't do that," interrupted Sadunah.

"I would; and unless you permit me to marry Editha, I shall tell her your guilty secret. Permit me to make her my wife, and your secret is safe."

The miserable woman cowered in her

chair. All her hopes were blasted. She must have time to think.

"Come to me to-morrow morning, above the Devil's Pool. I can't think now; but you shall have your final answer then."

Believing that he had won, and that Editha would become his wife, Laroche withdrew from the château, and made his way to his apartments.

Dawn, with rosy fingers, was painting the sky in gorgeous hues. The day bade fair to be such a day as is found only on the Riviera. The little birds were twittering happily in the trees. All seemed at peace in the world. But in the heart of Sadunah there was hate—deep, abiding, black, malicious hate.

Editha and
her betrothed,
Lord San-

down, were seated on the terrace, as Sadunah, gowned in white, left the château. Catching sight of her beloved daughter, Sadunah quickly crossed to the lovers. Fondly and lingeringly she pressed a kiss on her daughter's brow, but, as she turned away, a groan escaped her lips.

Up the winding path, to the heights above the Devil's Pool, Sadunah made her way. Beside the broken fence sat Henry Laroche. A sinister smile curled his lips, as he rose and greeted the dancer.

Sadunah slipped her arm within his, and, with her other hand extended, pointed to the beautiful view that was visible from the top of the precipice.

"See," said she, "the wonders of God in nature. The beautiful azure of the skies; the singing of the birds; the gorgeous beauty of the flowers and shrubs; is it not all truly wonderful?"

"It is, indeed, beautiful," returned Laroche, gazing about.

"And the river," continued Sadunah, pointing downward.

The man peered over the rail of the broken fence and

With the agility
and ferocity
of a panther
Sadunah
leaped
upon him.



gazed into the depths below. With the agility and ferocity of a panther, Sadunah leaped upon him. For a moment they swayed back and forth on the edge of the precipice. There was a crash, as the fence gave way. The ever-widening eddies of the Devil's Pool broke on the rocks, and then all was silent.

It was a supreme sacrifice—a sacrifice worthy of a better woman than Sadunah—but when the waters of the Devil's Pool closed over the heads of the dancer and her victim, a new life was laid open for Editha—and Sadunah's unhonorable life could not have ended in a more honorable way.



THE MOVIES EVERY TIME

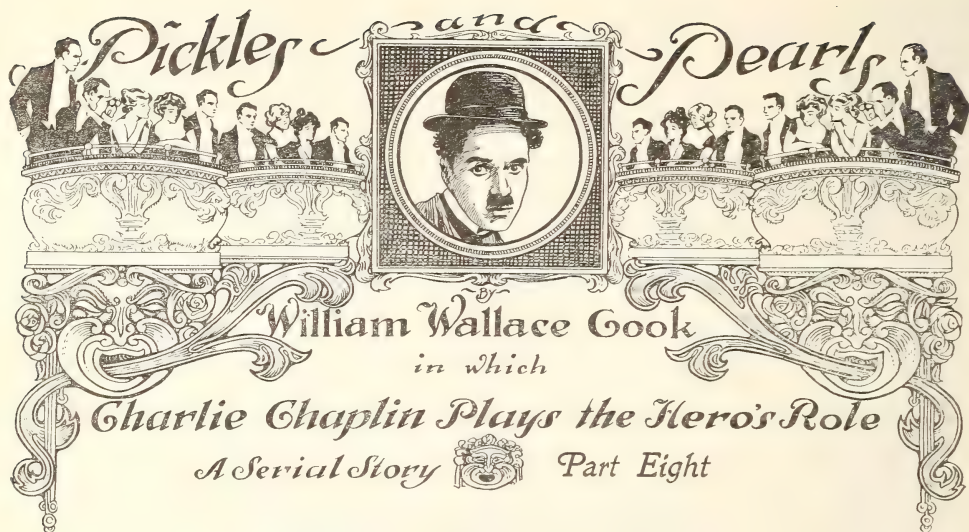
SOME people like to go to plays
 To see the actors strut,
 And hear them rant and rave, but say!
 I think I'd be a "nut"
 If I didn't know a better way
 To spend my nimble dime.
 You bet your life I do. Gimme
 The Movies every time.

My dad he's great on school, and says
 He thinks I ought to read
 A lot of stuff for which I'm sure
 I won't have any need.
 I learn a good sight more about
 The heights I have to climb
 From the Moving Pictures. Shucks! Gimme
 The Movies every time.

I love to swing and hit a ball,
 I like to skate and slide,
 I'm keen on fishing, and I sail
 My boat with wind and tide.
 But for real, slap-up joy and bliss
 There's nothing so sublime
 As the Moving Pictures. Yeah! Gimme
 The Movies every time.

I wish I had a pot of gold,
 I'd buy a Movie Show,
 And then I'd sit and watch the screen,
 And never have to go.
 But you bet your bottom dollar when
 I'm lucky with a dime,
 I'll spend it good. Oh, gee! Gimme
 The Movies every time.

EVERETT LEIGHTON.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

LOLA MCTODD, daughter of Silas McTodd, the pickle king, is known as "The Pearl of the McTods" because of her beauty. When she was young, a gypsy made the prophecy that if, when she was eighteen, she placed a wishbone over the door, the first man to pass under it would marry her. As her eighteenth birthday arrives, she finds herself with many suitors, chief among whom are Duke Penruddock and Harold de Vere, a young millionaire. Lola believes she should marry the duke, though she has never met him face to face, and her father favors the match. Charlie Chaplin, who has long sought his favorite brand of pickles, learns that they are made by McTodd, and applies to the pickle king for a place as night watchman at his plant. By mistake Charlie is the first man to pass under the wishbone, and Lola is greatly excited. Charlie secures the position, and starts work. The duke arrives unexpectedly, and Lola, who is unprepared, hides in the factory. She is caught in some machinery, and Charlie saves her life. McTodd offers Charlie a position in Samoa as special representative of the firm, hoping to thus remove him from the sight of his daughter, but Charlie refuses. The duke tries to do away with Charlie, but Harold de Vere proves the man of the hour, and saves the hero. Later, Charlie again saves Lola's life. McTodd gives a ball to announce the engagement of his daughter to the duke. Charlie hides in a bank of palms, and sees Major Bright steal the famous tiara from Lola's neck. He accuses Bright of the theft, but McTodd explains to him that it is part of a prearranged plan to securing valuable advertising for the McTodd pickles through the newspapers—as they plan to give out a story about the jewel being stolen. A fire breaks out in the house, and the guests flee in panic. Bright steals the tiara again during the confusion—this time in earnest. He also attempts to take McTodd's life, but Charlie is on hand to rescue him. Harold also becomes a hero by saving McTodd's stenographer, Gwendoline. Charlie is hired by the pickle king to trail Bright and secure the tiara, thus postponing his trip to Samoa. As Charlie begins his search, he learns that Harold is also after Bright. They decide to work together, and their combined investigation leads them to suspect that the duke and Bright are working together, and are a pair of crooks. They trail Bright to a circus, and after many thrilling adventures corner him and force him to confess that the duke is in reality Jack O'Byrne, a noted bank robber. Harold tells Charlie he has read in the paper that Lola McTodd is to be married to the duke that afternoon. They figure that by stealing a ride on a freight, they will arrive in time to save the Pearl of the McTods, but just as they reach this decision the train is wrecked. Unknown to them, the workers in the pickle factory, where the wedding was to have been held, strike, and boldly declare they will prevent the ceremony unless their wages are raised. McTodd sends for the police. Charlie recovers from the effects of the wreck, and determines to save Lola. Harold quarrels with him, and both set off alone for the McTodd home. Charlie steals an auto, and is followed by its owner and the police. He arrives in time to quiet the strikers, but when he tries to expose the duke, McTodd turns him over to the police who have followed him. Charlie manages to escape, and finds Harold holding Lola a prisoner in her auto in the woods, having abducted her while she was on her way to the wedding. O'Byrne, searching for Lola, is met by Charlie, who denounces him and turns him over to the police who had so recently sought Charlie. Then Charlie rushes back to release Lola from her prison, only to learn she has escaped.

CHAPTER XLI.

PRISONERS OF THE LIMOUSINE.

HIST!" Charlie was staring at the limousine, staring and rubbing his eyes, when a hissing monosyllable reached his ears from a thicket behind him. What did that mean?

Turning slowly, he pushed his way into the thicket.

"Charlie," called a familiar voice, "I am in trouble! Let us forget our differences so you can help me!"

Charlie was face to face with Harold de Vere. Harold had been walking back and forth, behind the curtain of

bushes, and had beaten out a path, there in the timber, which spoke eloquently of his worries.

He had clung to the disguise of a second trombone until the disguise was finding it almost impossible to cling to him. The red uniform was torn and soiled, gilt buttons were missing here and there, and the gilt trimming was badly tarnished.

The face of the young millionaire was smudged with grime. His eyes held a haunted look. Destiny had played strange pranks with Handsome Harold since sending him forth on that quixotic quest of his ideal!

"There are four of us in this patch of timber, and we are all in trouble. But the prisoners in the limousine—have you seen them, Harold? Have you heard their cries? Ladies first, you know! Come!"

Charlie would have left the thicket forthwith and released the captives of the car, had not De Vere stayed him.

"Wait!" exclaimed De Vere. "Reflect! If you allow Miss McTodd and her maid to escape, they will proceed to the factory without delay, and the wedding will go on. This must not be!"

"True!" murmured Charlie, pausing. "The situation of Miss McTodd is not so unfortunate as it might appear at first sight. While she is in restraint, the wedding is impossible. How came the lovely heiress to be involved in this fortunate misfortune, Harold?"

"'Twas my work," admitted De Vere.

"Your work?" murmured Charlie, wondering if he heard aright.

"Yes, mine!" breathed Harold heavily. "See what love has done for me, Charlie. It has made of me a ragged wanderer, a menial, a calliope player, a grocery clerk—and now," and he sighed drearily, "a criminal!"

"Don't be downcast, Harold," said Charlie encouragingly. "What crime have you committed?"

"I have abducted a bride on her wedding day," was the answer. "And now, what can I do? She and her maid are in the limousine, but they cannot be kept there indefinitely. If I leave them in this wood as prisoners, they will starve to death; if I release them, Miss McTodd will marry the scheming wretch ere nightfall; if I wait till dark and drive them into Boggsville, the ignominy of arrest and incarceration are mine! The dilemma has nearly driven me mad. For half an hour I have walked up and down this dim forest aisle, trying to discover some way out of my troubles—and I could find none, none! But," and Harold's voice grew hopeful, "you have come, and you will help me!"

It was a serious situation. Charlie realized that.

"How did you manage to run away with Miss McTodd and her maid, Harold?" he inquired.

"It was not difficult. I came into town with Leeson. Thinking that surely the marriage would take place at the manor house or the church, I left Leeson and went to the manor. The limousine stood in front. I bribed the driver to let me take his place, and —"

"How did you bribe him? You told me, Harold, that you had no money. That was my reason, you remember, for paying our way to Rapidan to overhaul the show."

"I gave the fellow my diamond ring," Harold went on. "He had explained to me that he was waiting to drive the bride to the factory for the wedding, and my one thought was to keep the beautiful girl away from the factory. I did not pause to consider what I should do when Miss McTodd was on my hands—I gave no heed whatever to that vital point. So—so I took a leap in the dark. The ladies came from the house, got into the car, and when the machine had turned into the woods, the

chauffeur jumped down, took my ring, and fled. When the ladies saw me, they swooned. It was my opportunity, and I took advantage of it. To climb the back fence at the manor required only a moment, and there, in the rear of the McTodd premises, I cut a clothesline from its posts, and used the rope for turning the limousine into a prison. Afterward, I drove the automobile from the road and into the depths of the wood. Then, as my prisoners began to revive, and to make outcries, I began to reflect on the awful thing I had done. My heart failed me, Charlie. Here, under cover of the thicket, I have walked up and down, harassed in body and mind as never before in all my life. What can I do?"

A small bag, somewhat damp, lay beside the path De Vere had worn in his weary pacing. Charlie picked it up and found it to contain two or three large dill pickles.

"Whence came these, Harold?" he inquired.

"I bought them with a few pennies I had in my pocket," confessed De Vere. "It was while I was with Leeson. I remembered how you had heartened and strengthened me, the night of our troubles with the infernal machine, by giving me those little gherkins. So I bought the dills. But it was money thrown away, for they proved of no aid whatever."

Charlie was hungry, but he did not relish the dills. He ate part of one, however, while considering Harold's case, and the others he put in his pocket.

"Harold," said he, "I have discovered this afternoon that I am gifted in the line of persuasive eloquence. What we must have, in the present emergency, is the coöperation of Miss McTodd. Suppose I go to the limousine, tell Miss McTodd that the supposed duke is not a duke at all, but a fortune hunter, and try to make her understand that the

prospective wedding would be a mistake?"

"You could accomplish nothing, I am sure," answered De Vere.

"It is the only thing to be done. Wait here until I see what I can do."

Charlie hastened from the thicket to the limousine. The wan faces of the two prisoners lighted up at his approach. He got up on the driver's seat and placed his lips to the speaking tube.

"Miss McTodd," he murmured, "I am grieved to find you in this sorry situation."

"You are Charlie, the night watchman," answered the Pearl of the McTodds, "and I know you will help me in my great distress. I started for the factory to be wedded to his grace, the Duke of Penruddock, and our chauffeur basely deserted the car, and another miscreant mounted the seat and drove us away. My father, the duke, the minister, the bridesmaids, and all the guests, are waiting. They cannot understand my absence. Oh, will you not drive us at once to the works?"

Charlie's heart was strangely stirred. He pressed closer to the speaking tube.

"I want to save you, fair lady," said he, "but I must first tell you the exact situation. The man you know as Penruddock is not a duke, but a brazen impostor. He it was who planned the theft of the McTodd tiara, and the person known as Major Bright was merely the supposed duke's confederate——"

"Impossible!" gasped Lola.

"I do not wonder that you are shocked and surprised," proceeded Charlie. "The name of this man who has been masquerading as a duke is Jack O'Byrne, a notorious criminal. It is fortunate that you were not allowed to reach the factory in time for the wedding."

Lola clasped her hands and fell upon the cushioned seat. Jenkins opened a small handbag and brought out a bottle of salts.

"Do not faint, my lady," she begged. "Here, this will help you."

Lola pushed the bottle away wildly.

"But there must be a wedding!" she cried. "The guests have assembled, all is in readiness, and I should be terribly humiliated if the day passed without a ceremony having been performed! I—I——" Her voice died away in a stifled sob.

Charlie peered at the beautiful girl through the plate glass. Ravishingly lovely she was in that filmy veil with the wreath of orange blossoms. Why should she be humiliated, or the assembled guests disappointed?

"Miss McTodd," he cried, through the speaking tube, "I should be glad to take the place of the impostor! If it will relieve your distress, I will marry you myself. Remember, I have twice saved your life. If a lifetime of devotion can win me a place in your affections, I——"

He paused. Lola had given vent to a piercing scream, and had fallen limply into the arms of her maid.

It was a trying moment. Charlie would have been utterly beside himself, had he not heard a call from De Vere.

"This way, Charlie, quick! O'Byrne is coming along the road in a car! He heard the scream, and he will be upon us in a moment!"

Charlie leaped from the limousine and hastened to join his companion.

"O'Byrne!" he muttered, between his teeth. "You should have abducted him, Harold, and left Miss McTodd alone. Now I can meet the fellow, and have this little affair out with him! I owe that scoundrel more than you think—and I shall pay my debt!"

CHAPTER XLII.

LUCK AND ILL LUCK.

Charlie's nature was stirred to its very depths. His usually pleasant features were overcast with a look so

venomous, so inhumanly fierce, that De Vere's blood curdled in his veins. Charlie pounded his breast, pulled his derby down with both hands, pushed up his sleeves, and started for the road. De Vere grabbed at his coat.

"I never saw you like this before, Charlie," whispered the young millionaire hoarsely. "Beware lest you go too far! Think what might happen to both of us if—if you forgot yourself and killed the ex-ringmaster. I would be an accessory before the fact, and equally guilty with yourself. Man, be reasonable!"

"This is no time for soft words, De Vere!" gritted Charlie. "This pretended duke sent me an infernal machine, and with the bomb he forwarded a spurious message that dealt in a high-handed manner with the name and fame of a fair lady. Now that O'Byrne and I are to come face to face," and Charlie struck an attitude, "I shall make him rue the hour in which he involved Miss McTodd in his fiendish plots!"

"I cannot, I dare not, go with you and look upon your awful work!" faltered De Vere.

"All I ask of you, De Vere," returned Charlie, "is to cut a few yards of rope from the coils about yonder limousine. Be ready with the rope when I shall call for it. Not another word! Attend to your duty as I am prepared to attend to mine."

Tearing himself free of De Vere's clutching fingers, Charlie ran through the woods in the direction of the road. Peering from the bushes, after he had proceeded far enough to make observations of what was going forward in the highway, he saw Silas McTodd's roadster at a standstill, with McTodd's private chauffeur and O'Byrne on the car seat.

"I am sure that I heard a scream from the depths of the wood," the impostor was saying. "We must investigate. Will you come with me?"

"It will not do to leave the car alone," demurred the chauffeur. "I am responsible for the car, your grace."

"Then I shall go forth single-handed," said O'Byrne resolutely, and stepped down from the roadster.

"Make one move from where you stand, Jack O'Byrne, and there will be fireworks!"

It was a relentless voice that spoke, and the bushes crashed as a figure flung itself into the road.

"Charlie!" whimpered the chauffeur, and cowered behind the roadster's dash.

It was plain that O'Byrne was both startled and dismayed. He managed to pull himself together, however, and to show considerable spirit.

"Scoundrel!" he cried. "You dare to threaten me with a deadly weapon?"

Charlie's hand was lifted to a level with his eyes, and in the shadow of the trees the "deadly weapon" showed dimly.

"O'Byrne," was the answer, "you have reached the end of your rope. I have been looking for you these many weeks. You played a bold game, but it has lost. My name is Chaplin——"

O'Byrne's iron nerve was shaken. He flung up his hands and tottered.

"No, no!" he exclaimed frenziedly.

"Yes!" shouted Charlie. "Chaplin, who lost every dollar he had in the world when you robbed the Billingham National Bank and sent the institution to the wall! All my little savings went to smash, and I swore that I would never rest until I found you and brought you to justice. I am confident that you knew I was on your trail, for my very name causes you to tremble! O'Byrne, I intend to turn you over to the police. Stand with your back toward me, and put your hands behind you."

"Don't do anything rash," pleaded O'Byrne. "You had only forty-two dollars in the bank. Let me go, Chapline, and I will give you ten times that

amount. Think, man, what you could do with four hundred and twenty dollars! Don't——"

"You cannot bribe me," returned Charlie firmly. "I will do my duty, even if it involves shooting you down where you stand. Will you turn your back and put out your hands?"

O'Byrne's haughty air had forsaken him. His silk hat had fallen into the road, and he had bowed his head in hopeless dejection.

"Don't shoot!" he implored. "Let me live, if only to undo some of the wrongs I have committed!"

"I will let you live to pay the penalty of your misdeeds. There is Pridby, and Colonel Brawley's beautiful diamond——"

The black frock coat was suddenly convulsed, and a boutonniere dropped from the lapel.

"There is Silas McTodd's wonderful tiara——"

Again the frock coat heaved.

"And Silas McTodd's daughter," proceeded Charlie, piling one term of the indictment upon another with savage emphasis, "and the infernal machine you sent to me in the name of the fair girl who was to be your bride! Monster! You ought to have a dozen lives and be sentenced to hard labor with all of them in order to pay the penalty of your crimes. Down on your knees, scoundrel!"

O'Byrne slumped to earth as ordered, his wig awry, his face hueless, and his eyes turning over his shoulder for a fearful look at the leveled weapon.

"Say that you are not the Duke of Penruddock!" stormed Charlie. "Say it!"

"I—I am not the duke."

"You are Jack O'Byrne?"

"Yes—yes! Oh, turn that weapon away from me, Charlie Chaplin! You are excited, and in an unguarded moment you might press the trigger. Man,

would you slay one who is completely at your mercy?"

Charlie lifted his voice. "Harold!" he cried. O'Byrne was making such a pitiable exhibition of himself that Charlie felt it necessary to cut the scene short.

De Vere stepped into the road. "Here!" he answered, looking about him fearfully.

"Bind that man, De Vere," Charlie commanded.

"We'll attend to that!" exclaimed a voice.

Two men sprang into the highway, opposite the point from which Harold de Vere had emerged. They wore the uniforms of policemen. De Vere smothered a cry of trepidation, and Charlie himself felt somewhat ill at ease.

"How came you to be there?" he inquired.

"Don't you recognize us?" queried one of the officers.

Charlie looked more closely. The swollen faces of the policemen had deceived him at first, but now he knew who they were.

"Pollock and Blake!" he murmured. "You followed me—I see it all," he went on gloomily, "but the man on his knees there is the one you want. He is——"

"We heard him acknowledge his identity," said Pollock. "There is a five-thousand-dollar reward out for Jack O'Byrne. Leave that to Blake and me," he added insinuatingly, "and we will overlook Leeson's complaint against you, as well as the trouble you caused us on the way from the pickle works to town."

"I will leave it to you for the present," answered Charlie indefinitely. "Take your prisoner and see that he is safely jailed."

Handcuffs were placed about O'Byrne's wrists, and he was lifted to his feet. Pollock and Blake tried to smile over the prospect of receiving at

least a part of the reward money, but the effort was too painful.

"Better borrow Mr. McTodd's car for the ride to the Boggsville jail," Charlie suggested. "I guess you can crowd into it on a pinch."

They did crowd into it. Charlie fell to eating the "deadly weapon" he held in his hand, backing away the while to allow the overloaded roadster to pass. O'Byrne stared at his captor like a man in a trance.

"What—why—what is that you have there, Chaplin?" he managed to stutter.

"A dill pickle," was the unconcerned response. "With this trusty dill, I held you covered, and forced from you the confession that will send you 'over the road.' There is something for you to think about, O'Byrne, during the long years you are to pass in the 'pen.'"

"Pen!" roared O'Byrne, in an outburst of chagrin and passion. "Where I ought to be sent is to some institution for the feeble-minded! A pickle—and I thought it was a gun! Oh, if I had only had the wit of a chipmunk——"

But the car had rolled on, and the ravings of the captured thief died in the distance.

"And now for the ladies in the limousine, Harold!" called Charlie blithely. "I will drive them to the works and restore Lola to her waiting and anxious father."

In his eagerness to rescue Lola for the third time, he rushed into the woods at top speed and to the car. To his amazement, he found the limousine empty—Miss McTodd and her maid had flown! The door was open, and the rope that had secured it lay on the ground.

"What has happened here?" shouted Charlie. "Harold!"

De Vere showed himself cautiously from behind the thicket where he had tramped back and forth while seeking a way out of his unforeseen difficulties.

"You told me to bring you a piece of the rope," he explained, "and, in securing it, the doors of the limousine were left unfastened. By this time, undoubtedly, Miss McTodd must be in her father's arms. Perhaps it was thoughtless of me, but——"

Charlie fell back against the empty limousine and thought bitter things of De Vere. The opportunity for performing a third rescue of Miss McTodd had gone glimmering.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A DAY OF REVELATIONS.

How Silas McTodd ever bore up under the humiliation and worry of that long afternoon was more than he could understand. There had been strikers to deal with, and then Charlie. By a brilliant stratagem he had played off Charlie against the strikers, and afterward had ruthlessly abandoned Charlie to the police. Later, when the bridegroom was waiting for the bride, and the stage was set for one of the most impressive weddings that ever had taken place, the bride had mysteriously vanished. The so-called Duke of Penruddock had gone forth to look for the missing beauty, while the sadly beset pickle king had held the wedding guests in the factory by declaring that in a very few moments the ceremony would certainly be performed. His daughter, disheveled and in tears, came on foot, with her little white slippers torn and stained, and her wonderful gown ruined, and Jenkins carrying her veil. And such a tale as she poured into her father's ears! Silas McTodd's blood ran cold, and it was with difficulty that his fury could be restrained.

His daughter, the Pearl of the McTods, imprisoned in her own limousine, and spirited away by a tramp in broad day! The pickle king tramped his office, shook his fists, and muttered

fierce threats. But there would still be a wedding! In spite of all, the marriage should take place.

Then they waited for the bridegroom, waited until the sun set and the summer's dusk fell upon Boggsville and the pickle works, but no bridegroom appeared. Finally, the horrifying news was brought by the chauffeur that Penruddock was not a duke, that his real name was Jack O'Byrne, and that he had been made a prisoner by the former night watchman, Charlie, and turned over to the police as a bank thief.

This was the last straw. Lola swooned for the third time that afternoon, and, while she was being revived by Jenkins, McTodd went out into the beautifully decorated tank room and dismissed the guests. A wedding was out of the question.

That evening, Silas McTodd paced the confines of his study and tried to look his daughter's situation squarely in the face. Was it humanly possible to set aside the decree of that dread prophecy? Charlie, the night watchman, had been marked by fate to enact the rôle the supposed duke had sought to usurp; Charlie, Cheerful Charlie, a common laborer, and a man whose family name was a mystery! The pickle king clutched at his throat, and his surroundings swam on his eyes.

He tried to think calmly. Charlie had rescued Lola from the whirling machinery of the works, and he had preserved her from the infernal apparatus at the risk of his life. Furthermore, he had revealed the character of the supposed duke to him—McTodd—early in the afternoon, but his rambling words had won scant recognition. Silas McTodd could chide himself now for disregarding those revelations; he could also feel grateful to Charlie for capturing O'Byrne single-handed, turning him over to the police, and thus averting a terrible catastrophe. But the mere thought of having Charlie for a

son-in-law caused the pickle manufacturer to writhe.

What was to be the outcome of that sorry state of affairs? Silas McTodd could only hope that Charlie would be obliging enough to disappear forever from the corporate limits of Boggsville. Yet, in view of the relentless workings of that prophecy, perhaps even this was too much to hope for.

Hawkins interrupted his master's disagreeable half hour by presenting himself in the study door. "A gentleman to see you, sir, hon very himportant business," he announced.

Mr. McTodd took the card from the salver. "Shrewsbury Ames, Solicitor," he read; and, in the lower left-hand corner was the address: "No. 23 Scully Lane, London, E. C."

"Bring Mr. Ames to me here, Hawkins," said the master of the manor.

Shrewsbury Ames arrived, carrying the usual black bag of the English solicitor, and wearing the placid smile of one accustomed to dealing with the quality.

"Mr. McTodd?" he said, with rising inflection.

"At your service," answered the pickle king graciously. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Ames."

They struck hands, and the solicitor was invited to seat himself while he stated his business.

"You are the Mr. Silas McTodd, of the McTodd Pickle Works?" asked Mr. Ames.

"You have it right. You wish to consult with me regarding the sale of our pickles abroad?"

"Hardly that, hardly that. As you will note by my card, sir, I am a professional man, and not in trade. My mission in America, Mr. McTodd, is rather a peculiar and delicate one. I am—ahem—searching for a gentleman now living in the United States; and to that gentleman, sir, I am to tender a vast fortune and a title."

"Ah, I see!" Mr. McTodd's unsettled family affairs made of this visit from the solicitor a pleasant and refreshing diversion. "You have come to me, I suppose, thinking that my wide acquaintance among the best families will, in some way, assist you in your search?"

Mr. Ames coughed behind his hand.

"I fear it is not among the best families that we are to look for the gentleman in question," he said, with a note of apology in his tones. "The gentleman was a younger son, and quite headstrong, not to say wild. He was sent to this country to get him away from home, so that new scenes and experiences might help on his—ah—reformation. There was nothing distinctly evil in his character, please understand. No. He comes of an old and aristocratic family, and noble blood will always tell in the long run. This younger son ran too much to animal spirits, if I may use the term, and was hard to manage. Since the young man came to America, his elder brother has died, and the father, Sir Arthur, has also passed away. The missing gentleman is heir to the title and the great estates of the family."

This was all intensely interesting to Silas McTodd. There was a joy in having fate shuffle him into affairs that concerned the nobility. That was better, perhaps, than doing the shuffling himself.

"Command me, Mr. Ames," said he eagerly. "In what manner can I serve you?"

"Our last clew to the missing Sir Charles," went on the solicitor, "places him in the town of Boggsville. He was working—which, while unusual in one of his line, was most admirable—working, let us say, to secure the means for his support. We are led to believe that he was, or is now, engaged in your pickle factory."

"Sir Charles!" murmured McTodd,

struggling with his excitement. "You say his name is Charlie?"

"Yes."

"And he looks—how does he look, if you please?"

"He resembles all of his family in lofty cast of feature and high bearing. But he has eccentricities of behavior which early marked him for either a person of prominence in the world, or for a plain ne'er-do-well. He ran much to cricket and other sports, not excluding—I say it with regret!—the low excitements of the prize ring. At one time he was a featherweight champion, whatever that may be. He has marvelous sinews, and is capable of great feats of strength. By these characteristics you may be able to recognize him. Can you offer me any information?"

Mr. McTodd's brain was whirling. His thoughts were deep and complex, dealing mainly with his own folly in not recognizing Cheerful Charlie from the first as a man of rank and station. He saw it all, now! The younger son, disdaining any and all claims on his noble father, working at humble tasks to retrieve his name! Ah, how creditable, how wonderful! And McTodd, in his obtuseness, had never dreamed that Charlie, the night watchman, was other than he had seemed!

"If you will leave me your address, Mr. Ames," said the pickle king, "I will take the matter up with my foreman at the factory, and will communicate with you further."

"Thank you." Mr. Ames scribbled an address on another card, and handed it to Mr. McTodd. "I shall be at that address for a few days," he went on, rising, "and may I ask you to be as expeditious as possible?"

"You will hear from me very soon, perhaps to-morrow," said Mr. McTodd.

When the solicitor had gone, the astute pickle king rubbed his hands delightedly. He saw a way out for his little Lola. If she could not have a

duke, then why not a lord? Sir Charles might be able to help on the manufacturer's ambition to become "Purveyor of Relishes to His Majesty the King!" Mr. McTodd summoned Lola to his study, and, in awed tones, laid before her this latest, overwhelming discovery.

The lovely girl clapped her small hands ecstatically. "I always knew, papa," she cried, in a transport, "that Charlie was above the humble sphere in which a cruel fate had placed him! Something told me—something," and she lifted a hand to her fluttering heart and blushed divinely, "*here!* But you have discharged him!" she pouted. "Oh, how could you do that?"

"I shall find him, my pet," averred Mr. McTodd, "I shall move heaven and earth to find him! More than once, my dear, he has saved your life, and I know how deeply he cares for you."

"So do I," whispered Lola faintly; "he declared himself while—while I was a prisoner in the limousine! How romantic it all is, to be sure!"

And, together, father and daughter built their air castles and laid their plans.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A MILD ADVENTURE.

"Harold," said Charlie wearily, "you have made a sorry blunder." He drew away from the empty limousine, as a crafty smile showed itself through the grime of the millionaire's face. Charlie had a disturbing conviction as he watched that significant smile. "Or *was* it a blunder?" he demanded. "You cut the rope that bound the doors of the limousine, and you neglected to tie the severed ends. Was there a purpose in that? Did you connive at the escape of the ladies, De Vere?"

"An idea came to me like an inspiration," De Vere answered. "What you desired, I felt sure, was to drive the limousine to the factory after capturing O'Byrne. You wished to pose, for a

third time, as the rescuer of Lola McTodd. By leaving the door of the car unsecured, I prevented that, and allowed the ladies to rescue themselves. Ah, I have not forgotten how you turned on me immediately after the wreck of the freight train!"

Charlie brushed the damp from his forehead. He was disappointed in the character of De Vere.

"You are mercenary, De Vere!" he declared, in withering tones. "When you are in difficulties, you ask for my aid and profess friendship; but when you are done with the difficulties, you at once show the disposition of a churl. But, remember, McTodd will have officers out looking for the tramp who abducted his daughter!"

"He dare not lay a finger on me!" asserted De Vere boldly. "I have had an awakening, here in these woods. After I had blindly abducted Miss McTodd, and found myself in the unenviable position of not knowing what to do with her, it occurred to me that, should I woo and win her at the altar, I might again be in the position of not knowing what to do with her. She is a spoiled child. Beautiful, yes, but with a temper and a shallowness of intellect that robs her fair face of all its charm. So——"

"Careful!" warned Charlie, lifting his cane. "I will not allow you to cast aspersions upon the Pearl of the McTodds!"

"Very well," was the calm answer, "then the aspersions will be left unspoken. It has dawned upon me suddenly that my infatuation for a poster girl was all a mistake. I am madly in love, but not with Lola McTodd. I also have saved the life of a lady," he boasted, "and that lady I intend to make Mrs. de Vere. I go from this place to assume my proper rank and station.

You, in a poor spirit of revenge, may declare to the authorities that Harold de Vere, of Fifth Avenue, is none other than the applicant for the place of night watchman, the second trombone in the orchestra, the calliope player for Bunkum & Brawley, the grocery clerk, the tramp who bribed the McTodd chauffeur, and ran away with the limousine and Lola McTodd. Declare all that, I say, and who will believe you? I take shelter behind my millions and my social position, and the whole world will laugh at your revelations!"

"You intend to marry Gwendolyn Rives," remarked Charlie, with quick intuition.

"She is a treasure! A——"

"Marry in haste and repent of your treasure! If I wanted revenge for the way you have treated me, De Vere, I could wish for nothing better than to see you married to the stenographer of the pickle works."

"You dare to say a word against the woman I love?" asked De Vere, fluttering his rags and drawing back a warlike arm.

"Not at all! Gwendolyn is a proud beauty, and I can see her throwing your millions around like a princess. You saved her life, and you cannot escape. Destiny has you by the throat, Harold! Farewell! In spite of your unreliable disposition, there is something about you that I like. I am sorry we part in anger. Why can we not be friends?"

"I, a friend of an exhibitor of educated pigs? Sir, I am a De Vere!"

"It is a pleasure to know you are not a Chaplin. Good afternoon!"

They went their different ways, Harold de Vere toward the great city to assume his proper station, and Cheerful Charlie to begin his aimless wanderings and to smile in the face of hardships.



A Dressing Room on Wheels Mary E. Porter

BESSIE EYTON, the clever little leading lady of the Selig Polyscope Company, in Los Angeles, California, has solved a problem which has confronted the motion-picture actresses from the day production began to be made on a *de luxe* scale.

The problem was that of changing costumes while on a location many miles from the studio, and that the solution Miss Eyton has discovered is a dressing room on wheels. Quite simple, isn't it? Still, it took all of six months for Miss Eyton to perfect her idea.

A motion-picture leading lady's wardrobe is no small thing, and to arrange a two-seated automobile—yes, that is the foundation of the dressing room on wheels—so that there will be room for a make-up table, one or more changes of costume, and the star herself, is no small task. I looked at Miss Eyton's dressing room on wheels in its completed form, and quickly decided that I would very much prefer to gaze upon it with awe in that form, than to start at the very beginning and try to arrange it as she had done.

Miss Eyton, who had graciously led me to the car to show me her "patent," as she called it, apparently read the

thought that came into my mind, and smiled.

"I'll bet you are wondering how I got so much into so small a space," she said.

I admitted that I was, and she proceeded to show me just how much more there was inside the little car than I really imagined.

"It is modeled on the plan of a regular theatrical dressing room," she said, "but on a much smaller scale, of course. See the little 'take-down' dressing table over in the corner? Inside of that, there are many little mirrors and other little things I find quite necessary. Then there's that little shelf with powder puffs, grease paints, and a few more necessities. Right behind that is the wardrobe closet. I fill that with the costumes I need for the particular character I am playing, which are required during the taking of scenes away from studio."

She paused and looked into the little car admiringly. I murmured a few words of praise about it, and asked:

"Aren't you afraid others will copy your invention?"

"Why should I be afraid?" she queried. "If they want to use it, that is purely and simply up to them. I believe that every actress in motion pictures will have to have some such convenience in the near future. Speaking for myself, I don't see how I got along without it as long as I did. When I go out on the locations now, I have comfort, privacy, and an ideal place to



Three views of dainty Bessie Eyton putting her new dressing room in practical use.

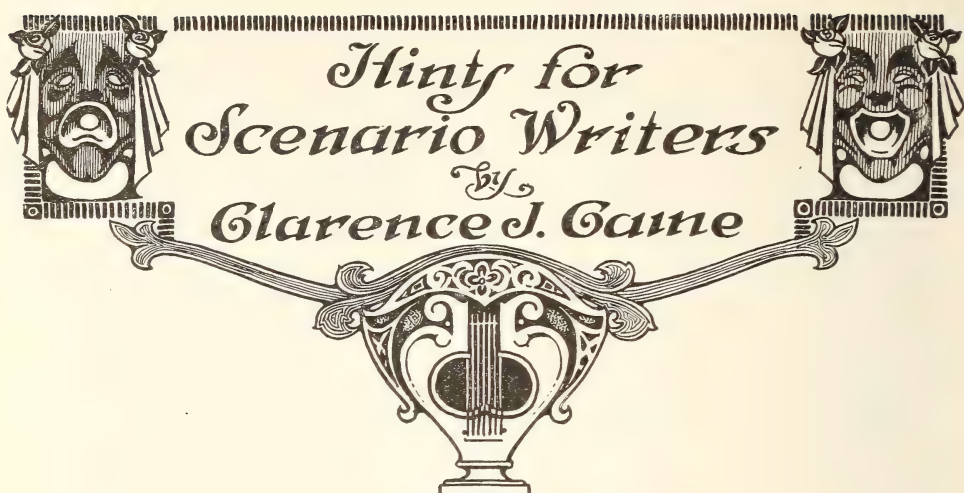
rest during the waits between the scenes in which I appear."

Miss Eyton asks no credit for her dressing-room idea—in fact she never claims any credit for anything. If she is especially good in a certain part, she will say that the scenario writer created an ideal character. If a play in which she has the lead is judged to be of exceptional merit, she will say that the work of the director was wonderful, and that he handled herself and

the others in such a way that they could not help but do their best way.

"Miss Eyton," called a director from a near-by auto, which he was about to enter, "we are ready to start."

A cheerful smile from the auburn-haired star was bestowed upon me, with an apology for having to leave so abruptly. Then she climbed into her dressing room on wheels, closed the door, and carefully guided her car into the road and followed the director.



A SAMPLE SCENARIO

A LONG time ago we printed a sample one-reel scenario which, we have every reason to believe, helped many writers gain much information in regard to the correct form in which to prepare their scripts. From time to time since then we have promised a multiple-reel sample script, and in this department it appears. It is the script used by Director Ben Wilson in producing "In His Own Trap," a three-reel Universal picture. William Addison Lathrop is the author.

We sincerely hope that every scenarioist who studies this sample scenario will not do so for plot, but rather for the manner in which the scenes are arranged to bring out the best that is in the material the author had to work with. The plot itself is not at all new or polished, but the scene action is worked out in a manner typical of the working script, and as the action is laid out here it appears on the screen in the finished picture, only minor changes having been made.

An explanatory list is to be found at the end, in which is mentioned a few of the things to be found in the script. Only a *few of them* are listed, however, and there are hundreds of others, equally important to writers in various stages of development, which they can best learn by a careful study of the script according to their own requirements.

* * * * *

Name of Author,

Street or P. O. address,

City and State.

Submitted at Usual Rates.

IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A three-reel drama of the business and social world of to-day.

Synopsis.

Helen Moore, a society girl who is given over to pleasure and extravagance, is courted by Rodney Stone, a wealthy broker, and John Mayne, a rising young lawyer. Though her mother favors Stone, Helen rejects him because he is too

old for her, and accepts John, whom she really loves. After a year of married life, Helen's extravagance weighs heavily upon John, and he is deep in debt. She wishes to give a ball, and though he asks her not to do it until he can get on his feet again, she wins his consent. The ball is given, and is a gorgeous success for Helen. All through the evening, John remains alone in the library, worrying over his finances, and only appearing in the ballroom to greet the guests. Stone spends the entire evening with Helen, and attempts to kiss her hand as he leaves. She avoids him, but the evil look on his face clearly shows he is not so easily put aside. Helen's extravagance continues, for she does not consider the consequence. Stone learns of John's financial condition, and sets a trap for him. He has one of his clerks, named Crampton, an old man, take money and securities to John, and explain that, as he is going abroad for two years, he would like to have John invest the money for him in first mortgages. This John agrees to do. John's creditors allow him a short extension of time, and that night, while Helen gives a theater party for a number of society people, including Stone, John is tempted to take the money given him by the old man and use it to pay his debts. He figures the old man will not return for two years, and in that time he can replace the money. He succumbs to the temptation, and Stone's detectives, who have been watching John, tip off the broker. Then Stone springs his trap. He has Crampton send a letter to John, telling him that he has decided not to go to Europe, and that he will call in a day or two for the money and invest it himself. John realizes he is a thief, and is about to commit suicide when Helen stops him. She sees what her folly has cost her husband, and determines to help him out of his difficulties. She goes to Stone, who once offered to do anything for her, and asks him to loan her money. He says he will, but on one condition only—she must come to his home alone that night. She is forced to agree to this. Crampton, who recognizes in Helen the daughter of his dearest friend, determines to save her, and sets out to find John. The latter is trying to borrow money, however, and Crampton cannot find him. That night Helen goes to Stone's home. About the same time Crampton finds John, who has borrowed enough money from his father to replace that which he took. Learning of his wife's danger, John rushes to Stone's home, and arrives there just as the broker is trying to force his attentions upon Helen. The men exchange pistol shots, and Stone sinks to the floor, wounded. John gives him the money and denounces him. Helen flees, and returns home. John follows her, and when he looks into her eyes and sees that she is not only innocent of wrongdoing, but that she is also thoroughly penitent of her folly in squandering money, he takes her into his arms.

Characters.

Helen.—A young society girl, given over to pleasure and extravagance. She marries a young lawyer, and when she sees him in trouble the real woman's spirit awakes, and she sacrifices herself for him.

John.—A rising young lawyer. Upright and of strong character. His wife's debts force him into a position where he stoops to a questionable act.

Stone.—A man of about fifty years. Unscrupulous and with little or no character. His brains are devoted to creating evil schemes.

Crampton.—An old man working as clerk for Stone. An honest fellow,

but controlled by his employer. He rebels when he sees the daughter of an old friend in danger.

Guests at ball given by Helen, Butler in John's home, Clerks in John's Office, Clerks in Stone's Office, Society women for card party, Maid, Detective at agency and one who trails John, Broker, Society women for theater party, John's Father, Butler in Stone's home, Chauffeurs for autos, et cetera.

Scene Plot.

Interiors.

Mayne's Law Office.—16—52—57—64—66—70—75—109.

Library of John's richly furnished home.—26—28—29—30—33—36—44—46—48—49—50—67—69—71—73—95—97—99—101—107—112—112 $\frac{1}{4}$ —112 $\frac{1}{2}$ —114—114 $\frac{1}{4}$ —114 $\frac{1}{2}$ —116—119—119 $\frac{1}{4}$ —119 $\frac{1}{2}$ —121—133—134—135.

Ballroom in John's Home.—27—31—35—38—39—40—41—42.

Hallway in John's Home.—32—34—37—43—45—47—54—117.

Stone's Office.—53—55—58—60—62—82—84—85—87—89—91—93—94—102—103—104—105—106—108.

Parlor of Society Home.—56—63—65.

Office of Private Detective Agency.—59—61.

Box in Theater.—68—72—74.

Office of Broker.—78—80—86—88—90—92.

Telephone Booth.—81—83.

Helen's Bedchamber.—96—98—111.

Stairway with Library (scene 26) seen in background.—100—115.

Library of Elder Mayne's Home.—113.

Sitting Room in Stone's Home.—122—124—126—128—130—131—132.

Exteriors.

Garden of Moore Home.—1—3—5—7—9—11—20—22—24.

Another View of Same Garden.—2—8—10—13—15—17—21—23—25.

Drive in Another Part of Garden.—4.

Drive in Garden (near location of scene 1).—6.

Bushes (near scene 2).—12—14—18.

Entrance of Moore Garden from Street.—19.

John's Palatial Home.—51—118.

Office Building.—76.

Bank Building.—77—79.

Loan Shark's Office.—110.

Stone's Rich Home.—120—123.

Rear of Stone's Home.—125.

Roof of Stone's Home.—127.

Skylight of Stone's Home.—129.

Scene Action.

Part One.

Sub-Title.—RODNEY STONE, A WEALTHY BROKER, SEEKS THE HAND OF HELEN MOORE. HIS SUIT IS FAVORED BY HER MOTHER.

1.—Garden of Moore home.—Helen and mother sitting in rockers—mother

trying to have her remain with her—Helen wants to leave—gets up and runs off—mother inclined to be angry.

- 2.—Another view of garden.—Helen runs into scene—smiles back at mother, amused at her anger—sits on bench in foreground.
- 3.—Garden—same as scene 1.—Mother still angry—looks off to side—sees something which causes her to register pleasure and surprise.
- 4.—Drive in another part of garden.—Auto approaching in distance—Stone seated in it.
- 5.—Back to scene 3.—Mother rises, still showing pleasure and surprise—looks over hedge expectantly.
- 6.—Drive in garden, near location of scene 1.—Auto drives in—Stone alights from it—sees mother, and registers pleasure—gives instructions to driver—auto off—Stone starts toward mother and leaves scene.
- 7.—Back to scene 5.—Mother greets Stone as he enters—seems very pleased to see him—they talk—Stone looks about for Helen—mother notices this, and explains she will get Helen—looks in direction Helen went, and calls her.
- 8.—Another view of garden—same as scene 2.—Helen sitting on bench—hears mother call—looks off scene and sees Stone—shows displeasure.
- 9.—Back to scene 7.—Mother and Stone looking toward Helen—Stone says he will go to see her—tips hat to mother, and exits toward Helen—mother looks after him, pleased.
- 10.—Another view of garden—same as scene 2.—Helen seems disturbed as Stone enters—she greets him kindly, however—he appears to love her—he asks her to be seated and talk with him—she hesitates, then agrees—they sit on bench—he starts to make love.
- 11.—Back to scene 9.—Mother looks toward Stone and Helen happily—decides to hear what they are saying—exits cautiously toward them.
- 12.—Bushes near scene 2.—Mother enters cautiously—listens to what Stone and Helen are saying.
- 13.—Close-up of Helen and Stone on bench—same positions as in long shot in scene 10.—Stone tells her he loves her, and asks her to marry him—Helen shows clearly she doesn't care for him—she is sorry for him, though—she says:

Sub-Title.—“FORGIVE ME—YOU ARE TOO OLD.”

Back to picture—Helen looks at him, sorry that she has led him to believe she cared—Stone's expression is that of a man not easily beaten.

- 14.—Same as scene 12.—Mother hears Helen refuse Stone—shows anger to think her daughter has turned down such a fine “catch.”
- 15.—Back to scene 13.—Helen talks to Stone, and tries to make him forget—he listens to her with half interest—his expression suggests that he is planning something in his mind.

Sub-Title.—HELEN IS IN LOVE WITH JOHN MAYNE, A RISING YOUNG ATTORNEY.

- 16.—Mayne's law office.—John at desk, getting ready to leave—appears in a hurry—gives instructions to clerk—clerk telephones—John leaves office for street.
- 17.—Another view of garden—same as scene 2.—Full view of Helen and Stone in same positions as in close-up of scene 15.—She still talking to him—he seems to rouse self from dream—shakes off disappointment—talks to her.

- 18.—Back to scene 14.—Mother disgusted to think Helen passed up Stone—she exits from scene in direction she came, angry.
- 19.—Entrance of Moore garden from street.—John comes in, carrying box of flowers—turns into garden and hurries toward house to see Helen.
- 20.—Garden of Moore home—same as scene 1.—Mother enters, disappointed by Helen's refusal of Stone—sits in rocker, angry—John enters with flowers—mother not as pleased to see him as she was Stone, but does not dislike him—she greets him—he asks for Helen—mother points off toward Helen and Stone—John says he will go to Helen—exits toward the couple.
- 21.—Back to scene 17.—Helen and Stone talking—John comes in—Helen forgets all about Stone as she greets John—John and Helen are very much in love, and their actions clearly show it—both suddenly remember Stone—John shakes hands with him—they pass a few remarks between the three of them—then John and Helen again forget all about Stone in their interest in each other—Stone sees he is not wanted—says he is going—John and Helen say good-by to Stone—he exits, angry, but unwilling to show his true feelings—Helen and John again forget everything, and talk.
- 22.—Garden of Moore home—same as scene 1.—Mother seated in rocker—Stone enters, and she rises and meets him—he says he is leaving—mother unusually nice to him because Helen has refused him—they talk.
- 23.—Back to scene 21.—Helen and John talking—again show their love—John opens box of flowers, and gives them to Helen—she folds them in her arms—he takes her hand—they look into each other's eyes.
- 24.—Back to scene 22.—Stone tells mother he must be going—she sorry he can't stay longer—says she will walk to gate with him—both exit toward gate—Stone does not show his true feelings at being refused.
- 25.—Back to scene 23.—Helen and John in a love scene—he asks her to be his wife and she agrees—they embrace—slowly fade out.

Sub-Title.—AFTER A YEAR OF MARRIED LIFE. HELEN'S EXTRAVAGANCE WEIGHS HEAVILY UPON HER HUSBAND.

- 26.—Library in John's richly furnished home.—Helen seated at writing desk, writing invitations—John enters, appears worried—gives hat to butler—goes to Helen—she very enthusiastic about her social plans—shows him invitations—starts to explain affair she is to give—he does not favor it—says to her:

Sub-Title.—“CAN'T YOU POSTPONE THIS BALL? I AM VERY HARD PRESSED FOR MONEY JUST NOW.”

Back to picture.—Helen inclined to be angry—then smiles at him, and determines to win his consent—he seats himself in armchair—she sits on arm of chair—coaxes him—he finally agrees—she kisses him—goes back to desk to finish invitations while he sits in chair, worried—fade out slowly as he worries and she writes.

*Director's Note.—From scene 27 to scene 50, inclusive, the action transpires at night. The interiors should therefore be tinted amber and the exteriors blue.

Sub-Title.—THE BALL.

- 27.—Ballroom in John's home.—Its decorating suggests the great expense John is under in giving the event—guests dancing—music stops and guests stop dancing—Stone and Helen, who have been dancing together, stop in fore-

- ground—other couples standing near them talk with them—Helen happy in midst of gayety.
- 28.—Library in John's home—same as scene 26.—John at desk looking over papers—they are bills, and he is worried by them—he takes several in hands and inspects them.
- 29.—Close-range shot of bills in John's hands—show the various amounts for millinery, flowers, music, caterer, gowns, et cetera, et cetera.
- 30.—Back to scene 28.—John takes out writing pad and starts to check over accounts—appears to be in despair over the unpaid bills.
- 31.—Ballroom in John's home—same as scene 27.—Helen, Stone, and guests talking in foreground—other guests seated and walking about the room—Helen looks for John—does not see him—seems annoyed by his absence—excuses herself, and leaves room to find him.
- 32.—Hallway in John's home.—Guests seen in ballroom in the background—Helen enters hallway—shows displeasure—calls butler—tells him to find John—butler exits.
- 33.—Library—same as scene 26.—John working on list of expenses—butler enters—tells John that Helen wants him to come to ballroom—John is absorbed in his work, and does not pay much attention to butler.
- 34.—Back to scene 32.—Helen looks about, but cannot see John—is impatient—decides to rejoin guests and make up for her husband's absence—re-enters ballroom.
- 35.—Ballroom—same as scene 27.—Guests walking and seated about room waiting for music to start again—all are laughing and talking—animate scene, with plenty of action and carry environment of gayety—Helen enters from hall—goes to Stone and guests in foreground—talks and laughs with them.
- 36.—Back to scene 33.—John finishes checking over bills—turns to butler and asks him what he said—butler explains that Helen wants him—John says he will come at once—butler exits—John appears greatly worried by debts—exits to ballroom.
- 37.—Hallway—same as scene 32.—Guests seen in ballroom in rear—John enters from library—surveys gayety in ballroom with little interest—then braces up and determines to be pleasant—goes into ballroom.
- 38.—Ballroom—much the same as at end of scene 35.—Helen and Stone talking together with other guests around as before—John enters—goes to Helen and Stone—appears cheerful as he passes other guests and greets them.
- 39.—Close-up of John, Helen, and Stone.—John and Stone shake hands—then John turns to Helen with a tired, but apparently happy, face—they talk—Stone looks at them—registers expression typical of the plotter on his face.
- 40.—Back to scene 38.—John leaves Stone and Helen, and passes among guests, shaking hands and greeting them—Stone and Helen left alone, talk.
- 41.—Close-up of Stone and Helen talking—again show the expression on Stone's face—he has determined to have Helen—he looks toward John with a covered sneer on his face.
- 42.—Back to scene 40.—John walking among guests, talking with them—the music starts again, and guests start to dance—John stops at side of room, and talks with some of the men guests who are not dancing—Helen dances with Stone—as Helen and Stone dance near John, they stop and talk with him an instant—then they dance on among the guests—John makes a few remarks to the men—then excuses himself—exits to hallway—the music stops, and

the guests again gather in groups and talk—Helen and Stone come to foreground and sit down.

- 43.—Hallway—same as scene 32.—John enters from ballroom, worried over debts—looks back on gayety, and knows he cannot join in it with the proper spirit—exits into library.
- 44.—Library—same as scene 26.—John enters—the burden of his debts weighs heavily on him—he stands at desk and thinks—very downcast—goes to safe and gets papers—sits down at desk and writes.

Sub-Title.—AFTER MIDNIGHT.

- 45.—Hallway—same as scene 32.—Guests leaving—Helen saying good-by to them as they pass out—Stone is last to leave—he pauses and talks to Helen—his whole air suggests that he is planning something which is not of the best.
- 46.—Library—same as scene 26.—John seated at desk, working over papers—appears very tired, but remains at his task.
- 47.—Back to scene 45.—Stone tries to kiss Helen's hand as they part—she withdraws it—he looks at her menacingly—leaves—she turns toward library happily, satisfied that her ball has been a great success—exits to library.
- 48.—Back to scene 46.—John working at desk—Helen enters—sees John working—looks at him with a tired smile—goes to him and sits beside him—tells him the ball was a success—he glad she is happy—then tells her it will cost a great deal—takes bills from desk and shows them to her.
- 49.—Close-range of bills in John's hand, with his finger indicating the items—the same bills are used here as in scene 29.
- 50.—Back to scene 48.—John talks to Helen about the bills—it seems to bore her—she tells him it isn't anything to worry about, and that it was worth it—treats the subject lightly, and then dismisses it—kisses him good night, and leaves room—he sits and stares into space, greatly worried over bills—as he stares, slowly fade out.

Sub-Title.—NOT CONSIDERING THE CONSEQUENCES, HELEN CONTINUES HER EXTRAVAGANCES.

- 51.—Exterior of John's palatial home.—Helen comes from within—auto waiting—she enters it and is driven off.
- 52.—Mayne's law office—same as scene 16.—John at desk, working—clerks also at work—Helen enters—goes to John—they talk—she tells him she wants to go shopping—asks him for money—he asks her to be careful of it for a while, but she pouts and says she must shop to-day—he writes her a check—she takes it, kisses him, and leaves—he sits at desk, worried over her extravagance.

Sub-Title.—STONE SETS A TRAP FOR JOHN MAYNE.

- 53.—Stone's office.—Stone at desk in foreground—Crampton and other clerks in rear—Stone stops working and thinks of Helen—as he thinks, fade into—
- 54.—An exact repetition of the first part of scene 47, in which Stone tries to kiss Helen's hand, but she withdraws it—as she does this fade back into—
- 55.—Back to scene 53.—Stone thinking of Helen—he reaches a decision to strike the blow which will bring her to him—gets papers from desk and writes notes—calls Crampton, and gives him instructions—Crampton gets money box from safe, and brings it to Stone—Stone counts out money—hands box to Crampton—gives him more instructions—Crampton takes money box and

leaves for the street—Stone sits and muses over his plan—his face is set, and it is evident he is doing something crooked—fade out as he holds this pose.

Part Two.

- 56.—Parlor of a society home.—Society women sitting about table, playing cards—Helen is one of the number—a maid is in attendance—Helen has lost a hand, and pays her debts from her pocketbook.

Sub-Title.—MAYNE'S CREDITORS GRANT HIM AN EXTENSION OF TIME.

- 57.—Mayne's law office—same as scene 16.—John standing beside desk, talking to three creditors—he has explained matter to them—they decide to grant him time—all shake hands with him and exit—John sits at desk again, greatly worried.
- 58.—Stone's office—same as scene 53.—Stone seated at desk, working out plan in his mind—decides on course of action—telephones.
- 59.—Office of private detective agency.—Chief detective answers phone.
- 60.—Back to scene 58.—Stone at telephone—talks to detective—says:

Sub-Title.—“KEEP TAB ON JOHN MAYNE AND REPORT TO ME.”

Back to picture.—Stone gives his commands sternly—he has decided on his course of action, and will let nothing stop him.

- 61.—Back to scene 59.—Chief detective acknowledges the order, and asks a couple of questions—makes note on a writing pad as he talks—then finishes conversation and hangs up receiver.
- 62.—Back to scene 60.—Stone hangs up receiver and leans back in chair—lights cigar and smiles with satisfaction at his plan.
- 63.—Parlor in society home—same as scene 56.—Helen and other society women playing another hand of cards—Helen again losing.
- 64.—Mayne's law office—same as scene 16.—John walking up and down office, his nerves cracking under the nervous strain caused by his debts.
- 65.—Back to scene 63.—Helen loses the hand of cards—opens pocketbook and takes out check—seems embarrassed—she has not enough money with her to pay her losses—tells others she will give I O U for the remainder—they agree graciously—maid brings paper, pen, and ink to Helen—she indorses check—then writes I O U—looks at both.

Insert.—Check for fifty dollars and I O U for thirty dollars. Former is to Helen Mayne, and is signed by John Mayne, and the latter is signed by Helen Mayne.

Helen gives check and I O U to women—says she will have to go—leaves table, after bidding them good-by, and exits—women start to talk about her having the nerve not to pay cash for her losses, the instant she leaves the room.

- 66.—Mayne's law office—same as scene 16.—John seated at desk, trying to concentrate on work—Crampton enters with money box—tells John he wishes to place the money in his hands—John asks him to sit down and talk matter over—Crampton does, and explains, saying:

Sub-Title.—“I AM GOING ABROAD FOR TWO YEARS, AND I HAVE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS HERE I WISH YOU TO INVEST IN FIRST MORTGAGES FOR ME.”

Back to picture.—Crampton explains to John—John listens—then agrees to

handle deal—counts money and securities in box, and gives Crampton a receipt for them—they rise and shake hands—Crampton exits—John looks at money—raises eyes slowly and looks off—suggest temptation entering his mind—then he closes box and returns to work at desk.

*Director's Note.—From scene 67 to scene 74, inclusive, the action transpires at night. The interiors should therefore be tinted amber and the exteriors blue.

Sub-Title.—THAT EVENING. HELEN GIVES A THEATER PARTY.

67.—Library—same as scene 26.—John seated at table, working over law books—Helen enters in evening gown, ready for theater—she comes to him—coaxes him to come, but he says he must remain at home and work—she asks him for money to pay for evening—he gives her cash from pocket—she happy—kisses him and leaves—John tries to work again, but cannot keep his mind on it—worries about finance—diaphragm out as he does.

68.—Box in theater.—Society women and Helen in box waiting for show—talking and laughing gayly—Helen is enjoying herself immensely.

69.—Back to scene 67.—John alone in library—again tries to study from book before him—cannot—puts book away—thinks of the money in his charge—struggles with self as he is tempted to use it—sits and looks toward camera, into space—as he does fade out into—

70.—Latter part of scene 66 duplicated.—John accepts the money from Crampton, and counts it over—as he does fade back into—

71.—Close-up of John at desk in same position as in long shot in scene 69.—He is tempted to appropriate the money—then banishes the idea at once—runs hands through his hair, and tries to keep his mind from the subject.

72.—Box in theater—same as scene 68.—Helen and women laughing and talking—Stone enters box and greets ladies—seats himself beside Helen and pays noted attention to her.

73.—Library—same as scene 26.—John seated in almost same position as at fade-out in scene 69—struggling with himself to keep from the temptation before him—as he struggles DOUBLE EXPOSE the following wording on the black wall behind him: "HE IS GOING ABROAD FOR TWO YEARS. WHY CAN'T I USE THE MONEY, AND REPLACE IT BEFORE HE RETURNS?" Words fade out—John continues to struggle with self for a brief instant—then, in desperation, decides he will use the money.

74.—Box in theater—same as scene 68.—Helen, Stone, and women in box—Stone pays attention only to Helen—his manner toward her seems unduly free when his position and hers are considered.

Sub-Title.—MAYNE DECIDES TO USE THE MONEY AND SECURITIES.

75.—Mayne's law office—same as scene 16.—Clerks at work—John enters, his jaws set in his determination to go through with decision to take the money—he goes to safe and takes out money box—takes money and securities from it—gives clerk the box to return to safe, and exits to street—clerk places box in safe.

76.—Exterior of office building.—John comes from within building and exits down street—detective, who has been loitering at side of entrance, follows him.

77.—Exterior of bank building.—John enters down street, and goes into building—detective enters, trailing him, and looks through doors.

78.—Office of broker, with part-glass walls.—Broker at desk—John enters—

shakes hands with broker, and sits down at his desk—explains he wishes to invest.

79.—Back to scene 77.—Detective turns—registers he has seen enough to convince him John has appropriated the money, and is going to invest it—hurries off down the street.

80.—Back to scene 78.—John and broker discuss stock—John decides to buy with the money left in his care—they transact the deal—John gives broker money and receives receipt—they shake hands as they rise—John exits.

81.—Telephone booth.—Detective enters, excited—telephones to Stone.

82.—Stone's office—same as scene 53.—Stone at desk, dictating letters to stenographer—he answers the telephone.

83.—Back to scene 81.—Detective telephones Stone, saying he has seen John go to broker's to invest the money—explains over the wire.

84.—Back to scene 82.—Stone surprised and pleased as he hears detective's report—his plan is working out nicely—he hangs up receiver and smiles broadly—dismisses stenographer—then his smile changes to a look of cunning—he determines to verify the detective's report.

Sub-Title.—STONE VERIFIES THE DETECTIVE'S REPORT.

85.—Stone's office—same as scene 53.—Stone telephones to broker.

86.—Broker's office—same as scene 78.—Broker working at desk—he answers telephone.

87.—Back to scene 85.—Stone talking to broker over phone—he asks him if John has invested money in stock through him—asks for names of stocks.

88.—Back to scene 86.—Broker reluctant at first, but decides to give the information to Stone—calls a clerk—clerk gets him papers with notations about John's stocks—broker reads off notations to Stone.

89.—Back to scene 87.—Stone gets pad of writing paper and makes notes as he listens to broker over the phone.

90.—Back to scene 88.—Broker reads more notes over the phone to Stone.

91.—Back to scene 89.—Stone continues to make notes—register his enthusiasm as he secures the information which he knows will enable him to trap John.

92.—Back to scene 90.—Broker finishes reading off notes—makes a few other remarks to Stone—hangs up receiver.

93.—Back to scene 91.—Stone hangs up receiver, happy in realization of his plan—sits back and gloats over his success.

Sub-Title.—STONE SPRINGS HIS TRAP.

94.—Stone's office—same as scene 53.—Stone standing at his desk, while Crampton sits at it, writing a letter in longhand—Crampton finishes letter and hands it to Stone to read—latter looks it over, while Crampton addresses envelope—Stone approves of the letter—registers aside that now he has John where he wants him, and he will soon have Helen in a like position—Stone returns letter to Crampton, and the latter puts it in the envelope, seals it, and starts out to mail it—as he starts out, fade out slowly, with Stone in foreground—a look of triumph on his face.

95.—Library of John's home—same as scene 26.—John seated at desk—butler admits boy with letter—boy delivers letter to John and exits—butler also leaves—John opens letter—reads:

My Dear Mr. Mayne:

I have changed my plans in regard to going abroad, and

therefore shall be able to make my own investments. Will call at your office Thursday for the cash and securities.

Yours very truly,

H. P. Crampton.

Back to picture.—John finishes reading letter—terror spreads over his face—he realizes he has been caught, and that he is a thief—Helen comes into the room—sees something is wrong with John, and goes to him—asks him what is the matter—he turns toward her, a wild expression on his face—he does not seem to recognize her—he hands her the letter—she reads—turns to him for an explanation, as she does not understand—he rises and says:

Sub-Title.—“I STOLE THAT MONEY—YOUR EXTRAVAGANCE FORCED ME TO DO IT!”

Helen terrified—does not comprehend situation at first—then draws away from John—he does not look at her—buries head in hands—slowly she realizes she is the cause of his downfall—the thought draws her toward him—she places arms about him and tells him not to mind that she still loves him—John faces her in desperation—exclaims fiercely:

Sub-Title.—“BUT I AM A THIEF!”

Back to picture.—John sinks in chair and buries head in his hands—Helen tries to comfort him—sees it is of no avail—she weeps and exits from room. sobbing pitifully—John sits as one in a daze.

Part Three.

Sub-Title.—PENITENCE AND REPARATION.

96.—Helen's bedchamber.—Helen on bed, weeping violently—still in evening gown, and has jewels on—she sits up on bed—looks toward mirror and sees jewels—struggles with self an instant—then decides to sacrifice that which has been so dear to her—she takes necklace and jewels off.

97.—Library—same as scene 26.—John standing beside desk—despair and wild determination registered by his expression—he slowly turns and looks toward drawer of desk—then opens it.

98.—Back to scene 96.—Helen rises from bed—she has reached her decision and decides to tell her husband of it—exits to hall to tell him.

99.—Back to scene 97.—John takes pistol from drawer of desk slowly and with grim determination—pauses an instant, contemplating action—then aims it at his head.

100.—Stairway, with library (scene 26) seen in background.—Helen coming down stairs—John standing at library table as in scene 99, with pistol raised to head—Helen sees him—screams in terrified manner and rushes toward him.

101.—Back to scene 99.—Helen rushes into room—seizes pistol and takes it from John—he falls limply into chair—she kneels beside him and puts arms about him—kisses and weeps over him as she tries to tell him everything will come out all right—fade out as this action transpires.

Sub-Title.—THE NEXT DAY. HELEN DETERMINES TO SACRIFICE HERSELF TO SAVE HER HUSBAND.

102.—Stone's office—same as scene 53.—Crampton working at desk—Helen enters and introduces herself to him—he seems to recognize her—ask her question about parents—Helen replies—he seems unusually glad to see

her—shakes hands with her and asks her to be seated—as she is, he says to her:

Sub-Title.—“I KNEW YOUR FATHER BEFORE YOU WERE BORN. HE WAS MY DEAREST FRIEND.”

Crampton and Helen talk—Stone enters as they do—he is pleased to see Helen, and his look suggests his evil purpose—he goes to his desk with look of determination to do something—Helen continues to talk with Crampton—Stone calls stenographer and sends her from room with papers—then calls Crampton, and also assigns him to work which will carry him from room—he will then be alone with Helen—he asks Helen to come to his desk and sit down—she does this as Crampton starts to leave room.

103.—Close-up of Crampton at door—he is going out—he goes outside door and partly closes it—then pauses and looks back—he suspects his employer of trickery.

104.—Back to scene 102.—Crampton not seen behind nearly closed door—Stone turns to Helen pleasantly—she is under nervous strain—speaks to him anxiously and nervously—asks him for financial aid—says:

Sub-Title.—“YOU SAID ONCE YOU WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR ME—HELP ME NOW BY LOANING ME THE MONEY.”

Helen leans toward Stone anxiously to await his decision—his eyes gleam with light of evil—it is his time to play his ace card—his expression changes to one of stern command—he looks at her and shakes his head doubtfully—registers he cannot lend her the money without security, and she has none to offer—Helen frantic—begs him to lend it to her—she says:

Sub-Title.—“ISN'T THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?”

Stone looks at her with hungry eyes—slow smile comes upon his face—his expression suggests evil and cruelty—Crampton opens door a little and listens—Stone says to Helen:

Sub-Title.—“IF YOU WILL COME TO MY HOME TO-NIGHT AT ELEVEN, ALONE, I WILL GIVE YOU THE MONEY.”

Helen shrinks from Stone, horrified, as she realizes his true character.

105.—Close-up of Crampton at door listening—he hears what Stone says, and shows indignation and anger.

106.—Back to scene 104.—Helen refuses and starts to leave—Stone stops her—talks to her and tells her of fate which awaits John if she refuses—she breaks down and sobs—Stone talks on, trying to make her agree—Helen conquers her tears and thinks, as she does, fade out to—

107.—Exact repetition of scene 99, in which John decides to commit suicide—(this scene is used to carry idea that she thinks he will try to take his life again, unless she secures the money to clear him)—fade back to—

108.—Back to scene 106.—Helen again breaks down and weeps—tries to plead with Stone—he is unrelenting—Crampton at door listening—Helen in despair—seems about to agree—Stone takes advantage of her condition—says:

Sub-Title.—“TO-NIGHT, AT ELEVEN—SHALL I EXPECT YOU?”

Stone eagerly awaits what her decision shall be—Helen in despair—pleads with him again—he refuses to alter his decision—tells her there is no

other way—Helen breaks down completely—agrees to his proposition—weeps—Crampton hears her—closes door softly and leaves—Helen starts to leave—sobbing pitifully—Stone very happy and pleased—pats her on back, and tells her not to worry—as Helen makes her exit in this manner, fade out slowly.

Sub-Title.—ALL DAY CRAMPTON SEARCHES FOR MAYNE TO TELL HIM OF HIS WIFE'S PERIL.

109.—Mayne's law office—same as scene 16.—John not at desk as usual—desk locked—Crampton enters—asks clerks where John is—they say he hasn't been at office at all that day—they do not know where to reach him—Crampton excited—determined to find John—leaves office hurriedly to continue search.

Sub-Title.—MAYNE TRIES TO BORROW MONEY FROM A LOAN SHARK.

110.—Exterior of loan shark's office.—John comes from within—registers disappointment on face—he displays fact that he cannot borrow the money—is in desperation—exits down street to continue his search for funds.

*Director's Note.—From scene 111 to 135, inclusive, the action transpires at night. The interiors should therefore be tinted amber, and the exteriors blue

Sub-Title.—WAITING.

111.—Helen's bedroom—same as scene 96.—Helen waiting for hour to go to Stone—is worn out by worry—dries eyes and tries to brace up—register the intense strain she is under.

112.—Library of John's home—same as scene 26.—Crampton ushered into room by butler—he asks butler where John is—butler does not know—Crampton says he will wait a while—butler leaves—Crampton looks at clock.

112¹/₄.—Close-range of clock, with hands pointing to 8.

112¹/₂.—Back to scene 112.—Crampton takes money from pocket and counts it out—is sure he has enough to save John—anxious about his whereabouts.

Sub-Title.—AS A LAST RESORT, HE APPEALS TO HIS FATHER.

113.—Library of Older Mayne's home.—John's father talking with John—John finishes telling of his difficulties—Father writes out check—gives it to John—they shake hands—father warns him to be careful in the future—John grateful and much relieved—hurriedly takes his leave to arrange matters with the man whose money he took.

114.—Library—same as scene 26.—Crampton still waiting for John—he is growing impatient—looks toward clock again.

114¹/₄.—Close-range of clock, with hands pointing to 10.30.

114¹/₂.—Back to scene 114.—Crampton reaches decision he cannot wait longer—gets writing paper and pencil from desk—writes a note.

115.—Stairway with library in background—same as scene 100.—Helen coming down stairs to go to Stone's home—Crampton seen in library, writing note—Helen sees him—frightened—fears he will see her—carefully makes way down stairs so as not to attract his attention.

116.—Back to scene 114¹/₂.—Crampton still writing note—does not see Helen as she passes door of library on way through hall.

117.—Hallway—same as scene 32.—Helen comes past library door quietly—then hurries toward street to go to Stone—exits.

- 118.—Exterior of John's home—same as scene 51.—Helen comes from within—looks about nervously to make sure no one is watching—hurries off scene.
- 119.—Back to scene 116.—Crampton finishes writing note and looks at it—then looks toward clock again, nervous and anxious.
- 119 $\frac{1}{4}$.—Close-range of clock, with hands indicating 10.45.
- 119 $\frac{1}{2}$.—Back to scene 119.—Crampton starts to leave room just as John enters—John happy—shows Crampton check—tells him he can pay him at once—Crampton disregards his talk—excitedly tells him of danger his wife is in—says:

Sub-Title.—“HURRY, IF YOU HOPE TO SAVE YOUR WIFE!”

- John starts in surprise—then becomes alarmed—then angry—determines on course to pursue quickly—gets pistol from desk—Crampton frightened by sight of weapon—tries to take it from John, but latter shakes him off—then Crampton starts to plead and argue with John to keep his head.
- 120.—Exterior of Stone's rich home.—Helen walks up path and goes up steps to the door.
- 121.—Back to scene 119 $\frac{1}{2}$.—Crampton tries to stop John, but the enraged man dashes past him, pocketing the pistol as he goes, and exits—Crampton starts to follow him—then stops and decides to remain until John returns, as he thinks it will be better if he does not interfere.
- 122.—Sitting room in Stone's home.—Stone talking with butler—butler tells him Helen wishes to see him—Stone dismisses butler and tells him to show Helen in—butler leaves—Helen enters, frightened and mistrusting—Stone takes her hand—reassures her—closes portières—they sit down on couch.
- 123.—Exterior of Stone's home—same as scene 120.—John rushes into scene—looks about—then looks toward house—dashes toward it—angry and desperate.
- 124.—Back to scene 122.—Helen pleads with Stone—he pays little attention to her tears—makes advances to her—she avoids him—he sits down—she kneels at his side and pleads with him—it is of no avail—she rises, walks to couch, and sinks down, exhausted—Stone watches her closely with evil look.
- 125.—Rear of Stone's home.—John has placed ladder against it—climbs up ladder quickly.
- 126.—Back to scene 124.—Stone rises and goes to Helen—stands above her—takes money from pocket and shows it to her—she draws away from him—he sits beside her, and tries to embrace her—she again avoids him.
- 127.—Roof of Stone's home.—John climbs to roof and hurries from scene to find opening by which to enter house.
- 128.—Back to scene 126.—Stone again shows Helen the money—says to her:
- Sub-Title.—“I AM READY TO KEEP THE BARGAIN—ARE YOU?”
- Back to picture—Helen shrinks from him—her nerve fails her—Stone roughly seizes her wrist—tries to embrace her—she struggles.
- 129.—Skylight of Stone's home.—John enters—smashes skylight and climbs through.
- 130.—Back to scene 128.—Stone and Helen struggling—they hear John smash the skylight—Stone frightened and excited—releases Helen—she terrified—fears she will be found—rushes from room—Stone, in terror, takes revolver from table drawer—turns lights out—(dark)—John dashes in

—both Stone and John fire—(show this by two quick flashes of pistols in the dark).

131.—Close-range of Helen in door.—Room is dark, but light from other room shows up her face—register her expression of terror—she shrinks back and exits from scene into the dark.

132.—Back to scene 130.—Lights still off—John turns them on again—Stone sinks into chair, wounded—butler rushes into room, but John dismisses him—says he is not needed—when butler leaves, John turns to Stone—show his intense anger toward Stone—denounces him—takes check from pocket and gives it to him—says:

Sub-Title.—“THERE IS YOUR MONEY—WHERE IS MY WIFE?”

Stone terrified as John stands over him angrily—he says he does not know where Helen went—John doesn't believe him—chokes him—Stone helpless with pain and fear—John releases him in contempt—looks about room for Helen—cannot find her—believes she has gone home—calls butler—tells him to lead him to door—looks toward Stone with contempt—then follows butler from room—Stone sinks weakly down in chair—fade out.

133.—Library—same as scene 26.—Crampton at desk, worried over prolonged absence of John, and fearing the worst—Helen rushes into room—sinks into chair—the excitement of the evening overcomes her—she cries bitterly—Crampton goes to Helen—looks at her questioningly—believes her innocent—consoles her—John enters angrily—goes to Helen and seizes her in his arms roughly—looks into her eyes—she pleads with him to listen to her.

134.—Close-up of Helen and John—she pleads with him that she is innocent—his face is set—he looks into her eyes without speaking—what he sees satisfies him she is innocent—he folds her in his arms, and they kiss happily.

135.—Back to scene 133.—John and Helen in embrace—Crampton happy—John sees him—frees one hand from Helen's waist and shakes hands with Crampton—latter steals softly from room, while Helen and John have a love scene—as the love scene transpires, slowly fade out.

NOTES.

Many of our readers who studied the first sample scenario, and who have read our articles, advocating the use of the term “leader” in regard to printed matter on the screen, will probably wonder why we use “Sub-Title” throughout this script. The reason is just to convince those who seem to believe that there is a difference in the meaning of certain technical terms. One is just as effective as another, and the value of any certain term comes only through constant use of it by a writer. Personally, we favor the use of the term “leader,” but if you believe you like “sub-title” or “caption” better, use them; regardless of which you choose, however, be sure that you stick to it religiously, and do not mingle three or four terms meaning the same thing. When “sub-titles” and “captions” are broken into scenes, they are called by the same term as when they appear between scenes, but when “leaders” break into scenes, they are known as “cut-in-leaders.”

The “cut-back” system is used throughout this scenario. This system, as we have explained before, deals with the switching from one scene to another, usually in order to heighten the suspense at a climax. Usually the scenes are

very short. An example of the judicious use of the "cut back" will be found in scenes 122 to 132, while an abuse of this system is illustrated by scenes 85 to 93. In the former case, there is a reason for using several broken-up scenes, but in the latter case it is a pure waste of scenes to allow nine of them for a mere telephone conversation, which is merely incidental to the story.

The fading of pictures from the screen, known as the "fade out," is another thing illustrated in this scenario in a clever manner. The beginner will note that certain scenes are faded out, and easily recognize the end of an episode. These fades must be used only where they are effective, for if they are "done to death" they lose their effect. In scene 67 the scenario says "diaphragm out," and this will doubtless trouble many students. To "diaphragm out" means to close the shutter of the camera slowly, until only a small circle remains in the center of the screen; then that slowly disappears. By studying its position in the script, you will note that it covers a break which was a little too sharp to gloss over with a straight "fade out."

The correct manner and showing what a person is thinking of when the full screen is used for the vision, is illustrated by scenes 70 and 107.

The manner of handling an unusual "double exposure" is shown in scene 73. If it had been the figure of a man or a field of battle which were double exposed, it would have been handled along the same general lines.

There are too many night scenes in this scenario. They are best to avoid, and the amateur who is careful about them will find his work more popular with the editors and directors than the one who uses them without reason. Before scenes 27, 67, and 111 will be found notes which give directions for tinting the night scene contained in the episode which they open. This saves a lot of otherwise necessary instruction before each of the scenes. Where only one or two night scenes are used in succession, each should be tabbed separately with instructions in regard to tinting.

A bad point in the scenario construction will be noted in the fact that it takes a man fifteen minutes to write a note between scenes 114½ and 119½. It is little details like this that one must consider in giving one's script a final smoothing out.

Several half-number scenes are used, such as 112¼, 112½, 119½, et cetera, and these will doubtless cause the beginner to wonder. They were inserted after the scenario had been written, and were numbered in that manner to avoid a change of numbers on all of the following scenes. It is best to avoid this as much as possible, and we only left it in to show its possibility for the benefit of the beginner who was unfamiliar with it.

"Close-range" and "close-up" are used at several points throughout the scenario. The former, it will be noted, is used in reference to objects, while the latter refers to people.

Look over the scene plot carefully, and note how it has been arranged to centralize the action in as few interior sets as possible. Also remember that this script was meant for winter production in New York, and that it, therefore, carries more interiors than are favored by the California producers or by the New York producers in summer. Nine to eleven are about the limit for these people. Understand that this means sets, and not scenes.

The synopsis is well written, and is about the right length; the list of characters is carefully written out; the arrangement of title, name, and terms of submission on the head are correct; all are worthy of imitation in style.



Hitting the high spots is one of Miss Lucille Taft's favorite pastimes. Ever since she was called upon by the Gaumont Company to make a flight in a picture she has been saving her director trouble in finding locations by just going up and "spotting them" from above.

Out of Range



Charles Ray, of Ince picture fame, asserts that his trusty mount helped him win popularity and shares it with him. Away from the lens as well as before it, they are steadfast friends.



Louise Glaum, who lures men from their homes in Griffith productions, was caught here between scenes engaged in a much less adventurous occupation.



Mr. and Mrs. Phillips Smalley, the latter who is better known as Lois Weber, get off together in a quiet spot sometimes just to be away from the grinding of films and to talk things over.

the Movie Camera



Jack Conway, who aids Griffith in staging big scenes, is seen here hard at work directing a battle. Jack's enthusiasm rouses the actors, and in this case even the horse shared in the spirit.



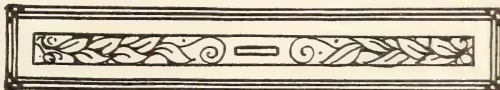
"Pigs is pigs" says Dustin Farnum, "but actors aren't always actors." And "Dusty" is one of those who relish in ducking around the side of his house and acting natural for a change.



Geraldine Farrar and Anita King, the two popular Lasky stars, are close friends at the studio in Hollywood, California. Miss King still has the automobile that took her across the continent a few months ago and takes the favored ones, among them Miss Farrar, for frequent spins.



The mirror which adorns one wall of Madame Petrova's elaborate dressing room is the birthplace of many of the screen's most emotional expressions.

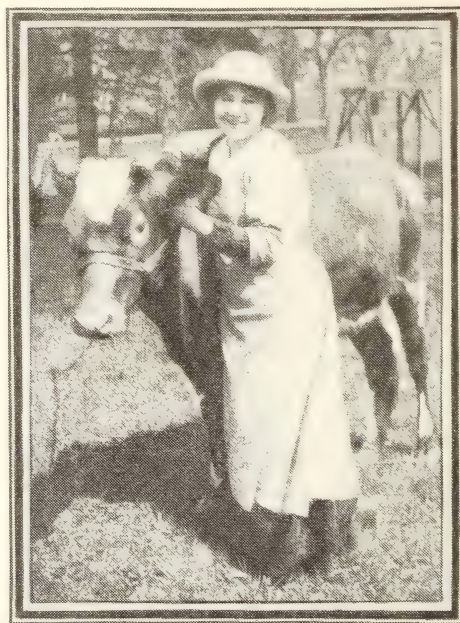




FLORENCE LAWRENCE, who is back once more in the ranks of screenland favorites, via Universal's multiple-reel production of "The Elusive Isabel," the thrilling story from the pen of Jacques Futrelle, found herself the victim of a pretty severe initiation when she began work at the Leonia, New Jersey, studios of the company, for Director Stuart Patton started in at nine-thirty the first morning, and never let up until one-thirty the next morning. Miss Lawrence and one other member of the cast spent the entire sixteen hours in and about the sets, finishing practically all of the interiors with the exception of a very few, which were taken in Washington, District of Columbia. The rest of the company had an easier time of it, being let off after some ten continuous hours of work, but even they were pretty sleepy

before they were dismissed. Flo has decided that the game is getting more strenuous right along, but a little thing like sixteen hours' steady work before the camera can't mar her enthusiasm.

While on the subject of "The Elusive Isabel," it is worthy of comment that a more expensive cast has rarely been seen in one production. Supporting Miss Lawrence, among others, are Paul Panzer, Sidney Bracy, Wallis Clark, William Welsh, Curtis Benton, and Paul Crampton.



Florence Lawrence on her farm.

The Chicago studios of the Selig Polyscope Company are once more alive with activity as a result

of the arrival of Director Colin Campbell and a big galaxy of players from the Los Angeles studios, who have descended upon the Windy City with several carloads of baggage, scenery, costumes, and props, and have begun

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the filming of "The Crisis," the Winston Churchill story, which will follow "The Spoilers" and "The Ne'er-do-well" as a Selig States-right feature film. Bessie Eyton, Thomas Santschi, Wheeler Oakman, and Eugenie Besserer are among a few of the principals who are now in Chicago, while thousand of young Chicagoans, anxious to try their hand at motion-picture acting, are working as "supes" in the big production now under way. Within a few weeks, the entire company will depart, for a brief stay in St. Louis, where many of the scenes described in the novel will be staged in the actual places named in the story. W. N. Selig, head of the Selig Polyscope Company, is giving the production his personal attention, and the players are working their hardest in an attempt to make the picture better than the other two States-rights features made under Producer Campbell's direction.

Ben Wilson, popular delineator of detective rôles, is coming back to the screen in a whole series of mystery stories, each two reels in length, which will be known under the general title of



Ben Wilson.

the series of five stories is finished. Each episode is to be a story in itself, and yet each will have to do with the voice on the wire.

It usually takes a lot to startle Flo la

Badie into embarrassment, but when she appeared in person as the leading attraction at the opening of a brand-new Newark, New Jersey, theater, a week or two ago, she found herself suffering from a bad case of stage fright.

"The Five Faults of Flo," a Mutual Mas-

ter picture, was the film event of the evening, and at its finish, Miss

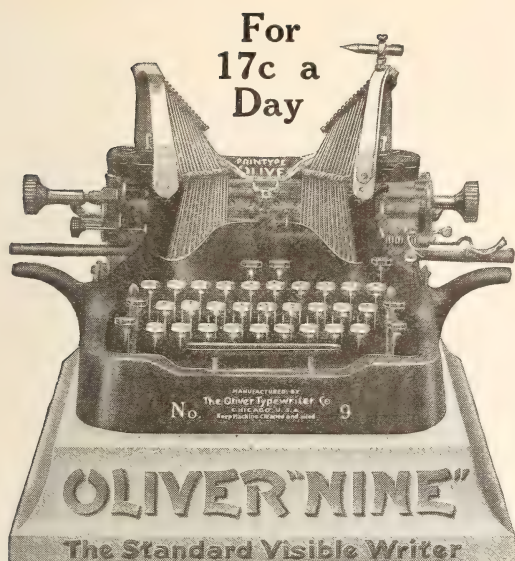
la Badie was intro-

duced to the audience from the stage. She had carefully prepared a neat little speech, during which she was to express her complete surprise at being called on for some remarks, and then thank her audience for their enthusiasm. Well, when the time came for her little stunt, Flo found her tongue simply wouldn't say what she had so carefully prepared, and so she bowed gracefully, stammered a bashful "Thank you," which she later stretched into a neat little impromptu speech, and backed off the stage. Now that it's all over, Miss la Badie thinks it was most enjoyable to meet her friends face to face, but she's thinking if the practice is to continue, she'll have to arrange to just appear, and bow, without being called on for any remarks.

Being a film star is just one long, sweet dream—not! George Beban, in his newest feature, had the following experiences all in one week: He was bitten by a bulldog, smashed over the head with a Japanese jar, butted by an angry ram, buried in the débris of an exploding freight steamer, slashed across the hand with a saber, and thrown off the Palisades of the Hud-



Flo la Badie.



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Address.....

son. George is satisfied that he is earning every cent of the big salary paid him, and wonders if even Mack Sennett could invent a worse lot of stunts for him to perform.

Grace Cunard recently underwent her third operation in two years. The trouble started 'way back in the days when "Lucille Love" was being produced, and Miss Cunard was wounded in one of the riot scenes. Grace is a firm believer in the saying, "three times and out," and, having fully recovered from her third operation, is hoping that she will have no further trouble.

Harry Carter, of the Universal Company, who has been a villain for so long that he unconsciously dodges every time he sees a policeman, actually had a chance to play a kindly rôle in "Get the Boy," in which he appeared as *Cormack O'Donovan*, a millionaire contractor. It was such a relief from his usual style of rôles that Harry is hesitant about resuming his "dirty work."

Director Henry Otto, formerly of the American Film Manufacturing Company's staff of producers, but more recently associated with the Universal Company, for which he produced "Un-

dine," the recent *Blue Bird* release you saw, is now quite at home in the New York studios of the Big U organization, to which he came several weeks ago, at the personal suggestion of no less an authority than Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal. It had been years since Henry had been on Broadway, and there was one grand reunion of old chums when he strolled into the Lambs Club, of which he is a member.



Grace Cunard off the screen.

As this issue of the magazine goes to press, rumors of all sorts regarding the present whereabouts and future plans of the two Chaplins — Charlie and Syd—are floating about. One hears everything from the story that both are to be starred in a series of multiple-reel comedies, for which they are together to receive over one thousand dollars per day, to the one that Charlie, on account of his British citizenship, is to be

drafted into Lord Kitchener's new army and sent to the front, in the hope that his antics between battles will result in whole German regiments laughing themselves to death. Honestly, though, we don't believe a word of either rumor. Charlie and Syd will undoubtedly continue to make side-splitting comedies, but for whom, for how much, or by what releasing agency they will be

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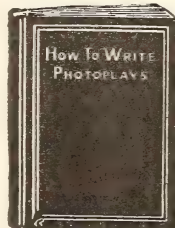
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offered to exhibitors, time alone will tell.

While temporarily residing in Los Angeles, during the filming of "The



Fannie Ward.

Cheat," at the Lasky studios, Fannie Ward became so enraptured with the climate, the people, and the scenic beauties surrounding the picture capital of the world, that she decided to make her permanent residence there. In Hollywood, she has purchased a house at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, and now is nicely settled and at home to her friends, within just a few blocks of the Lasky plant.

Frank Minzey, who was for years a featured member of the "Sis Hopkins" attraction, while that production of the speaking stage was "on the road," is now playing his old rôle at the Kalem Glendale studios, where "Sis" is being produced for the picture screens. Speaking of the Kalem Company calls to mind the fact that the Kalemites are just now about as widely scattered as a bunch of picture players all in the employ of the same manufacturer ever get. One company is in New York, two are in Jacksonville, Florida, and three are in California, but each one of the six companies occupies a studio by itself.

All of you picture fans don't live in the United States proper—not by a jugful! A projection machine was sold last week by a San Francisco dealer in motion-picture supplies, to the manager of a house in a mining camp, one hun-

dred and fifty miles inland from Seward, Alaska. The machine was shipped by boat from Seattle to Seward, and will be transported the rest of the way by an Alaskan dog team and a sled. Gee! we'll bet the operator will stick close to the lamp house on a cold night, and thank his stars he has such a warm job. Fire scenes, too, will probably "go big" in that climate.

The Horkheimer Brothers, founders of the Balboa Company, out at Long Beach, California, have started a young menagerie all of their own. The latest additions were three trained bears and an aviary of tropical birds, all of which will be used in productions now under way. Balboa recently signed a contract with Jack Lait, Chicago newspaper man of note and the author of several successful plays, whereby Lait has agreed to provide a series of new and thrilling tales for the screen.

Remember the two big deer heads prominently displayed in one of the sets used in Essanay's "Brought Home"? Well, Dick

Travers, the popular leading man of that organization, shot 'em while on a vacation hunting trip in the Canadian woods,



Richard C. Travers.

a few weeks before. Dick was so proud of his skill that he had the heads carefully mounted, and his director, needing just such a decoration for the scene then about to be staged, confiscated them. Dick willingly agreed to their use as "props," for he thinks it pays to have a celluloid record of one's conquests.

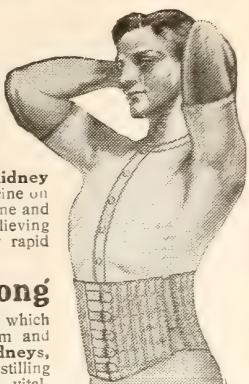
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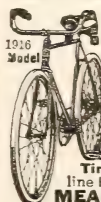


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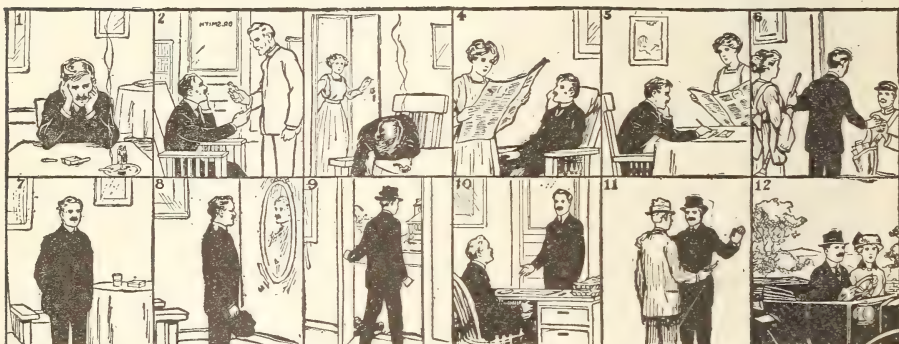


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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE



EVELYN GREE

SCENARIO CONTEST THIS NUMBER

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Favorite Picture-Players



FLORENCE LAWRENCE

who retired from the screen a few years ago, to live on her New Jersey farm, has again harkened to the call of the camera and joined the eastern forces of the Universal Company. She was the original "Biograph Girl," and her teamwork with the late Arthur V. Johnson was one of the features that will always stand out prominently when the early popularity of motion pictures is discussed.



ETHEL CLAYTON

came to the Lubin Company four years ago, after an extensive experience on the stage as leading woman in many Broadway successes and in stock. She has won her way to the hearts of the fans through her clever and appealing characterization in such big productions as "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Wolf," "The Gamblers," "The House Next Door," and "The Great Divide." Miss Clayton has perhaps as large a following as any screen favorite, with but very few exceptions.



EDITH STOREY

was born in New York, March 18, 1892, and appeared on the stage as a child before entering films. She was presented in Melies productions for a year; then joined Vitagraph, and is a popular favorite with all the devotees of that company's pictures, having spent the last four years acting for Vitagraph films exclusively. She is known to her friends as "Billie," and is a firm disciple of the outdoors. Riding, autoing, walking, swimming and tennis are her favorite pastimes.



GRETCHEN HARTMAN

is one of the leading ladies of the Biograph Company and is known wherever pictures are shown because of the girlish charm she lends to every character she portrays. Miss Hartman had considerable experience on the stage, appearing in dramas with Henry Dixey, Max Figman, Julius Steger and Florence Reed, as well as in musical-comedy productions and in stock. She has been with Biograph for about two years and has never worked for any other motion-picture company.



BESSIE BARRISCALE

was just as popular on the stage as she is on the screen now. She was starred in Belasco's "Rose of the Rancho," Morosco's "Bird of Paradise" and other productions too numerous to mention. Her first picture experience was with Lasky, after which she joined Ince, appearing in Mutual Masterpictures for him and later in the Triangle subjects. Some of her best picture plays are "The Cup of Life," "The Mating," "The Golden Claw," and "The Green Swamp."



SIDNEY DREW

who was born in New York City on August 28, 1864, has become one of the foremost screen comedians of the refined class during the past year. With Mrs. Drew, he scored many successes in Vitagraph pictures which he produced, as well as played in, and lately both joined Metro to make one-reel comedies. He is a former stage favorite, having appeared under Charles Frohman's management, in vaudeville, and at the head of several of his own companies.



CLEO RIDGLEY

rose from a chorus girl at the New York Hippodrome to a star of the Lasky Company because of her untiring energy and earnest work. She was born in New York City, May 12, 1893, and went on the stage because of the future it offered her. Previous to joining Lasky she played with Kalem, Lubin, and Universal. Immediately after her work in the Hippodrome chorus she did varied stage work, including stock. "The Chorus Lady" is considered her greatest screen success.



KATHLYN WILLIAMS

has been with the Selig Polyscope Company for six years, this being her only motion-picture engagement. She has taken the feminine leads in practically all the big features produced by this concern, including "The Spoilers," "The Ne'er Do Well," "The Rosary," "The Carpet From Bagdad," and "The Adventures of Kathlyn" serial. She was on the stage for several years previous to appearing before the camera. Miss Williams is now the best actress with animals in America.



DUSTIN FARNUM

was born in Hampton Beach, N. H., May 27, 1876, and went on the stage at the age of twenty-one with Ethel Tucker's Company. Later appeared with Chauncy Olcott and starred in "The Virginian," "The Ranger," "The Squaw Man," "Cameo Kirby," and many other successes. He entered motion pictures with the Lasky Company, and after working for Ince joined Pellas-Paramount, where he is now located permanently, devoting all his time to screen work.



LILLIAN GISH

who is known as "the most beautiful blonde in pictures," has been with D. W. Griffith, the master director, since 1912, going with him from Biograph to Majestic-Reliance and then to Fine Arts. She was born in Springfield, Ohio, October 14, 1896, and spent all her early years on the stage, playing child parts, appearing for the first time in 1902. Her greatest screen rôles were in "The Birth of a Nation," "The Battle of the Sexes," "Home Sweet Home," and "The Lilly and the Rose."



MARIE DORO

is really among the latest arrivals in filmdom from the stage. Although her first appearance before the camera was made about a year ago in Famous Players' "The Morals of Marcus," it was not until recently she announced that the majority of her time in the future will be devoted to screen work. She started her stage career in 1901, and appeared later with William Gillette. Miss Doro played with Fine Arts pictures and is now with Lasky. She was born May 22, 1882, at Duncannon, Pa.



RUTH ROLAND

was born in San Francisco, California, August 26, 1893, and went on the stage at the age of four years. She was known as "California's Child Actress," and remained on stage, playing in stock and under Oliver Morosco's management until she joined the Kalem Company. After a year and a half with that concern she went to Balboa, where she has appeared in many of its greatest successes, including the "Who Pays?" series and "The Red Circle" serials.



HELENE ROSSON

started her motion-picture career with the Universal Company when she was just a little over seventeen years of age. That was about a year ago and therefore she is now known as "the eighteen-year-old star of the American Company," which concern she is now with. She has appeared in several films released under the Mustang brand for American and has assumed the leading rôle in many features. Among the best of her plays are "The White Rosette" and "The Pitch of Chance."



GERTRUDE SELBY

was originally a dancer and singing girl, and had quite a bright future in musical comedy and vaudeville awaiting her before she entered motion pictures. She appeared with Gertrude Hoffman in dances on the vaudeville stage and Gus Edwards in musical stock, among others. In 1914 she joined the L-Ko Comedy Company, and has since appeared in many successful comedies produced under that concern's trade mark. She was born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1896.



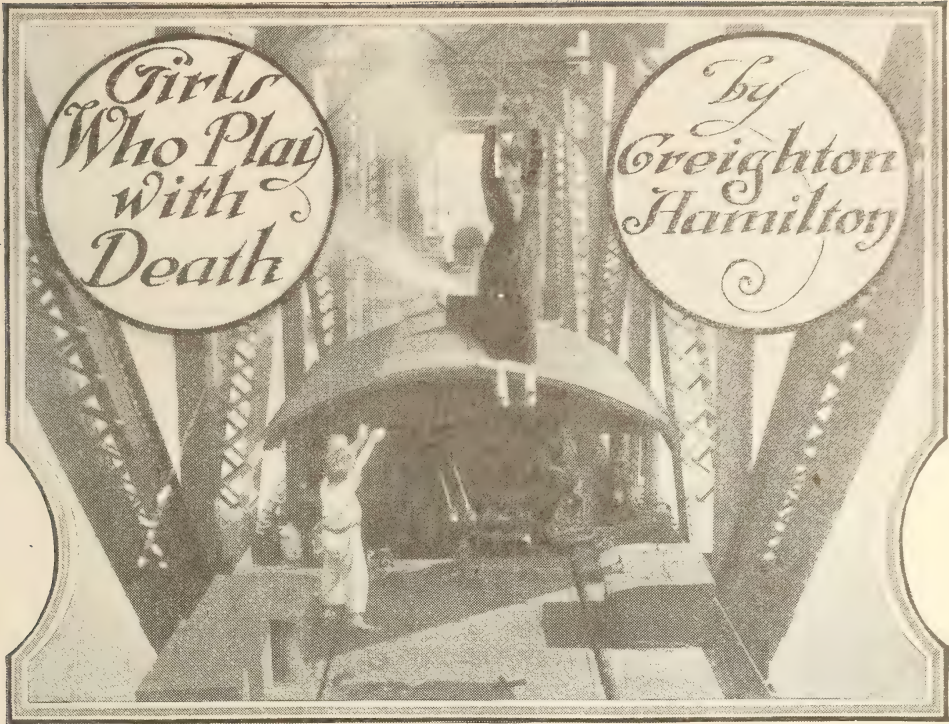
ANNA LITTLE

hails from California, having been born in Sisson, February 7, 1894. Her early experience on the stage consisted of musical-comedy work. Miss Little's first motion-picture work was with Thomas H. Ince's company, and she won much praise through her portrayal of Indian parts, but later assumed straight leading rôles. She was with Universal for almost two years after leaving Ince and then joined the American Company, with which she is now a featured star.



IN MEMORY OF ARTHUR V. JOHNSON

who was one of the first leading men to attain prominence in motion pictures, recently died at Atlantic City, as a result of a nervous breakdown caused by overwork. His first appearance was in the old Biograph Company's releases. With Florence Lawrence as his leading lady, he appeared in some of the most popular films put out at that time. Later he joined Lubin, where he remained until ill health forced him to retire. He was married to Florence Hackett, formerly of Lubin.



COMPLACENTLY you are leaning back in your favorite theater seat, when suddenly you give a gasp and hold on to the arms of your chair. There, right before your eyes, is being enacted a scene that you would not attempt for all the money in the world. And, to make it all the more thrilling and awe-inspiring, it is a girl that is taking the frightful chance!

Possibly the best known of these

death-defying heroines is Helen Holmes, the Mutual star of *The Signal Company*, who has won fame in hundreds of thrilling railroad pictures. There are few girls, not to mention men, who would dare undertake the risks she enters in as casually as though she were pouring afternoon tea. Although she has never been badly injured, she has experienced countless narrow escapes.



Gertrude Selby seeing how closely she can miss a railroad engine with her automobile.



Three scenes showing as many steps

In one of the episodes of the "Girl and the Game," she had a thrilling hand-to-hand fight on the roof of a speeding train with Director McGowan, who was also playing the heavy lead. Neither she nor the director took into account a sharp curve they were approaching, and, rounding it, both slipped. Miss Holmes started to roll over the side of the car, but McGowan miraculously saved her from sudden death. He braced himself against some tool boxes, and, by a wonderful display of strength, managed to hold the actress until the train could be stopped.

Numberless times Miss Holmes has jumped from trestles to fast-moving trains below. This seemingly easy "stunt" is one of the most dangerous that is undertaken in the production of railroad films. It is almost impossible to keep your footing once you land on the train. Helen Holmes generally manages to do it, but once she lost her balance and rolled off the car to the ground below. She continued falling until she had reached the bottom of a steep and dangerous decline, and, although she worked no longer that day, the next morning, at the usual hour, she reported at the studio.

in one of Helen Gibson's feats of daring.

Another time, during the filming of a fire scene, she was badly burned, but refused medical assistance.

Some time ago I spoke to her regarding the frightful chances she takes.

"No," she replied. "I have all the confidence in the world in my director. He has everything timed just right, and I know that he will not forget one detail of all the complicated mass, one slip of which might mean the loss of my life."

Another girl that has quickly risen to the top is Helen Gibson, heroine of "The Hazards of Helen," Kalem's railroad series, in which Miss Holmes was formerly starred. She is known the country over as "the girl who won't take a dare."

Once a day, six times a week, over three hundred times a year, this young actress grits her teeth, mutters an involuntary "do or die," and then stands on the brink of death—just that the picture fans may have sensations.

Helen Gibson is no common daredevil. She describes herself as "a specialist in thrills," with railroad hazards the particular specialty. She rides on the private road of the Kalem Film Company—a road that boasts of an ac-

cident a day. The reason for the boast is that all the accidents are carefully planned beforehand; they are conceived in the mind of a scenario writer, prepared for by a master director, and then, when the real danger comes, executed by "the girl who won't take a dare."

Struggles with tramps on top of racing trains, the feat of letting herself down from the top of a passenger coach through one of the car windows, allowing herself to be placed in a bag and snatched from a mail crane like a sack of mail by a flying train—these are among the many ordinary events of a day's work for Helen Gibson.

During the filming of a recent "hazard," Miss Gibson was called to head off a runaway train which was approaching an open trestle. The dauntless girl mounted the backs of two truck horses, and took a short cut to a near-by bridge from which a rope was

dangling, grabbed the rope, and swung out on the train as it went rushing by. The actual speed of this steam mogul was over forty miles an hour, and Miss Gibson was severely bruised and cut by landing on the jagged iron.

In "The Broken Wire" she was to swing through the air by aid of a cut telegraph wire, and enter the box car of a train which was being stolen. As in the preceding film, this train was going at a terrific speed, and in rehearsal Miss Gibson gauged the time erroneously and swung against the side of the car. She lost consciousness and fell, the flying wheels missing her body by a terrorizing margin. For over a month she was in the hospital, but upon her recovery pluckily went through the same scene again—this time successfully.

In the filming of "The Tramp Telegrapher" one of the players who support Miss Gibson in her pictures



Just before Helen Holmes fell over the side of the train. The curve that was the cause of the accident is shown in front of the engine.

did some literal supporting, and in a way that was not altogether pleasant. He was forced to lie across iron rods on the bottom of a railroad coach, have nearly half his body project out from the side of the car, and then allow Miss Gibson to stand on his chest while the train speeded on its way. Had he relaxed or in any way allowed himself to slip from the rods, his death would have been certain, and very probably the daring girl whom he was supporting would have been ground under the wheels, for they were working in the middle of the car.

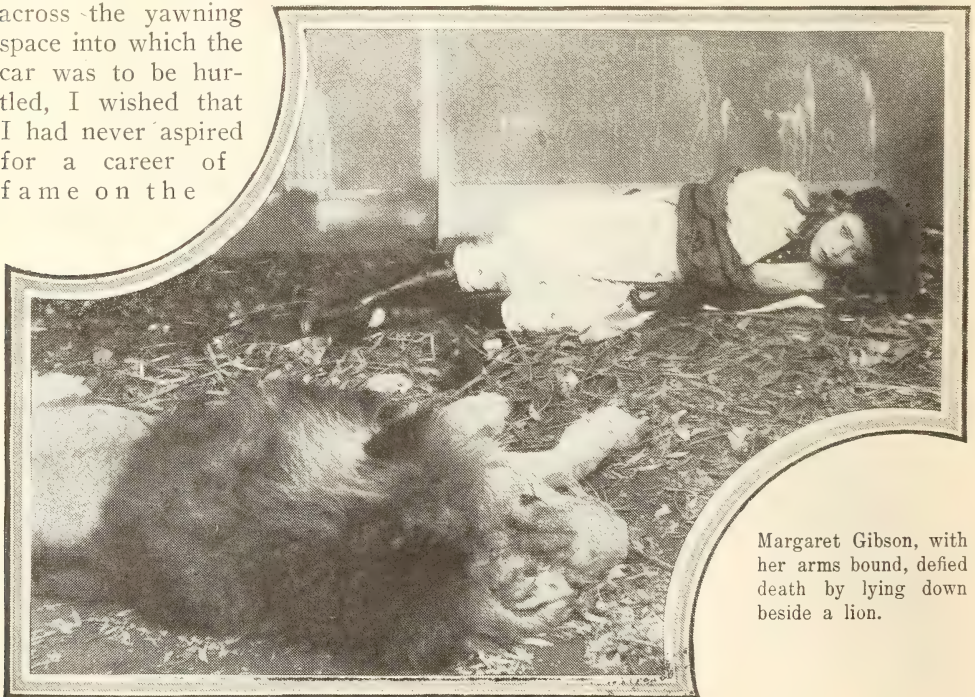
Recently I asked this pretty actress to tell me of her narrowest escape.

"Life is just cluttered up with perils," she answered thoughtfully, "but the one which made me think I was nearest to eternity was the time I had to go over an open drawbridge on a hand car into a river scores of feet below. I came at a terrible speed down a hill just before reaching the bridge, and for a moment, as I looked across the yawning space into which the car was to be hurled, I wished that I had never aspired for a career of fame on the

screen. It's weird, all the things you can think of in a few seconds of danger. But above all other things I could hear dozens of my friends saying dolefully, 'I told you so!' You know, my friends were never enthusiastic over the career I had chosen.

"There wasn't anything left for me to do but hang on, though. Then suddenly I reached the edge of the bridge, and the next instant the water seemed to rise up to meet me. I know that I was not frightened, for I had presence of mind enough to jump clear of the hand car. To carry out the action of the story I had to swim hurriedly to shore and rush to the switch to prevent a box car from taking the same disastrous flyer into the river.

"Another unusually thrilling experience I had came in a picture that called for me to leap from a hand car to the cowcatcher of a locomotive that was pursuing me. It had all been carefully planned and timed, but there is nothing



Margaret Gibson, with her arms bound, defied death by lying down beside a lion.

pleasant in seeing a locomotive bearing down on you! At the right moment I leaped for the cowcatcher, and then something seemed to go wrong. We had expected the hand car to be tossed aside, but when the engine struck it, the car seemed to climb up after me, and I was very close to losing my slim hold. Then the next second I was safe, for when the full force of the impact hit the hand car it was smashed to splinters. However, I was badly hurt by flying pieces of wood and iron."

Cleo Madison, the girl director of the Universal Film Company, is another one of the young women who risk their lives for a living. Time and again has she flirted with the grim specter of death. In one episode she plunged down a dangerous precipice with a motor cycle. She was severely lacerated. In another episode she boarded a freight train going at full speed and crawled to the top, where she lay, panting, on the narrow wood. In still another, she was lowered from the top of a twelve-story building by a derrick. The only comment that Miss Madison would make on her death-defying method of earning a living was:

"What my director wants—he gets!"

One seldom associates the name of Mary Fuller with thriller pictures, but she, too, has done things that make a chill creep up and down your back. One day, when she had a few moments' leisure, I asked her to tell me her most exciting experience.

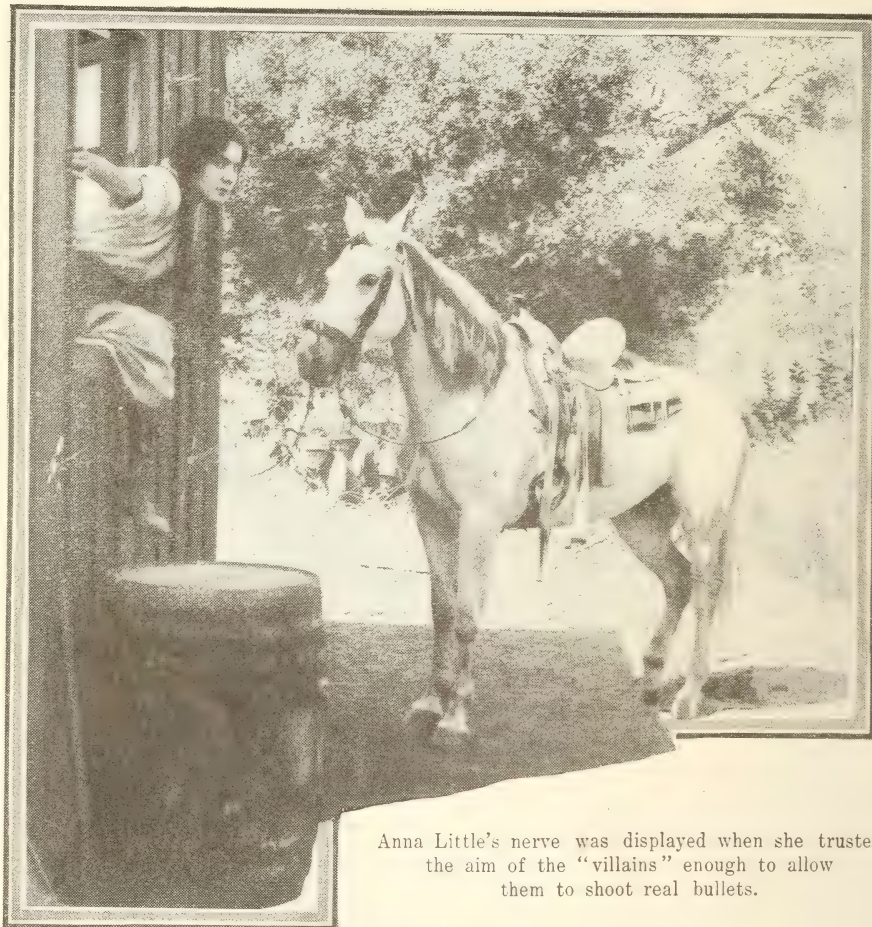
"I was almost frightened to death once," she replied. "I was taking the part of a mermaid seated on a lonely rock that projected thirty feet into the air from an angry sea beneath. The tail of the mermaid suit I had fashioned myself. It worked perfectly, was a wonderful fit, and was sure to stay in place. On my breast I had placed water lilies, and around my neck were strings of coral. Suddenly I noticed, with fear, that the tide was rapidly rising. I

called out, in alarm, to my director and camera men, but nobody heard me. The creeping tides were threatening to cover me. I couldn't get up and run—the tail wouldn't permit it. I couldn't find any one to save me; the camera men were fascinated with the picture, and continued to turn the cranks.

"The spray from the sea swept over me; splashes of water washed over my face and body; my coral and lilies were swept away. I began to move, but not toward the shore. My direction was out to sea! I was gasping with fear—when finally the men saw my danger and came out to me, and finally I was carried back to terra firma, but the cameras were caught in the tide and never returned. I said then that I was through with tempests and thrillers, but, alas and alack, the scene had to be retaken the next day—all the finished film was inside the cameras at the bottom of the ocean!"

Little Nona Thomas, of the Ince-Triangle forces, has been doing thrillers of late. Speaking with her recently, I noticed one gray hair among the mass of black. Nona is still in her "teens," so I asked her the reason for the line of gray.

She said: "Some months ago I was on the sixth floor of a burning building. I was handed a long rope and instructed to escape to the ground. Nothing more was said. I had been told to escape; the rope was in my hands; the cameras were clicking. So, almost frightened to death, I got a firm hold on the rope—to my dazed mind it seemed like the thinnest of thread—and down I went. It was frightful—my hands were blistered and bleeding, my ankles were torn, my clothes seemed to be flying above my head, and my throat was full of smoke. When I reached the ground I didn't have the lovely disposition I possessed a few moments before. Luckily for all con-



Anna Little's nerve was displayed when she trusted the aim of the "villains" enough to allow them to shoot real bullets.

cerned, I was given the rest of the day off!"

Recently she had another exciting experience. Playing a dope fiend in a forthcoming Triangle release, she was called upon to fall headlong down a flight of stone steps. It sounds easy—try it.

Nona's sister, Ollie Kirkby, the Kalem star, recently was thrown bodily from a fast-moving aeroplane, more than fifty feet above a lake. Ollie is a wonderful swimmer, but even so—there was no fascination in the feat.

"As long as the fans are satisfied, I am," says Ollie.

Kathlyn Williams, "the unafraid," as her fellow Selig players call her, is the foremost screen actress in the world when it comes to playing with animals. She has had countless hair-breadth escapes.

"When were you nearest death?" I once asked her.

"When we were filming 'A Sultana of the Desert,' a few months ago," she replied. "A cage had been fixed to represent the interior of a cave, and I was to rush in through the entrance—which was really the door of the cage—discover a lion inside, and back out again. Just as I was to pass through the door,

on the way out, it was arranged for the door to be dropped, so that the beast could not follow me.

"I rushed in, all right, with the camera grinding, registered my fear, and started out again, backward. But before I reached the door, my foot hit a rock, and I fell. It did not take a moment for the lion to see my helpless predicament, and he sprang upon me with a fierce bound, clawing at my flesh. To make it worse, the man at the door, who worked his part by time—for in getting out of the range of the camera he was unable to see what was going on, and, therefore, released the cage door by looking at his watch—locked me in with the beast.

"Because of the cage having been closed, it took longer for the director and other men to reach me, but they finally did, and, armed with crowbars and spears, that are always kept within reach while an animal picture is in progress, the lion was driven off, and I was carried out—at least, they tell me I was—although I didn't know it until I regained consciousness that evening.

"That was the narrowest escape I ever had, and a great deal narrower than I ever care to have again. I still carry scars that have been a warning to me in my subsequent pictures."

Pretty little Margaret Gibson, of the Centaur Company, although not as popular as Miss Williams for her work with animals, has been the leading figure in several daring thrillers in which wild beasts played a part. In a recent production, "The Arab's Vengeance," Miss Gibson's arms were bound tight to her sides, and she was made to lie within three feet of a full-grown and healthy lion. The lion, as Miss Gibson had hoped and chanced, stayed still while the camera was grinding, but the fear that he might rise and attack the girl, who was helpless because of her bonds, was great enough to make the

feat one that very few beside Miss Gibson would care to attempt.

Bessie Eyton, another Selig star, has had some thrilling experiences with animals. Once, when she and Guy Oliver were in a howdah on an elephant's back, the huge animal took fright at something, and started away on a gallop. His speed was fairly fast, and, to make matters worse, he raced, loudly bellowing, directly toward a tree. Several of his fellow animals joined in the sprint, and the air was filled with their roarings. Oliver was swept off by a projecting bough. The impact forced Miss Eyton out of the howdah, and she went sliding down the elephant's side. It was a bad fall, and it was by scant inches that the feet of the frightened beast missed crushing her to death.

Anna Little, the black-haired beauty of western films, has often taken her life in her hands to provide excitement for the patrons of the film theaters.

In a recent picture, "The Valley Feud," she was in a cabin surrounded by enemies. Her object was to reach her horse stationed without, and ride away to escape the men. Suddenly, during a lull in the firing, she burst from a window to her horse. The director, to make the scene realistic, had the mob of invaders fire real bullets, so that the splintering wood would be noticed on the screen.

Anna got away safely, but, to use her own expression, "Never again!"

More than one deadly leaden bullet came within an inch of her, and the edge of the building was riddled.

There is more than one girl in the United States that shudders every time she thinks of the risks structural-iron workers take in climbing about the edges of tall buildings; but just consider the danger of May Emory, in a Universal comedy, "Caught on a Skyscraper," when she walked along the cornice of a fifteen-story building with her eyes tightly shut. According to the scenario,

she was supposed to be walking in her sleep.

"It's good they let me close my eyes," said May, "for if I had ever looked down, there would have been one comedienne less in pictures!"



Gertrude Selby's leap from a fifth-story window is a feat that few men would attempt.

Gertrude Selby, also in Universal comedies, recently went flying off a high dock in a motor car for a scene in "Gertie's Joy Ride." She was not doubled by a professional dare-devil, for I saw the scene taken myself. It was with difficulty that a rescue was achieved. The following week, she jumped from a fifth-story window of a burning building into a net. This seems commonplace for an actress, but most people in real fires prefer other means of escape.

One of Miss Selby's best thrillers was

when she and an actor rode in a large racing automobile at a fast rate of speed, in front of an onrushing train. Both the locomotive and her car were started a goodly distance from a cross-road, because the director wanted to get a long-range view of the thriller, to make it more impressive. This made it harder to gauge the time and distance, and, as a result, three retakes were necessary before the car was missed narrowly enough—that is, to suit the director—Miss Selby thought that the huge engine came entirely close enough the first time.

I remember the good old days when Miss Selby was a member of the Hackett-Morgan Stock Company, in New York City. At that time, she played child parts only, and I little dreamed that a few years later she would be risking her life "for a consideration."

Grace Cunard plays with death so often and so calmly that her deeds are too well known to be recorded. In "Lucille Love," "The Broken Coin," and scores of other pictures, she has jumped from bridges, fallen from aeroplanes, hopped on moving trains, been thrown from horses galloping at full speed, and a thousand-and-one other little "stunts" that coax nickels and dimes and quarters into the theaters.

Just a few weeks ago, Miss Cunard was released from the hospital for the fourth time from injuries that resulted from one of her thrillers that did not come out as successfully as planned.

"It's a great life—full of excitement,"

Grace laughed, when speaking of her work.

Pearl White is another girl of the same type. In the various "perils," "exploits," and "romances," she has done almost every conceivable feat. Her most painful experience was in one of the earlier "perils," and it was something not in the scenario. She lost her footing on a dangerous cliff in the Adirondacks, and fell to the bottom, and, though it was not a very great height, when the directors reached her, she was more dead than alive, and for weeks was in the hospital, hovering between life and the great beyond.

When she woke up, Pearl made her famous remark:

"I should worry!"

Lucille Taft, the new Gaumont star, is out to make a reputation as a dare-devil that will stand for years to come. As proof of her fearlessness in an important part in "The Drifters," in which she plays the lead, Miss Taft took a trip through the air over Jacksonville, Florida, recently, turning her monoplane three times in the air before she landed.

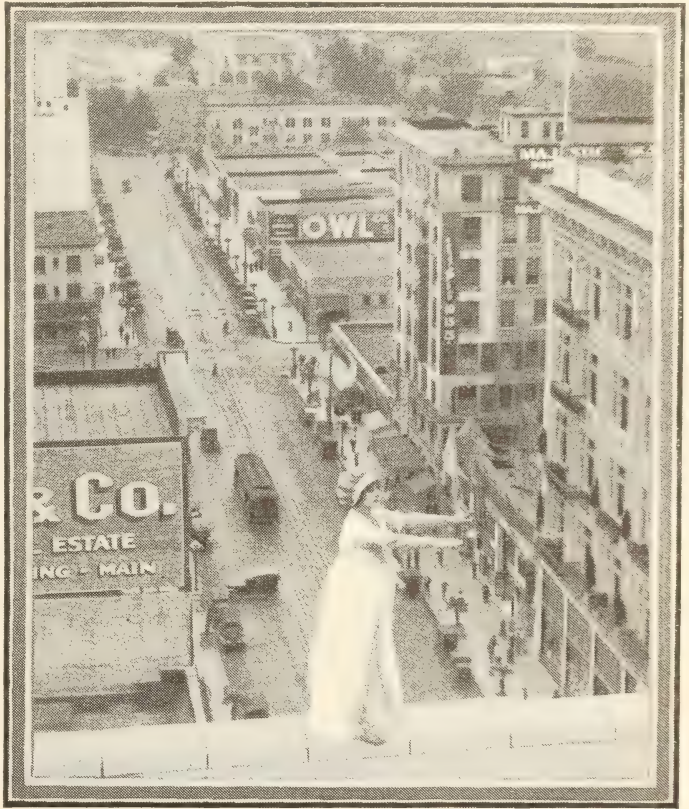
Miss Taft has been interested in aeroplanes for several years.

"It's just like riding a nervous horse, when you are sailing straight away, because the air pockets you strike without warning are just like the swerves of your horse," she says. "You have to be constantly on the watch. But the

loop is just a scientific accomplishment. You know that if you go over at the right angle at the right speed you are going to come out the right way.

"I just took a deep breath, and said, 'Here goes!' and over I went. That's all there was to it. On the first loop, I was so busy that I didn't have time to think, but the other two I managed to enjoy a little."

The hairbreadth escapes of the players working under Mack Sennett, at the Keystone Company, are too well



May Emery did not simply walk along the edge of a high building, but did it with her eyes shut to portray a sleepwalker.

known to need general mention; and, of course, as leading comedienne for this organization since its first release, Mabel Normand has come in for her share of thrills.

The one which will be remembered

longest by her was not called for in the scenario from which Mr. Sennett was working, but originated in the mind of the comedy king, and was put into execution by him without consulting Miss Normand. It was one of the early Keystone pictures, and Mabel was supposed to "go up" in a balloon. It was ar-

feelings, and sought shelter. Later he apologized to Mabel, for he said he didn't realize at the time what the consequences would have been if the rope hadn't held, and she had gone sailing off into the skies; or if she had lost her hold when sliding down to terra firma.



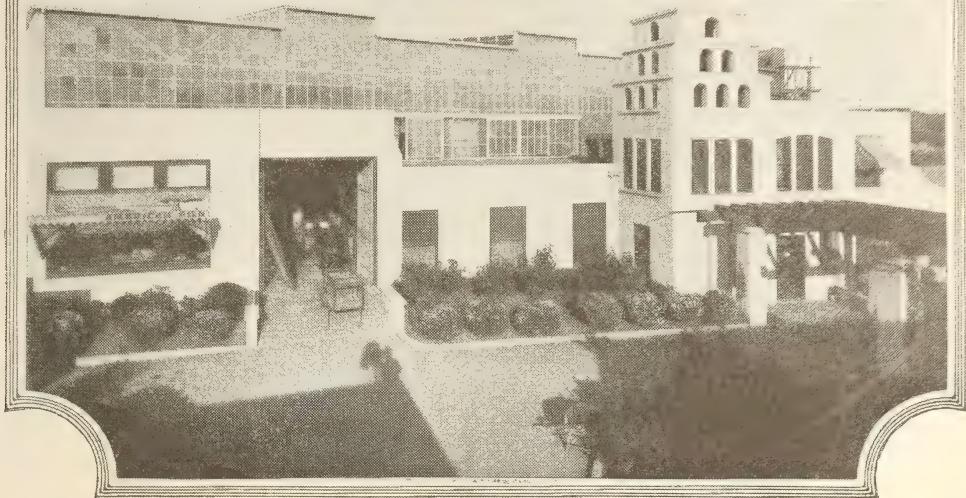
Helen Gibson shares credit with her leading man on this feat, but had he failed she would also have shared his fate.

ranged to merely let the balloon up a few feet, so that it would pass out of range of the camera. This would give the effect of it going way up on the screen. A rope about forty feet in length held the balloon to the ground, and, when the camera started to grind, Sennett loosened the rope and allowed the balloon to ascend to the forty-foot limit with terrified Mabel in it, screaming for help. Then, to make it even funnier, he ordered her to slide down the rope, and trained the camera on her while she was doing it. Mabel got down all right, but Mack wasn't there to greet her. He had anticipated her

The amount of thrillers staged by the motion-picture producers of late is considerably less than was released as recently as a year ago, mostly due to the fact that, because of the exposure of many of the tricks that were employed to make the public gasp, when players had, in reality, not taken any chances, made the people who saw the pictures skeptical about believing the real thing. There are still a few actors and actresses, however, whose work has become known and trusted, and who spend most of their time playing with death. The foregoing are probably the majority of the girls among these.

The American Studio

By Robert C. Duncan



To take our readers behind the scenes, into the studios of the large film companies, take them where the big pictures are made, let them watch the players at work, and introduce them to the famous actors and actresses—these are the purposes of this series of articles, of which this, the American studio, is the third. Each article will be individual, and up to date—a single trip to the studio which is its subject. The articles will appear in every issue, until all the big studios throughout the country have been dealt with.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

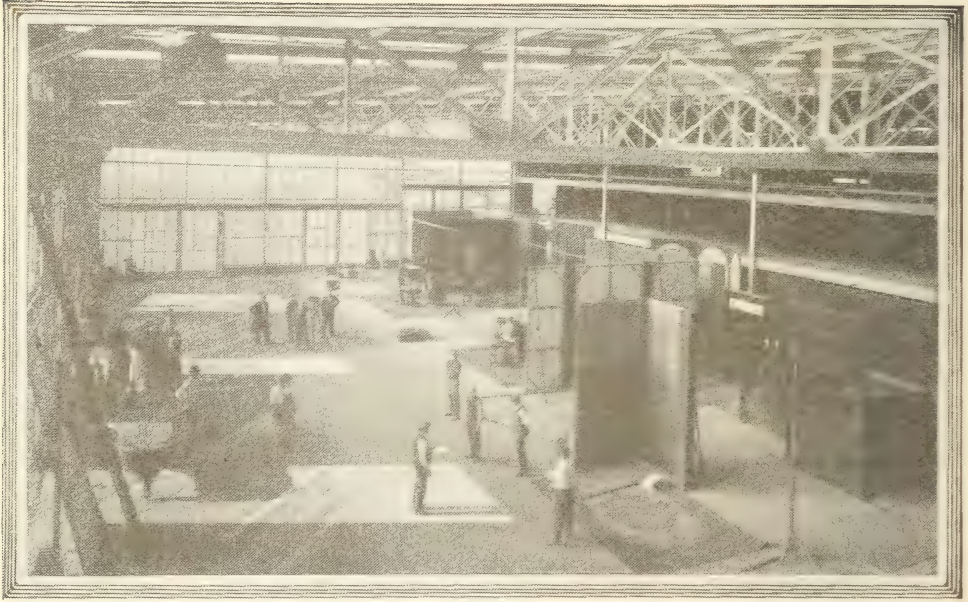
AS I neared the studio of the American Film Manufacturing Company, in Santa Barbara, California, the first thing that impressed me was the beautiful architecture of its buildings. Surrounded by a medium-sized wall of yellow stucco, the tops of the numerous whitestone structures rise majestically from within the inclosure, and are set off to a pretty contrast on one side by the glass side of an immense studio which stretches almost the entire length of the two city blocks covered by the plant, and by the small studio, whose glass roof rises to a neat point in the center of the inclosure. Directly behind the studio are long, sloping hills which lead to the Coast Range Mountains.

As I passed through the gateway, I found myself in a little garden, built

around a sparkling fountain, which, when set off by the gleams of the glorious California sunlight, became a sight which should prove an inspiration to the most artistic. A neatly arranged gravel path, lined with evenly trimmed grass led to the business office, and thither I went to meet Mr. S. S. Hutchinson, the president of the company and the man under whose supervision this film wonderland is operated.

"I have come to look over the studio," I announced, as we seated ourselves in the comfortable bench in the guests' reception room.

"I guess you can do that without any one objecting," Mr. Hutchinson smiled. "We're not exactly in a settled condition just at present, though, and I'm beginning to believe more and more



One end of the big glass studio, showing three sets ready for the camera, director and players.

every day that we never will be. You see, we have doubled and then tripled our output here within the last year and a half, and as we are adding pictures to our release list all the time, we have to keep building studios to allow all our directors to work at once."

"Then, you haven't always had all these buildings?" I inquired.

"No, indeed," he replied, again smiling. "When we started to produce out here first, there was only a small glass studio and a corral. We only made Western pictures at that time, and, as most of the scenes were taken on locations, there wasn't any need for a stage. We had only one company, at first, and that was headed by J. Warren Kerrigan, Pauline Bush, Jack Richardson, George Periolat, Louise Lester, and Marshall Neilan. Allan Dwan, now an assistant to D. W. Griffith, was the director. These players have scattered, and Miss Lester and Messrs. Richardson and Periolat are the only ones that are still with us.

"Our first enlargement of the studio

here was about two and a half years ago, when we decided to make society and modern dramas, as well as Westerns. From that time on, we have been remodeling and enlarging all the time."

He paused an instant, then added: "Come with me, and I'll take you through the big studio we are just completing."

We walked through the business office and entered a long hallway. As we passed the doors opening onto this hallway, Mr. Hutchinson explained the departments which were to be found behind each—the art, the publicity, the purchasing, the bookkeepers', and several others, whose duties consisted of handling the business routine of the plant. At the end of the hall, we paused before an open door, and Mr. Hutchinson said he wanted me to take a good look at the scenario department, because it was really more of an institution than a department.

And so it was! The office was almost three times the size of general business offices, and was lined with

bookcases, in which were contained educational and reference books of every description. Six desks were in the room and four busy writers were hammering typewriters at four of these desks, while the other two desks looked lonesome because of their idleness. We did not bother the inspired authors, but as we continued our journey down the hall, Mr. Hutchinson explained to me that the writers we had just seen in action were William Pigott, American's scenario editor, William Parker, Calder Johnstone, and Karl Coolidge. I recognized all the names as belonging to men who ranked among the best in their profession.

The hallway led to a sort of open-air-inclosed stairway—so described because its construction defied further word painting. This we ascended, and entered the big studio which I had noted as I approached the plant because of its size.

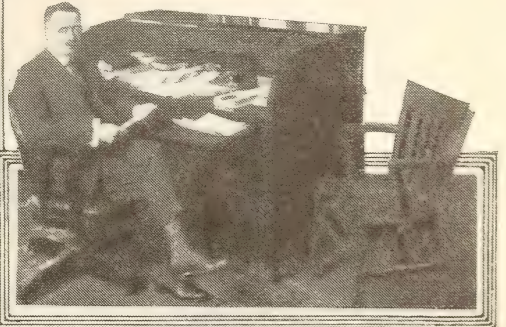
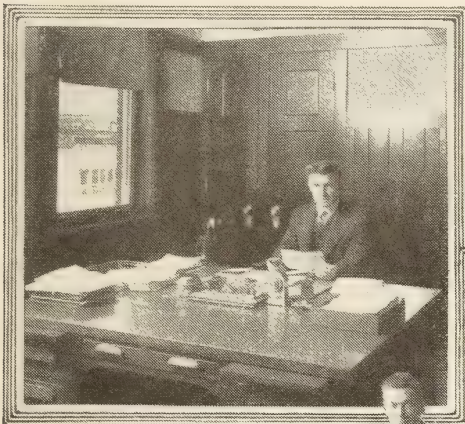
"You see, we aren't quite finished with this studio yet," Mr. Hutchinson said, as he pointed out one side of the vast inclosure where an army of workers were engaged in putting glass in the countless window frames, which composed the wall.

I looked about, and indeed marveled. One side of the studio was completely glass—or, rather, would be, when all the glass had been put in—while the other side and one end were of brick. The remaining end was of wood.

"There are twelve stages here," explained Mr. Hutchinson, "and we plan to work directors on every one of them at the same time."

"Tell me something about how many players and directors you have here," I urged.

Then he launched off on a description of the company, and the easy manner in which he recalled statistics and figures convinced me that his work was very, very close to his heart. By diligent manipulation of my pencil over the sheets of my notebook, I managed



Three of the "men behind" the American Company: President S. S. Hutchinson in the upper right-hand corner, General Manager R. R. Nehls in the left-hand corner, and Charles Ziebarth, the factory superintendent below.

to gather the most interesting of the facts he disclosed.

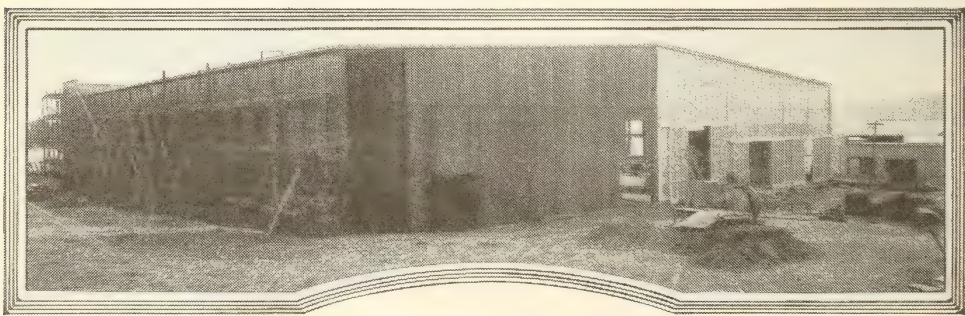
First and foremost stands his assertion that the pay roll at the American studio amounts to something over nineteen thousand dollars every week, which totals very close to the million-dollar mark every year. This is for a staff of about eighteen directors, seventy-five to one hundred players, who are on straight salary, and from one hundred and fifty to five hundred extras, according to the requirements of the pictures. This list is swelled by the addition of from two to three hundred stage carpenters and utility workers, who are engaged in preparing sets and prop articles for the scenes and in remodeling the studio building, camera men, assistant directors, wardrobe people, property-room guardians, people to handle the negative films after the scenes have been taken, and those listed under "miscellaneous," and whose work is far too varied to attempt to list here.

Thomas Ricketts is the man in charge of the artistic end of the productions. He has been with American during the past two and a half years, and prior to that was with it at its very start, leaving Essanay to make its first six or seven pictures. Between engagements with American, he directed for the Nestor brand of the Universal program. Mr. Ricketts is the man to whom credit for American's change from Western

style of pictures to those of a general nature really belongs. He has personally directed most of its big pictures, including the Mutual Masterpictures and such special productions as "Damaged Goods." Foremost among the directors under Mr. Ricketts are Arthur McMakin, Charles E. Bartlett, Arthur Maude, Thomas Chatterton, William Bertram, Donald McDonald, James Douglas, and Oral Humphreys.

The players here change quite frequently, as they do in all studios, but at the time of my visit those who were regarded as the leading performers were Art Acord, Sylvia Ashton, Frank Borzage, Charlotte Burton, Nan Christy, King Clark, William Carroll, Ed Coxen, Constance Crawley, Ashton Dearholt, Nell Frazen, George Field, Eugenie Forde, Adele Farrington, Winnifred Greenwood, Carol Holloway, Clifford Howard, Louise Lester, Anna Little, Dick la Reno, C. P. Morrison, Arthur Maude, George Periolat, John Prescott, Larry Peyton, Helene Rosson, Vivian Rich, Jack Richardson, William Russell, John Sheehan, William Stowell, John Stepling, William J. Tedmarsh, Lizette Thorne, E. Forrest Taylor, Alfred Vosburg, Harry von Meter, Beatrice Van, Chance Ward, Lucille Ward, Oral Humphreys, and Tom Chatterton.

Something like fourteen to eighteen reels per week are actually made at



The rear of what is known as the big "glass studio" though it is really composed of glass, wood and brick. Note the brick on the left, the wood in the center and the glass on the right.



The lower picture of this group shows all of the players located at the Santa Barbara studios grouped in front of the small glass studio, while the one above it to the right gives a general view of the studio yard, and shows the small and large glass studios and the office. The small picture to the left is Anna Little, the American star, and her mother in the garden of their bungalow home.

this studio, and I think the fans throughout the country will agree with me that these reels are the real backbone of the Mutual program. There are ten regular companies at work and several special companies. The regular companies have certain players who are cast for leading rôles under the same director in all pictures. The special companies are headed partly by special directors and partly by regular directors working on special pictures. Their players for these companies are drawn from the ranks of the general stock

company. There is a featured star in every special company, supported by one or two well-known players. The regular companies are known by studio names, while the special companies are called Special No. 1, Special No. 2, et cetera. The names applied to the regular companies are Company No. 1; Company No. 2, Company No. 3; Beauty Company No. 1, Beauty No. 2; Mustang Company No. 1, Mustang No. 2, Clipper, Humphreys, and Feature.

"The Diamond From the Sky" was

made at this studio for the North American Film Corporation, which is controlled by the same financial powers that are behind American, and was acted by a special cast of players, several of whom were added to the regular stock company. Of these players, William Russell, Charlotte Burton, and Eugenie Forde alone remain, the others having drifted off to other fields.

The natural beauty of Santa Barbara gives American a big advantage over less fortunate companies. At no place on the coast is the Pacific more majestic. A short distance from the mainland are the Channel Islands, with caves and grottoes as beautiful as those of Bermuda. Stretches of desert are not far away, and the mountains are almost at its back door. The homes of many Eastern millionaires are located at Montecito, the most picturesque and beautiful of the many suburbs of Santa Barbara, and in these days of enthusiasm for the moving pictures, it is not difficult to obtain the use of a rich interior or lovely bit of garden in staging society scenes. Then, too, the climate is so fine that the cameras can "shoot" about three hundred and twenty-five days out of the year in the open.

Having digressed from my story long enough to give you a few of the facts the energetic president crowded into his description of "how many players and directors were employed," I will again bring you back to the studio.

Mr. Hutchinson piloted me through the long glass inclosure to the other end of the floor, and from there we descended another stairway of the open-inclosed variety, and into the carpenter shops and property rooms, which lay at the rear of the grounds. The former buzzed with the industry of the men who contributed so much to the success of photo plays by their mechanical and manual labor, while the latter was indeed one of the most amazing places I have ever been in. I thought I had

seen more things gathered together than at any other place in the world when I visited one of the other studios, but in this room was about twice the number of articles and infinitely more variety. I looked wonderingly, and then hurriedly wrote a single sentence in my notebook to describe it. The sentence was:

"They have everything on hand that is needed in the prop line."

Just as I finished writing, I heard the head property man calling to one of his assistants, and, though the idea carried by his words was a severe blow to me, I managed to get this much of his speech:

"Hey, John, are you ever goin' to wake up and git that stuff I ordered a week ago? This is sure some place, and what we don't need here is a shame. Wait till I've had another month on this job, and we'll have a regular property room."

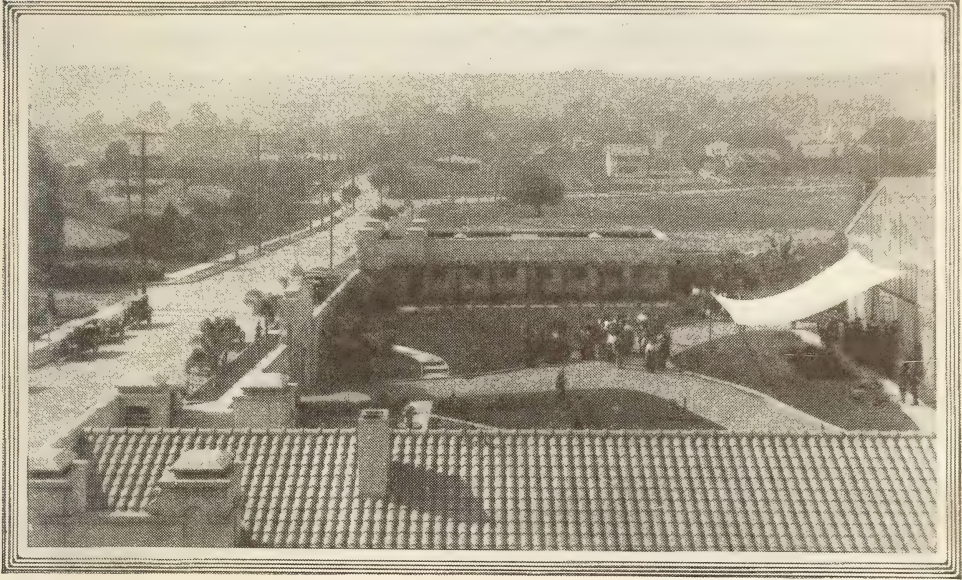
I looked about me more carefully when my amazement subsided, and, while I dislike not to agree with the man who is going to make it a "regular" property room in a month, I must state, in justice to it, that he will have to be quite an imaginative genius to supply anything which is not already there.

Directly to the left of the property room are two long rows of dressing rooms, running parallel to a string of exterior stages. There are fully seventy-five of these dressing rooms, which are used by the players who are at the studio every day, but who are not exactly in the class known as "stars." These "stars" have their dressing rooms on the same side of the grounds, starting where the players' quarters finish and extending to the fence which encircles the inclosure. The difference between the players and the stars' dressing rooms seems very distinct, from the exterior, the former being of wood, while the latter is of cement and stone, but the interiors of both are

really quite alike. It is more agreeable in the stars' quarters, however, as the heat does not penetrate the cement and stone as easily as it does the wood.

Turning from my inspection of the stars' dressing rooms, I saw at close range the small glass studio, whose roof

trained helpers. Their duties are manifold, for everything from the rivets in the new buildings to the caps on the hub of a buggy wheel, which is used in a scene, is "fixed up" by them. It is quite a noisy place, but because it is located between the big glass studio and



A view taken from the office tower showing the other end of the studio yard. The small buildings directly opposite the office are the stars' dressing rooms. The mountains are seen in the background.

I had noticed as I arrived at the plant. It is situated almost in the exact center of the yard, and is the remodeled old studio. It is quite large now, being about sixty by eighty feet in diameter. There were people working in it, but Mr. Hutchinson insisted that I *must* see the machine shops first. Then, he said, I could visit the players and directors who were working about the grounds.

So I went peaceably to the machine shops, half expecting to be bored, but, quite to the contrary, I found them to be among the most interesting things within the inclosure. There are about twenty expert machinists employed day in and day out, together with a score of

the open-air stages, no sound is allowed to creep beyond the stone walls which inclose it. It would never do for a pretty actress to be going through a heavy, emotional scene to the tune of an anvil, you know!

Despite the wonders of the machine shop, I could no longer resist the desire to meet and visit with the players, so I made my way to the floor of the big glass studio again. It seemed to be deserted, except for the men inserting the glass in the window frames. Then I noticed that, at the far end, where the glass side and the wooden end of the studio come together, there was a scene being taken—and I hurried toward it.

There were a group of men seated about tables, playing cards, and the setting was that of a millionaire's club. I recognized the leading player, who was seated in the foreground, as Jack Richardson, and an actor standing to one side of the scene informed me that the director was Mr. Ricketts, whom Mr. Hutchinson told me about. I sat down and quietly watched the scene being taken. Mr. Ricketts' methods of directing accounted for his success. He did not use a megaphone, and he did not raise his voice, but, despite these "handicaps"—as the average director would

doubt but what it was exceedingly effective.

When they had finished working, Messrs. Richardson and Ricketts were called by the obliging "extra man," to whom I had expressed my desire to meet them, and introduced to me.

"I think you will find Jack a much more interesting subject to write about than me," said Mr. Ricketts. "He has all the fans wondering how he can do so many villainous things, and be killed so often for them, and still retain that grin of his."

Mr. Richardson protested against the



Director Ricketts staging a scene in a clubroom set with Jack Richardson as the "lead" in the scene. This is in the corner of the big glass studio.

term them—he had perfect control of every one of the players in the scene. He allowed Mr. Richardson, who had the only "big" part in the scene, to carry out his own ideas of the "business" during the rehearsal, and then talked the scene over with him, expressing his ideas in regard to bettering the action in one or two places. Then he explained to the others just what he wanted them to do, and, after another rehearsal, ordered the scene taken. It was all done quietly, and there was no

fact that all the fans were interested in his doings, but I "cornered" him by asking how many times he thought he had been "killed" since his first appearance in pictures.

"That is hard to say," he replied. "I started to keep track of the number, but when we were putting on Westerns I used to get killed once or twice every week, and the actual filming of these scenes, plus rehearsals and retakes, ran my 'death list' into such impossible figures that I gave it up."

"And then Jack got married, just to show he wasn't afraid of anything," put in Mr. Ricketts, with a slow smile.

That was very interesting information, and I sought the details. Mr. Ricketts started to tell me, but Mr. Richardson "took the story away from him," and told it himself. It concerned a romance of the motion-picture studio which would be welcome music to the ear of a fiction writer in search of material, and in which the popular "Flying A" villain and Miss Louise Lester played the leading parts. They both joined American when that company first started and made a few pictures in a little "two-by-four" studio in Edgewater, Chicago, Illinois. When the company was sent to Santa Barbara, both were among those who made the trip, and for almost two years they played in picture after picture together, without discovering they were in love. Then the thought struck them suddenly, and with equal suddenness they decided to get married. It was quite a shock to the players about the studio, and it took them a long time to get over it, but Mr. and Mrs. Richardson looked upon the matter quite as something which destiny had carefully planned. Both had known Broadway in their earlier theatrical days, but since going to Santa Barbara have been quite content to remain there, neither having visited the dear old East since taking up their residence in the land of flowers and sunshine.

Mr. Richardson had just finished telling the story, and Mr. Ricketts had added that it had also been about three years since he had visited the East, when the prop man announced that the changes called for in the next scene had been made in the clubroom "set." The pleasing player and his equally pleasing director answered the call of duty, and prepared to film the next scene, while I made my way down the rear stairway and toward the open-air stages. I had noticed them on my trip

around the rear end of the plant with President Hutchinson, but only enough to remember where they were located. Now, I decided, I would inspect them at close range, for they must be quite as interesting as any glass studio.

I found them without any difficulty, and was happy in the discovery that two companies were working on them. Before reaching these companies, who were at the far end, near the long rows of players' dressing rooms, I had to walk almost a city block. This long stretch can be used for about ten or twelve sets at one time, but only when the sun is shining, for there is no artificial lights used on this immense stage at all. Some of American's most beautiful scenes in society parlors, drawing-rooms, and the like are taken here, with nothing but the vast expanse of the blue skies as a ceiling. That accounts for the evenness in lighting, for the important scenes are taken at midday, when the sun is directly overhead and no shadows are cast by any object in the scene. At times, when the sun becomes too warm to work under, or when there is danger of shadows being thrown, a thin and almost transparent canvas is placed over the set. At all times, the scenes are set within three walls of canvas of this variety, the only side being left open is the "front," from which the scene is photographed.

The first company I came to was one under the direction of Charles Bartlett. Winifred Greenwood, George Field, and Ed Coxen were the players, but I missed seeing them perform, for they had just finished their studio work for the morning when I arrived. Messrs. Coxen and Bartlett had several scenes to take on a location, and hurriedly jumped into an auto and were off. Miss Greenwood and Mr. Field insisted that I take lunch with them at the studio restaurant, and, wishing to secure a little story from both, as well as have the

pleasure of their company during the noon hour—and learn where the restaurant was. I readily agreed.

We had to pass the stage, where the other company was working, on our way to the lunch room, which, they told me, was located at the end of the row of players' dressing rooms. Miss Greenwood explained that the company at work was known as "Humphreys'" band of players, and made Beauty comedies under the direction of Oral Humphreys. We stopped to watch them, and the two stars at my side showed quite as much interest in the taking of the scene as though they had not gone through the same rou-

tine themselves every day for the past few years.

The setting Mr. Humphreys was using was a hotel lobby at the seashore, and the players represented a group of girlyies about the hotel, a strict old father, and his two sons. Director Humphreys had just called "action," and the camera had begun to grind. One of the "sons," whose good looks proclaimed him the leading man, led

the other "son" and the "father" to the hotel register with a jaunty air. The "father" apparently did not like the idea of being at the seaside—in the play—but the sons were trying to overcome his objections. Just how the scene



Four members of the "Married People's Club" of the American studios. Reading from the top down they are: Mr. and Mrs. Jack Richardson and Mr. and Mrs. George Fields. Mrs. Richardson is better known as Louise Lester and Mrs. Fields as Winifred Greenwood.

worked out, I never learned, for the player taking the part of the father thought of an effective bit of business at a critical moment in the scene, and tried to introduce it. It didn't quite fit in with the director's views, however, and he called a halt to make a few remarks, which have no place in this article. Then he started to rehearse the scene all over again, and Miss Greenwood, Mr. Field, and myself withdrew to the lunch room.

It is really quite a lunch room that American has instituted for its players, and reminded me of the Childs refreshment palaces in dear old New York—and elsewhere. There are about five waitresses, all dressed in white uniforms, and, I was told, a like number of men cooks—all of whom are French. This promised a great deal for the food, and I wasn't a bit disappointed.

During the meal, I learned of another romance which had its beginning at the American studio, and in which Miss Greenwood and Mr. Field were the leading characters. They were married quite as suddenly as Mr. Richardson and Miss Lester, and the other players were quite as much surprised. It happened about a year and a half ago, and neither has regretted it since—and they say they never will.

I urged both to tell me of their careers, and Mr. Field suggested that Mrs. Field tell me of hers first.

"It isn't very interesting," she said. "I began on the stage, and played in vaudeville and stock for a few years. Then I headed my own stock company, at South Bend, Indiana, for two years. After that came motion pictures, first with Selig, in Chicago, and, later, with American, out here. I have been here now a little over two years, and have never enjoyed an engagement as much as this one."

It was very brief, but I had to admit it was also very comprehensive, so I

turned to Mr. Field for his story. He was ready.

"I can sketch my career in fewer words than that," he said. "I spent ten years on the stage in musical comedy, vaudeville, and dramatic stock. Then I joined American, and I've been here ever since."

I confessed that he had crowded a great deal of information regarding his career into a few words, and Miss Greenwood gave him credit for "wasting" less time than she had in telling about it. Our talk drifted to other things, including the beauty of the country and the many millionaires' homes and estates to which American had entrance in making its pictures. When our meal was over, I parted with them with regret, and wandered back into the studio yard. The small glass studio in the center of the inclosure again attracted my attention, and I decided to investigate its interior.

The large glass double doors which face the main automobile entrance were open, and, as no one was to be seen about them, I strolled into the studio. Director Tom Chatterton was staging a scene in the center of the floor. Anna Little, the pretty dark-haired girl, who has won the hearts of so many fans, was in the center of a group of lesser lights. Mr. Chatterton was directing the actual filming of the scene, and his methods were very similar to those of Mr. Ricketts. He was a little firmer in his commands to the minor players, I noted, and he also followed every action from the script in his hand, reading the directions aloud as the scene progressed. There was no retake, though, and Miss Little seemed to work in coöperation with him every moment.

When they had finished and I had cornered Miss Little, she told me of how much better she liked Santa Barbara than she did Los Angeles, where she had worked for some time previous to her American engagement.



The exterior stages in operation, showing three "sets" of distinctly different natures. The canvas covering is to moderate the sun.

"I am naturally fond of the out-of-doors, and I love the beauties of nature," she said. "This place offers me every advantage for swimming and riding, and it certainly is as beautiful as any section of the country I have ever seen—and I saw quite a bit of it during my four years with the Ferris-Hartman Comic Opera Company. I have a dandy little bungalow with my mother, and my ideal evenings are those I spend playing my mandolin for her."

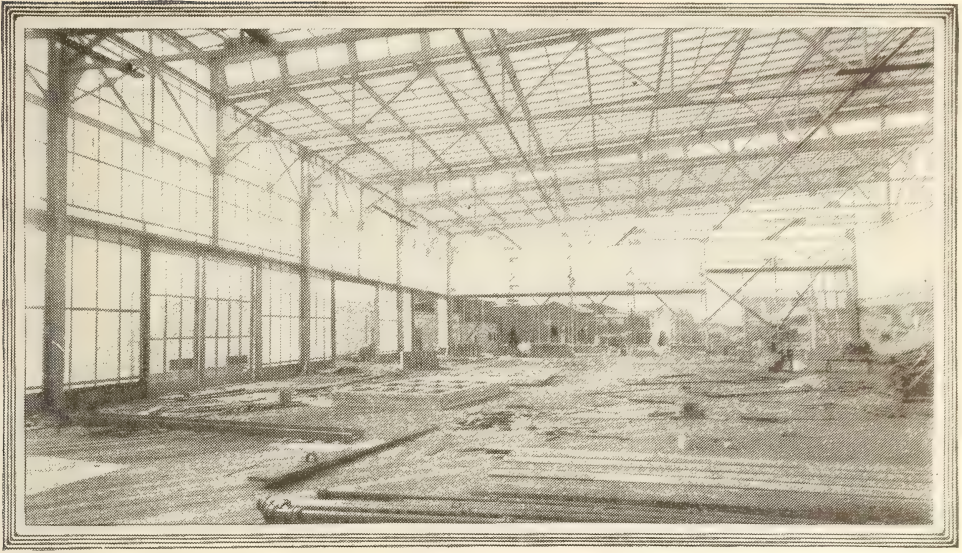
"You have played a great many parts, haven't you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied; "and under a great many directors. I was with Mr. Ince for two and a half years, playing Indian-maiden parts first, and, later, straights leads. 'The Battle of Gettysburg' was the picture I liked best under the direction of Mr. Ince and his assistants. After leaving him, I worked under several Universal directors, but longest under Mr. Otis Turner, the dean of Universal City. I played the lead in 'Damon and Pythias,' and 'The Black Box' serial under him. Then I came to American."

"Are you sorry you left Mr. Ince?" I asked, for I had heard certain other players say something about their wishing they had stayed with the now famous Triangle producer.

"No, I cannot say that I am," she replied. "I liked his style of direction very much, and the parts he gave me were always satisfactory, but I really feel I am farther ahead in the game than if I remained. The parts I am given by American offer me every opportunity to do my best artistic work, and I am quite sure that the advertising I have received is quite as effective as that Triangle would have given me. Of course, there are many who will not agree with me, but I am the one who is working out my career. We'll have to wait and see who is right."

Mr. Chatterton came up and asked Miss Little to change her dress for the next scene, and she took advantage of the occasion to commission him to tell me of his career. I mentioned the fact that Miss Greenwood and Mr. Fields had vied with each other to see who could sketch their careers in the fewest



The uncompleted end of the big glass studio which is now under construction.

words, and Mr. Chatterton said that a director could outline his in fewer words than any player, and proceeded to prove his statement by this sentence:

"Stage, Ince, Universal, American."

"But there isn't any detail there," I protested, hoping to have him enlarge upon the subject.

"I don't believe in detail, except in film plays," he replied laughingly; then added: "Here's Mr. Hutchinson."

The man in whose brain the plans for this wonder studio originated came toward us, and, after talking over Mr. Chatterton's production with him in a man-to-man fashion that left no room for doubt that perfect coöperation existed between the big man and his employees, he turned to me and asked if I would not like to ride up to the summit of one of the mountain ranges and look out over part of the estate that American owns. I said I surely would, and, as a result, I found myself about a half mile to the rear of the studio, looking down over a plain which sloped gradually to the base of one of the Coast Range Mountains.

"We own the land for acres and acres

around here, and practically all our exteriors, except those requiring special residential settings, are photographed on our own territory. You see, Santa Barbara wasn't quite as well known when we came here as it is now, and land wasn't quite as valuable. We were convinced it was destined to grow into quite a city, and, at the rate its population has been increasing during the last two years, it won't disappoint us. I dare say this land is almost one and a half times as valuable now as when we acquired it.

"Quite a few of our players are out on locations to-day. I believe there are six directors some place over toward the mountain or around those hills, filming scenes. It's too bad you couldn't see all of them at work, but it's quite a ride out there, and they will probably be coming back by the time we find them now. Art Acord, who is playing in the screen version of Buck Parvin's experiences—the ones Charles van Loan wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post*—is out with Director Bertram to-day taking some roughriding scenes. He certainly can ride, and I enjoy see-

ing him do his 'thrillers.' He is a real cowboy, and we were, indeed, fortunate in securing him to play the part of Parvin, as he was Van Loan's inspiration for the original."

We drove slowly back toward the studio, and Mr. Hutchinson informed me that the American studio could also be called the home of the Signal Film Corporation and the Vogue Comedy Company, both of which are located at Los Angeles, as all the film developing for these firms is done here. Many of the props are also loaned these companies from time to time, as they are under the control of Mr. Hutchinson and his associates. When he spoke of his associates, Mr. Hutchinson suddenly seemed to think of something it would grieve him to forget.

"When you are writing of our company," he said, "I want you to be sure and give full credit to John R. Freuler, now president of the Mutual Film Corporation; P. G. Lynch, our studio manager out here; R. R. Nehls, our general manager, and Charles Ziebarth, our factory superintendent, for what they have done to make us a success. Messrs. Freuler and Nehls have been our mainstays in the business end, and it is due to their splendid management that we have been able to capitalize our large investment and our ever-increasing expenditure. Mr. Ziebarth has been largely responsible for American pic-

tures being noted for the beauty of their photographic effects, for he is a wizard at handling both negatives and positives, and Mr. Lynch is the man whose untiring energy has enabled us to produce pictures regularly and at a nonprohibitive cost."

Mr. Hutchinson's statement gave all the credit to the other leaders of the organization, and seemed to leave nothing for himself, but it is only fair to say that he is really the guiding spirit of the whole organization. Mr. Freuler's business interests in New York have kept him away from the actual productions for some time, and the other men are daily working directly under Mr. Hutchinson. He has the details of the company's business, and of every production in the course of making at his finger tips at all times, and it is he that decides all questions in regard to any end of the business which arise.

I left the studio of the American Company, satisfied that during my stay there I had seen the working of one of the best organized and smoothest-working concerns in the business. Every one within the vast inclosure has his or her work to do, and all do it with the utmost care and skill. They, like the Ince people I described in one of my early articles, are all working toward one cause, and that cause is the production of better pictures by their company.



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WHEN actresses in scanty clothes
Walk blandly through a scene,
Blame not the censor—for he knows
There always is a screen.

M. C. NEWMAN.

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It will take you but a short time to write out your plot—no scenario action is necessary. You do not need to be a writer. All you need is a good idea for a moving-picture play.

READ THE RULES ON THE NEXT PAGE

THE JUDGES

JOSEPH BRANDT

General Manager of the
Universal Film Manufac-
turing Company.

MARY FULLER

World-famous actress
who will be starred in
the winning picture.

CLARENCE J. CAINE

Editor of "Hints for Scenario
Writers" Department in Picture-
Play Magazine.

THE RULES

All manuscripts must be submitted before 12 o'clock, noon, June 17th, 1916.

No manuscripts will be considered unless accompanied by the application blank to be found on the next page, or a copy of it made on any paper.

One person may send in as many plots as he wishes, provided a separate application is sent with each one.

The main point is your plot.

Write it in *synopsis* form, giving the detailed action in as few words as possible.

No scenario is necessary, although it may be sent if desired.

All manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink.

No definite number of reels is specified—the length depends entirely on the plot.

The judges will decide what length is suitable for the story you submit, and payment will be made accordingly.

Forty dollars (\$40.00) per reel will be paid for the winning scenario.

For instance, if the picture is five reels, two hundred dollars (\$200.00) will be given.

The additional special prize of fifty dollars (\$50.00) will be paid to the winner, regardless of the length of the picture.

All stories must be original.

The leading character in the story must be one that can be played to good advantage by Miss Mary Fuller. This is an important point. Miss Fuller can best play strong dramatic parts, and those which are typical of the American woman of any class.

All manuscripts must be sent, in order to be considered, to *Picture-Play Magazine, Contest Department, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.*

Do not roll the paper—fold it.

If you desire your manuscript returned, should it prove unavailable, a stamped, addressed envelope must be inclosed. It is best to keep a copy of your manuscript in case, through any unavoidable cause, the original is not returned.

All manuscripts submitted will be carefully read and decision made according to their merit.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY AND BE SURE THAT YOU COMPLY WITH THEM

What the Winner Gets

After the contest has closed Mr. Brandt, Miss Fuller and Mr. Caine will decide on the winner as soon as possible, and announcement will be made in this magazine.

MARY FULLER

will play the leading role in the picture made from the winning synopsis or scenario, which will be produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. The author will be paid

\$40.00 PER REEL

for as many reels as the picture runs, will be given credit on the screen, and will receive an additional

SPECIAL PRIZE OF \$50.00

Fill out this Application Blank, or make a copy of it, and send it with your story. Otherwise the manuscript will not be considered.

APPLICATION BLANK

I hereby enter my application to Picture-Play Magazine's Scenario Contest. Enclosed is my manuscript, which has been written in accordance with the rules.

The type of my story is:.....

(Fill out according to society, mystery, railroad, straight drama, etc.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

.....



MOST stories about motion-picture actors begin in the parlor of the player's home or in some secluded corner of the studio where the interviewer met the famous person whose fate is to be to have his whole past brought to light. Neither of these is the place where this story opens.

It took Dustin Farnum, the Pallas-Paramount, some time to cast aside the cloak of artistry and screen dignity that covered his natural self, but it fluttered off in the stiff breeze that blew across the Bucksport, Maine, bay. I was sitting close to Dusty in the foremost seat of his prized motor boat, *The Virginian*, as its sixty-horse-power engine purred beneath us and the boat lurched over the waters of the bay much as though it were a stone scaled by a boy. The wind swept through my hair, and Dusty laughed as I let go of the side of the boat, to which I had been clinging, and foolishly tried to rearrange it.

"It does muss up your curly locks a bit, but it certainly is worth it!" he shouted into my ear.

Those were the first words that the popular screen star had uttered since I met him that did not ring with the seriousness that showed he was continually thinking of me as writer searching material. Type had vanished from his mind as had the screen. He had thrown aside work for play, and I envied him when I thought that my work was just about to begin. The real man in Dustin Farnum, not the actor, was sitting beside me, and was chuckling because my hair was mussed.

Suddenly the motor whirled faster, and we shot ahead with even more speed than before, though I had considered that impossible.

"Traveling some!" I muttered.

Dusty's voice rang out again in my ear, and I heard him say:

"We are. I do it every day, and it's a lot of fun—you know, this is the fastest motor boat in these parts, and I wish you were with me all the time, so that you could enjoy the speed the way I do when some one else's craft pokes its nose out from along the shore and tries to catch me."

I looked out to the water at the side of the boat, and noticed that we were making a wide turn, and just then Dusty announced:

"I'm steering her in now, because I want you to take a look around my farm. The water is only one of the things that bind me to my home here."

It was only a matter of a few minutes before the craft was moored against a little pier on the shore of the bay, and as I stepped from *The Virginian*, I looked across a vast expanse of farm land that was only a part of Dusty's property. A short distance away, a house loomed up on the landscape, and directly behind it was the barn. It seemed as though all of

Bucksport was owned by this wonderful man who held among his treasured possessions the hearts of a whole nation. He seemed perfectly at home and contented; and his manner, for some reason that I did not understand, prompted me to ask him how long he had boasted of this place as his home.

"This farm has been in the family of the Farnums for eighty years," he replied. "My brother William and I both spent our younger days on it. It has been a great life, enjoying the health of the open air, and I can't remember when I wasn't a lover of outdoors."

"Whenever I skim over the bay in *The Virginian*, I am reminded of the old days when Bill and I used to rule the waters hereabouts in a little, rough-hewn raft of an affair that we had built together, and that looked for all the world like a flatiron. It was rigged with a main-sail made from one of my mother's bed sheets, and had a funny-looking jib. The sheet, I guess, was the most expensive part of it; but we



Dustin Farnum's happy smile is known from ocean to ocean.

were almost as proud of that craft as I am now of my motor boat. I was nine years old then."

By the time he had finished relating this much of his past history, we had reached the house. He led me around to the barn, and, after he had seen me safely propped up on the top of a bar-



Three pictures of "Dusty" that show him when he is not acting. At the lower left he is seen, sitting, with his director, Frank Lloyd, looking over his shoulder.

rel, balanced himself on a sawbuck with all the grace of an acrobat. Perched thus, content with all the world, as any one in Dusty Farnum's position should be, he began to speak without being questioned.

"This is a wonderful place," he commented, glancing about at animals and over the land. "It is one of the things that help to keep me in such good physical trim. I'm always in the air when I'm here, and I'm always here when I can get away from the studio for a vacation, no matter how short. I'm up with the sun; and in about an hour or so, if any one wants me, he will have to have a faster horse than mine, for 'Monty' takes me for a great ride up there through the hills every morning. When I get back, a sort of second breakfast is always welcome before I go into the fields with the men to do some 'laboring.' By the time—Look, look! See that pig?" He broke

off suddenly, and I followed with my eyes the direction indicated by Dusty's finger and beheld a large porker jogging lazily over the ground.

"That's Juliette," he laughed, "and there is Romeo coming along behind. The man running after—romance even runs in pigs."

I laughed heartily as I saw the pleasure that this man, known to most people as a serious dramatic actor, derived from life.

"I wish I had my friends throughout the country here to keep me company," he continued, almost sadly, as he thought of what his many admirers were missing. "Once in a while some of the neighbors who have known me since I was a little wee kiddie come over and 'b'gosh' for a while, but they are here all the time and I'd like to give the others, who only see me on the screen, a chance to knock about a little and catch some of the breeze that

whisks by my face when I'm in *The Virginian* or leaving the country road behind in my auto."

"I'm afraid you'd find quarters quite cramped if you tried to accommodate them all," I laughed.

Dusty said nothing, but his smile

pleasant days that I had ever spent to an end. Dusty offered to take me to the station in his automobile, and I gladly accepted. This was perhaps the only toy of his that I had not played with as yet. He drove the machine down, and almost before I had time to



"Dusty's" motorboat—with him as skipper—rules the waters near Bucksport, Maine.

showed that he appreciated deeply all that the people throughout the country had done to bring success to him.

The rest of the day we spent around Dusty's farm and in the country near it. His horse, his other animals, and practically all his playthings, which the average person would call expensive luxuries, he shared with me for the time. Dusty's play is that of a real man—such as is worthy of a Farnum. Toward evening, when it was beginning to get dusk, I expressed real regret at being forced to bring one of the most

climb into the seat next to him we were tearing along the road toward the depot at a rate that kept me continually wondering whether he was keeping slightly within the speed laws or going just a little bit faster than they allowed.

We stepped out of the car a short while later, and when Dusty said "Good-by" and grasped my hand, I winced and told him that were he to greet all his admirers with such a handshake I didn't think there would be quite so many people who would be so very glad to meet him.





Harry Meyers and Rosemary Theby talking over a scene while their camera man listens to learn just how they want it photographed.

DEEP down in the heart of every picture devotee who sits in the semidark of the theater, and watches the players as they enact their rôles upon the screen, there is a little envy—a feeling that the actors and actresses who have become so popular the world over are just a little luckier than other people. Then there is a little longing, too, to be one of those creatures who seem to get so much out of life, and whose daily work seems to be really nothing but play.

How different the players themselves feel about the matter, though! Often during their career they have

wished that they were just “fans” back home, where they could truly be contented and happy, and where no troubles ever burdened them. They are happy in their work, but they can look back over the years of hard fighting they went through to gain their positions, and of the awful fear always before them—that they would be cast on the wayside before they reached the goal of success.

Glancing back over the careers of the favorites of the screen whom we all know, many interesting things can be seen that mark the course of their climb to the top. Some of the players came

from the stage with reputations, while others gained their popularity through their work before the camera.

Little Mary Pickford, the "Queen of the Movies," as her friends have christened her, belongs to the latter class. During the years of 1908, 1909, and 1910—the years which really shaped the future of motion pictures—her smiling face and cutely appealing little antics were known to practically every patron of motion-picture theaters throughout the land, but her name was quite a secret, since the Biograph Company, following the custom of other producers at that time, gave no credit to its players.

To a few, she was known as "Little Mary," while in her pay envelope the sum meted out to her every week was just one-fortieth of the sum she now receives every week in the year as a partner in the firm which makes her pictures. Before the Pickfords—Mary, Lottie, and Jack—were enticed into filmdom, all three were following stage careers, for they were, indeed, children of the theater, brought up from infancy in its atmosphere.

The writer recalls "Little Mary" in "The Warrens of Virginia," a Belasco production, in which the now idolized screen star did so well that David Belasco, who produced the play, never lost track of Mary when she shifted her activities to the screen. Belasco was wont to go to the neighborhood theaters regularly to see his little protégée, and she was just commencing to achieve world-wide fame, when the greatest of stage producers sent for her to create the part of the blind girl in "The Good Little Devil."

It is stated that Belasco had to pay Little Mary just ten times as much as was her weekly emolument when she left his company a few years before. Although Miss Pickford's name was now emblazoned on the electric signs, and the newspapers were full of por-

traits and eulogies of her stage portrayal, she was not happy when treading the boards of the Republic Theater, in New York City. The desire to return to the domain of the camera man was irresistible.

It was at this time that Daniel Frohman offered Mary twenty-five thousand dollars a year to appear exclusively with the Famous Players Film Company. Little did Mr. Frohman believe that, when he signed Miss Pickford, that even at five hundred dollars a week he was making a big mistake in executing the contract for a single year only. Nevertheless, when it came to a renewal, Mr. Frohman and his associates not only quadrupled Mary's honorarium, paying her two thousand dollars a week, but it is only a truth to say that Mary was offered still greater inducements to sign with a competing producing concern. In fact, in accepting the almost unbelievable total of one hundred and four thousand dollars a year, Mary sacrificed almost as much more in the belief that artistically her future career would be enhanced by remaining with the company which made her famous the world over. That her choice was a wise one, has been proven by her unbroken string of successes under the Famous Players banner.

Elsie Janis as recently as a decade ago was famous as Little Elsie in the vaudeville theaters, and was "headlined" quite as conspicuously as to-day. It was Elsie's wondrous mimicry in the two-a-day theaters that induced Milton Aborn, the impresario of to-day, to assume her management. Immediately he placed her on Broadway at the roof garden of the New York Theater, where a new public paid her homage. So sensationally did Elsie register in an unproved environment, that George C. Tyler engaged her as the stellar attraction of "The Vanderbilt Cup." It is an extraordinary illustration of the influence of a Broadway "hit" when it is stated

that when Little Elsie became Miss Elsie Janis her weekly honorarium mounted from one hundred and twenty-five dollars to three thousand dollars. Now Miss Janis makes excursions from stage to screen with all of her consummate grace and dignity, and scores in the two fields alike. Those who have seen her in the Bosworth-Morosco productions, "Nearly A Lady" and "'Twas Ever Thus," will testify to this.

Russell Bassett was specializing in finely drawn characterizations two and three decades ago. His fame,

rests greatly on his subtlety in portrayals; no actor within memory has typified the Jew so concretely and so



Two of the Ince brothers—Tom the noted Triangle producer at the top, and Ralph, of Vitagraph fame, below.

artistically as the same Mr. Bassett did in the two greatest melodramas of the last half of the nineteenth century, namely, "The World" and "The Black Flag."

On the screen, Russell Bassett, well known to the

fans because of his character creations in Famous Players and Universal pictures, is endeared perhaps to half of mankind, despite that more often than

arch of the theater replied as follows: "I believe the stage will be immeasurably benefited by the amazing development of the picture play. The technique of the screen is unquestionably superior. On the screen the directors caution you 'not to go over the line.' On the stage the slogan is 'get that line over.' The same dissimilarity is in evidence as between stage and screen technique, which accounts for so many failures among the most experienced players in the newer field."

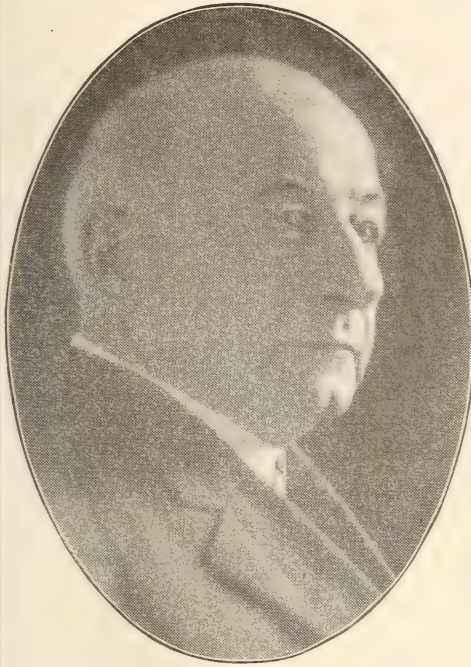
It is only a decade and a half ago



Lottie, the eldest of the Pickford family, above, and Jack and "Little Mary," the two other members, in a heart-to-heart conference, below.

not he is cast for the rôle of the polished villain. Stage-folk accord to Mr. Bassett the palm for his truly artistic *Dolbear* in the film masterpiece, "Sold." When asked by the writer if he preferred the screen to the stage this patri-





Russell Bassett.



Louise Beaudet.

that the name of Barrymore, now so conspicuous on stage and screen, was represented by none of the present group of sterling players so endeared to a public which then constituted only a part of the seventy-five per cent of mankind which now worships the magic screen.

Georgia Drew Barrymore, the mother of Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, of the Metro Corporation, and John, of Famous Players, had already passed on, leaving behind records of a glorious stage career, but alas for posterity, the development of motion pictures had just reached the penny-in-the-slot stage when her unexampled career was brought to an end!

Georgia Drew was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Drew, whose names are immortalized in the annals of the theater of the nineteenth century. The Drews conducted a model playhouse on Arch Street, in Philadel-

phia, where Georgia's career was molded in a stock company of a caliber nowhere existent to-day. Here John Drew, of stage fame, and Sydney Drew, the noted screen comedian, formerly with Vitagraph, but now with Metro, appeared in the classics of stage literature. It was at this playhouse that the dear old comedies, such as "The School for Scandal," "Home," "Money," "London Assurance," and "Still Waters Run Deep," were presented year after year with casts never surpassed in the history of the stage.

Georgia Drew married Maurice Barrymore—a *jeune premier* who came hither from England to become at first a *matinée* idol, but remained to take his place as the practical leader of the American stage. In the last two or three years of the nineteenth century, Maurice Barrymore, now a widower, decided, like so many others of his calling, to hearken to the call of the

vaudevilles. The writer was selected by the two-a-day magnates to tempt the actor to bestow of his artistry for them. Five hundred dollars a week was the bait which induced Maurice Barrymore to revolutionize vaudeville by presenting a serious playlet, "The Man of the World."

It is an amazing illustration of the changes which time has rung when it is stated that Mr. Barrymore was regarded as committing artistic suicide when he made his debut in vaudeville at

Keith's Union Square Theater, in New York City. The five-hundred-dollar salary included his children, who played minor rôles, and revealing nothing to indicate that but a few years later they would achieve fame and a far greater affluence on the very same stages where the father once had trod the boards.

Poor "Barry"! He died of a broken



Four prominent members of the Barrymore-Drew family. John and Ethel Barrymore above and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew below.

heart long before the evening of life, while his artistic prowess was in its zenith, nor did he live to see his children rise meteorically. The dawn of the new art of the silent drama was not yet indicated on the horizon. The "movies" of poor Barry's day were yet of that grade which induced the vaudeville managers to utilize them as "chasers." The very sight of the now magic screen was the signal for an exodus.

The same vaudeville managers who were so reluctant to mete out five hundred dollars a week for the Barrymore family did not hesitate a minute to pay John Barrymore one thousand five hundred dollars a week, while Ethel, practically unknown in her father's day, received three thousand dollars a week on the stage, later making her début on the screen and adding immeasurably to her vogue with the public the world over.

Time plays many pranks with us all, but it is rare, indeed, it records such startling evolutions as with the children

of Maurice and Georgia Barrymore.

Those who know their New York of a generation ago were familiar with the spectacle of an old patriarch of the speaking stage, known among his colleagues as "Pop" Ince, walking along upper Broadway with his infant sons Thomas, Ralph, and John, all of whom were already before the public.

The elder Ince, living as he did in a precarious stage era, passed through so many vicissitudes that he became emboldened to start a school of acting adjoining the Broadway Theater. It was here that the three boys, now firmly intrenched in filmdom, were prepared for stage conquests. The father was known to fame as the best exponent of the stage Chinaman of the epoch in which he lived. He

died before his children attained renown. Moreover, the latter inherited the vicissitudes of the father. As recently as six years ago the new art of the picture play had just beckoned them.



Elsie Janis, loved by patrons of both the screen and stage.

Of the three boys, Thomas H. was perhaps the best known in 1910, but it is only a truth to state that, on the very day that the man who produced "The Alien" applied for "work" in a New York studio five years ago, his greatest incentive was the goal of securing a place of shelter for his wife and baby, for Thomas H. Ince had just returned from a disastrous vaudeville venture wherein he reached the metropolis without a dollar.

In just five years, Ince has become one of the pillars of a great industry. Though reluctant to speak of his earnings, it is known that these equal at least those of the President of the United States. But of far greater interest is the story of this man's achievements as a producer for the screen.

Ralph and John have also been successes as directors, the former being one of the Vitagraph Company's pillars, while the latter is making features for Equitable.

Harry Myers, long with the Lubin Company, and known as "Lubin's Boy," passed through more vicissitudes in his search for fame and affluence that it is not to be wondered at that he was reluctant to leave the Philadelphia concern, where he rose meteorically. Myers was lured into filmdom originally in a manner wholly different from that in which he achieved renown. In fact, the trail of disaster which followed Harry Myers as an actor on the speaking stage became so intolerable that, instead of seeking to act for the movies, he decided to tempt fate as an exhibitor, and, like so many others, "went broke."

Then, having acquired some knowledge of the technic of a new art, Myers knocked at Lubin's door, making an impression on the powers there by his earnestness, and was put to work in a small way. In almost no time, Myers demonstrated that sort of filmcraft which has changed the aspect of

so many careers. Harry acted before the camera in parts which revealed his ingratiating personality; then he was asked to direct. Making good, he began to write his own stories, and in this triple capacity he soon was rewarded with a weekly salary as high as a cabinet officer's.

There came a day with Myers when he believed a change was desirable. This was shortly after he produced "The Drug Terror." Also, Myers felt that as his productions were invariably sold in advance of release he ought to seek a greater freedom to attain his goal, so when the Universal Film Company beckoned him, Lubin's boy left the Quaker City to become one of the strongest arms of the big "U." In this environment, Myers, indeed, rose to the topmost rung, and when the Universal decided to specialize in famous stage stars, Harry was selected to direct the very best known of all.

Speaking of Myers naturally leads one's thoughts to Rosemary Theby, for the two worked together at the Lubin studio and were later featured together with the Universal. Miss Theby's success on the screen is interesting because here we have a film star who had not the least stage experience, but who quickly demonstrated unusual fitness for camera portrayals. Almost from the day Miss Theby began in the Vitagraph studio she was given "leads," and when she went to the Reliance Company, under Oscar Appel, it was greatly due to her splendid teamwork with Irving Cummings that the Reliance productivity became celebrated the world over. Every stage star with whom Miss Theby has played—and she has supported such as Lawrence Dorsay and Wilton Lackaye—has marveled at her splendid technique. Yet this fine actress never even studied for the stage and her screen début was due to sheer accident.

Louise Beaudet was a name so em-

blazoned on Broadway a generation ago that those who see her in the screen to-day doubt that it was she who created the rôle of "The Little Duke" in French and English at Booth's Theater, when that majestic playhouse was actually directed by the great Edwin Booth.

This remarkable woman had all New York at her feet in the eighties, playing one day *Lady Macbeth*, the next day *Topsy*. And this is the same Louise Beaudet who created the rôle of *Madame Fifi* at the Manhattan Theater—now the site of Gimbel's stores. In this part, Louise Beaudet towered over all in the cast which in-

cluded Grace George and Ros: Coghlan.

Romaine Fielding was on the stage for fifteen years without contributing any vital pages to stage annals. The closest scrutiny of theatrical records fails to reveal any remarkable achievement to the credit of this screen favorite of whom it is said that he is the *Pooh Bah* of the film industry.

The writer knew Fielding a decade and a half ago; in fact, was his manager, yet so changed was Fielding when he appeared before the camera that the writer did not know he was the same man until one day Fielding himself recalled the past in a letter.



GIRLS—AND A MAN.

Director William (Silent Bill) Haddock is shown in this picture enjoying a breakfast party given in his honor by the actresses of the Gaumont companies in Jacksonville, Florida, who are working under his direction. The breakfast was in the nature of a reward for his success in piloting them safely from Jacksonville to Atlanta, Ga., where they appeared in person at one of the big photo-play houses. Haddock is seen in the center, and the ladies, from left to right, are Iva Shepard, Mildred Gregory, Helen Martin, Gertrude Robinson and Mathilde Baring.



Ethel Teare is raising a little pig. The reason, she says, is so that when photographers come for a picture of Ham and Bud, and either one is busy dodging Kalem's papier-mâché bricks, she can substitute the pig for the missing player, and name him accordingly. Here Bud Duncan got into the picture first.

Out of Range of



Whether or not Raymond Hitchcock heard of Ethel Teare's milk-fed pig, shown above, no one knows, but something prompted him, when he ran out of gasoline at Lubin's, to try a milk-fed automobile. Cow, car and Hitchy were sufferers from the experiment.



Little Bobby Connelly, of Vitagraph fame, doesn't believe in stuffed Teddy bears—so he has real ones. During leisure hours he may almost invariably be found playing with his pets.

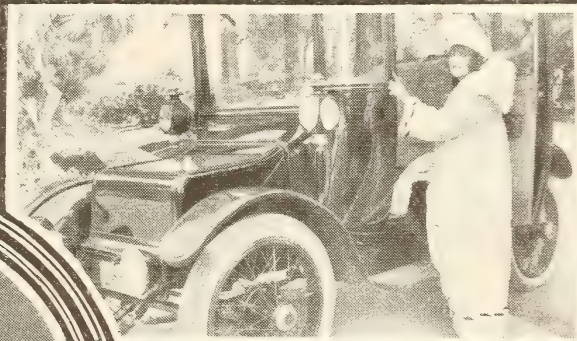


George Holt, who is well known as a character man on the screen, has also a character in real life that few people know. His recreation, whenever he can desert his studio long enough, is to go off to a little cabin, which he keeps in the woods, with his dog, and hunt.

Three is well known as a crowd, but Doug Fairbanks thinks that he got in with the wrong crowd this time at the Griffith studios. W. Christy Cabanne and Jane Grey form the "company" that Doug broke up. It is a pity that a motion-picture camera wasn't handy to follow up the rest of this action.

the Movie Camera

Fanny Ward, of the Lasky Company, is one of the most beautiful and artistically inclined players at the studio. Any one who wishes to know just what to do to be fashionable should follow her example—provided she can also follow it at the bank.



Blanche Sweet is not always the flighty little blonde that pictures show her. When she is at home, Blanche is satisfied with a quiet life, and enjoys resting—once in a while.

Another solitude-loving player who is known to the picture followers as a strong, fighting hero, is William Farnum, of the Fox Company. His enormous pipe—it doesn't matter much if it is empty—and a chance to think, form his idea of contentment.





Frank E. Woods, head of D. G. Griffith's cutting department talking over a film with W. Christie Cabanne, one of the Griffith directors. The master producer considers Woods invaluable.

THERE is one man in the moving-picture business who never is talked about very much, but who plays almost as important a rôle in the final evolution of the film play as the actors themselves, or the camera that takes the pictures. He costs the average company in the neighborhood of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a month, but there is no objection—his real worth is well realized.

Although few moving-picture companies are able to get along without one of these important gentlemen, he is generally tucked away in some remote corner of the studio, like a faithful servitor who knows too much to be allowed to roam at large. His little office is the last stopping place of the newborn film before it is given to the world. If a film play ever got out without passing through his hands, though beautifully acted and exquisitely photographed, it would appear about as intelligible on the screen as the hiero-

glyphics on a Babylonian water jug. Who is he? He is the film surgeon—known variously to his studio associates as film editor, trimmer, cut man, or film supervisor.

Every moving-picture company employs a film surgeon—the head of the "cutting" department. His visible implements of business are a pair of scissors and a can of cement glue. The rest of his stock in trade he keeps under his hat; it consists of a keen intelligence, an eye for the proper proportion of things, and an expert knowledge of what the public doesn't want. From eight o'clock in the morning until five-thirty in the evening, he runs miles of shiny film through his fingers, and every time his eagle eye comes across parts that he knows the public isn't going to want, he takes his scissors and cuts them out. That's his business—or, rather, his art.

His amputations mount, in the average company, upward from thirty-five

thousand feet of film a month. When one considers that this film represents the expenditure of thousands of dollars for settings, salaries of players and directors, and miscellaneous items, included in the cost of filming a production, it is easy to understand why he must be a man of unusual ability. There must be a good reason for discarding every inch of film that is cut, but it is equally important that no poor scenes be left in.

A moving picture is as bad as a Chinese puzzle when it is first taken. There is no attempt to photograph it in the order in which it appears. For example, the first scene may be an exterior and the one immediately following an interior, and so on; but the direc-



Edgar Scott, center of the trio, Universal's chief film surgeon.



A. D. Ripley heads the Fox Company's film-cutting department, which consists of six people.



The cutting room at the Edison studio, with Mr. Dawley, the small man with the black mustache, standing beside the young woman.

tor takes all the exterior scenes called for in the script first and then goes to the studio and films the interiors—using one or two sets at a time, and thereby saving time and trouble. He may reverse and take the interiors first, or work

inside one day and outside the next, according to the weather. Thus it is that when a five-reel film, for instance, comes into the "cut" room it is about as coherent in plot as the narrative of a lunatic. And this is the first cause for the art of the film surgeon.

The finished film is brought into the "cut" room, accompanied by the director who made it, or by his memoranda of the scenes in the order in

which they should proceed, and the surgeon gets to work. The first thing he wants to know is the length of the film; but instead of spinning it out on a measuring wheel, he places it, intact, on a set of finely balanced scales, which give the exact length of the film in ounces. One ounce is equal to twelve and a half feet. It often happens that a one-reel film of one thousand feet comes into the trimming room almost

clip and assemble the scenes in the order in which they shall appear, eliminating the retakes, imperfect prints, pieces of bad acting, and everything else that tends to destroy the value of the film as it will appear when finished. During the process of cutting, the film surgeon must eradicate the blunders of bad actors, quicken the scene by removing superfluous action, "match up" the funny falls and impossible-looking



U. S. Andrews (wearing hat), chief of the cutting department for Thomas H. Ince, and his assistants.

two thousand feet in length. Great latitude is allowed the directors of many concerns in this matter, and they can use as much film as they please, so long as they get a good picture. Stories go the rounds of directors who have been so prodigal in this respect that they have put their companies into bankruptcy. Special five-reel pictures are often sent in with as much as nine thousand feet of film. This means that it is up to the "trimmer" to take off four thousand feet wherever he can.

The first task of the "cut" man is to

jumps and other trick-photographic bits in slapstick comedy. He is the one who puts in many of the "flash-backs"—long scenes which are broken up into several shorter scenes for sake of contrast or other effect.

One of the big companies produced a picture in which was a scene of a young woman leaping from a rapidly moving hand car to the cabin of an engine. Of course, the picture had to be taken while the engine and the hand car were moving rather slowly; and when the film was turned into the trimming

room, the actual leap from the car to the engine appeared awkward and impossible. This particular scene was the climax of the picture, and unless it

All sorts of eccentric tricks in comedy are put in by the film editor. Ordinary somersaults, tumbles, and jumps can be made to appear ridiculous by a

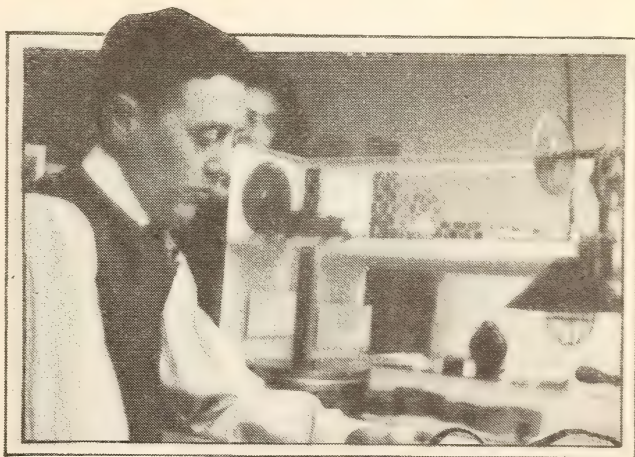
knowledge of just what part of the action to "cut" and what to leave in. It is said that Charlie Chaplin, Mack Sennett, and other well-known comedians insist upon making their own cuts, as they know just what sort of effect they were trying to get, and if they missed it in the acting they can regain it, at least in part, by proper cutting. Often-times an actor makes an exit through a door in one scene, and a few seconds later he is seen coming out the other side. As

could be "gotten over" the entire film would be useless. Therefore its success depended on the film surgeon. The scene was only fifteen feet long—that is, it only took fifteen seconds' actual time in the showing of the picture, as one foot is projected every second. The "cut" man decided it would have to be even shorter. Consequently he proceeded to cut out one solid foot of film. The result was astonishing. From the moment the young woman's foot left the hand car to the instant she alighted on the platform of the engine, the trimming was a work of art. The jump was now in tune with the speed of the picture, so to speak, and the effect was one quick, daring leap through the air, the girl leaving the hand car one instant and clinging to the engine the next.

these pictures are not taken at the same time, it often happens that in the second scene the actor opens the door much farther than he did when making



E. L. McIntosh, of Vitagraph, is a pioneer film editor. He has eighteen assistants.



Frank Meyers, supervisor of film cutting for Famous Players.

his exit. This may bear some definite relation to the plot, and the surgeon has to be on the lookout and use his amputating scissors to remedy it.

In pictures of explosions, the "cut"

man must clip the film so that the ensuing action following the explosion will begin again almost before the smoke has drifted away, or the effect is lost. Where dummies are substituted in place of actors, he has to see that the appearance of the substitution occurs at the moment when the real actor and the dummy are in exactly the same position, otherwise the illusion is spoiled. In a picture shown some time ago, in which a dummy was substituted on a ladder descending from a burning window of a factory, the "trimmer" man overlooked the flaw, and the actual picture showed two men suddenly appearing where there had been but one. Sometimes even the plots of plays—or at least the development of the plots—are changed when the picture gets to the trimming room. A picture recently released from one of the big studios was put on almost entirely backward. The film surgeon discovered that by flashing on the last three or four scenes first a decided suspense was created which led up to the climax and made the whole picture much more interesting than the way it was written.

The film surgeon eliminates bad film, when spotted, foggy, light-struck, or streaked with "static." This last phenomenon often occurs, especially in cold weather, and is caused by the friction of the film speeding through the shutter of the camera. It creates a spark of electricity which photographs on the negative very much like lightning.

Within the past year or so, the trimming department of the moving-picture companies has developed an importance and efficiency which rivals that of any department of the business. Mr. B. S. Dawley, head of this

department at the Edison Studios, in New York City, has made a number of original inventions for this branch of the profession. The number system, now in use in nearly all of the studios, was Mr. Dawley's idea. At the conclusion of each scene, a numbered card is held before the camera and the number photographed at the end of the scene. This greatly helps the trimmer in assembling the film in the proper order. As soon as a completed picture, with its fifty or sixty separate rolls of film of various length, reaches the trimming room, it is filed away in small numbered racks along the wall, in the order in which the scenes are to follow each other. The trimmer now begins with the roll in the first rack and runs through it, watching for possible cuts, and following any instructions the director may have jotted down on the scenario. He goes through this process with each roll of film, cutting where necessary, and joining the rolls with his cement glue until finally the picture is complete in one continuous film. It is now wound on a receiving wheel, and is ready for projection. An elaborate card-index system keeps track of every picture that goes through the office, the amount of "cutting" necessary, the date, and the names of the director and photographer. Every foot of film is accounted for.

It is the magic of the film surgeon that puts the final skillful touch to the photo play that will eventually help to brighten the lives of millions of people. Tucked away in his little office, he scans and clips and pastes. With his scissors and his pot of cement glue, he is not a romantic figure, but he is an important one—probably as important, in his own way, as any in the film business.



Biograph pictures, many of which will live forever in the minds of those who saw them.

Mr. Griffith believed in shifting his players about, however, and in the course of the changes which took place, Owen and Mary were separated—on the screen only. Owen played opposite Marion Leonard in her first motion-picture appearance. The picture was called "Expiation," and the two did very good work. Owen put his very best efforts into the work, because he wanted to have Mary praise it when she saw it on the screen. It really made very little difference to him who the leading lady was while he was playing in the scene. He always thought of the one girl he was trying to please, and his work was governed accordingly, whether it consisted in making love to a film heroine or pursuing the villain

through the crowded streets of the Ghetto in an automobile.

Alternately, Miss Leonard, Florence Barker, Fritzi Brunette, and Gertrude Robinson were his leading ladies during the remainder of his stay at Biograph, and when he left that company to join Imp, he again played with Florence Lawrence in a series of light-comedy dramas, which were produced in Cuba. This was the first time Owen and Mary had been separated since their marriage, and was responsible for the first of the many letters which have passed between them since. Maybe Mary had a struggle to keep just a little sign of jealousy from creeping into those early letters, but if she did, no one ever knew it. She saw all of the pictures with Owen and Miss Lawrence, and studied his work—then she wrote him about it. And she never



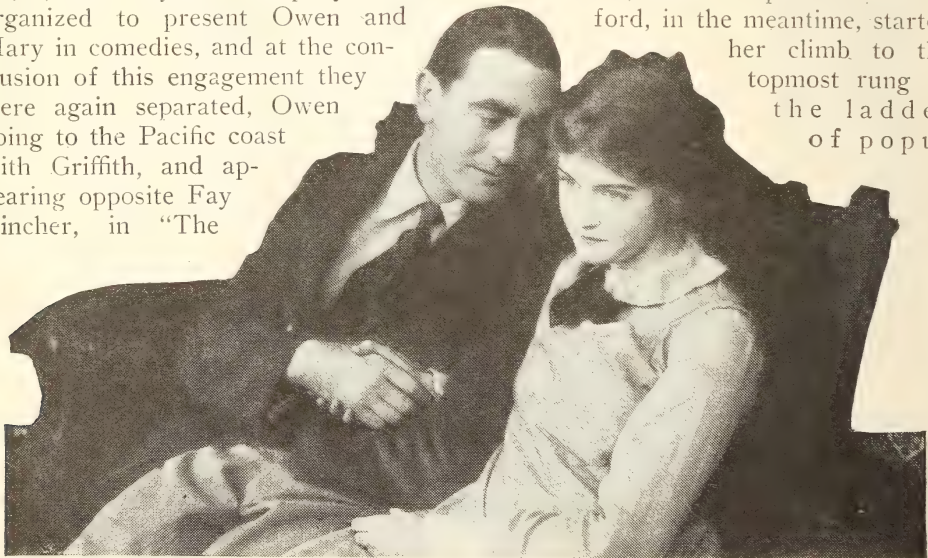
James Kirkwood, Owen Moore and Florence Lawrence in one of Griffith's Biograph successes. The latter was Owen's leading lady up to the time Miss Pickford joined Biograph.



Florence Barker was another of Moore's Biograph leading ladies. They are seen together here, with Mack Sennett, at present regarded as the king of screen comedy, and Jack Byrne, now a Keystone scenario writer, to the right of the picture. Both were playing "bits" in the production.

forgot to tell him to tell Miss Lawrence what splendid work she had done. Later, the Majestic Company was organized to present Owen and Mary in comedies, and at the conclusion of this engagement they were again separated, Owen going to the Pacific coast with Griffith, and appearing opposite Fay Tincher, in "The

Battle of the Sexes," and with Blanche Sweet in the wonderful eight-reel feature, "The Escape." Miss Pickford, in the meantime, started her climb to the topmost rung of the ladder of popu-



Dorothy Gish is now playing opposite Moore. He considers her entitled to a place among the foremost actresses of the screen world.



Owen admits that he was a little bit afraid of the leading ladies of the stage being a little "up-stage" when working with a mere film leading man, but this scene indicates that he had little trouble while playing with Fritzi Scheff.

larity with the Famous Players Company. This concern later decided to secure Mr. Moore also, and, after completing his engagement with Griffith, he joined it and appeared as Virginia Pearson's costar in "The Aftermath."

Again Owen became the lover of "Little Mary" on the screen in Famous Players' "Caprice," "Cinderella," and "Mistress Nell." Perhaps those who saw these pictures, and who had seen others in which Moore played the part of lover, noticed a difference in his performance—and there is no reason why they should not have.

Later he left Famous, this time to accept an alluring offer from the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company. Again Mary saw him on the screen, making love to other leading ladies, and again she wrote him letters in which no sign of jealousy appeared. With Morosco, he played opposite Fritzi Scheff, in "Pretty Mrs. Smith," with Lois Meredith in "Help Wanted," and with Elsie

Janis in her picture series that included "'Twas Ever Thus," "Nearly a Lady," and "Betty in Search of a Thrill."

Mabel Normand, perhaps better known as "Keystone Mabel," was his next leading lady, and "The School Teacher" was their first Keystone comedy.

When Griffith joined the Triangle, he, for the third time, reengaged Moore, and since joining the master producer, he has costarred with talented Dorothy Gish, in three feature productions, "Jordan Is a Hard Road," "Betty of Greystone," and "Katy Bauer."

There you have the list of Owen Moore's leading ladies. It includes some of the most beautiful and appealing screen stars, but still—I have said it before, but I want to be sure to impress it on you—Mary Pickford isn't a bit jealous.

But there's a reason why she shouldn't be, and it is contained in

what Owen Moore told me about his leading ladies.

My question was something to the effect that I often wondered if the love scenes on the screen were only acted, or if they were not real sometimes.

"I can only speak for myself on that matter," said Mr. Moore, with a smile,

same as the other players about the studios, and the fact that the picture in which we were working called for a love scene between us never made us anything more than friends."

"It would be interesting, though," I persisted, "to tell the fans your viewpoint of each of the leading ladies you have had."

He smiled, and then replied: "I suppose you think, like many others, that some of my opinions should be omitted, but you are wrong. I have never experienced the unpleasantness of a disagreement with any of the girls I have worked with. They have all been jolly good fellows and true friends, and, I am glad to say, I have never been unfortunate enough to be teamed with any of the so-called 'temperamental' type. Starting right at the very beginning with Florence Lawrence, my first leading lady, I can recall certain things in regard to all of them which makes me proud to state I played opposite this or that girl.

"What I admired about Miss Lawrence was that she was an artist to the finger tips. She lacked any affection or co-operation or cooperation or harmony."

way, the results were visible on the screen.

"Marion Leonard I thoroughly enjoyed working with. She was creative in her work, and her valuable suggestions always helped gain success.

"Poor Florence Barker, who recently died, was a charming soul, and had a splendid career paved for her. She had a very good personality, and her performances were excellently finished.



Fay Tincher, as the vampire in "The Battle of the Sexes," had Owen Moore as a "lover."

"and I cannot say that all the love scenes I have appeared in before the camera were merely acted, for those between Mary and myself were more real than the public who saw them realized. As far as the "love scenes" with my other leading ladies go, however, I can truthfully say it was merely acting. They were my friends, the

"Going on," said Steve promptly. "Next train south."

"You've got a wait of an hour and twenty minutes. Come in and celebrate. The drinks are on me."

"One little drink, maybe," hesitated Steve, and added: "I've got to go to the post office. There may be mail for me."

"I'll send for it. What's the name?"

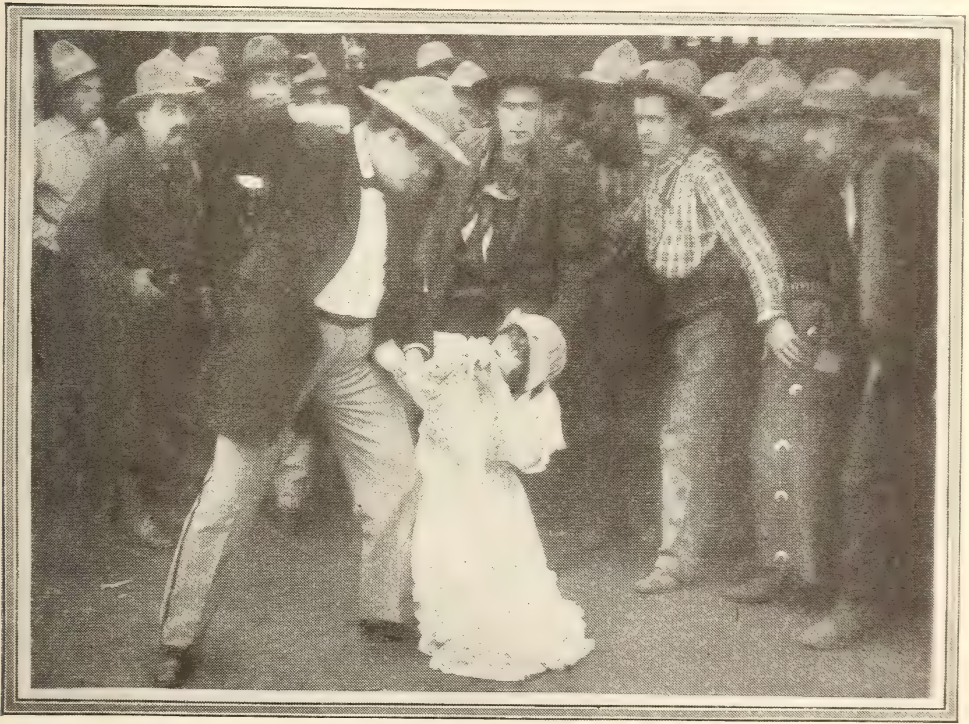
"Steve Denton."

It is an old story—old as the world. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil lured Steve as it lured Adam. And inevitably it spells destruction.

tables; of laughter and shrieks; of mingled profanity and song.

He knew he had taken part in a fight. It had something to do with one of the dance-hall girls whom they called Trixie the Firefly, a girl with a baby stare who affected the innocence and garb of a country maid, a girl young in years but old in wickedness.

He had shuffled through a dance with her; and somebody—Trixie's lover; Chip Emmett he had heard him called—had suddenly burst on the scene and threatened the girl. He remembered that the Firefly had dropped on her knees and Emmett stood over her with



The Firefly dropped on her knees and Emmett stood over her, his hand upraised.

How many drinks he consumed, Steve could not have told. He had a hazy memory afterward of women in abbreviated skirts and bared shoulders dancing with perspiring miners; of bottles and glasses on none too clean

his hand upraised. Then Steve had flung himself into action, pulled his forty-four, and would have blown the trouble maker into eternity if he had had a cartridge in his gun. But it was empty.



He spoke with tense seriousness, but without raising his voice.

There followed a free-for-all tussle in which Steve came off second best. Trixie had come to him afterward, as he sat at a table nursing an aching head, and had called him her hero; and, more, she had brought Chip Emmett over, and Steve and he solemnly shook hands and celebrated the reconciliation with more drinks, in which the Firefly joined.

In the best of temper, then, Steve insisted upon buying drinks for everybody. Painted women and thirsty men fluttered about him—fluttered about him for the next day and the next week—and he lost all sense of time and duty and honor till a full month had gone by and his last bit of gold dust had been squeezed from his money belt. Then, sober, but dazed and unstrung, they flung him out.

"Git!" said Ivory Wells. "When you make your next pile, call again."

And obediently Steve walked from the dance hall. As he breathed in the

clear air, a sense of what had happened came to him, startled him. A month of his life gone like a puff of wind. And the gold he had spent three years searching for—gone, too! And his mother—

The thought of her stunned him. He remembered that Wells had brought him a letter from her—which he had been too drunk to read and which he had stupidly torn into pieces. He remembered, too, that some time during the debauch a telegram had been handed to him and he had thrust it in his money belt under a momentary impression that it was important. Fearfully he explored the belt, empty save for a bit of crumpled yellow paper—the telegram. With shaking hands, he tore open the envelope. It was dated two weeks ago and stated briefly:

Your mother died this morning at five o'clock.
JAKE CAIRNS.

Steve staggered against the wall of a building, a broken man. Pictures

formed in his brain—pictures that brought him unspeakable agony. He saw a gentle, frail old woman, dying, her last thoughts of the boy who was coming back to her. He saw his distant relative, Jake Cairns, standing where *he* should have been—by his mother's bedside.

"She might not have died if I had been there," he whispered.

And then came the ghastly picture of himself as he had been for the last month, flinging about him the gold that should have been his mother's. Two things had wrought his destruction: drink and women. Women! The word echoed through his brain like an evil chord. Women! How he hated them! They who had fawned upon him only that they might fleece him. Chiefest among them had been the Firefly, the woman with the baby stare. And he had bought their favor with his mother's money——

The broken curse that welled up in his throat gave way to a low-choked snarl, a snarl that sounded the knell of

the Steve Denton that had been. There was born in him a relentless hate for womenkind. Soft, clinging things of evil he pronounced them now. He would deal with them as they deserved to be dealt with. They had taken toll of his heart, and he was resolved that now they must pay.

An hour afterward, Steve's pony was at the door of the dance hall. He dismounted and strode into the room. Unnoticed by the crowd at the gaming tables, he made his way to a corner where Trixie sat.

Her baby stare fell on him, and amusement and scorn were written on her face.

"You back again?" she drawled. "Did you stick up somebody for his wad?"

"Nothing like it," he answered. "But I've still got my pony, and I've borrowed enough provisions to last me to Devil's Hole."

"Goin' to hit the trail again, hey?"

"Yes, but I'm not going alone. Listen!" His dull brown eyes glowed with



"Don't you want to put up a little stake for the Firefly?"

a strange fire. There was something in his manner that puzzled the Firefly, frightened her. "I've been a fool," he said.

"You have," she agreed. "The greatest fool that's ever tumbled into the Swinging Light."

"And you've helped me be just that; you and women like you."

The Firefly laughed gayly. "You compliment us, Steve. But I guess you're right at that. You fell for the baby stuff I pulled, just as if you'd never seen a woman before." Feeling more sure of herself now, the girl went on, while Steve sat in somber silence: "Remember how I came to you when they got you to put up a little money on the wheel? You weren't chucking your dust away fast enough, and I butted in. 'Don't you want to put up a little stake for the Firefly?' I asked you. And you went to it like a bee to honey. Went the limit, while I was tellin' myself: 'Gee, he's easy!' And that scrap between me and Chip—that was a put-up job to win your sympathy. And you fell for that, too, you poor boob! After that, it was just a fight between us girls as to which of us could corral the biggest share of your dust. But, say, what are you doin' around here again? Ain't you hittin' the trail?"

A moment he sat, stupefied by the candor of the girl's words. Then he leaped to his feet and clutched her arm with a grip that hurt. "You have damned me," he said, with lips drawn back from his teeth. "But you'll never have another chance to repeat. You were a fair purchase." He laughed hysterically. "And I bought you. You are mine—body and soul. I did not force the bargain. It was your own offer. Perhaps you did not know what it meant—few of your kind ever do. I'm sick of maudlin tales of men who wronged women. I know better now. I know it is you and women of your stripe who have ruined decent men.

And now you're going to be the first to pay. I've got no further use for you as a woman, but I'm going to see that you never have a chance to throw away a decent man's life again."

He spoke with a tense seriousness, but without raising his voice, and the Firefly plainly showed that his words frightened her. But before she could guess his intention, he caught her up in his arms and carried her to the street.

Then a realization of her peril came to her. She struggled, sank her teeth into his wrist. She screamed pitifully, and he gave her back derisive laughter in response.

His exit with the Firefly had been made so quietly that few noticed him; but when the girl's screams rang out, the men flocked to the sidewalk.

Steve did not stop to offer explanation. He flung the Firefly onto his pony, and, springing up beside her, galloped down the street. A few scattered shots followed the fugitives, but they went wild, and Steve and his captive disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Pursuit was useless. His pony was fleet, and he knew the trails to Devil's Hole as few other men knew them. Out across the desert he rode at top speed, to draw rein only when he reached the sun-scorched mountains of rock and began to pick his way carefully among the cañons.

In a pocket of the hills, not far from where he had found the gold that had been his undoing, he made camp. To be more correct, the Firefly made it. Sobbingly she did his bidding—built a fire of dried branches and cooked the beans he had brought with him.

When she refused to eat, he laughed at her.

"Fine!" he cried. "A hunger strike! I didn't think you had the courage. Go as far as you like, so long as you don't forget to see that I'm provided for.

trail and found her lying prone in a little hollow a few feet below the rocky path.

"She made me suffer," he said aloud—not altogether pleased with himself, for deep beneath his grief that had driven him almost insane, he still had the sense of justice characteristic of the Aryan race. "She made me suffer," he repeated, "and it's only right that suffering should come to her, too."

As he was about to lift the girl, something in the formation of the rocky soil of the little hollow where she lay caught his eye. He inspected it carefully, and then picked away till he dislodged a fragment of rock. Running through it was a fat streak of pay ore. *He had stumbled upon what was to be the richest mine in the Territory!*

Steve surveyed the ore coldly. With the knowledge that he was again rich came no elation—nothing but bitterness. He turned and gazed at the crumpled form of the girl.

"You have already begun to pay me back," he said; "but this is only the beginning." And, gathering her up in his arms, he carried her back to the camp.

Devil's Hole—"way up in the mountains, in behind the big sand rim"—was a household word along the sparsely settled Southwestern frontier; and, in a day when there was no law and strong men made their own code, Devil's Hole was feared. Men spoke of it with awe, and to the inquiring stranger would recount, with elaborate detail, the actual and supposed doings of a crazed prospector who, two years before, had stolen a girl from Yellow Ridge and fled with her to the mountains, where he had found a mine of fabulous wealth. There, he had slowly built up a town of hate, a town made up of the off-scourings of humanity, men and women who lived without the law. Hate was the watchword, the emblem of that hell in the mountains, hemmed in by the

blistering desert. Hate summed up the reason for its existence.

Here dwelt the strange, cruel man, the Aryan, fair of skin, ruler of men, hater of women. Here dwelt the shadow of Steve Denton, sole owner of the Devil's Mine. From time to time shipments of ore came down the mountainside and across the desert to the frontier, shipments accompanied by fierce men, outlaws, murderers, and thieves, most of them half-breeds or the worst type of Mexicans. The women were most of them dance-hall girls, picked up at various times by members of Steve's gang. A slatternly company of unfortunates, whose souls were dead. Among them was Trixie, the former magnet of the Swinging Light. No longer the Firefly, but a ragged travesty on woman, wrinkled, prematurely aged, with matted hair and eyes long dulled. Of all the women in the camp, she was the only one who ever entered Steve's home. And his attitude with regard to her was that of master and servant, of master and slave, indeed, taking no thought of her as a woman but as a household drudge.

Trixie shuffled into his room one day with the report that a caravan of homesteaders had camped at the foot of the trail and had sought food and drink, as their supply was exhausted.

Without speaking, Steve pointed to a wall closet; and mechanically Trixie brought down a bottle and glass and poured him a stiff drink. He gulped it, and for a long moment sat staring vacantly at her. Then—

"Homesteaders!" he said dreamily. "Men of the type I might have been! Women of the type you might have been, Trixie!"

There was no gleam of interest in her lackluster eyes. He rose and went out. Along the unpaved street he paced, buried in thought. Passing a drinking hall, the sound of uproarious laughter assailed him. He stopped and flung

open the door. Quiet settled on the crowd. Steve strode across the rough floor and flung himself into a chair. A big, swarthy, shifty-eyed fellow, with drooping black mustache, joined him. This was Mexican Pete, his second in command, as notorious a ruffian as ever escaped the noose.

"What's this I hear about homesteaders, Pete?" asked Steve.

"Trixie's been tellin' you, eh?"

"Never mind who told me. What about them?"

"They're goin' on to a mile beyond

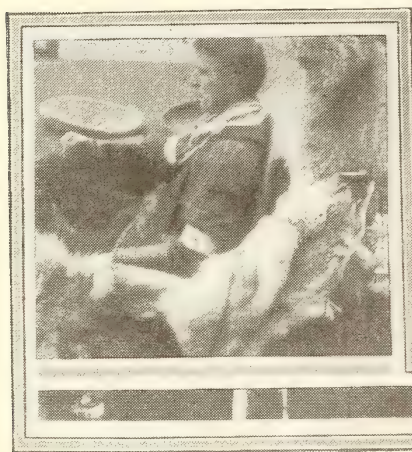
denly he found a girl in a dainty print frock standing at his elbow. Scarcely more than a child she was, with blue eyes that sparkled with the wholesomeness of clean girlhood. A sunbonnet had fallen back from her small, well-formed head, and the sunlight made a glory of her lustrous, fair hair.

He stared at her in bewilderment. "Who are you? Aren't you afraid to come here?" he rasped.

"Afraid? No," she answered, smiling. "I belong with the homesteaders. When our men brought back word that you would not help us, I knew there must be some mistake. So I came myself, and made them take me to the chief man of the town."

"You *made* them take you?" Steve ejaculated.

"Of course." Again the bewildering smile. "No one molested me." She put her hand on his shoulder. "They told me you were known as a bad man, but



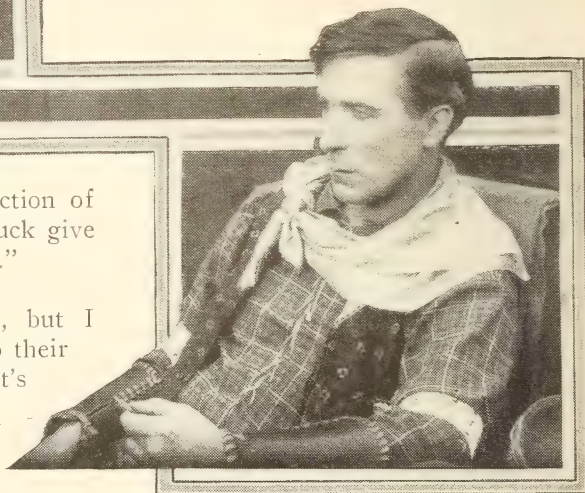
Yellow Ridge to take up a section of gov'ment lands. Water an' chuck give out. Sent a depitation for help."

"And you told them——"

"To drink all they wanted, but I wouldn't let 'em take a drop to their women. Kinder thought that's how yuh felt about women, ain't it?"

"Women!" said Steve. "They're vampires, all of them. Let them die on the desert, if they want to."

But an hour afterward, Steve Denton was compelled to reverse himself. He sat in the big chuck house, cynically eying a dozen of the world's degenerates gulping coffee and making jest of the plight of the homesteaders. Sud-



The reflection showed a big, cruel-mouthed man, who sat huddled up in a chair.

when I look into your eyes I cannot believe that. Please, please, you will help us?"

He brushed a hand across his forehead and rose stiffly. Without a word,

him to let no harm come to her friends in the valley. Steve grasped the girl in his arms, and bitter words tumbled from his lips. But Mary did not tremble. Instead——

"Coward!" she cried, and, reaching under his arm, plucked out his gun.

He dropped back from her, his hands by his sides.

"Shoot!" he said bitterly. "I deserve it."

What she said to him in response, Steve has no clear remembrance. It seemed to him she was driving home the word "Aryan" with emphatic repetition.

Within the next hour came the miracle—the resurrection of the soul of Steve Denton. He heard screams and laughter, and, looking out, saw the nesters of the valley being herded up the trail.

Suddenly he turned to the girl, a strange light flaming in his eyes. "You call me an Aryan, and I'll show you that you're right!" he exclaimed, and, grasping the revolver from her, sprang out to the defense of his race.

There was a fight. Two or three of the outlaws had the hardihood to dispute his authority. Steve could easily have killed them, for he had a well-earned reputation as a marksman. But for some reason he contented himself with "winging them"—rendering their shooting arms useless.

There followed a parley, at the end

of which the mine was formally transferred from Steve Denton to Mexican Pete, his second in command, with the understanding that the homesteaders were to be given food and shelter as long as they wished.

And Steve joined the homesteaders. Steve declares this is the most astounding event in his life story. Many years have gone since then, but the memory of his setting out down the trail, hand in hand with Mary Jane Garth, is still vivid. He doesn't try to analyze his feelings or explain why he, the owner of a wealthy mine, should have given it away because a girl insisted that he was an Aryan despite his dark record. He is content simply to dwell on the eternally amazing fact that the girl became his wife and that she still puts her whole trust and confidence in him.

Mary was a pretty forceful little person, as Steve admits, and she made the reclamation of Trixie her first enterprise. This accomplished, she was the prime mover in an agitation that brought law into Devil's Hole and made it a city of progress and morals instead of a den of vice.

There are two Steve Dentons now; one of them a chubby, sober-eyed youngster who will some day understand why his father is so persistent in making the boy proud of the fact that he is an Aryan.



THE LAWYER WHO LOST HIMSELF

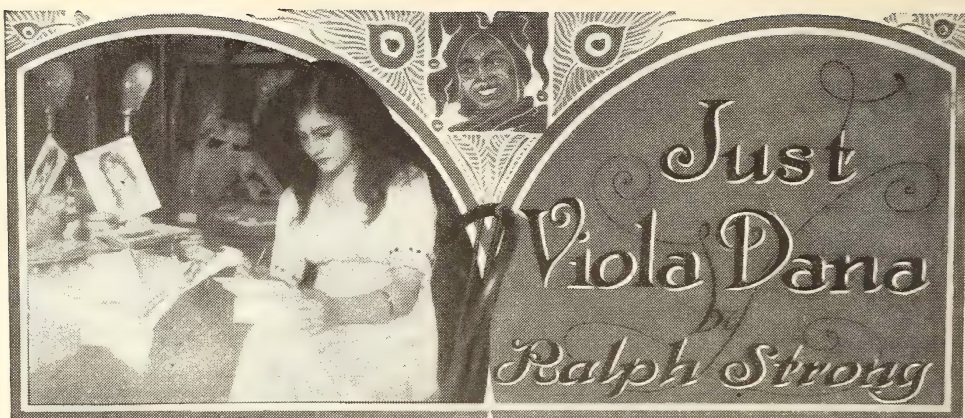
HE struck his brow; he staggered back——

Impassioned was this barrister.

He heard a cry; his soul grew black.

"Hey, there, it's *joy* you register!"

E. L.



VIOLA DANA was working very conscientiously in a scene at the big glass-covered Edison studio when I arrived to interview her, and so I sat quietly at one side and watched her with interest, while she went through the scene, and the clicking camera registered her expressions—expressions that spoke louder than words of the unhappiness of the girl-woman character which she was portraying.

When the scene had been finished, and I had been introduced to her, I marveled that the tear-stained face which had such a few moments before been performing before the eye of the world, should ever be wreathed in such happy smiles.

"I don't like sad parts," she declared, "because I always have to appear ever so much more cheerful than I really am after I finish playing them to keep myself from getting the blues."

"Then why do you always play the part of the little girl who has so much trouble in her young life?" I questioned.

"My directors say that is the only part the people like me in," she answered wistfully; "they don't seem to think I was meant to be happy, but I am sure that I was, and I try to be all the time. There isn't any reason why all of us shouldn't be smiling most of the time, in my estimation. There are

occasions, of course, when the brighter side of life does seem far away, but they pass ever so much sooner if we make the best of them.

"I wish I were not so susceptible to 'gloom,' though, for everything that is at all depressing makes me very downcast. I try never to appear that way, though, and, as a result there is a continual war going on in my heart to keep the smile on my face from being replaced by one of those woebegone expressions I see so many people wearing, and which I dislike so much."

And this is typical of Viola Dana. Her friends—and they number a legion—know her as the sweet-sad, unaffected girl that she is. Her heart is that of a child, though her body is that of a young woman. She is not an "actress" in the cold sense of the word; she is—well, she is just as lovable little girl.

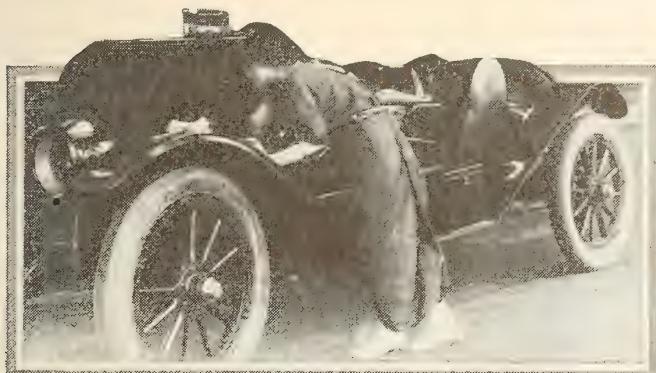
Her rise in the world of motion pictures was remarkable. She started almost at the very bottom, but within a few short months had risen to the heights of screen popularity. Her success in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" on the speaking stage was marked, and the character she portrayed will long be remembered by those who saw it. But I am getting ahead of my story, for Miss Dana told me of her career, and I will repeat her words to you.

"My ambition was to be a dancer,"

she said, "but the Fates didn't seem to favor me in this respect. I still love to dance, and have been able to make use of my training in this field in several of the Edison features in which I have appeared. I will never forget my first dancing lessons. I wanted to do some-

nice, quiet family debate, and when the matter had been fully considered I went to dancing school."

A slight, roguish smile played about her lips, as she paused, and I wondered if it was caused by thoughts of



Above, Viola Dana looking for trouble, and below, a snapshot of the screen favorite and her mother. She is seen to the right, in character make-up.



thing that would be worth while, and, as I was fond of dancing, I set my mind on becoming a real artiste in this line. I was only a little girl then, and was, therefore, governed by my mother and father. Mother favored my ambition, but father opposed it. We had a

the victory of mother and daughter over father.

"I didn't find it very easy to learn all the steps my teacher wanted me to in the beginning, and I certainly paid the price for my stupidity, for she had

a little ruler she used to tap my ankles with.

"Parlor entertainments were my first professional ventures, and I guess I made a success of these, for I at once developed a desire to go on the stage. This I managed to do, after the trips to the managers' offices, plus the heartaches which every beginner knows so

drama again with Dustin Farnum, in 'The Littlest Rebel,' and later played with William Courtleigh for some time. A short and rather disastrous engagement in 'The Model' company followed, but it is to this play that I owe my chance to play in 'The Poor Little Rich Girl,' which, by the way, I liked better than any of my other stage ve-

hicles. The author of the latter saw me in the other play, and very kindly suggested me to the man who was to produce "the play as being the ideal type for the leading character."

I waited for her to say more about "The Poor Little Rich Girl," but she didn't. I guess there isn't much need for my writing much about it, either, for all theatergoers remember how she was hailed as "Broadway's youngest star," and how she lived up to the prediction of the critics that she would be an unqualified success in the rôle of the little girl who had riches, but lacked happiness.



Viola Dana as her family knows her.

well. My first engagement was as a child with Dorothy Donnelly's 'When We Dead Awake' company. This was followed by three seasons in 'Rip Van Winkle,' with Thomas Jefferson, and a year and a half with William Faversham, in 'The Squaw Man.' After that came a long training with the Union Hill Stock Company, in New York City. I returned to straight

"After I had outgrown the part," she went on, "I found myself with a week or so on my hands before another rôle would be ready for me. I had an idea that I would like motion-picture work, and talked the matter over with my mother—who is my confidante and pal—and we decided it would be worth trying, anyway. I applied at the Edison studio, and didn't try to make any impression with my

'stage experience.' I told them frankly that I wanted to play small parts, and that if I didn't like the work, I was only going to remain a week or so. I liked it, and remained, and here I am, still working in the same studio, and for the same company."

That was all she said about her picture work, and by this time I realized it was, perhaps, all she would say about it, for another of her very likable traits is her absolute disregard of her achievements. Picture-play fans throughout the country who saw Miss Dana in "The Stoning," however, will long remember her work as being as realistic, appealing, and clever as anything which has ever been presented on the screen.

But she didn't mention any of these things. Instead, she cleverly shifted the conversation from herself to her sister, who is known on the screen as Leonie Flugrath, and who is also an Edison star. When she told of her sister's talent, and of the many fine parts

she had played, she was far more enthusiastic than when talking of herself. Leonie's work in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," playing the part which she herself had outgrown, especially drew praise from Miss Dana, and she spent some time in telling me how much she had enjoyed seeing her sister play the character over and over again.

At this point, John Collins, under whose direction Miss Dana produces all her pictures, came up and informed her that she would not be needed for any more scenes that day. We walked together to the bottom of the steps that lead up to the dressing rooms, and she left me, but not before she had made perfectly clear to me the reason that she captivates the hearts of all those who see her on the screen, for when she ran up the steps, I found myself standing at the bottom watching until her little form disappeared around the corner of the landing.

TRIED OUT

ALAS, I'm not a "screen success,"
 For, in the hero's strife,
 I bow my head and must confess
 I cannot save his life.

And when they burn a Western town,
 And I am told to shoot,
 I hold my weapon *upside down*,
 While all the "cowboys" hoot!

I'm full of vim and vigor, too!
 But managers just laugh
 And say, "Your eyes are too light blue,
 And will not photograph!"

So here I am—rejected—blue!
 Less actress than a fan!
 There's one thing, though, that I *can* do:
 That's love the leading man!

DOROTHY HARPUR O'NEILL.

The Turmoil by W.C. MacDermott



JAMES SHERIDAN had two sons—and Bibbs. True, Bibbs was duly accredited as the offspring of Mr. Sheridan, and was as much entitled to claim kinship with the great capitalist as either of his brothers, but when speaking of Sheridan's sons, people thought only of Jim and Roscoe, both excellent business men, chips of the old block. They never thought of Bibbs.

The principal reason for this was that Bibbs failed to evince the slightest interest in the turmoil of business. He could have told you more of Keats and Shelley than of the mechanism of the Sheridan automatic pump; and yet it was this same automatic pump that had contributed largely to the immense fortune piled up by his father, James Sheridan, financial giant of the Middle West, square-jawed, a bit uncouth, but of strong personality; a man risen from small beginnings, who, starting with the philosophy that the world steps

aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going, had set himself the task of making a million, and proved beyond question that his philosophy was right.

Bibbs disappointed him beyond measure. An anæmic youth, with slender frame; a dreamer, preferring books to factories, setting thought above the dollar, beauty above utility.

"You're lucky you don't have to hustle for a living," his father scoffed when he came into the library of his ornate home one day and found Bibbs bending over a half-finished "Ode to Restraint." "When you get that rhyme done to your taste, how much do you expect to sell it for—ten dollars?"

"I may never sell it, dad," answered Bibbs, a smile in his big, serious eyes. "But it gives me a lot of pleasure to write it—to think it out."

"Huh! When I think anything out, you can bet your life there is money in it," snapped his father; "big money.

I'll warrant you take half a day to think out ten lines. Half a day! I've made ten thousand dollars by half a day's thought. Why don't you buckle down like Jim and Roscoe and take a man's interest in big business?"

"Those two brothers of mine constantly amaze me," said Bibbs. "Jim is the less surprise because he is unmarried. But Roscoe has an attractive wife, and yet he gives less thought to Sibyl than he does to the output of automatic pumps."

"And quite right, too."

"I'm not so sure, dad. Sibyl, like many other women, is liable to turn for affection to the nearest man at hand—Robert Lamhorn in this case—if Roscoe continues to be engulfed in the turmoil."

"Rubbish! I didn't come here to listen to a lecture on Jim and Roscoe—from you, of all people. Pattern your

life by either one of them, and I'll take my hat off to you."

"I'm afraid it can't be done, dad. Money doesn't interest me. I mean that literally. I am not posing. I simply couldn't think figures and make them my life interest."

"Too bad about you!" sneered James Sheridan. "Well, if the money end doesn't interest you, I'm going to insist that the working end does. I'm just about tired of your loafing, and I'm going to turn you loose in the factory and see if you can't get inspiration out of the job of feeding pieces of zinc into a machine to be cut into rings for the automatic pump. You start work Monday."

Every column of smoke that streamed into the impure air of this hustling Middle West city created by James Sheridan was a column of joy



"Why, it was nothing but a great joke," Mary laughed.

to him. It was Sheridan's smoke, he was fond of telling himself; coming from Sheridan's fires, which turned the Sheridan machinery that manufactured the internationally known Sheridan pump.

It had been a sparsely settled community of gentlefolks when he built his first factory here. Since then, the town had grown beyond belief. Rows on rows of small houses took the place of the winding country lanes. Villas there were; some of them cheap and tawdry, many of them expensive and still unlovely. Surpassing them all was the flamboyant stucco mansion that Sheridan had built for himself. He was inordinately proud of this huge building, and pointed with pride to it, contrasting its magnificence with the sober plainness of the old frame home of the Vertrees family, whose estate adjoined his own.

Yet of recent days had come a realization that, while he had money enough to buy a dozen such homesteads as that in which Mr. and Mrs. Vertrees and their lovely daughter Mary lived, the Sheridans were outcasts so far as the Vertrees society was concerned. "What I want, I get," had been his favorite bon mot; and he set himself to invade the sacred social circle with the same zeal that had made him famous in the business world.

He began with Mr. Vertrees himself, a one-time successful holder of paying stocks, who had been wheedled into the purchase of paper in enterprises that failed. In a pinch, Sheridan had helped Mr. Vertrees, and he felt that he had a hold on this gentleman of the old school who despised the easy wealth of Sheridan and his crudities of speech. Mr. Vertrees and his wife and Mary still presented a brave appearance to the world, but they had mortgaged their home and had to practice many an economy to simulate prosperity.

Sheridan knew exactly how matters

stood in the Vertrees home, and he laughed grimly as he thought of his own treasure vaults. "Money is power," he told himself, as he got into his limousine and ordered his man to drive him to the Vertrees place.

The door was opened by a colored attendant, and he registered a mental note to dismiss his white door opener when he returned and install a darky. Mr. Vertrees was at home, and Sheridan grasped the delicate hand extended in greeting and gave it a squeeze that made the dignified owner of the homestead wince.

"Howdy! Just dropped in for a minute's chat," boomed the big voice of James Sheridan. "Been up to the neck in work, or I'd call oftener. Anything I can do for you in the way of business?"

Mr. Vertrees shook his head. "Thank you. You are very good," he said politely.

"Don't mention it. Always glad to help out. We're neighbors, you know, since I built my new hut. Pretty classy-looking hut, too, eh? But, speaking about neighbors, will you tell me why my daughter Edith and your daughter Mary shouldn't be friends? Now, that's what I came over about. I want to take Miss Mary along to call on Edith. What do you say?"

"I'll bring the ladies in and consult them—if you will excuse me." Mr. Vertrees bowed and left the room, to return presently with his wife, a frail little woman with tired eyes, and his daughter Mary, eighteen and lovely as a flower.

"Kind of a reunion, isn't it?" said Sheridan, shaking hands with fervor. "I've not had much time to cultivate society, but have just begun to realize that I ought. So I brought the car around for you, Miss Mary, and I'm going to take you over to call on my daughter Edie. You'll come, eh?"

"I am sure we thank you, Mr. Sher-

idan," said Mrs. Vertrees stiffly. "But Mary seldom goes out, and——"

"But this is not a formal call, y'understand. Just a little 'drop in,' so to speak. What do you say, Mary?"

"Why, I think it would be fun. You'll let me go, mamma?"

"Sure she will!" cried Sheridan boisterously. "I'll take good care of you

"Why, it was nothing but a great joke to me," Mary laughed, when her parents sternly demanded that she tell them all about the visit. "Mr. Sheridan is what they call a 'boss' in business circles, and he tried to play the rôle with me. He told me that he was planning my future for me; and when I grinned at him, he said I looked—what



"You take my breath away," she gasped. "I have only known you a few days."

and bring you back in an hour. Now, hustle!"

Mary smiled. And Mary's smile was a thing to see and remember. It affected James Sheridan in much the same fashion as a check for seven figures. It radiated joy, and he knew that however the misfortunes of the Vertrees family weighed upon the others, Mary had been affected by them not a whit. She ran off to dress for the call, and a few moments later was ensconced in his luxurious limousine.

Sheridan was as good as his word, and within the hour he brought back the smiling girl, bade her a vigorous goodbye, and waved his hand to her as he was whirled off in the big car.

was it?—'nifty,' and that I'd make the loveliest daughter-in-law in the world."

Mr. Vertrees stuttered a horrified exclamation, but his patient wife stopped him with a gesture. "Mary," she said, "you take life lightly, but it is a very, very serious thing. You don't seem to have changed an iota since the days of our prosperity. Do you remember how you used to plead with me to let Dinah take you out in the victoria——"

"Oh, yes, and when you finally consented, I remember how you and papa would come to the walk and deliver a regular lecture to poor Dinah touching on and appertaining to this yeah chile. 'Don't let Mary out of your sight for one single instant!' I can hear you——"

"And I wish I could have some one in charge of you now as I had then," said the mother.

"There is no need, mamma. I have my serious moments, but I want to smile my way through life. It almost broke my heart when the carriages were sold and I had to say good-by to good old Dolly. But let's not think of sad things. There is great happiness in store for me—oh, very great happiness! I am to marry Mr. Jim Sheridan, son of the wealthiest man in the Middle West."

"My child! Don't jest about marriage," pleaded Mrs. Vertrees.

"It's only half a jest, mamma. That is the real reason for Mr. Sheridan's interest in me. His daughter is very charming. One of his sons, Bibbs, is an unknown quantity, for whose non-appearance they made no apology. Another son, Roscoe, is married. But the third son, Jim, is of vastly more importance than any of the others. Jim is a big, broad-shouldered man like his father. The two of them have fixed it all up. I overheard the dominant James, junior, telling the dominant James, senior, about me in one of the rooms, the door of which they forgot to close. You should have seen his attitude of determination. He doubled his fist and—"She's a girl worth fighting for," he declared, meaning me; and his dad nodded his head and hugged his big son. 'It'll get us into the inner circle of society,' says he—only he called it 'sassiety.'"

"But, Mary, this James Sheridan hasn't proposed, has he?"

"Oh, no, mamma. This is just a little peep behind the scenes I had while scurrying along the corridors of the great barn of a house. A surreptitious listening-in, like a telephone girl, but the temptation was irresistible. I played the inquisitive child, you know, and scampered about unhindered. But what do you think? I am the bearer of an

invitation for you and papa and myself to dine with the Sheridans a week from to-morrow, and—— No, my dear, don't say a word; it is all settled. I accepted on behalf of you both."

Mary Vertrees had represented the possibility of her alliance with the house of Sheridan as a subject for merriment, but when at the dinner party the forceful Jim took possession of her as if the matter were settled, her brows knit in a frown of dismay.

James Sheridan, senior, beamed on the young people who sat on his right, and discoursed on the importance of money with Mr. and Mrs. Vertrees, who sat on his left.

The culmination came when the party was on the point of breaking up. Jim had drawn Mary Vertrees aside from the groups in the reception hall, and, without preliminary, offered her his heart and pocketbook.

"I'm not a sentimental man," he told her, "but my affection is deep. With your beauty, you can marry almost anybody. I know just about how your folks stand financially, and you'll pardon me for saying it, but you've got to marry somebody with money. Well, I've got the money. I am my father's right-hand man, and I'll probably step into his shoes when he quits. You see how sensible a thing a union between us would be. Come! Will you——"

"Why, Mr. Sheridan, you take my breath away!" she gasped. "I have only known you a few days——"

"That's true enough, but I only needed a minute to tell me that you were the girl for me. I loved you the moment I saw you. Mary, what's the answer?"

"Give me time—give me time," she pleaded.

"What's the use of thinking any more about it?" he asked. "You don't love anybody else, do you?"

"N-no."

"Then marry me."

"Listen!" She caught his sleeve and looked up at him through a mist of bewilderment. "I will give you your answer within a week. That must satisfy you. And now——" She turned from him, merriment dancing in her eyes, as the elder James Sheridan came toward her, offering a glass of wine. "And now I'll give you a toast. 'Love and laughter,'" she cried aloud; and while the others applauded and Jim held out his arms to embrace her, she ran off to join her parents in the anteroom.

"'Love and laughter!' What did you think of the toast, folks?" she demanded, as she drew her wraps about her.

They did not answer. Mr. Vertrees shook his head mournfully, and his tired-looking wife regarded the ceiling

as if she saw written there a dire destiny for her daughter.

On the tenth floor of the Sheridan Building, Bibbs, the poet of the family, was "doing his bit" as a feeder in the machine shop. It was four in the afternoon, and Bibbs looked and felt weary. A dreary business, this, he thought; indeed, everything connected with business was dreary to him. A lusty hand fell on his shoulder, and the big voice of his father boomed:

"Saw off, son, and talk to me for five minutes. I've got to loosen up on somebody. Did you hear the great news? About Jim and Mary Vertrees?"

"Mary Vertrees?" said Bibbs. "That is the young lady in the beautiful old mansion——"

"'Beautiful' is good," laughed Mr.



"'Love and laughter!' What did you think of the toast, folks?"

Sheridan. "It is a relic, very badly in need of paint——"

"But picturesque, dad. Compared with our house, it is a genuine thing of beauty."

"No accounting for tastes." The big boss shrugged his wide shoulders. "They're elegant people, the Vertreeses, and I'm putting one over by marrying my son into society. Ever seen Miss Mary? She's a pippin!"

"I have seen her," said Bibbs slowly. "I caught a glimpse of her in her garden one morning; and she was not out of harmony with the flowers. I—I wrote a verse about her, dad. I called her 'The Rose Maiden.'"

"Good for you! We'll have it printed on cardboard and put in a classy frame and give it to the happy couple for a wedding present. Great idea, what?"

Bibbs flushed. "No, I wrote it for my own satisfaction, dad, and I—well, you wouldn't understand. But I don't think either Jim or Miss Mary would care for it."

"Nonsense, my boy! I know what's what. Well, I'm some little manager—yes? Even when it comes to match-making. I feel so good that I think I'll promote you. Do you like work any better?"

"I am sorry to say I don't, dad. But I'm trying to get your point of view; trying to understand why you should devote your life to the turmoil of getting and spending."

"Keep on trying, son. You'll understand by and by. But don't overdo it. You're not very strong. Better quit for the day; I'll make it O. K. with the foreman. Now I must run off and find Roscoe."

In the suite of rooms set apart for Roscoe Sheridan, there were half a dozen men waiting to interview him. His father smiled upon the group, congratulating himself that at least two of his sons appreciated the value of the almighty dollar.

He pushed open the door of Roscoe's private office, expecting to find his son engaged with a caller. Roscoe was alone—alone and sitting at his desk, still wearing his overcoat and cap. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets; snatches of a song were on his lips. A half-empty bottle on the desk told its own story.

His father stared at him in horror.

"Roscoe! My God!"

"'Lo, dad! 'Ave a drink?"

Mr. Sheridan took up the telephone and called a number. "That you, Abercrombie? For God's sake, get down here to Roscoe's office right away——"

Out of his chair leaped Roscoe. He clamped the receiver on the hook and strove to wrench the instrument from his father's hand.

"Don't disgrace me, dad," he pleaded tearfully, one hand over the old man's shoulder, the other grasping the telephone. "I've been tryin' to drown my sorrows, 's all. My wife don't love me n' more. Sibyl's a fine woman, yesshir, but as a runnin' mate I'm 'way, 'way off. She'sh taken up with Robert Lamhorn——"

"You're drunk!" thundered Sheridan, and pushed Roscoe back into his chair. "You don't know what you're talking about."

"'S all true, dad," muttered Roscoe, somewhat sobered. "Sibyl and Lamhorn are great pals. Only the other night I came home and found them drinkin' my Scotch. I felt like throtlin' the fellow——"

"Go on! Tell me what you think happened," said Sheridan wearily.

"Nothing. They filled a glass for me, and Lamhorn said: 'Here'sh to our friendship—mine and your wife's. For,' says he, 'even if Sibyl's your wife, she's not under obligation to renounce her friends.'"

"I don't know what to make of your drunken babblings, Roscoe. If any one had told me that you had let liquor en-

slave you, I'd have knocked him down. It was bad enough to see Bibbs turn out a fool. Now *you* have turned out a drunkard. I've only got Jim——"

"And Edith, dad. You've forgotten my little sister, your spitfire daughter. She's mixed up in the Lamhorn business, too. Oh, don't swear like that. It's beastly bad form, you know. Edith has an eye on the fas'nating Lamhorn, and I wish to the Lord she'd hook him. But Sibyl isn't letting any fish get by her net." He laughed boisterously over his joke and went on maudlinly:

"Sibyl is calling on little Edie this aft'noon, and they'll either be very sweet to each other or very sour. Bet

it'sh worth your while to drop in, dad. Good's a picnic, I'd take my oath."

Sheridan's man Abercrombie came in at this juncture.

"Roscoe's been drinking," said Sheridan, without wasting words. "Take him home and get rid of the men who were waiting to see him."

It was a two-women circus that Sheridan floundered into when he ran up the steps of his home and entered the drawing-room. His daughter Edith and his son Roscoe's wife, the festive Sibyl, stood shaking a forefinger under each other's nose, and seemed likely at any moment to engage in a hair-pulling contest. Mr. Sheridan sprang between them and undertook to restore peace.



"Even if Sibyl's your wife, she's not under obligation to renounce her friends."

"Let's talk it over," he said. "I believe in arbitration."

As he separated them, both began to pour their tales of woe into his ears.

"One at a time," he pleaded. "You first, Sibyl."

"Why, it's the most preposterous story Edith has been spreading about me," indignantly cried Sibyl.

"And it's all true, dad," interrupted Edith. "She's not content with having Roscoe for a husband, but wants to

"You are both very nice girls, and there's been some small misunderstanding that you are magnifying into a mountain. This scamp Lamhorn isn't worth a thought from either of you. He's no good."

Both the girls began a heated defense of the disturbing Lamhorn, but Sheridan decided that the discussion was ended, and in no gentle fashion he took Sibyl's arm and led her to the door.

"Cut out this wrangling!" he said. "There's something of more importance astir. Roscoe's been drinking. I left

him in my office almost stupefied. Abercrombie has taken him home. Go to him and do what you can to win him away from the ghastly liquor habit."

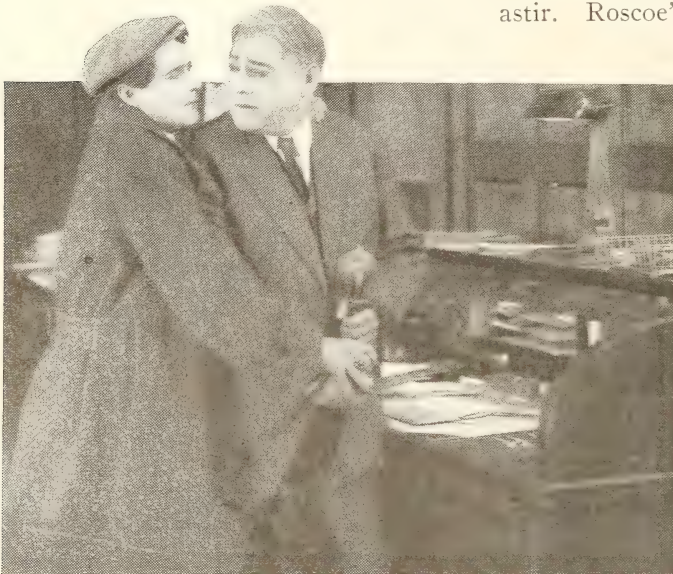
Sibyl expressed no surprise. "I might have thought this sort of thing would come," she said. "He's spineless, and I supposed you'd have found it out long ago."

Sheridan hardly heard her. In silence he watched her go down the

steps. Then he shut the door and wearily went to his own room.

Meanwhile, Bibbs had acted on his father's suggestion and quit work for the day. There was still fully an hour of sunshine, and he gloried in the outdoors, finding all the more satisfaction in the thought that for several weeks he had been shut in with machinery and now he had for his own devices this loveliest part of the day.

He stepped out briskly from the factory, glad to throw off the thought of



He clamped the receiver on the hook and strove to wrench the instrument from his father's hand.

keep Mr. Lamhorn tagging at her heels."

Sibyl laughed shrilly. "Isn't that funny, father? Did you ever hear anything funnier in the music halls?"

"You needn't try to laugh it off," countered Edith. "You know it's true."

"I know it's true that you'd give a finger for the love of Robert Lamhorn, and he doesn't——"

"How dare you!" flamed Edith, with a menacing gesture.

"Now, now, don't come to blows, I beg of you," Mr. Sheridan intervened.

business. As he passed the Vertrees estate, he found himself slowing down his pace till he came to an abrupt stop.

He stood looking over the low-trimmed hedge, across the sun-flecked lawn, bordered by rosebushes, to the quaint old mansion, its many windows reflecting the glow of the afternoon sunshine.

"I'm glad they haven't torn down the splendid old homestead and built a modern eyesore in its place," he said, and, unaware that he spoke aloud, he was startled when a sweet, low-toned voice made answer:

"I'm afraid our forefathers had a fuller conception of beauty than we have." As he turned to stare confusedly into the glorious eyes of Mary Vertrees, who had joined him silently, the girl went on: "You are Mr. Sheridan—Mr. Bibbs Sheridan?"

He nodded and pulled off his slouch hat.

"I have seen you, Mr. Sheridan, but only at long range. You are either very shy or you have done some terrible things that make you stay in the background."

"It is not my sins of commission, but my sins of omission, that are to blame, Miss Vertrees," he said. "You are right in both guesses, and it was my shyness and love for my own society that made me keep to my room while you were making the acquaintance of the rest of the family. But my chief sin, in the eyes of my father and my brothers, is that I cannot fire myself with a great zeal for making money. Isn't that enough to keep me in the background?"

"Quite enough," she smiled. "And yet it is very interesting in these days to meet a man who doesn't think of dollars all the time. I am sure we are going to be very good friends. Let's call this an introduction."

He took the small hand she extended. It lay in his palm for a brief moment,

and the touch of flesh on flesh sent a thrill through him.

"I seem to know you very well indeed," he said hesitantly. "I confess I have watched you moving about this lovely garden, and—and"—he laughed confusedly—"I made you the subject of some verses I wrote. I called you 'The Rose Maiden.'"

Mary laughed unrestrainedly. "How splendid!" she cried. "I never felt so flattered in my life. Some day you will show me the verses?"

"Maybe," he said, with a certain diffidence. "You see, I am trying to forget poetry and the finer things. My father has insisted that I learn how to make automatic pumps. I hate them, but I am doing my best."

She smiled—that alluring smile which had captured his father's heart and which sent the blood to Bibbs' cheeks. "You poor boy!" she said compassionately. "I am in sympathy with you. The talk of money-making all around nauseates me, and I'm glad to get away from it and think of other things. Poetry is your relaxation. Music is mine. Just now, for instance, I am on my way to a little chapel, where an organist, a friend of my father's, an old German, dreams over the keys for a half hour before supper. Would you not like to come with me and hear him?"

"Thank you," he said, and, turning, he walked with her to the little chapel.

The old German was already on the organ bench when they went in at the side door, and, softly crossing the transept, slipped into a pew.

The soul of the organ spoke to them there in the darkened chapel. Eagerly Mary Vertrees leaned forward, her hands clutching the pew in front. Caught in the spell of the music, they drew closer together till their heads touched. In sympathy, his hand covered hers on the rounded back of the pew, and they sat thus silently till, in a thunder of melody, the old organist

reached his climax and lifted his hands from the manuals.

They were strangely silent on the way back. They had no need for words, for in the quiet hush of the chapel they had been stirred by the same emotions and they felt a kinship of souls that demanded no speech.

At the swinging gate of the Vertrees homestead, he left her.

"Thank you for an unforgettable hour," he said.

She clung to his hand. "Maybe you will come with me again," she whispered.

"I—I don't know."

He hesitated.

"You see, dad insists that I concentrate on business, and that means giving up everything else. Don't you see, Mary?"

He used her name unconsciously, and she flushed a little, but did not reprove

him. She waited, without speaking, and he went on:

"I have heard that you and my brother Jim——"

She interrupted him: "Please don't tell me what you have heard. I can guess. But you never know what may happen."

"Jim is a perfect tiger for work," said Bibbs. "I wish I were like him."

"I don't, Bibbs," she said, and left him abruptly.

For the next few days, Jim Sheridan, the younger, threw himself into work with a diligence that astonished even those of his friends who knew his capacity for hustle. Once or twice he dropped business and thought of Mary.

He called at the Vertrees place with the object of gaining permission to announce his engagement. Mary was noncommittal, and avoided being alone with him, though her

parents did everything that was humanly possible to further the young man's plans.

"I have told you that I will give you my answer in a week's time. I will write—and, until you hear from me, I refuse to consider you on any more intimate terms than those of friendship," she

told him, and from this position she would not be moved.

Jim was content to wait, for he felt there could be but one answer from the girl.

Then came the second great blow that left the elder Sheridan a mere shadow of the forceful man he had been.

The week was almost up, and Jim was looking forward to finding a letter



It was a two-women circus that Sheridan floundered into when he entered the drawing-room.

from Mary when he reached home at the end of the day. With enthusiasm, he gave himself up to the planning of a new wing for the factory. The steel ribs were already sprawling into the sooty atmosphere. Jim had climbed out on one of the great girders to inspect the work. It was fastened to a section of the wing that was almost completed, and Jim scrambled along the girder and hauled himself up to the roof of the section. It was a new-process roof—a frail-looking thing, but represented as being absolutely safe by the mechanical genius who had devised it. The inventor himself was standing midway of the roof, and Jim walked gingerly across to him.

"It looks kind of shaky to me," he said. "I shouldn't call this roof capable of bearing much strain."

The inventor laughed. "You business men are fond of taking long chances on financial deals, but you hate to have us mechanics——"

He never finished the sentence. The roof shuddered beneath them, sagged, broke; there was a roar as of many waters, and the frail thing collapsed, carrying Jim and the inventor with it.

When they cleared the débris, they found the inventor, dead. Jim Sheridan lay with broken ribs, moaning pitifully. They carried him hastily to his home, but the doctor's skill was unavailing. In an hour the vigorous, honest life of a truly great man had left—Jim Sheridan, too, had died.

Broken-hearted, James Sheridan stood looking down at the form of his son. He bent his head forward, and his whole soul spoke when he mur-

mured the words: "He gave his life for the turmoil."

The weeks that followed were a nightmare to Sheridan. Calamity had followed calamity. His daughter Edith had eloped with Lamhorn, and no word had come as to their whereabouts. Sibyl had separated from her husband, and Roscoe had gone from bad to worse, striving to forget his troubles in a protracted spell of drinking.

"All I've got is Bibbs! God help me!" moaned the old man.

But if the terrible series of happenings had their effect on James Sheridan, they had still more astounding effects on Bibbs. He was stirred



The soul of the organ spoke to them there in the chapel.

as nothing had ever stirred him by the picture of his father, crushed, helpless—a strong man who had lost his grip.

There was a coal grate in his room, and he had a servant build a fire in it. Then, when he was alone, he ransacked his drawers for manuscripts and fed them to the flames. Essays, articles, stories, poems, ruthlessly he flung them on the coals—all except a much-thumbed sheet containing four verses, headed "The Rose Maiden." This he folded and put in his pocket.

He did not try to analyze his feel-

ings; he only knew that the joy of life had faded from his father's eyes, and that it was his duty to try to bring it back.

The succeeding days brought amazing changes—changes that startled James Sheridan even more than they startled Bibbs. The dreamer became the worker; the boy who had been content to watch the whirling of the stars and sing his songs of trees and babbling

"Nor did I, dad," answered Bibbs. "But when Jim died, and you seemed to collapse, of a sudden the turmoil caught me in its embrace and—good-bye to my dreaming."

"Bibbs, my son, I once thought that business was the only thing in the world. It isn't. I begin to be afraid that you——"

"Don't worry, dad. I haven't lost the sense of beauty, and I thank God that, though I am plunged in finance during the working day, I can still thrill to the spectacle of massed clouds, crimson-tipped, in the

evening sky. That sort of thing doesn't appeal much to you, dad, but there is one other person in the world who has the same appreciation for beauty that I have—I mean Mary Vertrees."

"Mary Vertrees?" repeated the old man, with a groan. "Bibbs, has she ever told you about her engagement to Jim?"

"No. I spoke of it once, but she changed the conversation."

"You did not know that she had sent him a letter just before he died?"

"No."

"I have it here. I opened it after Jim was gone. I thought it might contain some tidings that I had been waiting to hear. It didn't." Then, with a wan smile, as he delved into his pocket and sorted out Mary's letter: "Read it, Bibbs, and tell me what you think of it." And Bibbs read:

DEAR MR. SHERIDAN: I have thought the matter over carefully, and I have come to



"He gave his life for the turmoil."

brooks became the embodiment of big business, the moving spirit in the manufacture and marketing of the Sheridan Automatic Pump. He branched out into new enterprises daringly; and everything he touched turned to gold. True, there was unlimited capital to work with, and a skilled staff that was ripe for his enthusiasm. Before a year had passed, his father's surprise and unbelief gave way to a vast satisfaction.

"I didn't think you had it in you, Bibbs," he said one day.

the conclusion that I must decline your proposal of marriage. I like you, but I do not love you. That is what I repeat to myself, though I realize that such a union would please our parents. I am in the unhappy position of being the penniless daughter of an aristocratic family; and you are in the fortunate position of being the son of the wealthiest man in the Middle West. It is simply a case of money marrying into society. This sounds harsh, but there are some brutal things that must be said. I am sorry for my father and mother, who are as anxious for this marriage as are your parents—particularly your father. But I will not sacrifice my happiness—and probably your own. If we have to move from the old house, I am willing; but I will not make a travesty of what I consider the greatest thing in the world—love.

You see, I am perfectly candid with you. You and your father have apparently given up your lives to the making of money. My own ideals are entirely at variance with yours. My belief is that the great achievements of life, in learning, science, art, literature, and all creative work, are much more worth striving for, and produce vastly more satisfaction than piling up money.

I hope always to remain, your friend,

MARY VERTREES.

"A wonderful letter," said Bibbs. "Jim would never have understood it, and I am glad he never received it. Mary has the right idea—when men lock up their lives for gold, the gold key comes too late. I'd like to keep the letter, dad; it will help to keep me sane amid the turmoil. Would it surprise you to hear that I had grown very fond of Mary?"

"I'm sorry to hear it, my boy, because I think you're doomed to disappointment. You're a money-maker these days, and Miss Mary turned Jim down on that very account."

"Not on that account alone, dad, I think."

Bibbs determined to put the matter to the test without delay, and he went over to the Vertrees mansion.

Mary greeted him, as always, with a friendly handclasp.

"I want to talk to you very seriously to-day," he began.

"I like you in your serious moods," she told him. "Come! We will stroll in the old rose garden, and you can tell me what's in your thoughts."

He went with her through the rear door of the wide hall and into the shaded garden, sweet with the perfume of flowers.

"Now, Bibbs, what new, mighty project have you come to talk to me about? I hear you are a spectacular business man, and I quite believe it, for I haven't seen much of you of late."

"I was in danger of losing myself in the turmoil, Mary, till I saw a letter of yours."

"Of mine?"

"Yes, written to poor Jim. It came on the day of his death. He never received it, but my father showed it to me only to-day, and it somehow pulled me up with a jerk and made me ask myself whether I was moving along the right path. When Jim died, I determined on three things: First, to set myself a goal, the goal of filling the shoes of Jim and my unfortunate brother Roscoe; second, to lay aside every weight, every impediment; third, to get a proper equipment. I reached the goal; I have put away my attitude of dreamer; I have mastered the science of big business, have secured my proper equipment."

"There is one other thing you should have determined upon, Bibbs."

"And that?"

"To take a friend with you."

Shy eyes were gazing into his; a pulse was beating in the white throat of the girl.

"Mary!" he gasped. "Do you mean that you would be that friend?"

"More than friend, you poor, blind Bibbs." Her hands reached up to the lapels of his coat. She pulled his head down and kissed him. "I know you

better than you know yourself, boy," she whispered. "You still have your old ideals, but you need somebody to help you to hold on to them in the turmoil."

"Mary, will you marry me?" he cried breathlessly.

"If you promise to leave big business once in a while and think of 'The Rose Maiden.'"



JUST THE MOVIES

A HELTERING-SKELTERING, laughing crowd,
Fashions Parisian, colors loud;
Truncated skirts, and brodered sox,
Swarming around the ribbon box.

A rustle of greenbacks, music of change,
Faces expectant, joy within range;
Pulses hammering, eyes aglow,
Tumbling in through the gates, they go.

A Romeo and Juliet, a Jack and Jill,
Into the tropics, out of the chill;
Diamonds in plenty, paste galore,
Love and blisses within the door.

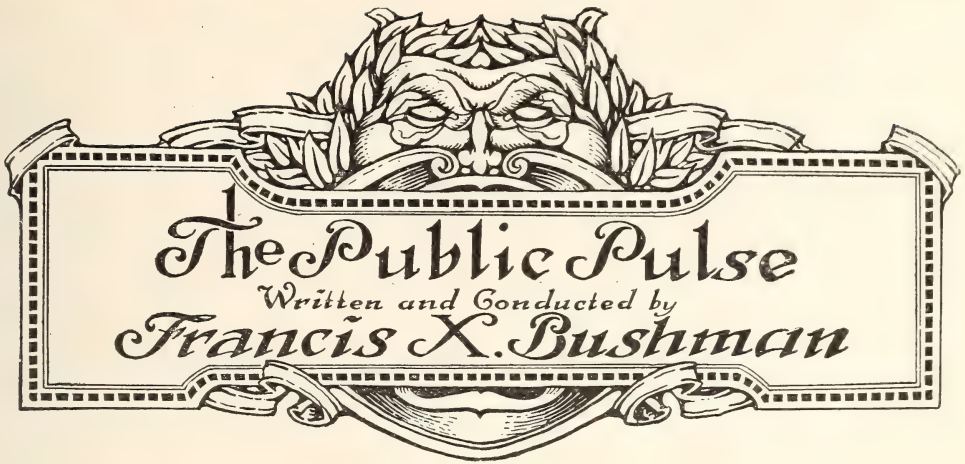
A pretty-girl usher, a gripping chair,
Squeezing and jamming, and glad you're there;
Curtain uplifted, lantern a-flashing,
Canvas in motion, orchestra crashing.

A moan of anguish when blood is shed,
Terror and tempest in a screen of red;
Hearts of sunshine and rainbow mist,
Villain conquered, maiden kissed.

A rattling of reel, ten thousand feet,
Ten thousand thrills in every seat;
Clicking and breathless, hurrying through,
Bent on glory for me and you.

A drop of curtain, a sigh of regret,
Shuffling feet, crowding outlet;
Rub-a-dub-dub, flare of the light,
Heltering-skeltering into the night.

EVERETT LEIGHTON.



MANY of my readers have written to ask me what they can do to assist the producers in making better pictures, and I shall devote this article to describing just how every motion-picture-theater patron in this big country of ours can do his or her share.

First of all, I must consider the various types of people who attend the performances in the homes of screen plays. First, there is the ardent fan, the person whose chief pleasure is studying the movies, and whose happiest hours are those spent in the darkened theater, watching the screen silently unfold its stories through the medium of the players' histrionic talent. Then there is the person who enjoys motion pictures better than the drama or any like recreation, and who attends the theater almost as frequently as the ardent fan. Next comes the person who "drops in" and sees a picture whenever nothing more important is on hand, and who enjoys it in a more or less indifferent way. Then follows the person who never fails to impress upon those about him that the movies bore him or her and who is seen at the theater less frequently than any of the other classes.

I have classed the motion-picture patrons pretty generally in this outline,

not restricting my grouping to any particular social class, for my study of audiences and theaters has proven to me that the richer classes attend entirely different kinds of houses than do the middle and poorer classes. These divisions of patrons I have mentioned are to be found in each of the social classes and are therefore a fair outline of motion-picture-theater audiences as a whole.

Considering these four types of patrons, it is easily seen that the backbone of this great industry consists chiefly of the first two—this being written with due regard to the other two classes and the thousands they represent. The ardent fan and the regular patron are the ones who are closest to the producers; and who are best in a position to help them make better pictures. They are the ones who see the defects in motion pictures as a whole, as they attend the theaters day by day and know what has been used so often that it is no longer attractive. If their voice could only reach the ear of the producer, he would gladly listen to them, and, by calling upon the creative and artistic talent of his players, remedy what is wrong and supply that which they desire.

The fan wonders how he can raise his voice loud enough to make the producer hear; and the producer, who

knows the way but who has no time to undertake the immense amount of detail work incident to working it out, wishes that the fan would discover the magic trumpet. The film manufacturer is anxious to know what his patrons want—for therein lies his success. All that is necessary is to speak to him on leaving the theater or to write a letter to him.

Once the manager of a house knows the general trend of his patrons' wants, he will set out to supply them—if he is a live manager. This he will do by telling the film exchange—the renting agency through which he secures his programs daily—that he wishes them to inform the producers who supply them with films that such and such a thing is not right, or that this or that is very effective as a business builder and should be used as a model in the future. The exchange in turn communicates with its main office, and the main office relays the request to the manufacturer. The suggestion is brought before the directors; thus it is that it goes into effect.

Do not think that I mean a single request by a single fan, taken up by a single exhibitor and then by a single exchange, will have any weight with the company; for it very probably would not. But were all the picture followers who have the interest of better pictures at heart to do their share, the manufacturer would receive not one but closer to ten thousand requests to do certain things. The fact that so many people should think the same way about a thing may seem quite a presumption to you, but it is a well-known fact that the thoughts of the masses revolve around a very few ideas in cases of general appeal such as this.

Let us consider your viewpoint of the matter now. Perhaps you think it is the duty of the producer to supply what you want, rather than to have him appeal to you for suggestions. That is true in a certain sense, but what if all

of the producers supply that which you do not want? You are not the only one who is not pleased—there are thousands who are just as displeased as you. Then why not voice your sentiments together? It is but little energy expended on your part, and the result will allow you to go to the theater later and see that which you desire.

Personally I get no end of enjoyment from attending theaters and seeing pictures of other companies and of learning all that I possibly can about various players whom I do not know personally but whom I have seen on the screen. Really I am decidedly an ardent fan, and am an admirer of this class of picture-play-theater patrons.

The study of the screen for pleasure, and the learning of its various ins and outs through what is written about it is one of my hobbies. This is quite apart from my studio work, and I am just like any of you, my readers, in this respect. I leave my motion-picture work behind me when I leave the studio—unless it requires special attention at home—and follow the screen, its plays, and its players merely as a diversion. Learning what I can about this great art just as any outsider would—for the joy the knowledge brings me.

But I am letting my enthusiasm on the subject carry me away from my theme. There is one thing more I wished to mention in this article, and that is a brief sketch of some of the things which are puzzling the film companies to-day. These I shall run over briefly and without much detailed explanation. First comes the question of whether or not the public likes to be shown long or short pictures. That is, whether they like a film of the one, two, or three-reel variety better than they do a five-reeler or one which runs even longer. Of course, we all realize this depends upon the story, acting, direction, elements with a direct influence in

cases of particular pictures; but the problem deals not with particular pictures, but with pictures in general. Ask yourself honestly what length you would prefer to have a picture run in order to get the most enjoyment out of it, and then convey your decision to the manager of your favorite theater. The other questions, which can effectively be dealt with by each of you in the same manner, are the value of comedy on a program, the variety of which a program should consist—such as a society drama, a mystery story, a good comedy, and so forth—and the thing you believe deserves the most attention because of its lack of quality at the

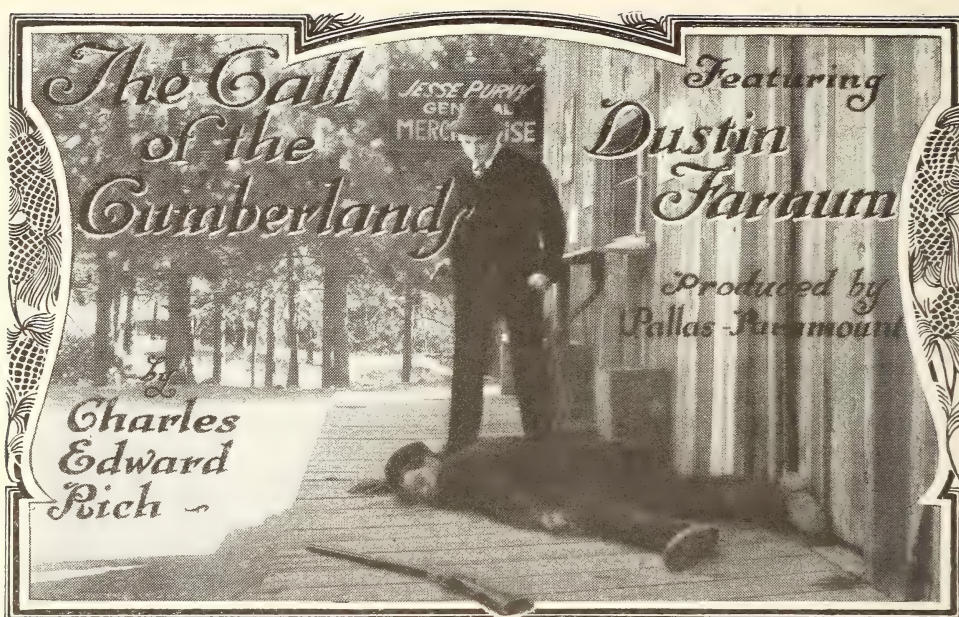
present time; whether, in your opinion, improvement should be made in the plots of the stories, the acting, the direction, the photography, the subtitling, or any of the other component parts which go to make up a picture.

These are only a few of the problems you can help the producer to settle. There are many others which will present themselves to you as you sit in your favorite theater and see the pictures flit before you on the screen. Let's all get together and see if we can't work shoulder to shoulder for better pictures, and let the manufacturers feel the public's pulse in regard to his productions.



CAPTURING CHARLIE CHAPLIN

By outbidding all other concerns, the Mutual Film Corporation succeeded in securing Charlie Chaplin's signature to a contract calling for him to act for Mutual. Chaplin is seen here signing the document which gives him an annual income reported to be nearly seven times that of the President of the United States. John R. Freuler, president of the Mutual, is on the left, and Sid Chaplin, Charlie's brother and business manager, also a well-known comedian, is in the center.



HENRY believed in law and order. I did, too. But they wouldn't let us have it that way. From this day on I'm goin' to raise my boy to kill Hollmans!"

Standing beside the mound of fresh earth that marked the grave of husband and father—victim of a Kentucky mountain feud—the arm of the mother, resting on the thin shoulder of her ten-year-old son, tensed as she uttered these words that dedicated her boy to a life of vengeance.

As the father had lain dying from the rifle wound delivered by an ambushed assassin, he had pointed to the gun that hung above the hearth, and the boy, young as he was, had nodded and understood, for the blood of the feudist ran strong in his veins.

One hundred years before his time, two pioneers had come into the mountain country and settled, one on the banks of a brook that he called Misery, because he was racked with rheumatism; the other by a tinkling stream that he named Crippleshin, in commemoration of a wound caused by a slipping ax.

Friends and comrades, they had made their homes and founded each his race there in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains. Just what had been the origin of the South-Hollman feud, none of the present generation could have told—whether a boundary line, or a dispute over a wandering pig—but for fifty years, with the exception of a few short intervals of peace, lives had been snuffed out like candles by the descendants of the men who had come as comrades into the unsettled district.

Wearied and worn by the constant vendetta, the widow had survived her husband but two short years, and the boy who was destined to become the chief of the South clan grew up in his Uncle Spicer's family, in an atmosphere in which sudden death ever hovered among the laurels. At twenty years of age, Samson South had not yet "marked down" the men who were responsible for his father's killing, but his vow of vengeance still burned strongly within him.

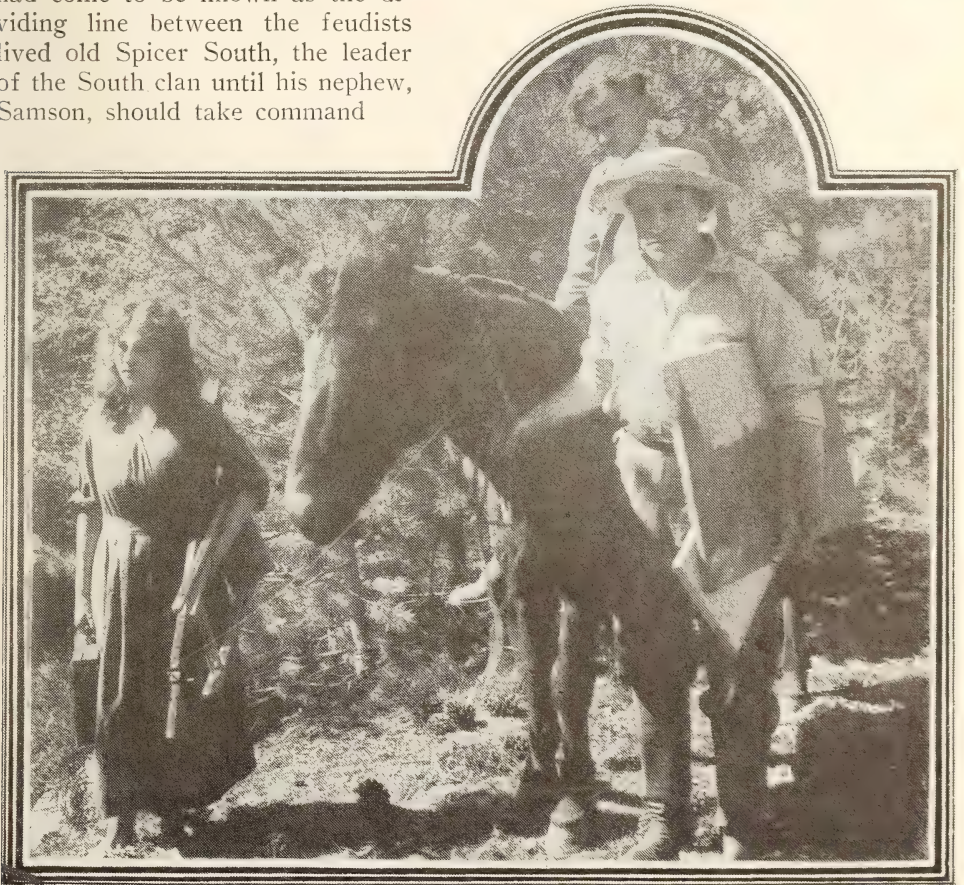
The other faction of the feud was led by Micah Hollman, who had estab-

lished himself in Hixon, the county seat, and had gone into trade and politics. Across the street from the courthouse stood a large frame building, on whose front was emblazoned the legend, "Hollman's Mammoth Department Store." To his title of storekeeper he added that of magistrate, and as Judge Micah Hollman he had become a power in the county. No wheel of commerce turned without a nod from him, and he held the officers of the law like puppets in his hands. And around about him in the mountains there dwelt the underchiefs of his clan, the Purvys, the Asberrys, the Hollises, and the Daltons.

Over across the mountain ridge that had come to be known as the dividing line between the feudists lived old Spicer South, the leader of the South clan until his nephew, Samson, should take command

Into this community of feudists there came, one day, George Lescott, an artist, from New York, with his paints and his canvases, and it was this man from another world who was to awaken in the mountain boy that soul that was to triumph over ages of primeval instincts.

Lescott had wandered into the wilds of the mountains on a sketching trip, and had slipped and fallen from a high rock, fracturing his arm. He had awakened from the coma that had followed his fall to find himself gazing into the eyes of what, to his semiconscious mind, seemed a nymph of the mountain woodlands. She was scarcely sixteen, but glorious in the bloom of mountain



Less than an hour later George Lescott, accompanied by Samson and Sally, rode down the mountain.

youth. Her coarse red calico dress, brier-torn and patched, hung closely to her lithe limbs, and beneath the short skirt peeped small bare feet.

"Hello!" said the half-dazed artist. "I seem——"

"I reckon yer must have fell offen that rock," murmured the wood sprite.

"I am sure that I might easily have fallen into worse circumstances," said Lescott, striving to raise himself upon his broken arm, and falling back with a wince of pain. And then he realized for the first time that his left wrist was bandaged in a wet red cloth, strongly resembling the coarse fabric of the nymph's torn petticoat. His head, too, ached, and his hair was wet, as if some one had bathed it; and he knew instinctively that the beautiful wild creature who was looking down at him with grave eyes had been the good Samaritan.

"May I ask to whom I am indebted for this first aid to the injured?" he inquired.

"I don't know what ye means," replied the girl, eyes and lips sober.

Unaccustomed to the gravity of the mountaineer in the presence of strangers, Lescott feared that he had offended the girl by his form of speech.

"Why," he laughed good-naturedly, "I mean who are you?"

"Oh, I hain't nobody much. I lives over yon."

"But surely you have a name?"

"Yes," nodded the girl. "Hit's Sally Miller. How'd yer git hurt?"

"I was painting, up there, and stepped backward to look at the canvas."

"You just wait where you are, an' I'll fotch Samson an' his mule," said the girl. Then she turned away quickly and disappeared in the woods.

Climbing up steep and tangled slopes, and running swiftly down, the girl hastened on her mission until she came to a clearing on the mountainside, where Samson South sat on a rail fence gaz-

ing absently at the outstretched panorama before him. His feet were bare, and his jean breeches were upheld by a single suspender strap. Pushed back on his head was a battered straw hat, and from under its broken rim a long lock of black hair fell over his forehead. In dress and appearance he was a typical Kentucky mountaineer, but his face was strongly marked by individuality.

Against the fence rested his abandoned hoe, while within easy reach of his hand was propped a repeating rifle, although the present truce in the South-Hollman war had now been unbroken for two years, and it was said that no clansman need go armed. It is doubtful if the dreaming eyes were as cognizant of what they saw as they were of the things that his imagination was picturing far beyond the haze of the mountains' rim. The soul of the artist within him was struggling upward.

"Hello, Samson!" called the girl, as she made her way up the steep declivity.

The young man brightened up, and greeted her as lovers do, but when she had told him of the plight of the artist, and urged him to get his mule and "fotch" in the injured man, his face darkened.

"This hain't no fit time to be takin' in folks we hain't acquainted with," he said sternly.

"Why hain't it?" demanded the girl, and then her eyes fell on the rifle, and they filled with apprehension. She crept close to him, and her voice sank to a whisper as she asked:

"Aire the truce busted?"

"No, Sally, hit hain't jest ter say busted, but 'pears like it's right smart cracked."

"This here furriner hain't got no harm in him, Samson," pleaded the girl. "He's real puny. He's got white skin, an' paints pitchers."

A glow came into the young man's eyes at the last words.

"Paints pitchers?" he demanded. "How do you know?"

"I seen 'em. He was paintin' one when he fell offen the rock."

Samson promptly slipped down off the fence and rounded up his mule. Less than an hour later, George Lescott, astraddle of the beast, and with Sam-

"What news?" asked the young man, with apparently little interest.

"Jesse Purvy was shot this morning. He hain't died yit, but his folks have sent to Lexington fur bloodhounds."

Samson's eyes smoldered with hate.

"I reckon he didn't git shot none too soon," he said slowly.



"Why wuz ye the only South thet run away?"

son and Sally carrying his impedimenta, rode down the mountain to the home of Spicer South, where, in the rapidly falling darkness, the forms of several men could be distinguished dimly.

Samson helped Lescott to dismount, and assisted him to the doorstep. Then he turned to his uncle, to whom he explained the situation. The old man nodded, but with evident annoyance.

"Where wuz ye last night?" he demanded.

"That's my business," replied Samson promptly.

"Maybe hit hain't," replied the old mountaineer gravely. "Have ye heard the news?"

"Samson," said the old man gravely, "when I dies ye'll be the head o' the Souths, but so long as I'm runnin' this hyar fam'ly I keeps my word to friend and foe alike. I reckon Jesse Purvy knows who got yore pap, but up-till now no South hain't never busted no truce."

"Aire you-all 'lowin' thet I shot them shoots from the laurel?" inquired Samson quietly.

One of the men who were gathered in the dooryard now spoke:

"In the fust place, Samson, ef ye did do hit, we hain't a-blamin' ye—mur'h. But I reckon them dawgs don't lie, an' ef they trails in hyar, ye'll need us. Thet's why we've come."



That very evening, bedecked with a full-dress suit, Samson was introduced to Lescott's circle of friends.

In the thickening gloom, Samson faced the gathering. His eyes flashed with deep passion, and his voice throbbed with the tensivity of bitterness as he said slowly:

"I know'd all 'bout Jesse Purvy's be-in' shot. Jesse Purvy hired somebody to kill my pap, an' I promised my pap I'd find out who thet man was, an' thet I'd git 'em both—some day! So help me God Almighty, I'm a-goin' ter git 'em both—some day! But I didn't do the shootin' this mornin'. I hain't no truce buster! Ef them dawgs come hyar, an' ef they hain't liars, they'll go right on by hyar! I don't allow ter run away. Thet's all I've got ter say ter ye!"

Spicer South nodded, with a gesture of relieved anxiety.

"Thet's all we wants to know, Samson," he said.

The next day the hounds came, and with them came the Hollman clan. As they rounded a turn in the road, the impatient dogs in leash, they halted in amazement, for, while the hounds yelped, Samson South sat calmly on the top step of the stile, and beside him stood his uncle. But in the cabin, eight men rested on their arms, ready for action.

"Ye're plumb welcome to let them

dawgs loose an' let 'em ramble," said Spicer South affably to the Lexington man who held them in leash. "But I sees some fellers out ther thet mustn't cross my fence."

There was a murmur of astonishment from the road, for the Hollmans were firm in their belief in the guilt of Samson. The leashes were slipped, and the dogs leaped forward. They made directly for Samson, who still sat unmoved on the stile.

And up the hillside, out of sight of those below, Sally Miller watched the scene, with bated breath and hands clenched until the nails cut into the flesh.

The dogs clambered over the stile, one on either side of the unmoved Samson. They circled around the yard, and then climbed back over the fence.

Jim Hollman turned a black face to the owner of the dogs as he rejoined the group in the road.

"Them dawgs o' yourn come up Misery a-howlin'!" Hollman shouted. "Onless they're plumb onery no-count curs, they come fur some reason. Ax them fellers who lit out afore we got hyar!"

Until that moment, none of the Souths had noticed that Tamarack Spicer had slipped away. Spicer South started to reply to Hollman, but Samson

stopped him with a slight nod of the head, and back over the ridge the Hollman clan rode.

The days passed uneventfully after that. Lescott, his left arm in a sling, returned to his painting, and, much to old Spicer South's disgust, Samson became the daily companion of the artist, for whom he had formed a strong attachment. He carried his canvases and his easel, holding his palette while he worked. And all the while the soul of the young mountaineer was struggling nearer and nearer to the surface.

One afternoon, Lescott was painting a scene that swept away over a valley of cornfields to a range of tumbling, distant mountains. He had just blocked in a crude sketch, when Samson, who had been eagerly watching him, broke out abruptly:

"I'd give 'most anything ef I could paint that!"

"Try it," said Lescott, smiling; and, rising from his stool, he handed Samson the sheaf of brushes.

For a moment the young man hesitated. Then, with set lips, he took the artist's place, and fitted his fingers around a brush as he had seen Lescott do. He asked no advice, but, after gazing for a time at the scene before him, he dipped a brush and experimented for his color. Then, without hesitation, he went to sweeping in his primary tones.

For an hour the young mountaineer worked, each moment gaining new confidence, when suddenly he was interrupted by a loud shout of derisive laughter. The men looked quickly around to find themselves surrounded by a group of scoffing mountaineers of both sexes and all ages. Among them was Tamarack Spicer, whose eyes were bloodshot from hard drinking.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced Tamarack, in a loud and hiccuppy voice, "see the only son of the late

Henry South engaged in his marvellous occupation of fancywork!"

A low murmur of laughter rose from the crowd at the remark. Samson reached for the palette knife, and scraped his fingers. Then he rose deliberately and walked slowly to where Tamarack was standing. Suddenly his fist shot out. Tamarack's head snapped back as he staggered into the arms of the men behind him. The laughter of the crowd died away as quickly as the leader's speech.

"Git him on his feet! I've got somethin' ter say ter him!"

Samson's voice was dangerously quiet.

They lifted his fallen cousin, who showed no desire to continue his "amusing" remarks.

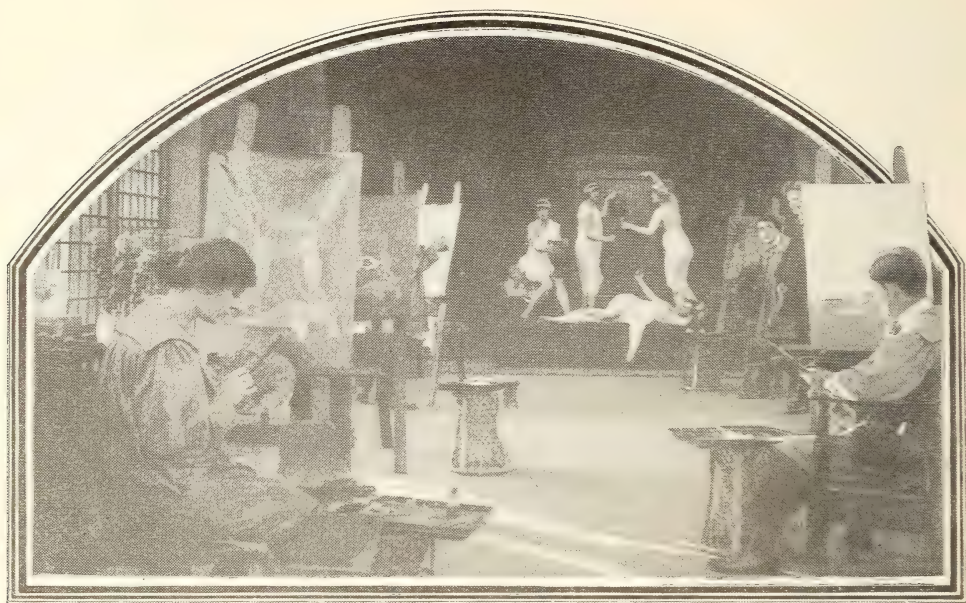
"Why wuzen't ye hyar when them dawgs come by?" demanded Samson. "Why wuz ye the only South thet runned away?"

"I didn't run away!" flared Tamarack. "I went over into the next county fur a spell. I wuz afraid I'd do some hurt to them Hollmans when they wuz a-stickin' their noses inter our business."

"Thet's a lie!" said Samson. "Ye runned away, an' ye runned in the water, so them dawgs couldn't trail ye! Ye done hit because ye shot Jesse Purvy—because ye are a truce-bustin', murderin' bully, thet shoots off yer mouth an' is a-skeered to fight! I've knowed all 'long thet ye wuz the man, but I kept quiet 'cause ye are my kin. Now I'm goin' ter tell the high sheriff thet the Souths spits ye outen their mouths! Take him away!"

When they had gone, Samson seated himself at the easel again and calmly picked up the palette.

After this incident there was no further attempt made by the mountaineers to discourage the artistic bent in Samson, and finally, one day, Lescott



Then, at an art school, his study was rounded out.

broached the subject that for some weeks he had been revolving in his mind.

"Samson," he said, "you are wasting yourself. I want you to come East and study with me. You have too great a talent to neglect."

The young man remained silent as he looked away, seemingly taking counsel with the hills.

"Hit's what I'm a-honin' fer," he said finally. "I'd give half my life to do hit. I kin sell my land and raise the money."

Then his eyes fell on his rifle, resting against a tree, and his lips tightened.

"No," he said, shaking his head as he picked up the gun. "Every man to his own place. This here is mine."

But Lescott was not satisfied. He came unexpectedly upon Sally one day, returning from her milking.

"Miss Sally," he said, a sudden inspiration coming to him, "I want to talk to you."

"Well?" said the girl, who was always grave and diffident with him.

"I've discovered something about Samson," he began, but the girl's eyes flashed dangerously. "Oh, it's something nice," he hastened to add.

"Ye don't need ter tell me, then, 'cause I knows it."

"He's a genius," said Lescott, smiling. "He has great gifts—great ability to become a figure in the world. I want to take him back with me to New York."

The girl clenched her brown hands, her bosom heaved, and her eyes blazed with anger.

"Ye hain't!" she cried. "Ye hain't a-goin' ter do no sich thing!"

Lescott waited for her to grow calmer, and then he said softly:

"You don't understand me, Miss Sally. I'm not trying to take Samson away from you. Every man needs his chance. He cannot only become a great painter, but he can come back equipped for anything that life offers. He needs an education, he needs to grow. I only want him to go with me for a while and see something of life."

The girl dropped on a rock, with a sudden sob, her defiance suddenly giving way to her finer emotions.

"Think it over," said Lescott kindly, "and see if your heart doesn't say that I am Samson's friend—and yours."

Sally thought it over—thought it over with pain and sorrow, but with a true and open mind, and when Samson went to see her that night, at the Widow Miller's cabin, he found a miserable and dejected-looking girl sitting on the stile. As he approached her, she looked up and asked abruptly:

"Aire ye goin' away, Samson?"

"Who's a-been a-talkin' to ye?" he demanded angrily.

"Hit hain't nuthin' ter git mad about, Samson," she said gravely. "The artist man 'lowed as how ye had a right ter go down ther an' git an edication. I thinks ye had oughter go, Samson. There hain't nuthin' in these hills fer ye. Down there ye'll see lots o' things that's new and civilized an'—an' lots o' girls that kin read an' write."

Samson reached for the girl's hand, and whispered:

"I reckon I won't see no girls that's es good es you be, Sally," he said softly.

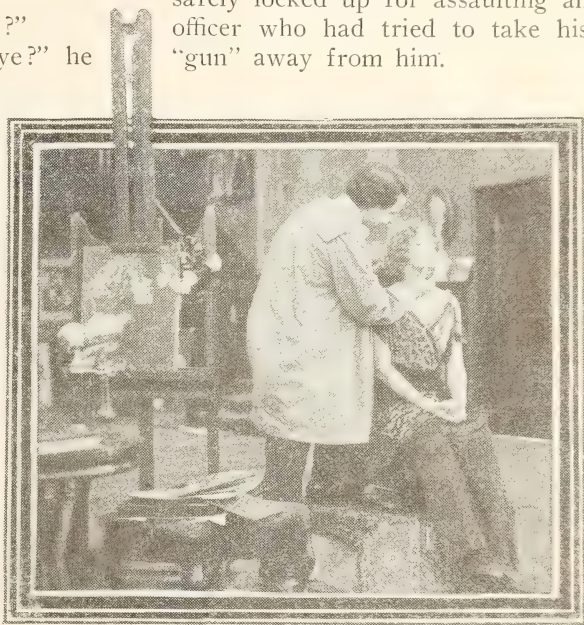
"Honey, I reckon ye knows that whether I goes or stays, we're a-goin' ter git married."

"You're a-goin' ter think different after a while," insisted the girl. "When ye goes, I hain't a-goin' ter be expectin' yer ter come back, but I'm a-goin' ter be hopin'."

"Sally," said the young man earnestly, "don't ye see thet I wants ter have a chance? Can't ye trust me? I'm just a-goin' ter try ter 'mount ter somethin'. I'm plumb tired o' bein' just onery an' no 'count."

"I've done told ye thet I thinks yer

oughter do hit," said the girl wearily. And so it was that one day, not long after George Lescott had returned to his home in the East, that he received a message, in the form of a telegram, announcing that Samson was on his way to New York; and on the following morning—the day set for the arrival of the mountaineer—the artist received another message, in the form of a telephone conversation with the police of the MacDougal Street station, announcing that Samson had arrived and was safely locked up for assaulting an officer who had tried to take his "gun" away from him.



At home he also worked, using Adrienne as a subject.

"Snappy work!" said Wilfred Horton, an admirer of Lescott's sister Adrienne, who happened to be present when the artist made the startling announcement to the family, all of whom were looking forward with great interest to meeting the "Barbarian," as Horton called the mountaineer.

Lescott, whose influence was considerable in the city, had little difficulty in obtaining the release of Samson, whom the artist took at once to the building where he had his studio, and

where he had had apartments fitted up for him.

That very evening, bedecked with a full-dress suit, Samson was introduced into Lescott's circle of friends.

In the melting pot of New York, the fine ore, in the shape of the mountaineer's youth, courage, and brains, soon showed its value, and he began to adapt himself to the changed conditions of his life. His starved mind reached out in every direction. He said little, but saw much, and bolted every morsel of enlightenment. Lescott set him at work at once to toil and sweat over the primer stages of drawing, and several months were spent laboring with charcoal and paper over plaster casts in Lescott's studio, while Lescott himself played instructor. Then, at an art

school, his study was continued. At home, during leisure

rival that Samson was able to aid Adrienne and prove at the same time that his thoughts had not been diverted from Sally to her. Wilfred Horton, whose love for George Lescott's sister was kept no secret, was active in political circles, and his opponents noticed, with interest, the apparent intimacy between Adrienne and the struggling young artist, who were often seen together.

Hitting upon a plan, they invited both to a dinner party and incited Wilfred with jealousy by stories of Samson's love for Adrienne. At the table the conversation carried on by the politicians aroused Wilfred's anger, and, blind to the facts in his wrath, he insulted Samson. But the young mountaineer was quicker to understand the situation, and, instead of

venting his anger on Wilfred Horton, as the plotting poli-



He seized one of the party and thrashed him soundly.

hours, he also worked, using Adrienne as a subject.

In the evenings, Samson turned with insatiable brain hunger to the volumes of instructive reading that Lescott brought to him. Very rapidly great changes were wrought in the raw material that was called Samson South.

It was a few months after his ar-

ticians had hoped, he seized one of the party responsible for the insult and soundly thrashed him. Then, turning to Wilfred, he said slowly:

"Come out of this! You should have been able to see through the scheme. It was plain. I am not in love—with your sweetheart—there is a little mountain girl who can prove it."

The months passed into years, and still the time rolled on, and down on the banks of Misery the glorious colors of Indian summer came and went. Samson had sent Sally a few letters, plainly printed, so that she might spell them out herself without the aid of outsiders. "I love you" are words that are easy to read in almost any language, and these he always wrote.

And Sally had not been idle, either. During the long winter evenings she struggled with slate and spelling book, and when she had mastered the easier lessons by herself she started to school.

One winter they laid the Widow Miller away in the ragged burying ground, and, when the summer vacation came, Miss

Grover, the school-teacher, came to spend the time with the lonely girl.

Samson had just returned from a year of art study in Paris when the call of the Cumberlands came. He was standing with Adrienne in the pergola of the Lescotts' summer home on Long Island.

"Are you ever homesick, Samson?" asked Lescott's sister.

"Yes," he answered soberly.

"And yet you haven't gone back."

"No; but I soon shall."

"Is it necessary to throw your life away?"

"I must go back—not to relapse, but to be a constructive force. I must carry some of the outside world back to Misery."

George Lescott, who had

just come from town, joined them at this point.

"Here is a letter, Samson," he said. "It arrived as I was leaving the studio."

He handed the young man an envelope, and, with an apology, Samson tore it open. His face turned as pale as marble. This is what he read:

DEAR SAMSON: The truce has been broken. Tamarack Spicer has killed Jim Asberry, and the Hollmans have killed Tamarack.

Uncle Spicer is shot, but may get well. There is nobody to lead the Souths. I am trying to hold them down until I hear from you. Don't come if you don't want to—but the gun is ready. With love, SALLY.

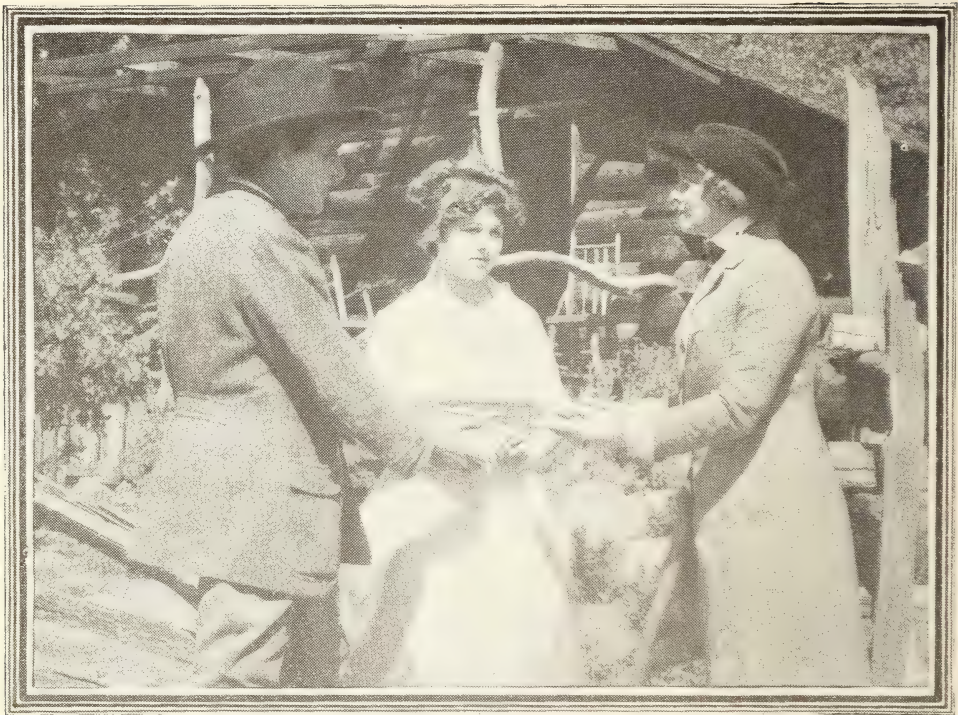
"No bad news, I hope?" said Lescott, noting the expression on Samson's face.

"Bad news!" he cried. "No! The war is on again, and I'm needed!"

He caught the first fast express, and



"Did you think I wasn't coming back?"



"I want you to learn to love her," he said meaningly.

in thirty-six hours was in Hixon. On the green river bank was spread a tented street of the State militia, who were on the scene and ready for action. No one recognized Samson, and he hired a horse at the livery stable. In two hours he dismounted at Jesse Purvy's store. As he was mounting the steps, angry voices within halted him suddenly.

"I've been yore executioner fer twenty years," complained a voice, which Samson recognized, with a start, as that of Aaron Hollis. "I hain't never laid down on ye yet. Me an' Jim Asberry killed old Henry South, an' we'd have got his boy ef you'd said the word. I wants a ticket to Oklahoma, an' I gits it, or I gits you!"

Samson stood rigid. Here was the confession of one of his father's murderers. The truce was off! Why should he wait? Samson South the old,

and Samson South the new, struggled in the grip of two codes. Before a decision came to him there was a report, and the sound of a heavy fall. An excited figure came plunging through the door. Samson seized him by the shoulder.

"Do you know me?" he cried.

"No! Damn ye, let me go afore I kills ye!"

Aaron thrust his smoking rifle into Samson's face.

"My name is Samson South!"

Before the astounded man could crook his finger on the trigger, Samson's revolver spoke. Aaron's rifle blazed a little too late, and a little too high.

Samson looked inside the store. Purvy lay dead across the counter. Samson's score was clean.

Dusk was falling when he reached

an empty cabin in a thicket well within South territory. Shortly a candle flickered inside.

Fifteen minutes later, dressed in a rough suit of clothes, he stood, in the moonlight, in front of the Widow Miller's cabin, and, lifting his head, sent out a clear whippoorwill call—the old signal to Sally. The cabin door opened. Framed in the patch of yellow candle-light stood a slender figure, eager, but uncertain. In her right hand she clutched a rifle—the rifle that he had bequeathed to her in trust when he had bidden her good-by.

Sally had been true to her trust. For four years she had waited for the signal.

The man stepped out of the shadow into the bright moonlight. With a glad cry, the girl came running to him. He stretched out his arms to her, and his voice broke in a hoarse, passionate cry:

"Sally!"

And as she came into his arms, her heart fluttering with joy, they closed about her in a convulsive grip.

"Did ye think I wuzen't comin' back, Sally?" he questioned softly, falling back into the vernacular.

"Ye said ye wuz comin', an' I knowed shore ye'd do hit," replied the girl, as if she, too, had never made war on crude idioms.

Ordinarily, this happy reunion of two true hearts would be considered a fitting ending for this story, but they never relate it down in Cumberland County without telling how the Hollman grand jury indicted Samson South for the killing of Aaron Hollis and Jesse Purvy; how Samson, warned by Lieutenant Callomb, of the militia—who had come to know the truth—had slipped away to Frankfort, where the governor, a cousin of the lieutenant's,

had not only pardoned him before trial, but had made him high sheriff to succeed the Hollman incumbent; how Samson, authorized by the governor, had organized a local militia company composed of the younger South adherents, and drilled by Lieutenant Callomb; and how, when the Hollman faction held the courthouse and refused to recognize the authority of the sheriff, this rough-and-ready company had taken the building by storm, although at the cost of several lives.

When law and order had been restored, some months later, George Lescott, accompanied by his sister and Wilfred Horton, who had lately entered upon life together bound by the ties of marriage, came to the Cumberlands to organize the South-Horton Company for the purpose of developing the natural resources of the country.

Samson introduced Adrienne to Sally, and added meaningly the words: "I want you to learn to love her."

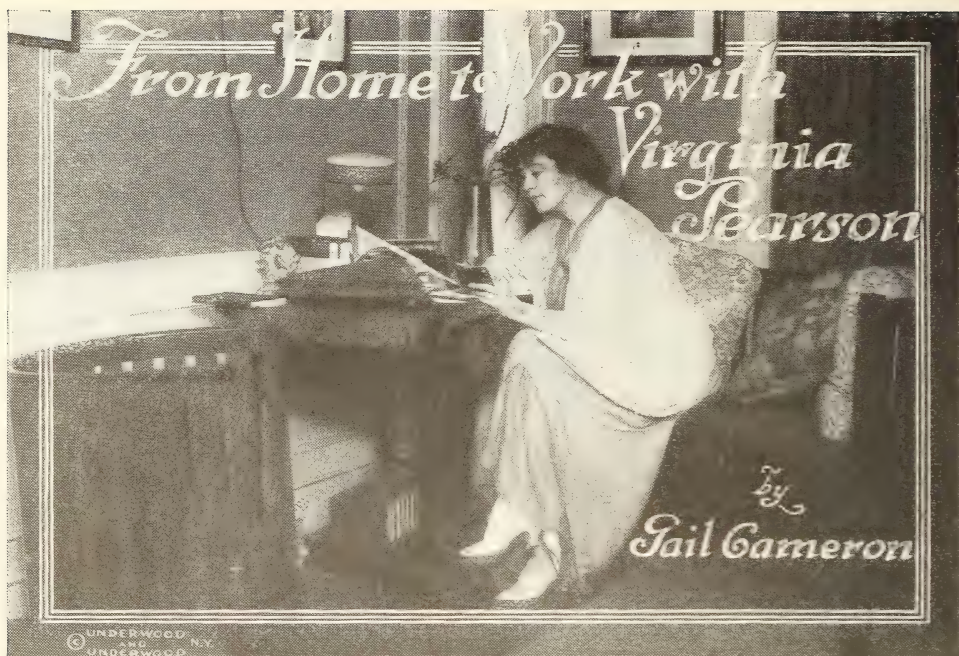
"Learning is unnecessary," replied the girl from the city. "I love her already."

Then it was that Samson settled down amid the grandeurs of nature's land to paint the pictures that were dearest to his heart, with love for his easel and Sally for his model. And so it happened that, one night when the moon appeared particularly bright as it smiled down upon the mountains, two figures that seemed almost as one stood in the shadows of the pines.

"I couldn't have stayed up there without you, dear," spoke Samson quietly, and Sally gazed up into his eyes.

"And I wouldn't have stayed down here if you hadn't come," she replied softly.





YOU who, with bated breath, view the passionate scenes in which Virginia Pearson figures as a modern Cleopatra, must wonder at the home and home life of such a sorceress. This radiantly beautiful enchantress of the screen cordially invited me to visit her at her country place when I broached the subject.

Accordingly, bright and early one morning, I was admitted to the veritable palace in New Jersey which she calls her home. I was immediately ushered into her breakfast room, where she was busily engaged reading some of the countless letters from unknown admirers. Miss Pearson smiled and arose.

"Won't you join me?" she interrogated.

I thanked her and sat down. Then I gazed about the room in surprise. Instead of the gaudy decorations of the Far East, which I had expected to see in the home of this famous vampire of shadowland, everything was soft and subdued. On the walls were a few

well-chosen pictures, the work, by the way, of Miss Pearson herself. Here and there were vases of roses and carnations.

Presently I asked this beautiful actress to tell me something of her life.

"I was born in Louisville, Kentucky," she said, "a member of the Calloway family. My mother, Mary Alice Calloway, was a descendant of men who opened the trail of civilization to the West. My father, Joseph Pearson, was a famous English artist."

"But tell me something about yourself," I protested.

She smiled. "I came to New York almost ten years ago, while still a young girl. Fortunately I was successful from the start. My greatest triumph, I feel, was as the vampire in Robert Hilliard's 'A Fool There Was,' and I played that part for two years. I also appeared in 'The Hawk,' 'The Better Way,' and numerous Shakespearean plays."

"And when did you enter the photo play?" I asked.

"Oh," she smiled, "I am a film vet-

eran. As long ago as 1910 I played with the Vitagraph Company. However, I shortly returned to my first love, the stage. It was a lapse of five years before I reentered the silent drama, and then only because of the pleadings of the Famous Players Film Company. I did one special feature for them—'The Aftermath,' with Owen Moore. Then I again joined the Vitagraph, and starred in 'The Writing on the Wall,' 'Thou Art the Man,' 'The Vital Question,' and 'The Hunted Woman.' This last picture was written especially for me."

"What do you do with your spare time?" I inquired.

"A little bit of everything, I guess. I ride, motor, swim, paint, write, and play the piano."

What she didn't tell me was that she has had several feature films accepted for production, and that she receives many commissions for oil paintings. At the present moment, she is working on a portrait of Charlotte Walker.

Very shortly we finished our delightful little breakfast, and I asked my hostess to show me the far-famed beauties of her home.

"Gladly," she answered, and, rising, escorted me throughout her delightful apartments. The rooms were neat and handsomely furnished; but, look as I would, I could see nothing unusual. Everything was of the finest and most expensive obtainable, but there was nothing out of the ordinary.

I turned to Miss Pearson and stammered: "It's all very pretty—but—but I understood that your home rivaled that of the original Cleopatra!"

She laughed heartily. "No, not as bad as all that. My den, however, is rather unique. I have saved that for the last."

With these words, she opened the door of a veritable fairyland. Eyes opened wide in amazement, I gazed about.

"Like it?" she murmured.



One of Virginia Pearson's favorite toys is her grand piano

282 From Home to Work with Virginia Pearson

I did not answer—words failed me. To me it is doubtful if even the noted Queen of Egypt herself whiled away her leisure hours amid more luxurious surroundings than does this star of the film world. Her den is, she told me, supposed to be an exact reproduction of the galley in which Cleopatra sailed up the River Cydnus to meet her devoted Antony.

The walls of the room are covered with draperies of deep crimson, and the hangings, the coverings of the tables, cushions, and chairs all harmonized. Huge blood-red roses filled the room in utter confusion. Near her divan, I spied a silver urn. I turned to Miss Pearson, with a question, as the delicate odor of incense was wafted to me.

She explained: "That is the urn

of life. I am very superstitious, you know, and have been told that should it cease smoldering, I should cease being. Of course, I don't really believe that, but I feel much more comfortable when I know it is burning."

The impression formed from being in this strange den is hard to determine. One cannot say at a moment's notice which of the senses is being played on; yet you are conscious of the fact that its appeal, its color, its atmosphere are almost intoxicating.

"It is getting late," announced Miss Pearson, when I had finished feasting my eyes on the gorgeousness of this room. "I must hasten to the studio. You will join me, won't you?"

Gladly I nodded my thanks, and together we entered her limousine.

Presently the studio was reached. We left the car and went to the rear, where there is a small menagerie. Smiling, Virginia Pearson walked to the cage containing several little lambs.

"I'm just crazy about these cute little fellows," she informed me, as she fed them titbits from her gloved hand. I took the opportunity and snapped a photograph of her.

Just this little occurrence with the lambs, trivial as it may seem, showed Miss Pearson's kind nature—something quite different from that which you would



Letters from admirers follow her even to the breakfast table.



The lambs at the studio and Miss Pearson are great friends.

expect after seeing her work on the screen. Little touches like this will show you the true character of a person.

Reluctantly she left the animals and we walked to the studio entrance.

"I am so glad to have seen you," she said, and smiled sweetly. "Come again, won't you?" And with these words, we parted.

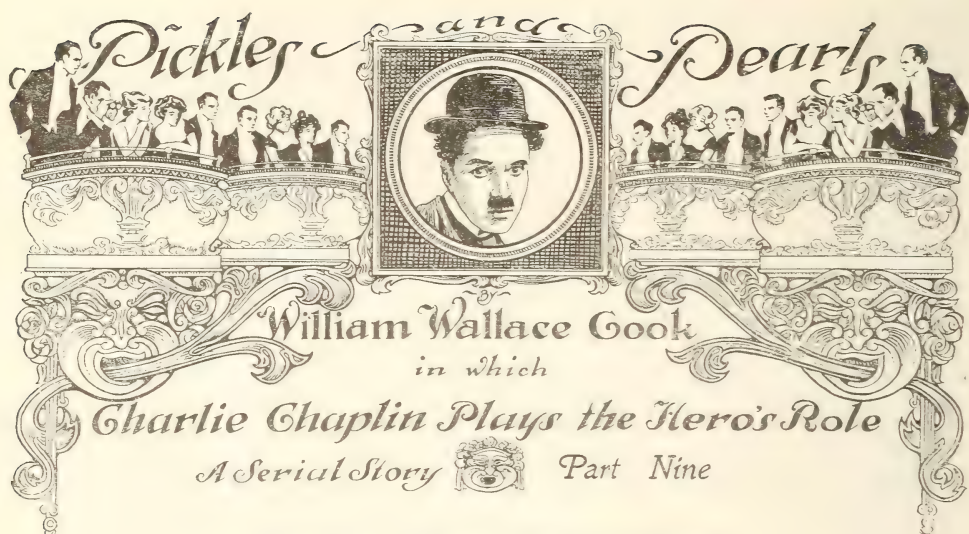
On my way back, I thought over all I had seen, and of the wonders of this lady of the films. Miss Pearson is endowed with a wonderful figure and glowing complexion. It is her proud boast that she requires little make-up when before the camera, and no make-up at all when off the stage. She is violently opposed to rouges and the makeshift coloring and beauty trickeries which doubtless contributed to the picture Rudyard Kipling had in mind when he described his "rag, a bone, and a hank of hair."

Personally, Miss Pearson is far removed from the vampire type of woman. She is very different, too, both on the surface and underneath, from most other actresses.

During the day she lives a life that is

not her own, and her evenings at home are so entirely different, that were one of her screen admirers to drop in unexpectedly, and find her as she naturally lives, it would be a hard matter to convince him that the Virginia Pearson known to the film world and the woman as she is in private life is the same person.

She is another example that those who play repulsive rôles on the screen are often among the quietest and most pleasing people whom one could meet, entirely different from the screen character.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

LOLA MCTODD, daughter of Silas McTodd, the pickle king, is known as "The Pearl of the McTods" because of her beauty. When she was young, a gypsy made the prophecy that if, when she was eighteen, she placed a wishbone over the door, the first man to pass under it would marry her. As her eighteenth birthday arrives, she finds herself with many suitors, chief among whom are Duke Penruddock and Harold de Vere, a young millionaire. Lola believes she should marry the duke, though she has never met him face to face, and her father favors the match. Charlie Chaplin, who has long sought his favorite brand of pickles, learns that they are made by McTodd, and applies to the pickle king for a place as night watchman at his plant. By mistake Charlie is the first man to pass under the wishbone, and Lola is greatly excited. Charlie secures the position, and starts work. The duke arrives unexpectedly, and Lola, who is unprepared, hides in the factory. She is caught in some machinery, and Charlie saves her life. McTodd offers Charlie a position in Samoa as special representative of the firm, hoping to thus remove him from the sight of his daughter, but Charlie refuses. The duke tries to do away with Charlie, but Harold de Vere proves the man of the hour, and saves the hero. Later, Charlie again saves Lola's life. McTodd gives a ball to announce the engagement of his daughter to the duke. Charlie hides in a bank of palms, and sees Major Bright steal the famous tiara from Lola's neck. He accuses Bright of the theft, but McTodd explains to him that it is part of a prearranged plan to securing valuable advertising for the McTodd pickles through the newspapers—as they plan to give out a story about the jewel being stolen. A fire breaks out in the house, and the guests flee in panic. Bright steals the tiara again during the confusion—this time in earnest. He also attempts to take McTodd's life, but Charlie is on hand to rescue him. Harold also becomes a hero by saving McTodd's stenographer, Gwendoline. Charlie is hired by the pickle king to trail Bright and secure the tiara, thus postponing his trip to Samoa. As Charlie begins his search, he learns that Harold is also after Bright. They decide to work together, and their combined investigation leads them to suspect that the duke and Bright are working together, and are a pair of crooks. They trail Bright to a circus, and after many thrilling adventures corner him and force him to confess that the duke is in reality Jack O'Byrne, a noted bank robber. Harold tells Charlie he has read in the paper that Lola McTodd is to be married to the duke that afternoon. They figure that by stealing a ride on a freight, they will arrive in time to save the Pearl of the McTods, but just as they reach this decision the train is wrecked. Unknown to them, the workers in the pickle factory, where the wedding was to have been held, strike, and boldly declare they will prevent the ceremony unless their wages are raised. McTodd sends for the police. Charlie recovers from the effects of the wreck, and determines to save Lola. Harold quarrels with him, and both set off alone for the McTodd home. Charlie steals an auto, and is followed by its owner and the police. He arrives in time to quiet the strikers, but when he tries to expose the duke, McTodd turns him over to the police who have followed him. Charlie manages to escape, and finds Harold holding Lola a prisoner in her auto in the woods, having abducted her while she was on her way to the wedding. O'Byrne, searching for Lola, is met by Charlie, who denounces him and turns him over to the police who had so recently sought Charlie. Then Charlie rushes back to release Lola from her prison, only to learn she has escaped. Lola returns home safely, but the chauffeur brings word of O'Byrne's arrest, and the wedding is declared off. That night a solicitor from England visits McTodd, in search of a lost Sir Charles, and the pickle magnate happily tells Lola she can now marry Charlie and still obtain a title, for the description of the lost Sir Charles fits him perfectly. Charlie and Harold part on bad terms, the latter announcing he doesn't care for Lola, anyway.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE WAYSIDE INN.

IT was morning, a glorious morning, one day later, that Cheerful Charlie halted on the road five miles from Boggsville, to survey a sign

that hung before a roadside inn. He had been discharged from the pickle works, and was tired and hungry, with not even a Lincoln penny or a McTodd pickle in his pocket, so, after having spent the night in the shelter of a straw

stack, the Motorists' Retreat, which the sign informed him was the name by which the inn was called, summoned him most naturally.

Why not walk into the Retreat, he asked himself, order a meal in a lordly, high-handed manner, and then—suffer the consequences? The consequences could not pain him nearly so much as the terrible famine with which he was afflicted.

To think, with Charlie, was to act. Brushing the straw from his clothes, and adjusting his apparel with a few deft touches, he pulled his hat down firmly and entered the inn.

He was met by a stout gentleman—not so stout as Capitola Rawlins-Jorkins, but taller. This gentleman was apt to figure in the consequences, and, for a second, Charlie's heart fluttered. But the die was cast, and he must proceed.

"My machine was punctured a mile down the road," Charlie explained, "and while my chauffeur is repairing it, I have come hither to partake of breakfast."

The stout gentleman was surveying Charlie hungrily, and in a manner hard to understand.

"Just a minute," said he, and waddled to a place behind the office desk and picked up a piece of paper. "I have a description here, and—— Wait a minute!" the landlord broke off.

"On second thought," Charlie answered, "I believe I had better return to the machine and help the chauffeur. I——"

He was still in fear of Leeson. Perhaps his bargain with Pollock and Blake had not proven satisfactory to the Lawton garage man. Again, it might be that Harold de Vere had involved him somehow in the abduction of Miss McTodd. If his description had been telephoned into the country surrounding Boggsville, certainly it must have been for a purpose. What that purpose was,

Charlie did not care to stay and inquire.

Before he could reach the door, a man who looked enough like the proprietor of the inn to be his twin brother, stepped into the office—and Charlie's retreat was cut off.

"Is your name Charlie?" demanded the man behind the desk, reading from a paper.

Denial was useless. Realizing that he was trapped, Charlie answered "Yes."

"Used to be night watchman in the McTodd Pickle Works, didn't you?"

"I am the man you want. Before you go to extremes, however, give me something to eat. Sir, I am famished!"

"What's the row, Tom?" inquired the stout man near the office door.

"No row, Jerry," answered the man at the counter. "Remember that telephone message we got last night?"

"The one from police headquarters in Boggsville, with a description?"

"Uh-huh. Here's the man."

"No!" wheezed Jerry, tossing his arms and beaming at Charlie. "Well, well!" He advanced upon the bewildered young man with extended hand. "Sir Charles, you do this humble inn great honor," he went on fulsomely. "We—my brother and I—are proud, happy, and glad to have you beneath this roof. We are the Tanglefoot brothers. I am Jerry. Shake hands with Tom. I own the hotel and Tom runs it." Jerry picked a straw from Charlie's coat collar like a bosom friend. "While you are in this hotel, Sir Charles, the whole place is yours."

"You have but to command, your lordship," said Tom, caressing Charlie's hand, "and your every order will be obeyed. Jerry," he added, in an aside to his brother, "just put 'God Save the King' on the phonograph."

By that time Charlie had made up his mind that it was a private asylum, and he thought it well to humor Jerry

and his brother. What he wanted was something to eat, and the two brothers conducted him with much ostentation to the dining room. Tom excused himself presently to use the telephone, but Jerry remained to wait on the noble guest personally. It was "Sir Charles" this and "your lordship" that, until Charlie began to feel as though he had a mortgage on everything in sight. It was a rare state of affairs, but Charlie accepted the situation as he found it. Why look a gift horse in the mouth, or seek to explain away a situation so manifestly to his benefit?

He conducted himself in a lordly manner, and was both gracious and condescending. A substantial breakfast tended further to increase his content. He decided to stay right along with the Tanglefoot brothers.

Following the morning meal, a handful of the most expensive cigars in the house was presented to him. He was also placed in an easy-chair on the veranda, and furnished with a copy of the morning paper.

In it he found a note that, short though it was, almost made him forget his present position of dignity. It was an announcement, buried in the midst of other news of its kind, stating that Jorkins and Capitola Rawlins, lion tamer, were to be married that morning. It further stated that the couple were to spend their honeymoon touring with Bunkum & Brawley's circus, where he was to be employed, as he had resigned from the McTodd factory. Charlie heaved a long sigh of mingled sympathy and relief.

Then, having finished with the paper, he was already beginning to count the hours between him and dinner. There was nothing to do, according to his way of thinking, but to eat, sleep, and enjoy himself. While he was contemplating this blissful prospect, a limousine with familiar lines halted before the inn. He started up from his chair as though sud-

denly drenched by a bucket of cold water. The door of the car had opened, and Mr. McTodd had stepped out and was turning to assist his daughter.

"Here's where I pay the piper," thought Charlie. "I might have known the good time couldn't last."

He was turning to seek a secluded spot somewhere in the Retreat, when the voice of Mr. McTodd hailed him. "Just a moment, Sir Charles!" called the pickle king.

Ah, even Silas McTodd! Charlie reeled, and clutched at the back of his chair for support.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

Silas McTodd, it goes without saying, had experienced some pangs of remorse. He knew to a certainty that the wandering noble whom Shrewsbury Ames was looking for was Cheerful Charlie. It would not do, however, for Shrewsbury Ames to find Charlie in the Boggsville jail. So the solicitor was not told at once that the new Sir Charles was as good as found.

Mr. McTodd wanted time to reinstate himself in the confidence and friendship of his former watchman. He wanted to get Charlie out of jail. And it was only fair that Lola should have the opportunity to display the gratitude she naturally felt toward one who had rescued her so many times.

The pickle king called up the jail in less than an hour after Shrewsbury Ames had left the house. His daughter leaned over his shoulder as he used the phone. It took about half a minute for the chief of police to inform Mr. McTodd that Cheerful Charlie had administered a stinging rebuke to a couple of officers, and then had taken to his heels.

Mr. McTodd was horrified, exasperated, and rendered very uneasy.

"He must be found, chief," said he.

"Telephone his description throughout this part of the country. Let it be known that Charlie is an English milord and a close friend of Silas McTodd; and that, wherever he is, he must be treated as his rank and station deserve—all at my expense. When Sir Charles is located, notify me immediately."

Thus it was that when Charlie was recognized by the proprietors of the Motorists' Retreat, the pickle king was informed by telephone of his whereabouts.

Mr. McTodd was delighted by the news.

"Do everything you can for his lordship's comfort," said he; "spare no expense, and send the bills to me. And, above all things, do not let him get away from the inn before I arrive."

Lola accompanied her father, and the limousine fairly flew over the smooth road.

"There he is, on the veranda, my pet," announced Mr. McTodd, when the machine had brought them within sight of the Motorists' Retreat. "It needs but a glance to detect the nobility of his demeanor! Strange how that high bearing escaped me before!"

"We were both blind, blind!" murmured Lola.

Presently the car stopped and the pickle king descended from it and assisted his daughter to alight. His lordship was hastily leaving the veranda. "Just a moment, Sir Charles!" Mr. McTodd called, and his lordship turned and leaned palpitantly over the back of the chair in which he had been sitting.

Lola and her father ascended the steps to the veranda. They were smiling. Charlie surveyed them blankly as they approached and halted before him.

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Silas McTodd. "Ah, what a fright you have given us! I called up the police sta-

tion to order your release—the arrest was all a mistake, and I had intended all along to see that you were not imposed upon. We were told, Lola and I, that you had escaped from the officers. Our joy in learning that you had been spared the ignominy of incarceration, was tempered by anxiety as to where you had gone. By my order, your description was telephoned to every part of the country contiguous to Boggsville; and how happy we were, Lola and I, to learn this morning that you had been found. We came to you at once, Sir Charles, without a moment's delay. You thought you could hide your true character from us, didn't you, by masquerading as a night watchman? Ah, Sir Charles, Sir Charles," and the pickle king shook a roguish finger in Charlie's face, "you might have known that sooner or later we would find you out. You are to go home with us, your lordship, and we are to have the privilege of entertaining you at the manor. You must not deny us this happiness. My love," and he turned to Lola, "entertain his lordship while I seek the landlord of the inn and reward him suitably for the service he has rendered us."

Mr. McTodd passed into the hotel, and Charlie found himself alone on the same veranda with the beautiful Pearl of the McTodds. Never had the lovely girl seemed so radiant. Her proud, haughty air had melted into a most engaging manner. In the great blue eyes was mirrored a light which dazed and blinded the ex-watchman.

"My dear friend," whispered Lola sweetly, extending one of her small hands, "I lack words to express my happiness in meeting you again. Gratitude is a small thing, when one considers the great debt I owe you. As you have, perhaps, heard, the McTodds always discharge their obligations. Your lordship," and she blushed, and her eyes fell, "you have but to ask my papa for

any reward you think your due, and he will not deny the boon."

Charlie took the little hand. He was really having a dream, a beautiful dream, and he was disposed to enjoy it as long as possible.

"I shall ask a reward," he answered, collecting himself, "a great reward, beside which all other rewards pale into insignificance. Do you remember what I asked you, through the speaking tube of the limousine?"

The beautiful girl trembled. "How can you ask, Sir Charles!" she exclaimed.

"In a little while, I am going to ask that same question again," he said. "For the present——"

He looked around hastily. The coast was clear—except for Arthur, the chauffeur, and he did not count—and Charlie passed a quick arm about the slender waist and snatched a kiss from the ripe red lips.

He was not rebuffed. Drawing back, he heaved a long sigh of rapture. No wonder the pretended duke had dared all to win that wonderful girl! And Harold! Charlie could have laughed at the millionaire's folly in turning from this matchless beauty to pay his suit to the stenographer. Certainly, that was a rare, enchanting dream!

In a happy trance, he allowed himself to be driven to the stately home of the McTods in the luxurious limousine. At the mansion, the cap sheaf of joy was to face the lofty Hawkins, and be addressed as "me lud." Hawkins knew how to treat the nobility, and, while his past experiences with Charlie caused him some agitation, nevertheless he sought to wipe out the past by a studied servility.

Charlie was shown to the guest chamber. He was told that he was to consider the manor as he would his own home. Charlie, seeing that it would please his host, tried to do this. All the servants endeavored to show him

that they knew how a real lord ought to be treated.

In his study, Mr. McTodd wrote a telegram. He felt that Sir Charles was as good as landed, and that there could be no risk in apprising Shrewsbury Ames of the fact that his lordship had been found, and was being cared for as became his high station. The message ran thus:

Sir Charles is with me. Have honor of entertaining him in my own home. Come at any time.
McTODD.

Having written the message, the pickle king took it downstairs. He paused at the entrance to the drawing-room. Charlie was in the drawing-room, and Hawkins was with him.

"A cigar, Hawkins," Charlie was saying. "One with a gold band, if you please, and as expensive as any you have in the McTodd humidor."

"Yes, me lud."

"And a match, Hawkins."

"Yes, me lud."

"I like to hear you speak in that way, Hawkins. It reminds me of home."

"Hold Hengland, me lud? Hit haurouses 'appy memories hindeed, me lud."

As Hawkins came out, Mr. McTodd handed him the telegram. "As soon as you supply the wants of Sir Charles, Hawkins," said he, "have this message sent to the telegraph office."

"Very good, sir."

Ah, what a difference between that "me lud" and the "sir"! Silas McTodd felt his inferiority keenly.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A BOMB EXPLODES.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon of a perfect day. Mr. McTodd had spent a few of the morning hours at the factory. He was in a frame of mind that could best be described as exalted.

Blivens reported that Jorkins had resigned, and had been united in marriage to Miss Capitola Rawlins.

Ordinarily, a sudden resignation would have stirred up a tempest in the proprietor's office. But Mr. McTodd merely laughed.

"I had thought it would happen, Blivens," said he. "Send Jorkins fifty dollars with my compliments."

"Miss Rives," continued Blivens, "has also resigned. It is said that she is engaged to marry a millionaire."

Still no explosion. The proprietor laughed again.

"Bravo! Send Miss Rives fifty dollars, too. This is a beautiful world, Blivens, and as we travel through life we should scatter brightness about us. Eh?"

"A noble sentiment, Mr. McTodd," said the bookkeeper, "and I concur in it fully."

"You are getting twenty dollars a week, are you not, Blivens?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give yourself twenty-five from now on."

"You overwhelm me, sir!"

"I know how to reward faithful service. Send Bill Hankins to me."

In due course, Bill Hankins entered the private room.

"Hankins," said the proprietor, "your demands are granted. Shorter hours and a new schedule of wages, from now on, for the employees of these works."

Hankins was electrified. "Mr. McTodd," said he, with feeling, "you have a kindly heart! I am glad Charlie persuaded us not to make any more trouble for you yesterday than we did."

"You must not call him Charlie any more, Hankins," answered Mr. McTodd. "He is an English milord, and must be respectfully referred to as 'Sir Charles,' in future."

"A lord, eh? Well, well! But then, I always knew there was more to that fellow than most people thought. Char-

lie—beg pardon, Sir Charles—was always quite friendly with Henrietta. I wonder if Henrietta could be spared from the chow-chow department long enough to go and congratulate him?"

"It would not be fitting," returned Mr. McTodd shortly. "Sir Charles is out of his old sphere, and in a new one. Be careful to remember that."

Bill Hankins went away, announced to the employees the new wage scale, and the shorter working hours, and a wild cheer for Silas McTodd echoed and reëchoed through the factory.

Mr. McTodd, in a very pleasant frame of mind, went home to his noon-day meal. Charlie and Lola joined him at table, and he smiled upon them with paternal pride. Following luncheon, the pickle king took his usual nap. From this he was awakened by Hawkins, who came with a telegram.

"Hi am sorry to disturb you, sir," said Hawkins, "but 'ere is a message that just arrived."

He turned over the yellow envelope to the master of the house, and silently slipped away.

"From Shrewsbury Ames, I suppose," mused Mr. McTodd smilingly, "congratulating me on what I have done, and stating the hour of his arrival."

Then a bomb exploded. The telegram ran in this wise:

Some mistake. I was in error regarding clew that placed missing heir in Boggsville Pickle Works. Man you have cannot be Sir Charles. His lordship is here with me, and we are sailing for England to-morrow.

AMES.

The words of the message swam before Silas McTodd's eyes. His face grew purple, and his breath hung in his throat. With trembling hands, he unbuttoned his collar. Then he read the message again.

A mistake! Charlie not Sir Charles, not an English milord at all! Heavens, what a tangle!

Charlie had not denied that he was a lord. He had failed to set the matter right. He had allowed McTodd and his daughter to be deceived.

Rage convulsed the pickle king. Was there to be no end of deceptions? Was his lovely Lola to be subjected to indignity after indignity?

The world had been bright. There was no change in the weather, but a tremendous change had been wrought in the manufacturer's mental condition. He saw no brightness anywhere.

"And I've raised everybody's pay!" he muttered savagely. "And shortened hours all around! Fifty to Jorkins and fifty to Miss Rives, and an increase to Blivens! All because Cheerful Charlie did not disclaim his right to a title! By Heaven, this affair must be stopped right where it is!"

He rushed from his study, found Hawkins, and demanded to know where he could find Charlie and his daughter.

"His ludship and Miss McTodd are somewhere in the garden, sir," said Hawkins.

"His lordship—bah!" and the pickle king flung from the house in a temper.

Yes, Charlie and Lola were in the garden. It was a wonderful garden, and fairly brimming with late-summer blooms, while the air was musical with the twitter of birds and the silvery tinkle of water in marble fountains. A more lovely place it would have been hard to imagine.

To the enchanted precincts of the garden, Charlie and Lola had come in the early afternoon. They seated themselves side by side on a rustic settee, and if Charlie had never known what love was, he realized it then.

"Tell me, little one," and his arm strayed to the slender waist, "dost remember the hour when first I came to the factory? How long ago it seems! My innocent jest with the red card won me the position of night watchman."

"Yes, Charlie, I remember, but there is something you do not know—something I feel that I must tell you."

"I am waiting to hear, my pearl, my Parnassus pearl!"

Then, in soft, low tones, Lola told Charlie of the gypsy's prophecy. She repeated the verse from memory. Following this, she described, with much pretty confusion, the little subterfuge by which she had sought to fasten upon the supposed Duke of Penruddock the responsibility for making the prophecy come true.

A light dawned on Charlie. He could now understand many things which before had been very obscure. He had interfered with the operation of the prophecy—in looking for a job, he had blundered through the door and beneath the fateful wishbone. No wonder the pretended duke had wished to be rid of him. A new significance was given that infernal machine, that offer of one hundred thousand dollars to the lady who would make off with Charlie, that attempt to send him to Samoa! Ah, how plain everything became!

"I suppose," he murmured, "that you are sorry I interfered with the prophecy?"

"Do not speak in that way!" Lola implored, nestling closer to him.

"Perhaps I should have effaced myself in some unknown place, and never have allowed you to bring me to this beautiful mansion!" he sighed.

"Will you persist in breaking my heart?" whispered Lola, taking his hand and drawing it about her waist once more.

"But, if you want to be a duchess —"

"Lady Lola has a sweeter sound in my ears, Charlie! There is a rhythm about it, an alliteration that is quite appealing."

"Then," he said sadly, "it is for the title you care, and not for the man who bears it!"

"Nay, Charlie, for if you had no title, if you were no more than Charlie, the night watchman, I would not, could not, give you up!"

She spoke firmly, and he tried to feel encouraged.

"Then, maybe," he asked, "you will answer the question I put to you while you were imprisoned in the limousine?"

"I have been eager to answer it. The answer, Charlie, is *Yes!*" and she threw herself into his arms.

The beautiful dream had reached the climax. While Charlie saluted the red lips again and again, Mr. McTodd rushed toward the settee with a stricken cry, seized his daughter, and drew her away.

"Stop, my daughter!" he exclaimed. "This has gone too far."

"Papa," returned Lola, surprised, yet not allowing surprise to eclipse her joy, "his lordship has asked me to be his bride, and I have accepted."

"No, no! I will not hear to it!"

"Why, what do you mean, papa?"

"See, here is a telegram!" and Mr. McTodd shook the message with a frenzied hand. "It is from Ames, the solicitor. This is not the Sir Charles he was looking for. Cheerful Charlie isn't a lord at all!"

"It was a beautiful dream," muttered Charlie, "and here is where I wake up."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE.

Charlie had been expecting something like that to happen. Ever since the Tanglefoot brothers had started the lordship business, he had known there must be a rude awakening. But he had yearned to enjoy himself as long as possible. Now he accepted his ill fortune as a matter of course.

Lola did not swoon, as she might have been expected to do. She did not even weep. On the contrary, she was very calm.

"Are you quite sure about this, papa?" she asked.

"Sure? Oh, Heaven, how can you be so cool and collected, my poor child? There can be no doubt, I tell you! Look at the telegram! Read it for yourself!" Mr. McTodd opened the yellow sheet and held it under his daughter's eyes. "Do you see?" he stormed. "The solicitor says he made a mistake. Sir Charles was not employed at my pickle works. The real Sir Charles is now with Ames, and the two are on the point of starting for England. Penruddock was an impostor! And now Charlie turns out to be one, too. He has deceived both of us!"

"Pardon me," said Charlie, with dignity, "but I thought this was all a splendid dream. I had no idea that I was deceiving anybody. You know how dreams go—you think you are what you seem to be. That's all. Of course, I knew I had to wake up. I have your charming daughter to thank for a wonderful experience which, if you will excuse me for saying so, was all too brief. If you will excuse me, I will be going."

He took his cane, galloped a little in one spot as a means of putting himself *en rapport* with changed conditions, and would have made off along the path. A voice stayed him.

"Wait, Charlie!"

He turned in wonder. It was Lola who had spoken. Her tone, her manner, likewise seemed to surprise her father.

"Why do you stop him, my child?" inquired Mr. McTodd.

"Because I have something to tell him and you." Although she continued calm, blushes mantled the rounded cheeks, and the blue eyes glowed. "What are dukes and lords, after all is said and done, beside the nobility of real manhood? True courage has a title of its own, beside which all other titles are as dross to pure gold."

"Why—why, I never heard you express yourself like this before!" exclaimed Mr. McTodd.

"Because, papa," explained Lola, "I never felt in this way before. My grievous experiences have taught me a lesson. I am not the wild, harum-scarum girl I was a short time ago. Charlie rescued me from the whirling machinery of the works—his strong arm stayed the great wheel, and I was spared by that act of heroism."

"We give him credit for that," said Mr. McTodd.

"When that awful bomb was in my hands," pursued Lola, "who caught it away and flung it from the window?"

"Charlie! Yes, that was Charlie."

"And now," continued Lola, with increasing vehemence, "who has captured a base pretender, single-handed, turned him over to the police, and saved me from a worse disaster than any that had threatened me before?"

"No one can deny that Charlie did that," admitted Mr. McTodd. "I am indebted to him in many ways, my child."

"Then be kind to him now, papa," begged Lola, "and be kind to me!"

"What's this? What are you thinking of?"

"I have promised to be Charlie's bride, and I cannot, oh, I cannot, allow him to go out of my life!"

There was silence, broken only by the twitter of birds and the tinkle of falling waters. Charlie waved his cane in a perturbed manner. He doubted the evidence of his senses. So did McTodd.

"Say that again, Lola," said the pickle king hoarsely.

She repeated her words, deliberately and with emphasis. There was not the least doubt but that lovely Lola McTodd meant exactly what she said.

"But your ambition!" cried her father.

"What is ambition beside love?" the daughter countered.

"My ambition then—the ambition to be appointed purveyor of relishes to his majesty the king!"

"That is nonsense!" declared Lola. "Why should I allow your vaulting, ill-considered ambition to stand between me and happiness?"

"Well, since you feel that way about it, I can make no protest." Silas McTodd had not yielded without a struggle, but the struggle was over, and his mind was at ease. "I might have known that the prophecy could not be set aside, and that we would have to yield to its relentless decree first or last. Charlie!"

"Yes, sir."

"Your hand."

Charlie put out his hand, and in it the pickle king placed the hand of his loved daughter.

"It is fate," said Silas McTodd resignedly, "and it is impossible to avoid one's destiny by going 'cross lots. Be kind to my dear girl, Charlie," and his voice shook. "This afternoon I will take you in as a partner in my pickle business. When the engagement is announced it will sound better if you can be referred to as the junior partner of the firm of McTodd & Chaplin. I hope you young people will be happy!"

The pickle king left them, then. At a turn of the walk, he halted for a rearward glance. Charlie and Lola were in each other's arms! And Charlie was murmuring, although in a voice which did not carry to any ears but those of Lola's:

"It was a dream, all right, but it has come true!"

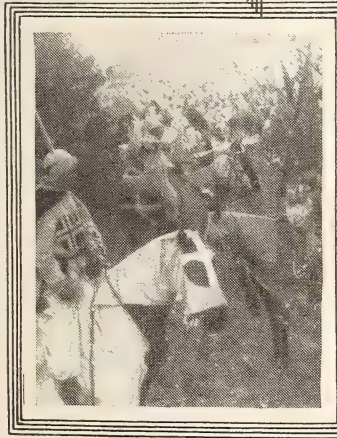
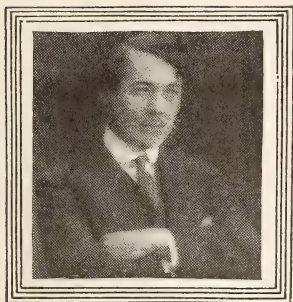
"My hero!" murmured Lola



To create almost two hundred characters, and to completely submerge one's own personality in each, seems almost an impossible task, but that is what Marc MacDermott has done during the past few years. Not alone has he excelled in creating characters which differ widely from one another, but through his perfect command of expression has done dramatic acting which has won him the distinction of being one of the foremost exponents of the finer art of playing before the camera.

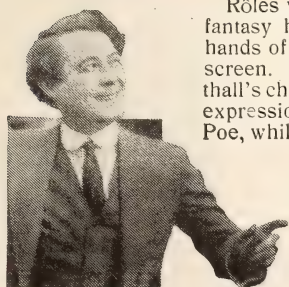


The reason for the meteoric rise of Theda Bara, within the short space of a year's time, from a moderately successful stage actress to the greatest heights of screen popularity, may be readily appreciated by a glance at this page. Miss Bara's triumph over the hearts of the public may be solely attributed to her wonderful portrayals of vampire characters, and ability to transform herself into many different personages. The lower picture in the center is a scene from her greatest film, and the one which brought her fame, "A Fool There Was." But the sneers, the hate, the alluring charms of the woman of the world are quite apart from the pleasing personality and gentle manner of the actress herself, once the camera has ceased to grind.

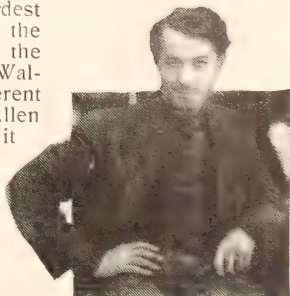


Henry B. Walthall

**MASTER OF
EMOTIONS**



Rôles which range from light comedy to weirdest fantasy have received masterful treatment in the hands of Henry B. Walthall—the Mansfield of the screen. On this page are to be found a few of Walthall's characters and on each face is seen a different expression. The central figure is that of Edgar Allen Poe, while the two small pictures directly below it are scenes from "The Birth of a Nation," in which he appeared as the *Little Colonel*. These two characters are considered by film critics to display Walthall's best acting.





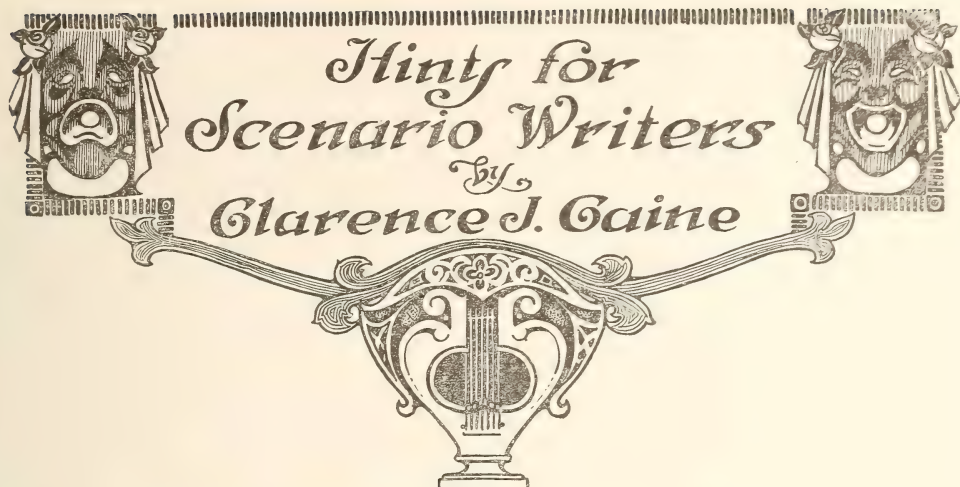
Grace Cunard

The Girl of Many Parts



The characters seen on this page represent only a few of the many in which Grace Cunard has appeared since her initiation to the screen. She has played everything from the girl of the slums to the madcap princess and the vampire. In her own opinion, none of her character portrayals compare with *Lucille Love*, in the serial of that name, a scene from which appears directly above. Her versatility can be traced to her clever manipulation of make-up and to her wonderfully expressive face.





Hints for Scenario Writers *By* *Clarence J. Gaine*

CHARACTERIZATION.

ONE of the things in which the modern photo drama is undeniably weak is in characterization. Very few of the screen subjects seen to-day can compare with stage productions and published novels and stories in this respect. It is a fact not admitted by the manufacturers themselves, but one which all those who study the work closely are aware of. Since the characterization must really start in the scenario, it is up to the scenario writer to see that he does his share.

We know that many writers will say, in answer to this, that they could work day and night to develop a character only to have the directors and actors spoil it by careless handling, but we believe this to be a poor excuse. Every picture that is made is working closer to perfection—or should be—and the directors and actors are learning bit by bit that they must follow more closely to the script prepared by the writer and work in accord with it, rather than against it, in order to gain the best results.

The work of characterizing in a photo-play scenario is very difficult. A single bit of business in a scene may convey to the lay mind the type that

the character is better than pages and pages of descriptive matter. Some of the best writers in the game to-day gain not only splendid characterizations, but also dramatic results, by simply using a little "color" in a scene. One does not have to exaggerate the action of a character in order to stamp his type upon the minds of the audience. Rather, if it is done in a simple and yet effective manner, it will be of much more value. This is another place where the writer proves himself an artist—he either handles some particular bit of characterization so cleverly that it stands out as one of the real attractions of the script, or he passes over in a slipshod manner, and it serves to deface rather than brighten the work.

THE LOVE ELEMENT.

One of the most common faults found with the scripts of the beginner is that they run too much toward the love element. This is very probably due to the fact that whenever he attends either a motion-picture or a legitimate theater, or whenever he reads a novel or short story, there is always the love interest to be found. Therefore the idea impresses itself upon him that it is necessary to have the "man" and the "girl" fall in love. With this

thought uppermost in his mind, he writes his scenario with this as the chief interest, and all else that occurs is outshone by this interest.

Because there are only a certain number of things which can happen to alter the course of true love, where the love interest is considered alone, the result is almost always a conventional story. There is always the villain who wants the girl, and who, when he is spurned by her, does something to either cause the downfall of the hero or to steal the girl away for himself. All the action springing from a plot of this kind is what the editors tab "old stuff," and what they carefully avoid.

The thing to do is to find a new and novel idea upon which to pin the plot, and then work in the love interest as a part of that idea. An abstract example of what we mean is furnished by practically all good photo plays, plays, and works of literature. One which comes to our mind is Harold Bell Wright's novel, "The Winning of Barbara Worth." This novel contains a strong love interest, and also has two men in love with a woman, but after reading the story you would be convinced that it is entirely unconventional. The reason for this is that the author has carefully subordinated his love story to a greater and bigger idea upon which the plot is founded—the reclaiming of a Western desert and all the struggles encountered by the engineers in their fight against nature.

With the cry for "something new" coming from the editors, it is up to the photo-playwright to answer it with suitable material. Therefore, he must set about to find a loophole by which he may crawl out of the conventional. There is no better way than by subordinating the love interest, for then he is forced to seek a big idea upon which he may hinge his plot, and by seeking it with care and judgment, he is almost certain to find something

which has not been used before. Of course, there will always be a call for the straight love story, but such scenarios should be based upon heart interest rather than dramatic action. When one sees a love story on the screen which he thoroughly enjoys he will seldom find that it has a typical "villain" in it, and that its action is highly dramatic or bordering on melodramatic throughout. Rather, the love story leans toward being an idyl in modern guise. An example of this class is "Pennington's Choice," a recent Metro release. There is action in the picture, and it has its thrilling moments, but its trend is not toward the "twenty-thirt'" style of "hero-girl-villain," by long odds. It is romantic, and the love affair is treated in such a human way that it is easy to imagine that it could happen in the life of any of us.

INDIVIDUAL THINKING.

There exists a certain type of writer who does not believe in doing his own thinking. He should not be a writer at all, and he never will be a real one until he gets out of this class; but it is very difficult to impress this thing on his mind. He is firmly convinced that when a person tells him to do this or that, he must do it exactly as it was told to him; and, if any minor details come up for disposal, he must forget them.

This is generally the writer who uses the plots thought out by other people, and uses them in almost their exact form. He thinks that because they were successful once they will be successful again, regardless of who created them. This class of writers are outsiders today, and they will be outsiders ten years from to-day if they continue their easy-going policy.

The successful writer is the man of individuality. The man who does his own thinking, and who thinks in accord with, and yet differently than, the rest of the world. He takes all the advice

that is given him, for he realizes its value. Then he applies it to himself. Some of it fits, and this he stores away in his mind. More of it does not exactly apply to him, and this he discards and forgets. He studies the work of other writers to see what is behind their ideas, and what their command of technique is. He may stumble upon something of value to himself. If he does, he uses it in his own individual way; a way so different, that when it has become part of a finished product it is entirely his own. He would never consider taking the plot of another person's work bodily, for he is trained to look with contempt upon such an act. He forges ahead because he does not try to be carried forward by others. He is an individual, and he stands or falls by his own work.

It is, indeed, a wise writer that trains himself from the very beginning to belong to the class of individual thinkers.

OUR SCENARIO CONTEST.

Arrangements have been completed between the Universal Film Manufacturing Company and this magazine to conduct a scenario contest to be known as "PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE'S Scenario Contest," the detailed announcement of which appears on pages 201 to 204 of this issue.

The reward is well worth trying for, for besides the cash prize which is offered—forty dollars per reel and a special prize of fifty dollars, regardless of the length of the script—the Universal Company has agreed to buy all other scenarios submitted which meet its requirements. This may mean the beginning of a valuable connection for many of the writers who compete.

The judges will be Joe Brandt, general manager of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company; Miss Mary Fuller, the Universal star, who will be featured in the production made from the winning scenario, and myself. In

choosing the best script, the judges will consider the strength of the plot first and will estimate its worth as compared to the number of reels in which it is worked out.

Writers may submit anything from one to five reels with an equal chance of taking the prize.

This contest should interest every photo-playwright who has followed our department, as it is a sort of a test of the ability of our readers. It is open to all—even those who have not as yet mastered the technical construction of a scenario—for the chief requirement is a big, new idea and a gripping, novel plot. The strength of a story alone is enough to carry a writer to victory. If those who have become accomplished in writing working scripts desire to place their full scenarios before the eyes of the judges, they will reap the benefits thereof if it proves to be of unusual merit.

The contest opens with the appearance of this issue on the news stands, and continues until twelve o'clock, noon, June 17, 1916. This will give every writer ample time to lend his or her best effort to the script which is submitted and will give the writers who do good work rapidly a chance to submit more than one offering.

The plays should be written to fit Miss Mary Fuller, the clever Universal star, as the winning script will be picked with the idea in mind of featuring her in it. Her work is too well known to need mention here. She can play almost any character, and is noted for ability to "get over" the most trying scenes. Although she has appeared in comedy, she prefers to work in drama, and script writers should consider this in preparing their work. A part which is typical of the American woman of any of the social classes should be ideally fitted to Miss Fuller. She has appeared on the screen as a girl of the tenements, a business woman, a society

belle, a schoolgirl, a country girl, and countless other parts as widely different as these.

We advise a careful study of all rules regarding the contest, especially those regarding the actual submission. Having mastered these, every one who decides to compete should search for and find the very best idea possible, select the number of reels to work it out in, and then do the very best work he or she is possible of doing. It is a golden opportunity, and every "outsider" wishing to "break in" should eagerly seize it and use it to the best possible advantage.

SOME REPEATS.

Ross Travis, an Ilion, New York, photo-playwright, sends us a letter in which he mentions a few of the things which we used in a past edition, and which he says have been picked by himself and several other writers as being worthy of reprinting. What impresses one group of writers as being especially helpful should prove of benefit to others. Here is the list he sent us:

There are no more than fifteen basic plots, and possibly several of these spring from the same root, if they are traced back far enough.

Care must be taken in selecting plot ideas to avoid repeating those which have been used before.

Every writer fears that he will use conventional ideas or material when he begins to write, although with the older writer this fear is not so great, because he has gained knowledge which enables him to pick and choose with greater certainty of getting something new.

The amateur, careful though he may be, is almost certain to use something that is threadbare.

Study and watch the life that is being lived about you.

Knowing life, you will find it comparatively simple to cause a character to "live."

A good idea may be developed in many ways.

If your story is true to life, you will not need to force your characters to do something unnecessary just to give the required action to the reel. Rather, the characters

will work out their own salvation, just as you or your neighbors would.

Anything that you appreciated in your own life, or in the life about you, you will naturally find easy to write.

Result: Discovery of many new ideas which have never appeared on the screen. Furthermore, the subject, when presented as a whole, looks entirely different, and is accepted by the editors as being entirely new.

Mr. Travis also says that he employs a system of filing especially valuable material which he secures along the lines of hints in his work. He has a file which is divided into sections containing material dealing with plots, action, characters, general development of the writer, et cetera, and all the articles on these various subjects which he considers worthy of keeping he files away in their proper place. Later on, when the fire of inspiration seems to dim, he takes them out and restudies them. He says it is a certain cure for lack of enthusiasm about one's work, and that he hopes others will find it as helpful as he has if they adopt the method.

SHORT SHOTS.

It may surprise some when we state that there is just as much thought required to write a five-reel photo play as a three or four-act drama for the stage, but it is a fact.

Many well-known authorities have been quoted as saying that it is rare to find a writer who combines brilliant imagination and technical knowledge of the movie game at the present time. It is up to the present-day amateur to master both ends of the work in order to qualify for the future.

How many advertising men will welcome the day when they can bill the plays of their company as being distinctly different in plot and construction!

Learn to study everything you come in contact with. You can never tell when you will be called upon to incor-

porate any inanimate object into a scenario.

If you know other writers, get together with them and talk over your work. It is enjoyable and profitable.

It is well to avoid dialect in writing subtitles, unless it is absolutely necessary to characterize a part or to carry plot action.

Careful thought, before starting to write, saves much disappointment and labor after a subject has been completed. We have said that before, and will say it again.

When you get a letter from some one who is trying to sell you something you don't want to buy, you throw it away. So does the editor.

One thought which comes to the mind by itself may be as valuable as a dozen which have to be sought.

Many writers know that the scenario game is a business as well as an art, but few seem to appreciate the fact.

LIVE-WIRE MARKET HINTS.

The Edison Company, Bedford Park, New York, has withdrawn from the General Film Company, and for the present, at least, will make only features of five reels. This means that the market will be closed for the smaller scripts for a while. It will doubtless open up again, however.

The Kalem Company has secured the services of Rose Melville, the original "Sis Hopkins," and there might be a possibility of selling a typical "Hopkins" script to this concern. The subjects are to be one-reelers. Kalem's address is No. 235 West Twenty-third Street, New York, N. Y.

One of the companies of the western branch of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, located at Universal City, California, has been sent to the Orient under the direction of Henry McRae to make pictures in that locale

Scenarios of this type are in immediate demand, and, should the officials of the company decide to establish a permanent studio in that part of the world, a new field will be opened up to the writers of scripts. One, two, and three-reelers are needed at present.

ANSWERS TO READERS.

M. W. P.—Essanay is not buying any outside material at the present time, and we understand that Mr. Chaplin and his associates supply their own material. As far as we can learn, Augustus Thomas is in no way connected with Famous Players. You may have Hugh Ford in mind. He is one of their directors. We believe the reason that your Russian play did not land was because the companies really do not produce plays of this kind unless they are adapted from a well-known novel. A costume play costs about twice as much as a modern play to produce, and unless its name has heavy advertising value, the financial returns are seldom satisfactory. We believe that the editors are conscientious in their work, though there may be exceptions to the rule. The editors who shirk their work soon lose their positions, the same as any other person who is not pleasing his employer. We do not doubt but what some of the companies would pay you for the suggestion you have in mind. We thank you for the thought regarding the contest, and will give it careful consideration.

J. C. HENNELLY.—See answer to J. M. Fiddock in this issue of the department.

MISS E. M. JONES.—If you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, we shall be glad to send you our market booklet, which contains all information regarding the market for scenarios. The amount of action used determines the length of a reel. We believe it will be worth while for you to make an effort to have your scenarios typewritten

as they stand very little chance of acceptance if written in longhand.

J. C. B.—In the next issue of this department, we will print another model scenario. The first one appeared in the issue dated July 24th, 1915.

T. R. CLARKE.—The names of the companies which will consider synopses only will be found in our market booklet which we shall be glad to send you upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Your other questions relative to the companies' wants are also answered in this booklet. Scripts should be submitted to the Scenario Department. A writer may receive screen credit if only a synopsis is purchased, providing his plot is unusual and big enough to warrant the publicity.

A. BAKER.—The way in which to handle the incident of a girl turning into a marble statue would be to call for a double exposure. The rejection slip you mention is a form, but doubtless carries the real feeling of the editor.

N. T. L.—The various styles of scenarios which exist are at times confusing to beginners, we know, but by an intelligent study of the difference between them and a careful choosing of the form one wishes to use the trouble can be overcome. There exists no set style. It would be well for you to study the sample scenario which appeared in our April issue and which can be secured from the publishers for fifteen cents. It is best to use a black ribbon on your typewriter. Our market booklet, sent upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope, answers your questions regarding the needs of the companies.

W. A. B.—It is permissible to run the synopsis of a five-reel picture to seven hundred words if the actual description of the plot requires it. The way to write a synopsis is to hold it down as much as possible and still leave out nothing of vital importance.

H. I. ROBSON.—Synopses are frequently purchased, but it is always preferable to submit a full script to companies in the general market. Our sample scenario in the April issue gives you the correct form of a working script. It can be secured from the publishers for fifteen cents. We know nothing of the merits of the book you mention, but would advise you to study the screen and the worth-while text matter that is printed about photo-play-writing. If you will send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope, we shall be glad to send you our market booklet, which will give you the names and addresses of the concerns which would be interested in the type of story you mention. A letter addressed to the writer you mention would reach him at that place.

E. V. T.—See answer to others in this department in regard to our market booklet which gives you the names of the companies which purchase synopses only. The price paid for a synopsis depends entirely upon the value of the plot.

P. W. RUSSELL.—See the answer to H. I. Robson in this issue, which tells you how you may secure our issue containing the sample scenario. All plays should be typewritten in the form outlined in that issue.

TO ALL ANXIOUS QUESTIONERS.—We endeavor to answer all questions asked through this department as promptly as possible, but a delay of one or two issues is often caused because of the amount of correspondence on hand and the time required in preparing each issue of the book. When stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed, we very frequently send a personal reply to save the questioner delay. We request all those who have not yet received a reply to their queries to be patient; we shall take care of them in the near future.



THERE'S no longer any "A" in Essanay—S and A—because "Broncho Billy" Anderson, one of the founders of the famous Chicago film organization has disposed of his stock in the corporation to his partner, George K. Spoor, the S of Essanay, and retired from active participation in the filming of that company's productions. Just what Mr. Anderson's plans are for the future is a question, since he has declined to make any statement of what he will do next.

Remember that big railroad-wreck scene in Lubin's five-reeler, "The Gods of Fate," released through V. L. S. E.? It is said to have been the most expensive single scene ever screened by a mo-

tion-picture company, and it certainly looks the part. Two trains, one a passenger, consisting of an engine and three coaches, and the other a freight train made up of an engine and six cars, met in a head-on collision, and it surely cost money to produce.

Director Stuart Paton, who is making the first of the Florence Lawrence pictures, is just back from Washington, District of Columbia, where many of the scenes of "The Elusive Isabel," the first Universal-Lawrence production, were snapped.

Mary Pickford has added still newer laurels to her career by appearing in a seven-reel subject, entitled



The most expensive single scene ever screened.

"Poor Little Peppina." The picture is Mary's first film to be released since the recent formation of the Mary Pickford Film Company, in which she is a part owner, and is likewise the longest feature in which she has ever acted. The story was specially written



Mary Pickford.

for Miss Pickford by Kate Jordan, and during its course she appears as a bootblack, a stowaway, a telegraph messenger, be- comes

mixed up with a band of counterfeiters, attends school, blossoms into a beautiful woman, and ends by marrying the district attorney. Sidney Olcott directed the production, and Jack, Mary's brother, has a minor rôle.



The use of that word "released" in the above item calls to mind the fact that a "fan," whom we had always supposed thoroughly familiar with film terms, asked us the other day just what was meant by the expression "release date." Here's the explanation, in case you are also wondering: Films are made at the studios as fast as they can be completed, but when the director begins work, he himself doesn't know just when the picture will be first shown to the public. After the film is all finished and the positive prints have been shipped out to the exchanges—which are the retail stores of the film business—a date is given on which the film can be released or rented to the first exhibitor or theater manager who wants to book it. This date is the release date, and the film cannot be shown until that date arrives, even

though it reaches the city where it is to be shown several days ahead of time.



Robert Edeson is cast for the title rôle in the five-reel production of "Big Jim Garrity," adapted from the A. H. Woods play of that name. Mr. Edeson numbers among his support such people as Carl Harbaugh, who used to play in the Pathé productions of some years ago; Lyster Chambers, who played the villain in "At Bay"; and Eleanor Woodruff, known to film fans all over the country.



Film fans all over the country who have seen "Peggy," the famous production featuring Billie Burke under the direction of Thomas H. Ince, have voted her one of the most charming actresses who ever came from the legitimate stage to filmland, and all of them will surely be storing up their dimes and quarters against the time when the Randolph Film Corporation, a newcomer in the film world, will begin the release of its twenty-part serial, in which Billie Burke will play the leading rôle. The new serial has not as yet been named, but it will be a mystery tale of absorbing interest, and the great majority of its scenes will be laid amid the homes of the wealthiest New



Billie Burke.

York "smart set," giving the fair star an unlimited opportunity to wear "Lucille" gowns and otherwise to dazzle feminine patrons of the pictures with the beauty of her raiment. Henry Kolker is to have the leading rôle op-

posite Miss Burke, and the picture will be staged in the George Kleine studios, in New York City, and at a Florida studio temporarily maintained by the same film magnate.



Fascinating little Ethel Teare, who has long been featured in the "Ham and Bud" comedies released by Kalem, is now promoted to stardom, and will be the featured player in a whole new set of comedies, one of which will be released on every Wednesday by the Kalem Company, on the General Film program.



That Annette Kellermann feature picture being made by Director Herbert Brenon for the Fox Film Corporation, is now more than half completed. This feature, it is promised, will be even more spectacular than was "Neptune's Daughter," the picture in which the famous Annette made her motion-picture debut. It is being produced in Kingston, Jamaica, where the director and his company have been busy since last August. The long period so far required to complete even one-half of

the big production was necessitated by the enormous amount of construction and reconstruction work that had to be accom-



Herbert Brenon.

plished before the actual work of filming could begin. William E. Shay, Ricca Allen, Violet Horner, Violet Rockwell, Marcelle, Florence Deshon, Jane and Kathryn Lee, and many others are appearing in the support of Miss Kellermann, and many of the unique scenes represent a kingdom be-

neath the sea, while hundreds of mermaids and odd sea creatures have important parts.



Louise Glaum, the famous vampire actress of the Ince studios, is at last to be rewarded for her hard work by being elevated to stardom. Raymond B. West, the director, is now producing one of C. Gardner Sullivan's stories, in which Miss Glaum, as a vampire type, will be strongly featured, supported by a cast that will include Charles Ray, Jack Standing, and Howard Hickman. Miss Glaum, for this production, has designed some costumes that are said to be decidedly out of the ordinary, and two or three of them have already been voted the most weird and uncanny creations ever worn on the screen.



Louise Glaum.



Remember that charming little play, "Let Katy Do It," released by Fine Arts-Triangle some time ago? It was made by those two talented producers, C. M. and S. A. Franklin, who have time and again proven what wonderful things they can accomplish with children. The Franklins are now busy on a five-reel feature in which Tully Marshall and Norma Talmadge have the leading rôles. The supporting cast includes such favorites as W. E. Lawrence, William Hinckley, Margie Wilson, Eugene Pallette, and George Pearce. The working title of the forthcoming feature is "The Deserted House," but its title may be changed before release day.



Governor Johnson of California (with glasses). D. W. Griffith and Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, the man in character dress.

Governor Hiram T. Johnson, of California, with his wife, were recent visitors to the Fine Arts studios, where they were entertained by David Wark Griffith and his corps of directors. The governor much enjoyed meeting such notables as Sir Henry Tree, De Wolf Hopper, Fay Tincher, Mr. Griffith, and G. W. Bitzer, the camera man who filmed "The Birth of a Nation."




Thomas H. Ince and his Kay-Bee-Triangle forces seem to need more and more room for the big undertakings they have under way, or, at least, they find it desirable to acquire more and more land at Culver City, which is the new home of the Ince organization, now that the Santa Monica studio has been all but given up. It was only a few months ago that Director General Ince purchased twelve acres of land at Culver City and erected thereon one of the best-equipped studios on the West coast, and just a week or two ago a deal was closed for thirty-one additional acres adjoining the first tract.

Already a force of men is grading the new tract, so that large exterior sets, such as streets, office buildings, interiors of assembly halls, et cetera, can be filmed there. Already in use at the Culver City site are four stages, a big scene dock, wardrobe and dressing rooms, property buildings, and a film vault, while the new administration building will be ready to move into within another two weeks. New structures already under way are carpenter shops, a huge garage, receiving room, cutting room, commissary, heating plant, director's room, factory, hot-house, a natatorium, having a tank of one hundred and four thousand gallons capacity, and four more big stages.




Universal City being a long way out of Los Angeles, and the street-car service none too frequent, players not wealthy enough to own their own automobiles have frequently found the problem of transportation a hard one to solve. Learning of the difficulty, the Universal management has provided

two big sixteen-passenger inclosed cars, and these now operate between the studios and Hollywood at frequent intervals. They are in special demand between the hours of six p. m. and one a. m., when many who have occasion to work at the plant during the evening—and stay late for any reason—find them especially handy.




De Wolf Hopper has completed work on "Sunshine Dad," his second release on the Triangle program, and Edward Dillon, his director, is now busy with "The Philanthropist," an unusually clever, original comedy by Chester Withey, who prepared the adaptation of Cervantes' "Don Quixote," and wrote the scenario for "Sunshine Dad." In the support of Hopper, in the next production will appear Fay Tincher, Chester Withey, Marguerite Marsh, Max Davidson, and Director Dillon himself.




We have been asked by a fan just what is meant by General program, Mutual program, Universal program, Triangle program, et cetera. In order to make it clear to all of you, let's begin with the explanation that "program" means the source through which the various producing companies grouped under that particular "program" release their product. Thus, General program offers to theater managers the films of Biograph, Essanay, Selig, Kalem, Lubin, Vim, and Vitagraph, though the five and six-reel features of Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig, and Essanay are released on what is known as the V. L. S. E. program, that being a special-feature marketing company formed by those producers. The Universal program numbers among its brands such films as Nestor, Gold Seal, Imp, Victor, L-KO, Laemmle, Powers, Rex, Bison, and Joker. The features made by these same companies are marketed either

under the name of Red Feather Features or Blue Bird Photo Plays, both of which organizations are affiliated with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Mutual program consists of the output of the American, Falstaff, Thanhouser, Beauty, Vogue, Mustang, Cub, Than-o-Play, and Gaumont brands. The features of this organization are known as Mutual Masterpictures de luxe edition, and average in length five thousand feet or five reels each. Triangle program includes the releases of Kay-Bee, Keystone, and Fine Arts studios; Metro program, those films manufactured by Columbia Pictures Corporation, Popular Play and Players, B. A. Rolfe Photo Plays, Incorporated, and Quality Pictures. The Paramount program is made up of the output of the Famous Players, Jesse Lasky, Oliver Morosco, and Pallas studios; World program offers exhibitors Brady, Equitable, and Shubert films, and Kleine Edison Feature Service, as its name implies, includes the releases of the George Kleine and the Thomas A. Edison studios.



The youngsters who appear in pictures out at Universal City aren't going to have their education neglected—not for a single minute. A regular teacher has been engaged and a sure-enough school opened within the studio walls. There are between ten and fifteen children at Universal City, and they will be placed under the instruction of Miss Hazel Hunt, who has been selected by the board of education. School hours will, of course, be such that the children can take part in pictures for a few hours each day.



Gertrude McCoy, former Edison star, now with the Mirror Film Corporation, is proudly displaying a gold key and medallion which was presented

her by the mayor of Baltimore, when she recently visited that city to assist in the dedication of the Gertrude McCoy Theater, which has just been completed.

W. N. Selig, president of the Selig Polyscope Company, has again hit upon something new in the way of photoplay offerings—it being a tabloid version of the famous “Adventures of Kathlyn,” which was one of the first big serial productions ever released. Kathlyn Williams, the celebrated Selig star, can now be seen in all the stirring episodes of her adventures as “Kathlyn” at one performance, for the extremely long, multiple-reel feature has now been cut down to an entertainment which can be shown within a couple of hours, and yet all the “thrills” and “adventures” are as interesting and interest compelling as they originally were. With “tabloid movies” an accomplished fact, “tabloid musical comedy,” which has long been popular, has nothing on filmdom.



Kathlyn Williams.

Billy Sunday should rejoice. True Boardman, who has been holding up stagecoaches, robbing banks, and terrorizing the country in general in the title rôle of the “Stingaree” series of films released by Kalem, has reformed—you see, the series is now completed—and in the future will be thoroughly law-abiding, for he is to be starred in a big, new series from the pen of George Bronson-Howard.

Managing Director Ralph W. Ince, of the Vitagraph Long Island studios, recently returned from Port Henry, New York, where he has been taking

final scenes for a big nine-reel feature production.

Somewhere in this big land of ours there lives a mighty lucky man. You know, of course, that the Universal Company is staging a contest which seeks to locate among the many millions of good-looking men, the handsomest in America. When he is found, he is to be offered a job as a star at Universal City. Well, along with this, pretty little Violet Mersereau is out with the announcement that she plans to wed the handsomest man in America, as soon as Universal finds him.

Now, doesn't that make the prize doubly worth winning—a chance to star in films and accept Violet's heart and hand? But, gosh, what will Violet do if the man, when he is found, proves to have a wife and seven children—for, isn't it pretty likely that the handsomest man in this wide country has already been caught by a woman? Little Violet isn't the only girl we know who is searching for the best that there is.

Now that Burton Holmes, the travelogue man, has made a success with his pictures being released by Paramount, his fellow lecturer, Dwight Elmendorf, is going into the film game, only Dwight is game enough to organize a film company all of his own, and promises the public views of things it never dreamed of before. We shall see what we shall see—and one thing is sure—the beauty spots of the world are going to be seen and enjoyed by countless millions, who, in the past, have never had an opportunity of seeing and hearing either Burton or Dwight.



This department will answer questions submitted by our readers either of general interest, or relating to pictures. No answers will be given to questions regarding matrimony, religion, or photo-play writing. Letters should be addressed: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Write only on one side of the paper. No questions will be answered unless accompanied by full name and address, which, however, will not be used. At the top of the paper give the name, or initials, by which you want the question answered in the magazine. No questions will be answered except through these pages. All questions will be answered in the order received, so that failure to see the answer in the next number means that its turn will come later, as we receive many letters a week, all wanting an immediate answer. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the play and the name of the company, if possible. Questions concerning photo-play writing should be addressed to editor of the scenario writers' department, above address.

JEWELL BROADWAY.—Very glad to start with your letter; it was very interesting. You certainly are the proper kind of a picture fan to go the distances you do to see the films. So the favorites in your town are Charlie and "Little Mary." It seems the same all over. Charles Chaplin's address is care the Mutual-Chaplin studios, Los Angeles, California. On February 28th Mr. Chaplin signed a contract with the Mutual Film Corporation at a salary reported to be five hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year, with a bonus of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which was paid when he placed his name to the contract. His favorite sport? Making people laugh, I guess. Yes, Lillian and Dorothy Gish both play with Triangle-Fine Arts, Mr. Griffith's company. They are not related to Mary Pickford; just good friends. Henry Walthall is considered the greatest picture player. He did his best work in "The Avenging Conscience" (Mutual). The greatest actress? Bessie Barriscale in my humble opinion. "The Cup of Life" (Mutual) was her masterpiece. For handsome man it's a toss-up between Carlyle Blackwell and Wally Reid, both heartbreakers. Blackwell's best work was done in "The Man Who Couldn't Lose"

(Favorite Players). I liked Wally best in "Carmen" (Lasky). The prettiest girl in pictures is Lillian Gish, although many prefer Mary Pickford. Lillian made her name in "The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith). "The Strange Case of Mary Page" (Essanay) is now showing. Lillian Walker's latest is "Green Stockings" (Vitagraph). Your other question is against the rules, but you are wrong anyway. By-by, come again.

ALL THEDA BARA QUESTIONERS.—Since the publication in this magazine of Theda Bara's own story, entitled "My Strange Life," a postman has been traveling continually between this office and the place where the mail comes in. The letters received have been of two classes. One consists of mail marked "personal" for Miss Bara, and the other is constituted of inquiries concerning the article and the star's life.

Most of the latter class make such inquiries as "Did Theda Bara really write your article about her life?" "Are all the things in 'My Strange Life,' by Theda Bara, true?" and so on.

The best reply we can make to all your questions is to print a letter received by the editor of this magazine from Miss Bara,

which accompanied the manuscript of "My Strange Life." We reproduce it, therefore, on this page. This is proof that the article was written by your favorite star, and we hope that Miss Bara knows enough about herself to make no mistake in what she says.

All the "personals" have been handed to Miss Bara, and, through this department, she desires to thank all those who sent kind words to her about herself, her work, and also for giving them the first true story of her life.

In reply to other questions about Theda Bara, I say: Yes, she is a charming, lovable young lady. Yes, I know her personally. Yes, she is a wonderful actress. Yes, she is the greatest vampire on the screen. Yes, she loves her work. Her latest picture is "Gold and the Woman" (Fox). She has just signed a four-year contract with the Fox Film Corporation at a fabulous salary. I won't

tell you the amount, because you wouldn't believe me—it's so large. When you write, address her care of the Fox Film Corporation, No. 126 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Miss Bara will be only too glad to send you photographs, but be fair to her and inclose a quarter to cover cost.

HELEN BROWN.—Your interesting letter was given to Miss Bara. No doubt she will write you.

C. P. B.—Address Pearl White in care of Pathé Frères, New York City. The same for Arnold Daly. Theda Bara's mail should be sent to the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

M. N.—Your letter was short and sweet.

Send Ruth Roland's mail to the Balboa Company, Long Beach, California.

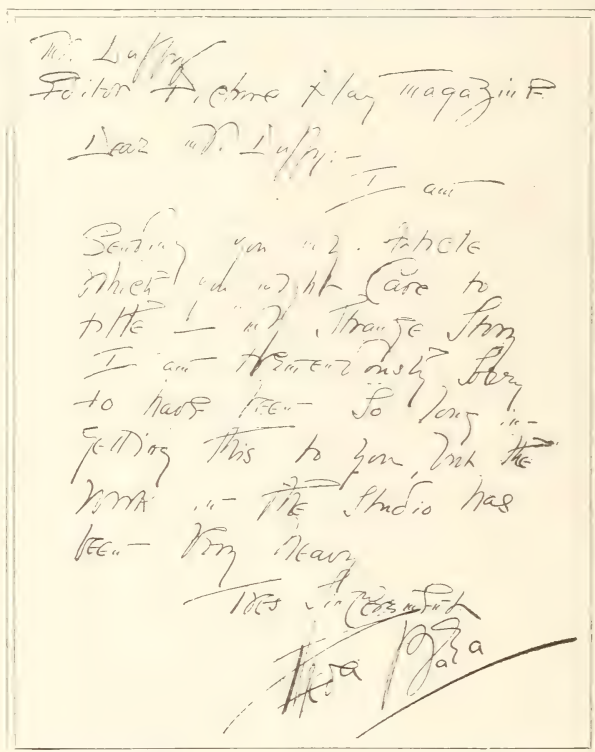
JANE.—The Blue Bird Films are not "officially" released through Universal, though most of the Universal stars, such as Kerrigan, Mary Fuller, Ella Hall, and Harry Carey, play in this concern's pictures.

ALEX. T. SEYMOUR.—Miss Enid Markey may be addressed at the Ince-Triangle Studios, Culver

City, California. I'm sure she would send you her picture, but as I have said before, always inclose a quarter when asking for a photograph. You know, they cost an awful lot.

J. A. M., N. H.—Well, well, you certainly have a pile of questions for me. Have you no pity for the poor Answer Man? Well, here goes, even if it takes me all day! Yes, Theda Bara "paints" her face when before the camera. In fact, all actresses do. I

was speaking with Miss Bara the other day away from the studio, and she had no make-up on. So don't lower your opinion of her on that account. See answer to Jewell Broadway in this issue for Chaplin question. Yes, he played in "Charlie Chaplin's Burlesque on Carmen" for Essanay. It has not been decided as yet whether "Pickles and Pearls" will be filmed. Mary Pickford was born in Canada, Antonio Moreno in Spain, and the Farnum brothers and Crane Wilbur are native Americans. No, I don't know anything about Wilbur's barber. This question has been answered before. I consider Charlie the greatest comedian, and Walthall the greatest dramatic star. Both Fox and Metro are good, but I prefer the pictures of the former. "Bud" Duncan is thirty. Yes, you



are right in thinking William S. Hart is the best actor in Western rôles. So you don't think there are enough "Cowboy and Indian" pictures? I'll see what I can do for you. Kerrigan's latest film is "The Pool of Flame" (Universal-Red Feather). Of the actresses you mention I like Theda Bara's work the best. I would like to do as you say regarding "Little Mary," but alas and alack, I don't believe she would let me.

NELLIE S.—Address Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge at the Triangle-Fine Arts Studio, in Los Angeles; Theda Bara, care of the Fox Company, New York City; Mary Pickford, care of the Famous Players, New York City; and Edith Storey, Vitagraph, Brooklyn, New York.

GEORGE BURTZ.—Sorry, my boy, but I cannot tell you how to become a picture player. Better stick to "home, sweet home."

H. L. R.—Olga Petrova was starred in "What Will People Say?" (Metro).

WYOMING.—Enjoyed your letter exceedingly, and am still chewing the gum you sent. Very thoughtful of you, I am sure. Thanks. The date of Violet Mersereau's birth is a deep secret, but she is still in her "teens." Very kind of her to send you so many letters and pictures; you are a lucky youth! Sorry, I cannot answer about Pearl White, but it is against the rules. Why not write her personally? The most versatile actress on the screen? Bessie Barriscale without a doubt. Did you see her in "The Cup of Life," "The Mating," and "The Painted Soul" (all Mutual)? Each picture was distinctly different, and her portrayals were absolutely perfect. Do I ever get tired answering questions? No, and I have to live, anyway, you know.

BILLY.—Your letter looked so nice and short that I thought I was going to have an easy time answering it. But I was wrong! I take my life in my hands with the answer, I know, but I'm a brave man. No one ever "trimmed" me yet—I run too fast! You want to know the greatest cast possible. All right, here goes: Leading man, Henry Walthall; leading lady, Bessie Barriscale; juvenile, Wallace Reid; ingénue, Mae Marsh; character man, Frank Keenan; character woman, it's a toss-up between Anna Little and Norma Talmadge; villain, Harry Carey; villainess, Theda Bara; old man, Thomas Commerford; old lady, Mary Maurice; little boy, Bobby Connelly; little girl, Thelma Salter. The director for these stars would be D. W. Griffith, of course, with Billy Bitzer at the camera. C. Gardner Sul-

livan or J. G. Hawkes would be able to turn out a scenario good enough for this all-star aggregation. This has been an awful job, but I've tried my best to be fair. Possibly some of you readers can name a cast that will equal this, but I defy you to give a better one.

C. H. S.—Ah, ha! We have a comedian with us! Is Pearl White, you ask. She was last time I saw her. Theda Bara's name is Theda Bara. A photo-player's tears are sincere—if he's crying over a cut in salary. Your chance of becoming a star is about one in half a million. Guess you'll stay home now, eh, what? I spoke to Theda Bara the other day, and said you wanted to know if she played opposite Mr. Campbell on the Sahara Desert. She said no. Tell me the company he is with, and I will look him up—really. For your other questions, see answer to Jewell Broadway.

KULLY.—Dustin Farnum has played with Lasky, Ince-Triangle, and is now with Pallas Pictures, Paramount. Enid Markey's latest release was "Between Men" (Ince-Triangle), in which she played opposite William S. Hart. Velska Suratt is in Europe at the present time, nursing and entertaining the wounded soldiers. She expects to reënter picture work late in the summer. See answer to J. A. M. for "Pickles and Pearls" questions. The "Thanouser Kid" was in vaudeville last time I saw her. I understand that the Pennsylvania State Board of Censors has blackballed "The Serpent" (Fox). Pity them in their career of folly! "The Iron Claw" (Pathé) is now playing. "The King's Game" (Pathé) was photographed in northern New York.

BAGIE.—I do not think that Dorothy Phillips is related to Augustus Phillips. William Courtleigh, Junior, who appeared in "Neal of the Navy" (Pathé) is now with the Famous Players. Yes, I saw "Neal," and I did not like it at all.

L. A. X.—Yes, Warren Kerrigan is Irish, and proud of it. He says so himself. He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, however.

H. A. S.—Jane Gail is playing leads with Universal. She owns up to twenty-three summers. G. M. Anderson has left the Essanay Company.

E. T.—Enjoyed your letter "muchly." No. Creighton Hale hasn't an Irish accent while talking. Pearl White is now appearing in a serial, "The Iron Claw" (Pathé). I cannot tell you her salary, but it's a lot more than I get. Yes, I agree with you, Pearl is quite a girl—poetry!

M. F. G.—No, Charlie Chaplin doesn't wear a wig.

E. R. KILGORE.—Address Pearl White, care of Pathé Frères, New York City, and Joseph Kilgour, Vitagraph, Brooklyn, New York. These are their real names. Kilgour was born in Ayr, Ontario, Canada; and Pearl in Greenridge Missouri.

CAMERAMAN.—You had better write personally to one of the camera manufacturers. Pathé does more scenic and educational films than any other company. Other questions answered above.

DOT.—Nice little letter, Dot. No, Charlie Chaplin and Flo LaBadie refuse to let their press agents kill them off. Do I think Flo is prettier than Peggy Snow? You *would* like to start something, wouldn't you?

BALTIMORE.—Yes, I agree with you that Charlie Chaplin is the funniest comedian. You will see more of his pictures very shortly.

M. R. P.—"Pieces of the Game" (Essanay) was released January 15th. The life of a film is about three or four months. After that time it is all scratched and cut.

MRS. THEO. B. FANT.—L-Ko Motion Picture Company is at No. 6100 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

FORREST TAYLOR ADMIRER.—Forrest Taylor will be interviewed some of these days. He is a comparative newcomer to the screen, you know. Yes, he is a handsome chap.

RODA.—Welcome! Your letter was charming. Yes, a great many people complain because Anita Stewart and Earle Williams no longer play opposite one another. It was a nice team. Anita is twenty, and Earle thirty-six.

REBECCA STERNBERG.—Are Bob Leonard and Ella Hall in love, you ask. They should be if they are not. Frances Nelson, Violet Mersereau, and Mary Fuller are great, but not as you say, the three best. How about Bessie Barriscale, Blanche Sweet, Anita Stewart, "Little Mary," et al.? Mary Fuller's eyes are brown; Warren Kerrigan's blue; Violet Mersereau's the same. Lincoln died before I was born, so I never saw his eyes, therefore I can't tell you. The last time I looked in the mirror my glasses were so dusty that I couldn't see the color of my own eyes. As soon as I find out, I'll let you know.

LEEDS.—Harry Davenport is directing for the Vitagraph Company, in Brooklyn, New York.

DORIS.—Yes, I agree with you, King Baggot is one of our best stars. Lately, however, Universal has been putting him in trivial comedies, which certainly will not help his reputation as an actor. He was marvelous in "Absinthe" (Universal). Grace Cunard was born in Paris. However, she was educated in this country, at Columbus, Ohio. She excelled in "The Broken Coin" (Universal).

LEIGHTON H. REID.—Thanks for your kind letter. Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford have never announced their middle names, if they have any. The subtitles are printed on cardboard, and then photographed.

L. L. L.—Never heard of Herbert Rice. Blanche Sweet has no permanent leading man; Carlyle Blackwell, Charles Clary, and Tom Forman, all have played opposite her in Lasky subjects. Dorothy Davenport is playing with Francis Ford in Universal pictures. Kerrigan did his best work in "The Dread Inheritance." He, himself, likes it better than any of his other films. His present leading lady is Lois Wilson.

A. L. W.—Very nice letter—I appreciated it. Personally, I think Walthall did his best work in "The Avenging Conscience" (Mutual). At the present time he is appearing exclusively in "The Strange Case of Mary Page" (Essanay). Yes, I liked Henry and Blanche Sweet more than any other team. Miss Sweet can be addressed at the Lasky Studio, Los Angeles, California.

M. D.—The letters you see on the screen are generally the writing of some one in the assembling room. Yes, I agree with you about Theda Bara. She is great. Joe Moore just seemed to drop out of sight. He will most likely pop up one of these days. You think Mutual has no one as good as Kerrigan. I guess you are right, at that. I don't agree with you on the Mary Fuller question, though. How about Anna Little or Flo LaBadie? The *Animated Weekly* is on a par with any of the others. I don't imagine Harry Meyers and Rosemary Theby are doing anything exciting at present, other than changing their studio address. Otherwise, they would be in the magazines more often. I like their work very much. Theda Bara and William S. Hart, in a feature produced by Griffith, would be wonderful. How much would you pay for a seat? Come again, I like your letter.

WM. S. HART ADMIRER.—You may address William S. Hart at the Ince-Triangle Studios, Culver City, California. Max Figman was last seen in "The Adventures of

Wallingford" (Pathé). Address him, care of Pathé Frères, New York City. Mary Pickford lives in an apartment house on Riverside Drive, New York. No, Earle Williams and Anita Stewart no longer play opposite. Hart's best films are "The Bargain" (Paramount), "On the Night Stage" (Mutual), "The Darkening Trail" (Mutual), "The Disciple" (Ince-Triangle), "Between Men" (Ince-Triangle), and "Hell's Hinges" (Ince-Triangle). No trouble at all; come again.

BERNICE MCIDA.—Awfully sorry, girlie, but I can give you no information as how you could become a film player. Stick to what you are doing and you will be happier. There are a good many heartaches on the road to film fame.

12 E. 21.—Yes, Walthall is still with Essanay. At the present writing it is not known just what Chaplin intends doing. We will very shortly print the cast of the characters appearing in the films on which our fiction stories are based. Essanay has a studio in Chicago. Very glad you are so enthusiastic about our magazine.

E. M. B.—Address Violet Mersereau, care of the Universal Film Company, No. 1600 Broadway, New York City.

STUBBY.—"Undine" (Blue-Bird) was produced by Henry Otto, on the Santa Catalina Island, California. That is one of the most beautiful spots on the Pacific.

VIOLET.—Mabel Normand is twenty-two and Roscoe Arbuckle is twenty-nine. You may address him at the Keystone-Triangle Studios in Fort Lee, New Jersey. Miss Normand is now playing under the direction of Thos. H. Ince, at the Ince-Triangle Studios, Culver City, California.

BESSIE LYSLE.—Of course I'm not angry. Write as often as you wish. Cleo Madison is at Universal City, California. Joe King has left there for parts unknown.

L. J. SEDALIA, Missouri.—Letters addressed to Pearl White, in care of Pathé Frères, New York City, will reach the young lady safely.

BUSHMAN'S ADMIRER.—Of the players you mention, Bushman is the best character man. He is thirty-one, while Beverly Bayne is just ten years younger. Anna Pavlowa played in "The Dumb Girl of Portici" for the Universal. Kathryn Williams played opposite Wheeler Oakman in "The Ne'er Do Well" (Selig). Edna Mayo is a very good actress, but Walthall is a better actor. In fact, he is the best in pictures. Blanche

Sweet and Lillian Gish were his two best opposites. Vitagraph have studios in Brooklyn, New York, and Hollywood, California. Famous Players in New York City. Address Francis Ford at Universal City, California. Come again, Helen.

JOE READER, Pittsburgh.—Welcome, stranger! "The Broken Coin" (Universal) has not yet been published in book form. I understand, though, that Grosset & Dunlap, publishers, New York City, contemplate putting it out. Universal, New York City, will forward mail to Emerson Hough. This gentleman's proud boast is that he never attended a professional ball game! His favorite indoor sport is "knocking" films, and he has written them, too! Maybe the market isn't good for his stuff any more. Gretzhoffen, the locale of "The Broken Coin" (Universal) is a mythical country. Ford, Grace Cunard, and Eddie de Polo are not appearing together at the present time. So Francis and Grace didn't send their photos? Very careless of them—write again, and I think they will be good to you. Yes, Theda Bara is Theda Bara. So you think I don't know where the South Sea Islands are? They are in the South Sea! Now will you be good?

A NEWCOMER.—Glad to hear from you. You're as welcome as the flowers in May. Chester Conklin was starred in "Saved By Wireless" (Keystone-Triangle). Ora Carew was the girl. Pauline Frederick played both *Valerie St. Cyr* (no relation to Jean Harald St. Cyr, the walking fashion plate) and *Joan Marche*, in "The Spider" (Famous Players).

C. P. O.—Francis Ford seems to be quite a favorite of yours. Yes, he's a regular fellow. You want to know something of his history. Listen: He was born in Portland, Maine, 1882. At the age of sixteen he left school and started for the Spanish War. He became sick before he reached Cuba, however, which may be a good thing for you fans. Finally he got a job on the stage with Amelia Bingham. Apparently she didn't think him a wonderful actor, for she told him to forget the stage and become a property man. Finally, he started acting again, and then it was a case of just climbing the ladder. I liked "The She Wolf" (Universal) better than any of Ford's other efforts. It was only a two-reel subject, released a couple of years ago, but it was great. So you are coming to New York to study for the stage. I'd be delighted to have you look me up.

DICK B.—Glad you like this department. The first full-length motion picture ever

produced was "The Great Train Robbery" (Edison) with G. M. Anderson, who later became *Broncho Billy*, playing the lead. It has been reissued time and again, and is still showing in parts of the country. Address Theda Bara, care Fox Film Company, New York City; Anna Pavlowa, care Universal, New York City; Pauline Fredericks, Famous Players, New York City, and Anita Stewart, Vitagraph, Brooklyn, New York.

C. C. L.—Very nice letter. Vivian Martin may be addressed, care Fox Film Company, New York City. Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan, twenty years ago. She started her stage career at the age of six with Richard Mansfield. She is just five feet tall. About a year elapsed between the filming of "A Butterfly on the Wheel" (World) and "Merely Mary Ann" (Fox).

I'm I.—Is that so? And I'm I, too. Sessue Hayakawa, the clever Jap, was born in Tokyo, twenty-seven years ago. He is married to a famous Japanese screen actress, but the rules of this department forbid me telling you who she is. Sorry. Address him, care Lasky, Hollywood, California.

MARY.—The three most popular stars? They seem to be Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and Theda Bara, in just that order.

R. W.—Your letter regarding Paul McAllister was most interesting. Yes, he is a real man. Last I heard of Paul he was playing with the World Film Corporation. Your letter certainly was not a bother.

HALIFAX.—So you want Earle Williams and Anita Stewart to fall in love? I'll do all I can for you. Anita is again working at the main studio of the Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn, New York. William Sheer has played in several Fox productions, his best work being in "Regeneration," in which film he played the heavy lead. William Davidson played Valli Valli's lover in "Her Debt of Honor" (Metro).

R. E. K.—Andy Clark is resting at present. No, Myrtle Gonzales did not play in "The Battle Cry of Peace" (Vitagraph). This sensational feature was produced by the Eastern branch of the Vitagraph, and Myrtle works in the West, for Universal you know. Little Tommy Trent was the boy in "A Boy at the Throttle" (Kalem). The captain in "As the Twig Is Bent" (Lubin) was not cast. Will M. Ritchey wrote the scenarios for "The Red Circle" (Pathé).

T. B.—Clara Kimball Young and Paul Capellani played the leads in "Camille"

(World). William Farnum is the best actor with the Fox Company, and Theda Bara the greatest actress with them. Her address is elsewhere in this department. Yes, Charlie and Syd Chaplin are brothers. It is rumored that Betty Nansen will rejoin the Fox Company.

M. E. D.—Pearl White is starring in "The Iron Claw" (Pathé) which has been running for several weeks.

WM. A. PEASE.—Walter McNamara did not produce "Traffic in Souls" (Universal). He only wrote it; George Tucker directed the picture. Mr. McNamara may be addressed, care of Mirror Films, Glendale, New York.

M. TORONTO.—Marguerite Fischer was last with Equitable-World. No, my child, Ella and Donald Hall are not related.

D. E. M.—Clara Kimball Young had the lead in "His Official Wife" (Vitagraph), and Anita Stewart in "A Million Bid," same company. I don't understand your question about Hobart Bosworth. "Explain yourself" and I will answer.

THEDA BARA FAN.—Your letter was one of the nicest of all the nice ones I got this month. I'll leave you something in my will. Yes, our covers are getting better and better. Yes, Theda certainly can write. Don't be frightened, Charlie will soon be working again. Belle Adair is with Eclair. Cleo Madison is still acting and directing for Universal. Florence Lawrence's debut picture is "Elusive Isabel" (Universal). Theda's latest was "Gold and the Woman" (Fox). I had an awful time trying to read your letter, old man, be more careful next time, won't you please? Thanks.

J. P. W.—The cast of principals in "The Broken Coin" (Universal) are, Kitty Gray, Grace Cunard; *Count Frederick*, Francis Ford; *King Michael*, Harry Schumm; *Rolands*, Eddie Polo; and *Count Sashio*, Ernest Shields. The addresses you desire are elsewhere in this department.

M. F. L.—Lillian Walker's latest comedy feature was "Green Stockings" (Vitagraph). Addresses elsewhere in this department.

W. M. POWERS.—You're quite a cartoonist, my boy. You want to know whether actors come from rich or poor families? That's a funny question. I guess actors and lawyers and doctors and writers and pictures oracles come from all classes, rich, poor, and medium. So you want to be an actor? There are thousands like you. Take my advice and stay right home. It will save you a lot of

time and money and heartaches. No, I am sorry, but there is no school that I can recommend to you.

R. P.—Eddie Polo has been in scores of pictures; possibly his best was the Universal serial, "The Broken Coin." He was formally a circus performer and joined Universal about a year ago. Yes, he is one of the strongest men in pictures, I might say the strongest, if F. X. Bushman didn't read our book. Eddie was born in this country thirty years ago.

M. E. H., 12.—No, my dear girl, Harold Lockwood and Jack Pickford are not doubles. Where did you ever get that idea? I have no way of finding out if Miss Pickford writes the articles under her name in the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*. Players are not allowed to look in the camera. It is considered very bad work on their part if they do. They then appear to be looking directly at the audience. They may "look past" it while acting, however.

M. A. W.—Yes, child, Sessue Hayakawa was wonderful in "The Cheat" (Lasky), but you shouldn't have played truant from school to see him. Study hard and some day you may become a picture oracle. Letters sent to Sessue, care of Lasky, Hollywood, California, will reach him. Sorry, but I am not permitted to tell whom he is married to. His parents, I understand, live in Japan. You will be much happier, my dear little girl, if you get the idea of being a film favorite out of your head. I really mean that.

HELEN B.—I'll tell you Blanche Sweet's real name if you promise to keep it a secret—it's Blanche Sweet. She says so herself. No, House and Page Peters are not brothers, as has often been stated. You want to know whether blondes or brunettes are better in pictures. I never heard of a Miss Blonde but remember Fritzi Brunette! Seriously, the color of hair doesn't make an awful lot of difference. "Little Mary" is light-haired—not light-headed—and Theda Bara, an equally successful star, has locks the color of midnight. Yes, Helen, I am sorry to say that Arthur Johnson is dead. He was a wonderful fellow, and a credit to the great art of the photo play. Francis X. Bushman now lives in New York City. Donald Brian played in "The Voice in the Fog" (Lasky). Owen Moore is under contract with Triangle and "Little Mary" with Famous Players, so they couldn't very well play together. Beverly Bayne is just five feet tall. Sorry, but I cannot learn how tall the others are that you wanted. Earle Williams is playing in a

series with a different leading lady in each picture. Anita Stewart's new leading man is S. Rankin Drew. Your other questions are against the rules, I'm sorry to say.

MISS G. ZORN.—Yes, the same person can appear twice in the same scene by double exposure. One side of the film is covered, when the actor assumes one character, and then the same thing is done with the other side when he plays the other part.

DEAN.—I enjoyed your interesting letter very much, indeed. You seem to have quite a collection of photos, you lucky girl. Sorry, but your Thanouser question is not clear. Give the name of the character and I will look it up for you. Art Acord is twenty-six. I will also find out if Kathlyn Williams' and Marion Leonard's parents are living. Carol Holloway has no brother named Jake. Marguerite Courtot's maid in "The Adventures of Marguerite" (Kalem) is not cast. Once again, I must say I am sorry, but I am not allowed to give Miss White's home address. Send her mail care of Pathé Frères, New York City.

MARIANNE.—Yes, you hit the nail on the head first time. William S. Hart is absolutely the best portrayer of Western rôles in the film game. His latest picture is "The Aryan" (Ince-Triangle). Charles Ray's greatest bit of acting was done in "The Coward" (Ince-Triangle), in which picture he ran away with all the honors, although Frank Keenan was supposed to be the star. Thera Bara is equally at home writing at her desk, or playing in the studio. She is one of the few actresses, who really can write. The story of her life, which appeared in a recent issue, was said by many critics to be the best article that has ever been written by a photo-player. Yes, Mary Pickford is now part owner of the Famous Players-Mary Pickford Company. Lucky girl, isn't she. Come again, I enjoyed your clever letter much.

H. W., Kingston, New York.—Grace Cunard's name is pronounced Qu-nard. No, Grace, Francis Ford and Eddie Polo no longer appear in the same pictures. Anna Little is a member of the American-Mutual Company, while her former leading man, Herbert Rawlinson, still draws his pay from Universal.

MILLARD A.—All the players you mention will be in the columns of this magazine in time. You know, there are so many good players and so few pages that it takes a long time to get around to all of them, but we'll succeed yet. Yes, Herbert Rawlinson is one

of the best actors playing under the Universal banner. I, too, think Ella Hall is very cute.

THEDA'S ADMIRER.—Pedro de Cordoba played *Julien* in "Temptation" (Lasky). Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco in 1893. How old is she? Yes, to you and a million-and-one others. Theda Bara was born in Egypt—she says so herself in the story of her life which she wrote for us.

MISS C. PARKER.—Sorry to keep you waiting, but first come, first served. Francis Ford may be reached at Universal City, California. The Universal Film Company's New Jersey studios are at Universal Heights, Leonia, New Jersey.

J. E. F. ROYAL.—The only directors I know of named Sterling are Ford Sterling, Keystone-Triangle, and Richard Sterling, whose last film was "The Tarantula" (British Royal Film Company). The latter may now be reached at West New York, New Jersey.

MOORE FAN.—Owen Moore is playing leads for the Fine-Arts Triangle; Tom Moore has just signed a splendid contract to star in special Gold Rooster features for Pathé, and brother Matt is still directing and playing leads for the Eastern Universal. How would you like to collect the Moore family's pay checks each week? I was speaking with Alice Joyce the other evening, and she has not, as yet, decided whether or not she will enter the film game again. Let's hope she does—she's a wonder. You want to know whether Mary Pickford gets a larger salary than I do. Well, a trifle more, I think. Her best picture? "Tess of the Storm Country," an early Famous Players subject, in my opinion. It was a wonder.

EXCELSIOR.—"The Battle Cry of Peace" (Vitagraph) is estimated to have cost more than one hundred thousand dollars.

HAROLD.—William Russell played opposite Jane Cowl in "The Garden of Lies" (Universal). Mary Pickford's age? Take 1893 from 1916. What have you got? Twenty-three? Right—go to the head of the class.

MABEL BLACK.—"The Paths of Happiness" (Universal), starring Violet Mersereau, was filmed in the Adirondacks.

DONALD A. BURDETT, Exeter Academy.—Of course you haven't asked too many questions! I have to do something to earn my living, you know. Address, Mary Miles Minter, care Metro Film Corporation, New York City; Blanche Sweet, care Lasky, Hollywood, California. The other address has been

given a dozen times in this department, this issue. Ask anything else you want to—I'll do my best to answer you.

M. E.—The best-looking actor? Carlyle Blackwell, with Wallace Reid running him a neck-and-neck race.

POLLY.—So you want the casts of the stories in this magazine printed? We intend doing that shortly. Helene Rosson and E. Forrest Taylor played the leading parts in "The Thunderbolt" (American). Always give the name of the company.

LUCILLE.—Charles Kent has been playing leads and character parts for Vitagraph for ten years. See answer to Moore Fan above, regarding Alice Joyce.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Pearl White and Creighton Hale are now appearing in a Pathé serial, "The Iron Claw." Yes, I think they make a splendid team, in fact, one of the best of the many good ones now playing in pictures. Very glad you like everything in the magazine so much. Are you getting enough interviews now? There are plenty more good ones coming, too.

E. A. A.—Henry Walthall and Edna Mayo are being costarred in "The Strange Case of Mary Page," and Sydney Ainsworth is playing the bold, bad villain. Yes, it would be much better if the company didn't try to make a fashion show out of it. It's an awful shame to waste the precious time of wonderful Henry Walthall in such drivel. So you like Louise Glaum and Dorothy Green as well as Theda Bara, eh? All three are good, and there is plenty room for them. Louise Glaum's next picture is "The Aryan" (Ince-Triangle). No, D. W. Griffith's new picture to follow the "Birth of a Nation" (Griffith) has not yet been released. Be patient, and you will be rewarded. If not here, then in the hereafter.

FAULHABER, Richmond, Virginia.—Minta Durfee is a leading lady with Keystone-Triangle. Her latest picture was "The Great Pearl Tangle" opposite Sam Bernard. "A Parisian Romance" (Fox) is a five-reel production. Dorothy Green did splendid work as the siren, but she wasn't in the picture enough.

EAGER.—I agree with you that Pearl White doesn't have a great chance to do any real acting, the thrills taking up all her time. It's a shame, too, because she really is a clever actress. As soon as the serial craze dies out—if ever—we will again see Pearl in "regular" stuff. The rules forbid me to answer your question regarding Lillian Walker. Players whose first names are Vic-

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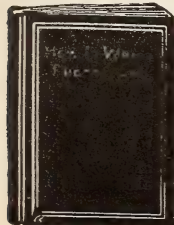
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tor? Victor Moore, Lasky; Victor Benoit, Fox; Victor Heerman, L-KO; Victor Rottman, junior, Horsley-Mutual; that's all, I guess.

MADELEINE.—Awfully sorry, but have no records on "The Typhon" (Ince). Your other questions are not according to Hoyle.

ESTHER G. D.—Edward Earle was starred in "Ranson's Folly" (Edison). He is still with Edison, and may be addressed at their studio in New York. Your other questions are against the rules.

J. H. P.—Olga Petrova was born in Poland. Better write to some music-publishing company for the translation of the Toreador song from "Carmen." I sadly neglected the languages when at college. Too bad, otherwise I could have helped you. Forgive me—and come again.

INDIA, P. A.—Your letter interested me exceedingly. All the questions you ask will soon be answered in a long, special article. It would take up too many pages of this department. Look for the story, it's a good one. Yes, the chances are better in California than in Canada, but if you go out there and don't get a job—don't blame me!

HARRY-BUD.—Never heard of John Dore and Alan Law. Sounds like a poem. "The Dumb Girl of Portici" is showing in all the big cities at regular theater prices. Yes, Helen Holmes is one of the most daring actresses in pictures. Read the story in this issue of "Girls Who Play with Death." It tells of all the others, too. "Tess of the Storm Country" was produced in California by Edwin S. Porter, formerly director general of the Famous Players. It was Mary Pickford's best subject. "Man and His Soul" (Metro) is Beverly Bayne's and Francis X. Bushman's latest.

EARLE WILLIAMS FAN.—See answer to Helen B. above. Earle's favorite sport is going to picture shows—he says so himself, and he ought to know. He's got a piano and a victrola, so that will tell you what his favorite instrument is.

M. G. JOHNSTON, Pennsylvania.—Address Lillian Lorraine, in care of Pathé Frères, New York City. Other addresses given elsewhere in this department.

MARY ELIZABETH PARKER, and a score of others.—Your letters were immediately sent to Miss Bara. She will, no doubt, answer you at her earliest convenience.

DETROIT GIRL.—Antonio Moreno's latest picture was "Kennedy Square" (Vitagraph); Marguerite Clark last appeared opposite

Marshall Neilan, in "Mice and Men" (Famous Players). The latest Harold Lockwood picture was "Life's Blind Alley" (American). Ella Hall was last seen in "The Winning of Miss Construe" (Universal) opposite Bob Leonard. Creighton Hale is now appearing in Pathé's serial, "The Iron Claw," in which Pearl White is starred. Your other questions are answered elsewhere in this department.

MISS GERTRUDE HOUSTON.—See answer to Polly in this department.

C. SYLIS.—Dorothy Gish was born in Dayton, Ohio, but received her education at the Allegheny Collegiate Institute, in Wheeling, West Virginia, and from tutors.

CAROLYN 15.—If you ask so many questions when you are only fifteen, what will you do when you are fifty? Mary and Lottie Pickford were born in Toronto, Canada. Grace Cunard was born in Paris. She was on the stage in this country for a good many years, and has been in pictures for five years. She has been sick, but is again back at the studio. Yes, Grace Cunard is her real name. Francis Ford plays leads and directs. Crane Wilbur was born in Athens, New York. He is twenty-seven. Yes, Mary Miles Minter appears to be getting quite a rival of Mary Pickford's. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn twenty years ago. Earle Williams was born in Sacramento, California, thirty-six years ago. All your other questions have been answered elsewhere in this department, or are against the rules. Come again, I like to hear from Canada.

PEARL; T. E. G.; MORRIE; ANNIE; L. T. G.; WILLY RICHARDS; B. L. T.; ELSIE DE VERE; A. S. T.; REGGIE; S. T. G.; MCA.; G. H. T.; HONEY BOY; W. A.; JACQUILINE; L. M. P.; S. T. H.; MARY M.; X.; FIFTH AVE.; S. T. H.; J. C. C.—Very sorry, my good people, but you all have asked questions contrary to one rule or another set forth in the heading of this department. If you will read over the regulations and then write, complying with them, I'll be only too glad to answer anything you may ask. One big mistake many of you make is neglecting to give your name and address. Neither will be used, I assure you, so please help me and yourself by giving them.

TO ALL MY FRIENDS.—If you don't see your answers as soon as you think they should be published, please consider the amount of mail that this department must handle. Yours will be answered in the order in which it was received.



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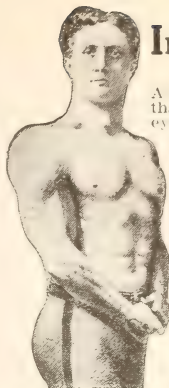
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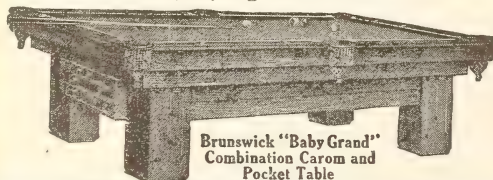
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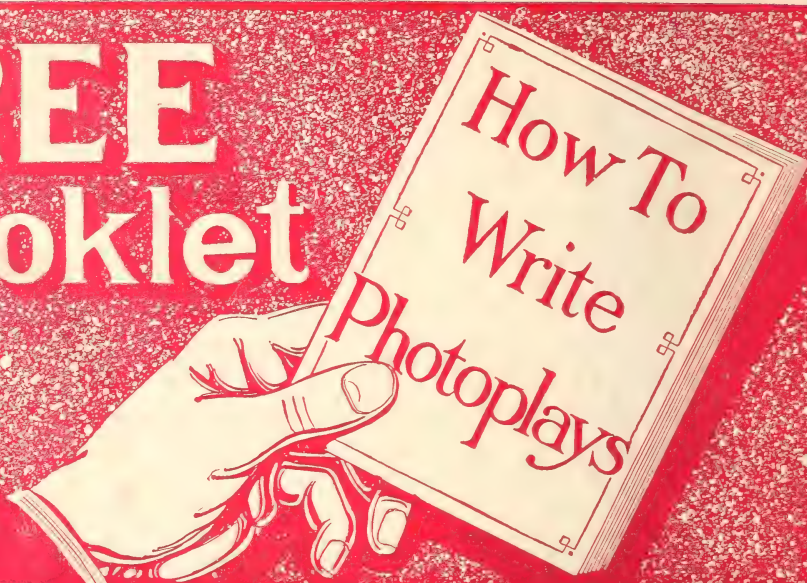
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Vol. IV

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Favorite Picture-Players



MARY ANDERSON

is appropriately known at the Western studio of the Vitagraph Company as "Sunshine Mary." She was born and educated in Brooklyn, and has had no stage experience except for a few appearances in amateur Grecian dances. Miss Anderson rose from small parts at the Eastern Vitagraph to her present high position.

J. HENRY



VIVIAN MARTIN

came to the World Film Corporation's studio to appear in a single picture, "The Wishing Ring." It was her intention, after the filming of this, to return to the stage, where she had been from the age of six, but she liked her picture-play work and the public liked it, too, so Miss Martin became a full-fledged film star. After appearing in several more World productions, she moved to the Fox Company, where she is at present. Miss Martin's stage career includes many successes, some of the most notable of which are "The Spendthrift," "Officer 666," "Stop Thief," "The Only Son," and "The High Cost of Loving."



LOIS MEREDITH

is now with the Balboa Company, after having appeared in films produced by Morosco, Lasky, Metro, and World. Although only nineteen years old, she has been on the stage for several seasons and has appeared behind the footlights in "Madame Sherry," "Peg o' My Heart," and "Help Wanted." Miss Meredith's talent extends to the literary field also, and she writes many French stories for publication in that country.



CARLYLE BLACKWELL

is now with Equitable after having been with Vitagraph, Kalem, and Lasky successively. Like many other present-day stars he entered motion pictures when they were in their infancy, and has at times tried his hand at scenario writing, producing, and the other incidental ends of making pictures. At one time he was at the head of a company of his own. He was born and educated in Syracuse, N. Y., and received his stage training in stock and with several road companies, notably "Brown of Harvard," "The Great White Way," and "The Right of Way."



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

was born in Chicago and, at the age of three years, went on the stage with her parents. She left the footlights at the age of seven to attend school but returned again and played with several stock companies. Five years ago Mrs. Young joined the Vitagraph Company and distinguished herself by her work in its most notable productions. Later she signed with World-Equitable and was featured in five-reel features and is now at the head of the Clara Kimball Young Film Corporation.



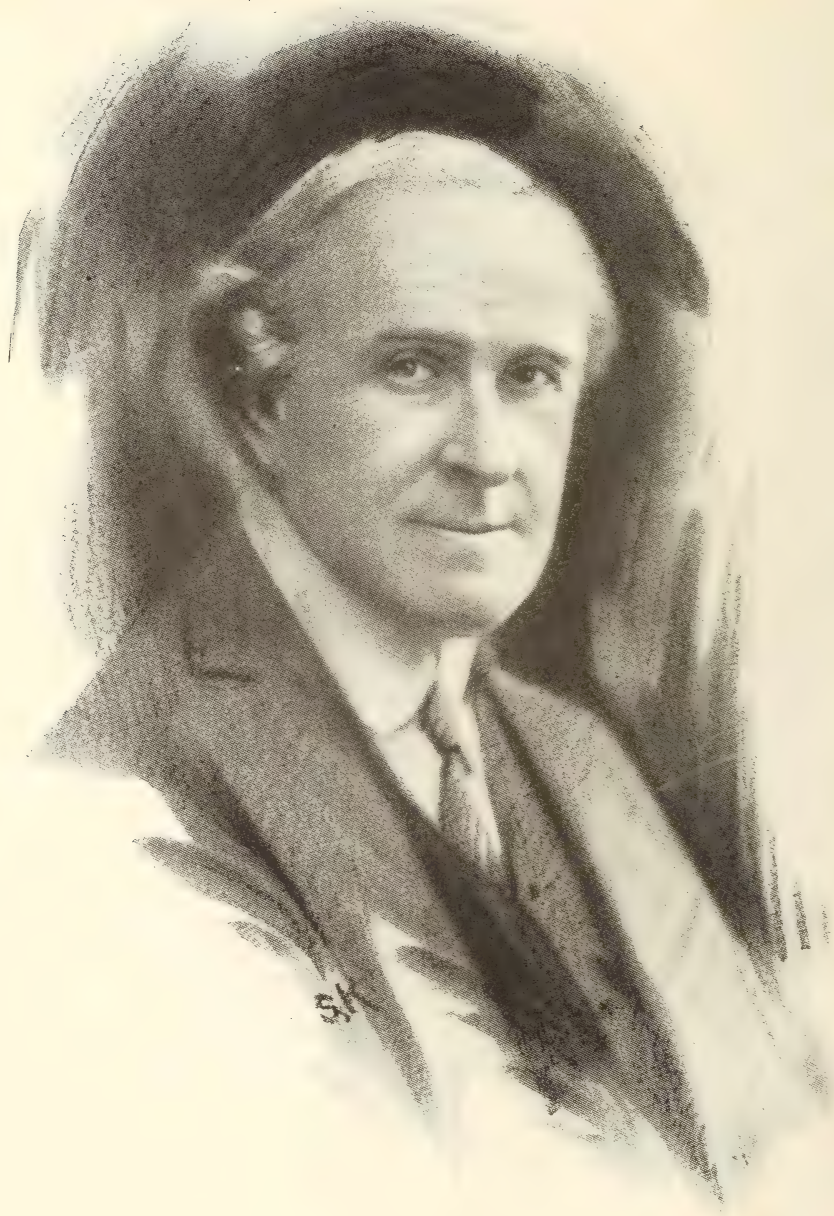
FLORENCE REED

now starring in Arrow-Pathé pictures, has been starred in many Broadway successes on the stage, including "The Painted Woman," "The Yellow Ticket," and "At Bay." She has also appeared in the film version of the last subject. She was born in Philadelphia in 1883, and educated in Sacrecolus Convent. Her early training was secured with stock companies throughout the country. Miss Reed has won as large a following in pictures as in the older art.



ANTONIO MORENO

has two names intervening between his first and his last ones which are omitted for the sake of condensation and utility. They are "Garrido Monteagudo." He was born in Madrid, Spain, September 26, 1888, but came to this country when a mere boy. He went on the stage with an Eastern stock company and later toured the country with such stars as Mrs. Leslie Carter, Constance Collier, Wilton Lackaye and William Hawtry. His first experience in motion pictures was playing "type" parts, but in 1914 he became a "regular" with the Vitagraph Company and has remained there since.



THEODORE ROBERTS

was born in San Francisco, California, October 8, 1861, and went on the stage at the age of nineteen. He has appeared with many famous stage stars, among whom are W. H. Crane, Stuart Robson, Fanny Davenport, Bertha Kalish, and James K. Hackett, as well as having spent some years with various road shows and in vaudeville. Mr. Roberts' first motion-picture engagement was with the Lasky Company, his present employers. He has played in many of the notable Lasky successes, including "The Girl From the Golden West," "Puddin'head Wilson," "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."



NEVA GERBER

who recently left the "Beauty" brand of the American Film Company to become featured star of the El Dorado releases, has risen rapidly during the past year. Although she has appeared in pictures since 1912, having been a member of the Kalem, Favorite Players, Balboa, and other companies, it was not until she took Margarita Fisher's place as leading lady in "Beauty" films that she scored her greatest triumphs. Miss Gerber was born in Chicago twenty-one years ago, and her father, S. Nelson Gerber, was for many years one of the most noted criminal lawyers in that city.



MILDRED GREGORY

the clever ingénue lead of the Gaumont Company is one of the few girls who have risen to fame in motion pictures without previous stage experience. She was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, twenty-two years ago, but until four years back had no idea of embarking on a professional career. One day Miss Gregory went to the Lubin studio, saw several actresses at work, and felt she could succeed in portraying emotions herself. She asked for a chance. It was given her—in time—and she made good. Engagements with Essanay and Edison followed, after which she joined Gaumont.



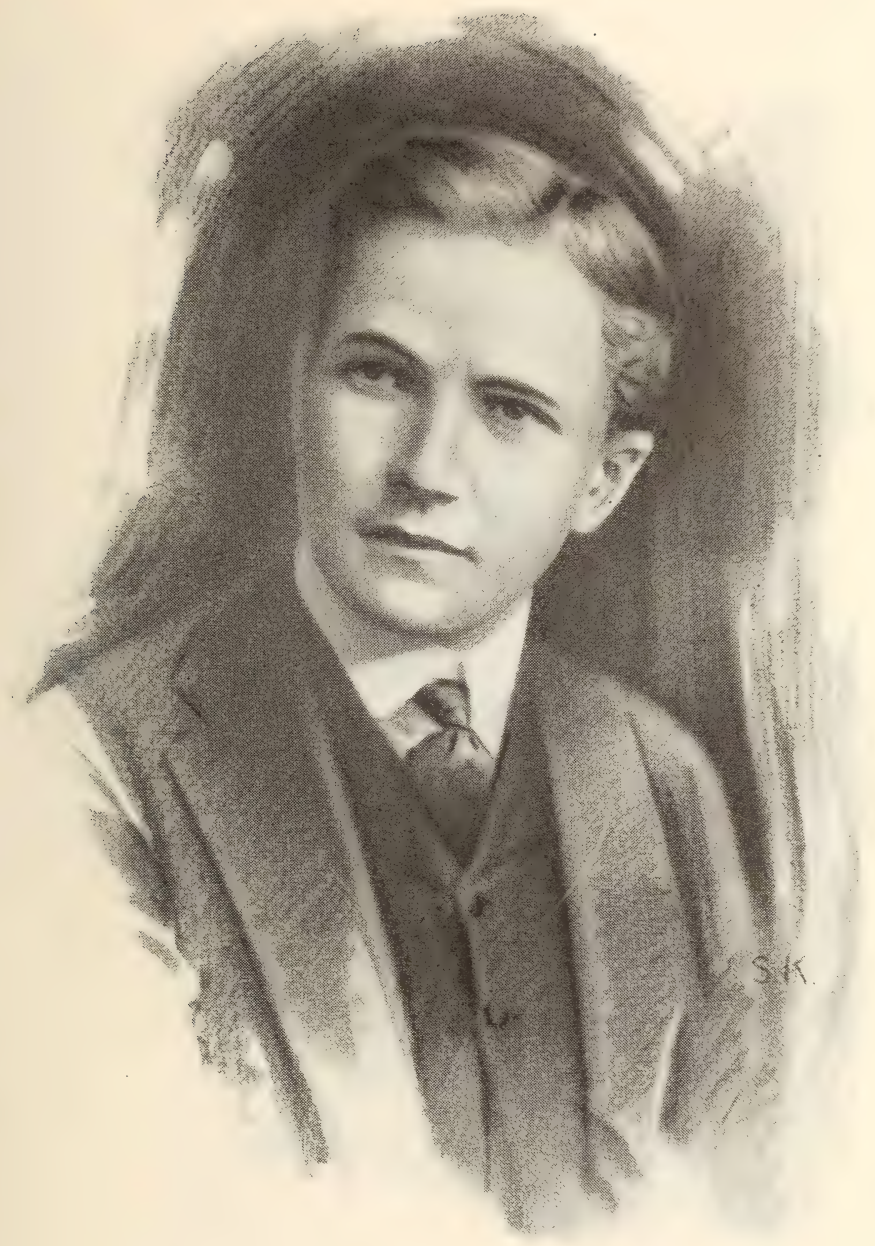
THOMAS CHATTERTON

was born in Geneva, N. Y., and went on the stage after deciding he was not meant for the business world. Stock companies and vaudeville gave him his early training and in 1913 he joined Ince's New York Motion Picture Company. From here he went to Universal, where he directed and played the leads in his own company, and later joined American, in the same double capacity. He is now playing the leading rôle in a new serial. Mr. Chatterton is very athletic, playing both baseball and football, and riding, swimming and rowing whenever time permits. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds and has a dark complexion and brown hair and eyes.



OLLIE KIRKBY

was born in Philadelphia and educated in Bryn-Mawr College. Her stage career was not a long one, and was limited to vaudeville. She was chosen by the manager of the Kalem Company's California studio to play small parts while making a trip through the West, made good, and now California is her "home." Miss Kirkby remained with Kalem and worked her way up to the position of costar in the series "The Social Pirates." Her favorite diversion is designing the hats and frocks she wears in the pictures.



TOM FORMAN

spent the early years of his life on a ranch in Texas. He broke into theatricals by playing in "one-night-stand" companies during his school vacations. Then followed an engagement with the Belasco Stock Company in Los Angeles and later a tour of the West at the head of his own repertoire troupe. His early motion-picture experience was gained with Kalem and Lubin, and later he joined Lasky, where he has appeared in such big productions as "Young Romance," "The Woman," "The Governor's Lady," "The Wild Goose Chase," and "Kindling." Mr. Forman now appears regularly in leading, heavy, and juvenile parts.



ETHEL GRANDIN

who has just joined the Universal Company after an absence of three years, was one of the early favorites of the picture-play theater public. With the Imp Company, and as the little sister in "Traffic in Souls," she was very popular. After she left Universal, of which Imp is a branch, she appeared in Kleine pictures, and at the head of her own company on the United Program. She has been before the public on the stage and screen since she was six years old. Though she enjoys comedy, her best work is done in dramatic productions.

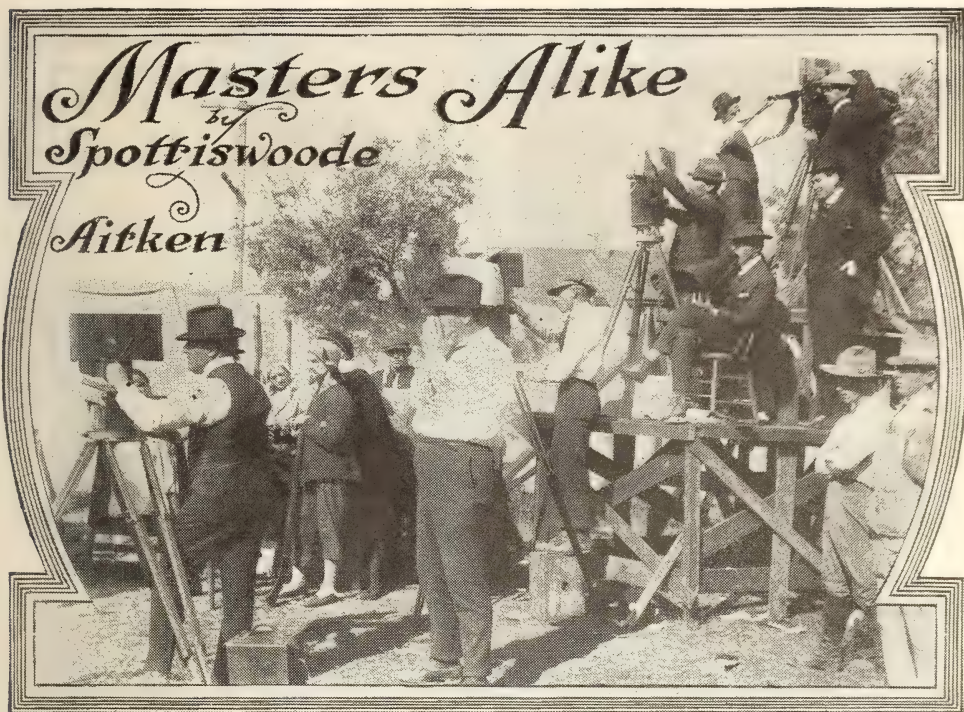


HAZEL DAWN

is a native of Utah but was educated in England. She spent one year on the stage in London before coming to this country. In the musical comedy "The Pink Lady" she scored her greatest success on the stage. She joined the Famous Players' Company almost two years ago and has been with it ever since, having given up stage work completely. Miss Dawn is one of the most versatile girls in pictures, her accomplishments, aside from acting before the camera, being singing, dancing, violin playing, riding, swimming, playing golf and tennis, and designing new clothes and hats.



That D. W. Griffith enjoys adding the comedy touches to his films is proven by this picture. Helen Ware, the stage star, is seen wearing a black hat.



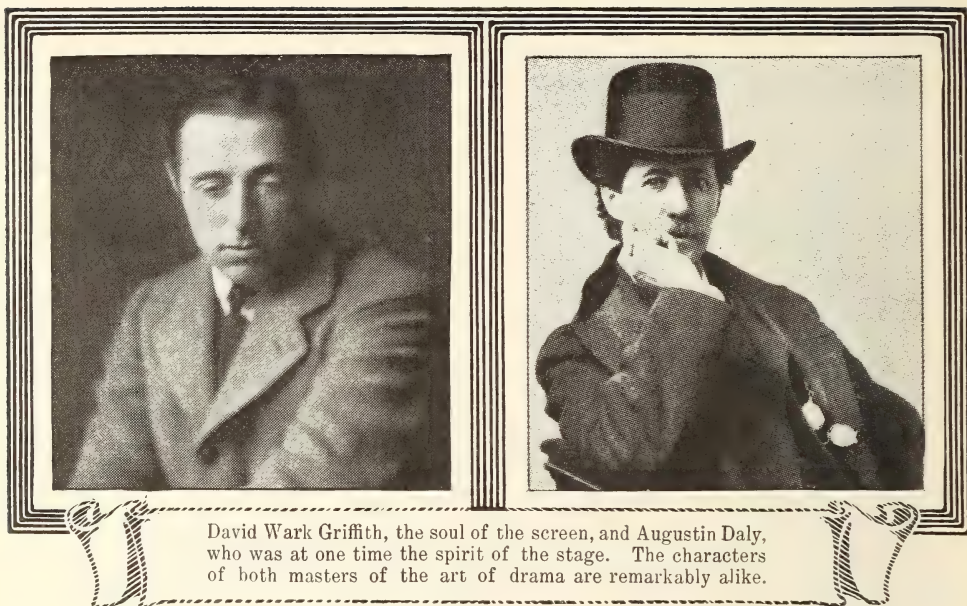
D. W. Griffith, sitting on platform, directing a big scene, while a corps of camera men photograph it, each from a different perspective.

THE world's master mind in photo drama is David Wark Griffith, and in his soul lives the spirit of the drama, and the spirit of Augustin Daly, the genius of the stage.

Augustin Daly! Who has not heard that name? The name that was on the lips of every actor in the profession; a name that conjured ambition out of the most mediocre aspirant; a name that, to a Daly actor, was the passport through managerial closed doors; a name that was open sesame at every box office and every show in almost every city in the world. Go where he liked, the Daly actor was courteously entertained, always admired, always envied by less lucky exponents. It was the ambition of the whole theatrical world to have "Daly" on their calling cards, and be able to answer the question, "What are you doing this season?" with the magic word, "Daly." It was

enough. The name of the greatest stage producer—the greatest genius of the footlights the world has ever seen! What stars can you think of that haven't been made by Daly? One had to have some latent talent, or he could never be engaged by Daly. Those dark eyes that searched your very soul, and made your body quake in your shoes, discovered things in you that were unseen by others and unguessed by yourself.

I well remember my first meeting with Augustin Daly. I was a down-and-outer in New York, having finished a season in which my trunk had been captured by a hotel keeper, and I had to walk the rails to the metropolis, stealing a ride on a wagon to escape paying the ferry. A landlady, to my surprise, trusted me with a very small dollar-and-a-half room, and I started the weary search along Broadway to every



agent and manager. No one wanted me. I was so hungry and so seedy and so tired that I could not blame them. How I lived through this time I don't know, only this—I scarcely ate for four days!

Finally one agent told me Daly needed supers for his revival of Shakespearean productions—fifty cents a performance. With a sinking heart, I said I would take it. He told me to go around to the stage entrance on Twenty-ninth Street, and see Daly personally; so, with three others, I waited in the reception room for the great man. I did not know Daly then as I did later, but when he appeared, some chord unseen and unheard of leaped into life, and I looked in his eyes and he looked into mine. The great man, whom all feared and admired, looked into my eyes and held them there.

What was passing in his mind? I felt entranced, enchanted. The fear passed, and worship took its place. I recognized in those eyes the master, the genius; and behind all, the heart, the great, big, generous heart that fenced

itself around with its rough exterior so none but those destined could see; and I saw! He saw through me, through and through me. He saw my wasted cheeks and shabby clothes, but beyond and through these he saw and felt the heart bursting with ambition. I knew he would engage me. I knew it. I knew he liked me. I knew he would feed the flames that would make me ascend to heights undreamed, unthought of only a moment before. He engaged me! Augustin Daly himself had engaged me!

Yes, as a super! The heart behind his eyes retired, and the rough exterior asserted itself. He would prove me, test me, put me in the fire—the Daly test—that made him offer leading matinee idols twenty-five dollars a week, when their usual salary was three hundred and fifty. It was in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" I appeared, with Ada Rehan, the world-famous Daly star. I, the super, and she, the star, had a scene all alone! I carried a trunk, after the shipwreck scene. It was only a moment, a flash, but my acting poured out

of me, and I responded to her and she to me. And when I got off the scene Daly was there. He was always there when you didn't expect him. "Come to my room," he said harshly, I thought. Was I going to be disgraced, discharged for doing things which I was never supposed to do as a super?

In that gorgeous room, loaded with Louis XIV. furniture and antiques of unknown worth, he questioned me about my past, my present, my future. Finally he said, "You're engaged at eight dollars a week." I must have fainted, because I have no other recollection than the words, "You're all right now, old chap."

I shall not go into the details of my

dollars, developed into three figures in the three years; and when Daly died, I cried—I confess it, or rather boast it—I cried, and went outside the stage door and lifted my face in grief to the moon shining between the chasms of skyscrapers; and Herbert Gresham and dear old Jimmy Powers and Elsa Ryan, all wept silently in corners, alone, while the chorus wondered. They had not been told. But their grief almost outdid ours when they did learn, and surely there never was such a dismal performance of such a merry play as "A Runaway Girl." We realized we had all lost our dearest friend.

When Daly died, I thought the drama died, and all the profession thought so,



One of Griffith's notable characteristics, to which he attributes much of his success in obtaining the best from his players, is making friends with those who work under him.

three years with Mr. Daly, for that is away from the theme of this writing, but the great man was always my friend, my adviser, my ideal, although apart from business I never conversed more than a minute with him; but it was sufficient that my salary, from eight

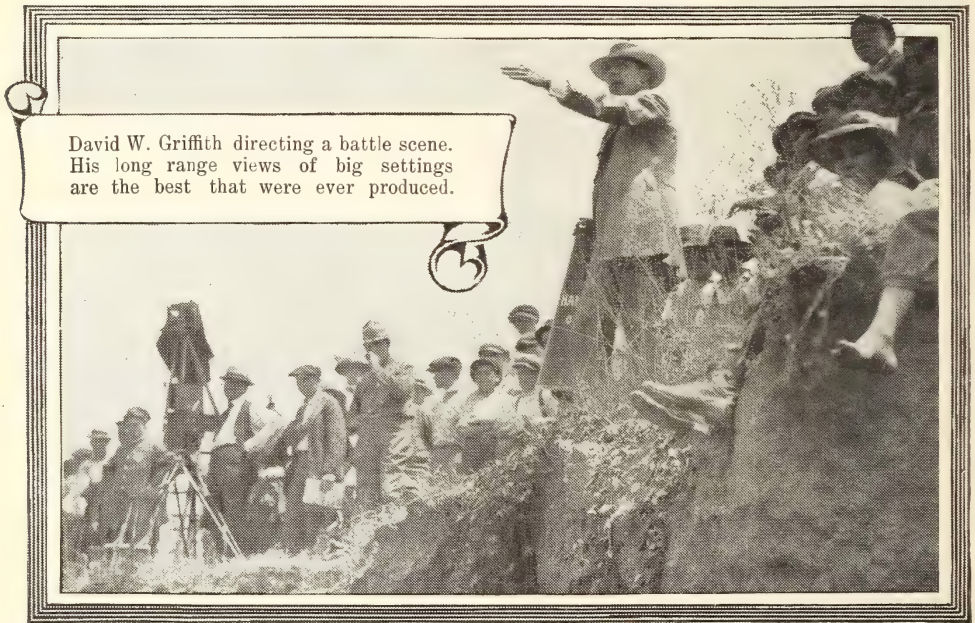
too. He took from it, with his death, the beauty of thought, all the soul, all the love of art for art's sake, and left behind the mercenary, the greed, the gluttony of the dollar. No wonder that money became paramount in art circles, and the dollar was the sole topic of

conversation. No wonder many actors left the profession in disgust. Some became so disheartened that they died.

Years elapsed, and the stage degenerated under the sordid reign of the dollar, till thoughtful playgoers became disgusted, too, and left the theaters to seek amusement elsewhere. One by one, the theaters closed their doors, and vaudeville and burlesque, under disguised names, took the place where Shakespeare and Sheridan had held sway, even to the extent that Daly's own theater in New York finally was usurped by the latter class of productions. But drama cannot die. It, too, like Daly, died, to all appearances, but the spirit of Daly and the spirit of drama live to-day under another form. The spirit of Daly lives in the soul of

as did the productions of Augustin Daly.

And all that Daly did for the drama, art, and actors, Griffith is doing in another and no less artistic field, where imagination reigns and brain words are formed to suit each individuality; and in the darkness of the photo play, the crying and longings of the soul remain unseen, undisturbed, while soft music heals the wounded heart. The drama is not dead, but lives, reincarnated, in the motion picture, under the master mind of Griffith; and actors are fast gathering under his banner, for he carries the spirit of Daly—but without that rough exterior. He, too, has all the qualities that Daly had for picking talent, and developing it, for bringing out the best in an actor and mak-



David W. Griffith directing a battle scene. His long range views of big settings are the best that were ever produced.

that other great man, David Wark Griffith, who developed the motion picture from cheap penny-in-the-slot 'flickers,' going at the rate of sixty miles an hour, to the present film, where love, hate, passion, envy, and every emotion humans are capable of, thrills and charms

ing him feel he has over him a master of art—and a friend.

Mr. Daly used different methods from Mr. Griffith for discovering talent, but the results were the same. Mr. Daly watched his 'find' behind curtains and scenes, and startled him by sud-



den appearances at most unexpected times. Mr. Griffith, to study expression and other qualities, makes a friend of his find, and takes him about with him and draws him unconsciously out.

Griffith never forgets a face, never forgets a kindness, and never forgets a friend. The great generous heart Daly had, he has, and to compensate for the lack of the rough exterior and manners of Daly he uses men all about him who freeze you out and set off in sharp contrast the true Griffith—a genial kindly being, who finds his way into your heart, who has a tear ready for your sorrow, or a laugh for your joy, and a personality that you just can't help loving.

When I was taken by a friend to meet Mr. Griffith for the first time, he was living in an attic, where the roar of the elevated and the clanging cars made my ears ache. My friend had poured into my skeptical ears that he considered Griffith a greater man than Daly. I thought he must have been deceived, but when I met the kindly smiling eyes and low determined tones of Griffith I became convinced. I noticed the artistic arrangement, as this room,

for a few cents; had been transformed into a Japanese garden, and we drank tea out of cups that resembled large thimbles.

I was entranced by his talk on the War of the Revolution, the Civil War, and things disastrously theatrical, and my sternly held views on these subjects melted into air before the eloquence and simple elucidation of Griffith, who made problems as simple as nursery rhymes by his masterly knowledge and deep research. He was then writing plays, and he told me that he was convinced that the old-time melodrama and old dramatic situations were over, and naturalness and thought would take their places.

He read to us one of his plays, and had it been produced then the world would have been staggered, for it thrilled with life as we find it every day, and the characters spoke in the language of the people. No effort was apparent in the play, but my interest in it was so intense that time and place were forgotten, and only the mobile face and wonderful voice held me thrilled, as in a dream.

It is that same David Wark Griffith who is now one of the world's most renowned creators of art, and with all of his wonderful achievements, the most recent one, in the form of the greatest dramatic accomplishment in the history of the world, I considered it a rare honor to have been privileged to have

enacted a part in that stupendous photo drama which runs the entire gamut of emotions and thrills.

David Wark Griffith has a wonderful career behind him, and more remarkable one ahead. He is the reincarnation of Augustin Daly, doing for another dramatic art what Daly did for his.



TH' PLODDIN' PLAYWRIGHT

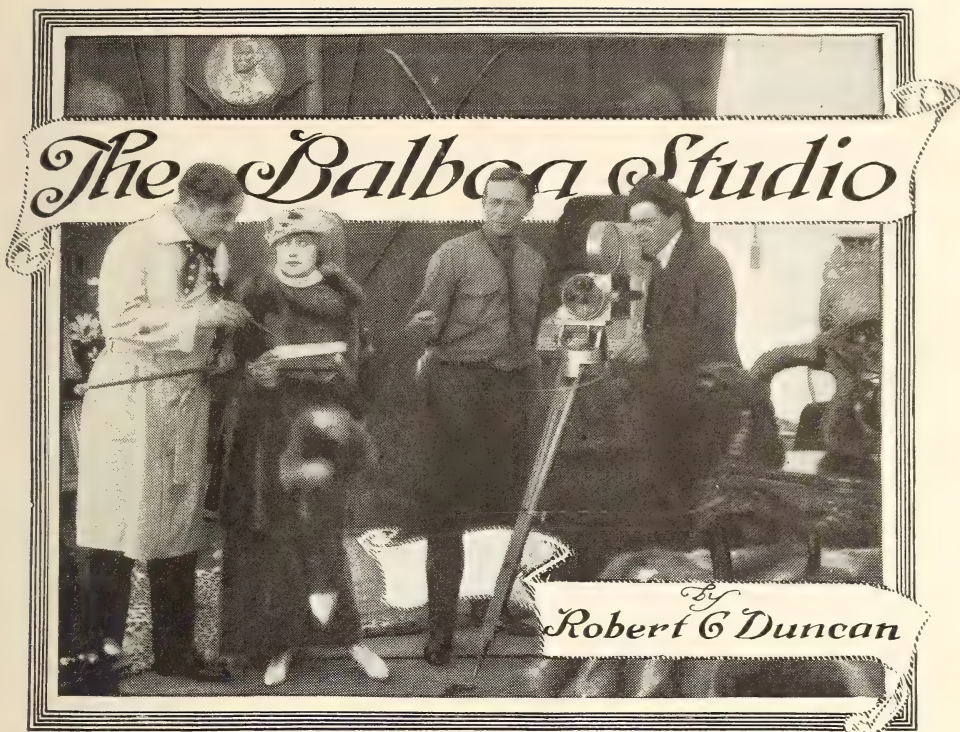
By Wall House

YOU seldom ever see his name
 Flashed upon th' screen;
 He plods along in search of fame
 With plays you've never seen.
 He's shunned by all society,
 In dark or in daylight.
 His work, though, is propriety—
 The ploddin'
 poor
 playwright.

If all his work is in deman'
 He gets a check or two;
 An' when he does, th' best he can
 He looks for praise from you.
 But seldom ever does he get
 Th' credit that is due him,
 Because th' editors will fret
 An' say there's nothin' to him.
 His desk is littered up with mail,
 Rejection slips they are;
 He sees, despite his work, he'll fail,
 An' never be a star.

Oh, Gawd, it is an awful life—
 This ploddin' right along!
 He thinks he's clear up out of strife,
 An' finds he's all dead wrong.
 He keeps his mind right on his work,
 Won't let himself digress;
 He never sits around to shirk
 His big chance for success.
 His friends will never say a word;
 His enemies just laugh.
 He never has his fond hopes stirred;
 He gets only th' gaff.

Editors won't encourage him;
 They think he's staid an' stale.
 Th' public will discourage him,
 An' that's what makes him fail.
 He's shunned by all society,
 In dark or in daylight.
 His work, though, is propriety—
 The ploddin'
 poor
 playwright.



Director Harry Harvey and his camera man getting the correct focus on a scene in which Jackie Saunders and William Conklin are appearing.

THE Balboa Amusement Producing Company's studio occupies the four corners at the intersection of Alamitos and Sixth Streets, Long Beach, California, and, from all outward appearances, as I approached it, appeared to be a veritable hive of industry.

I had just rounded the corner of Sixth Street when I saw a child—a mere baby—trip and fall just as the wheels of an automobile grazed her little body. I stood petrified with horror.

But I was the only one on the corner who appeared at all disturbed. The others had seen the rehearsal.

"Helen Marie, you are surely the most wonderful little actress in the world," said a thin, alert, wiry-looking man, as he picked the child up from the ground.

The baby looked up with perfect confidence into the face of the director.

One of the "horrified-bystander extras" near told me the director was Bertram Bracken and the child, Helen Marie Osborn.

Then they started to stage another scene, where the wheel is propped up just a trifle, but looked as if it had glided upon the prostrate body of the child.

As I stood watching the players with much interest, some one tapped me on the shoulder and voiced a "welcome to the city." I turned and saw the press representative—who figures prominently from now on—who had arranged for my visit to Balboa when we had met in Los Angeles a short time before.

"I've been on the lookout for you,"

he said. "Come over to the office and I'll introduce you to Mr. Horkheimer, our president and general manager. Then we can go around the studio and see the various points and persons of interest."

I O. K'd the suggestion, and we started down the street toward the four corners on which the Balboa plant is located.

The attractive bungalow offices, with a charming garden and pergola between them, could be seen on one corner. The high green wall, with white trimmings and a medallion of Balboa painted on it, was the inclosure of the big stage that occupied another corner.

"And over there," said the press representative, pointing to a third corner on which stood a little green-and-white house, with a high tower behind it and another tall green fence running around it, "is all the Balboa Company there was two years ago. Now it is used for dressing, sewing, assembly, and projection rooms."

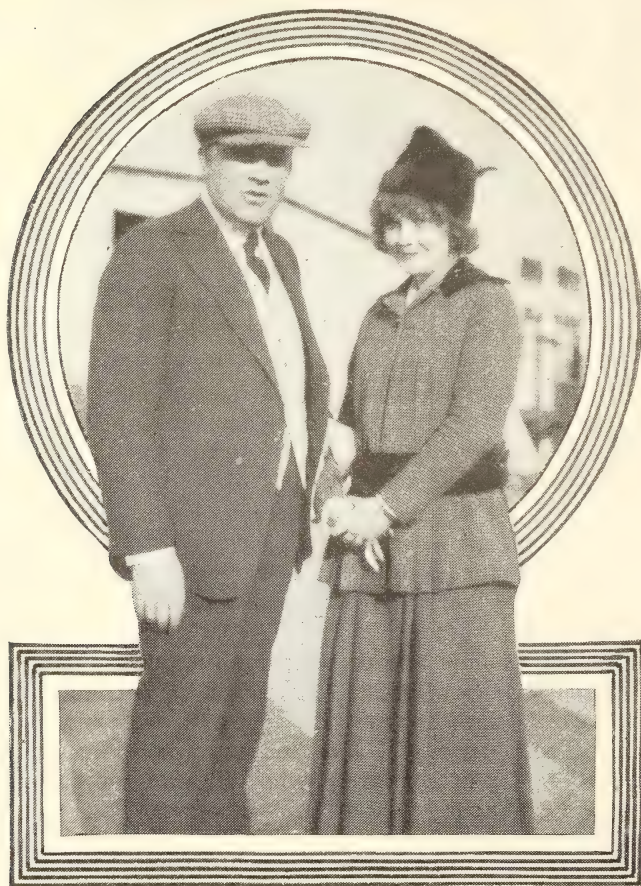
There was one corner left, also bearing unmistakable signs of Balboa possession in more green-and-white walls and buildings.

"I believe our pet bear and monkey own it as a home," he explained. "There are a few permanent 'sets' put up and several acres of ground. We

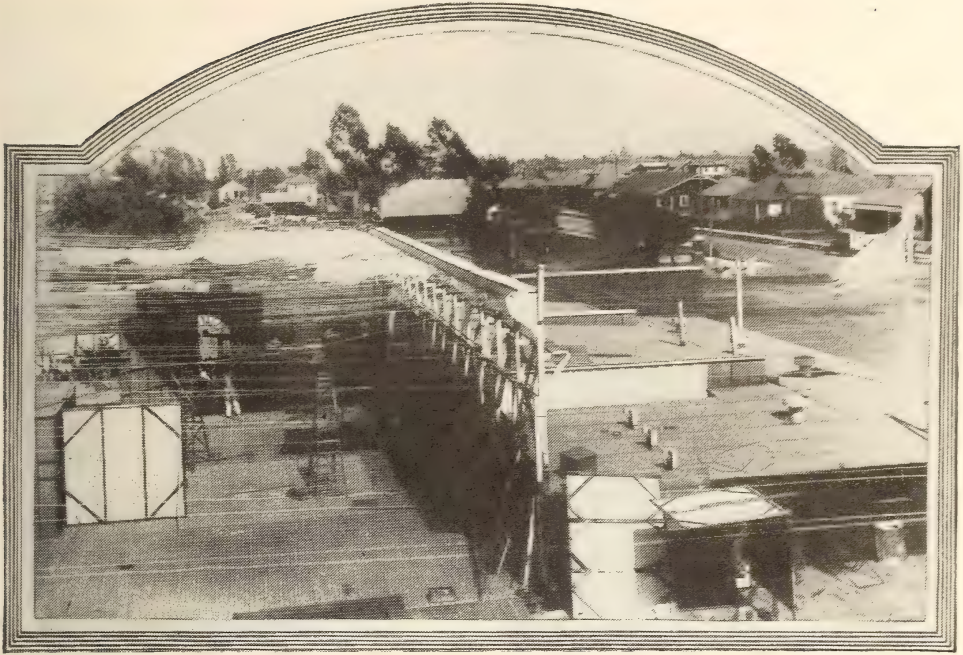
have thirteen acres over on Signal Hill, also."

We entered the little office bungalow, and the press representative inquired for Mr. Horkheimer. Some one informed him that the man who is responsible for the upbuilding of this model studio was "somewhere about the place," and the press representative dispatched a boy after him. Then he graciously agreed to show me about the place and endeavor to keep me entertained until the head of the concern could be found.

Knowing that press representatives are very well-informed individuals, and wanting to secure some interesting facts in regard to the Balboa studio, I seized the opportunity as we walked slowly toward the open-air stage, directly behind the office.



H. M. Horkheimer, "the man behind" Balboa, and Lois Meredith, the stage star, who appears in this concern's productions.



A section of the open-air stage. The players' dressing rooms are under the roofs to the right of the stage.

My host rose to the occasion splendidly and launched off into a description of this, that, and the other thing about the studio, while I made notes hastily as he talked.

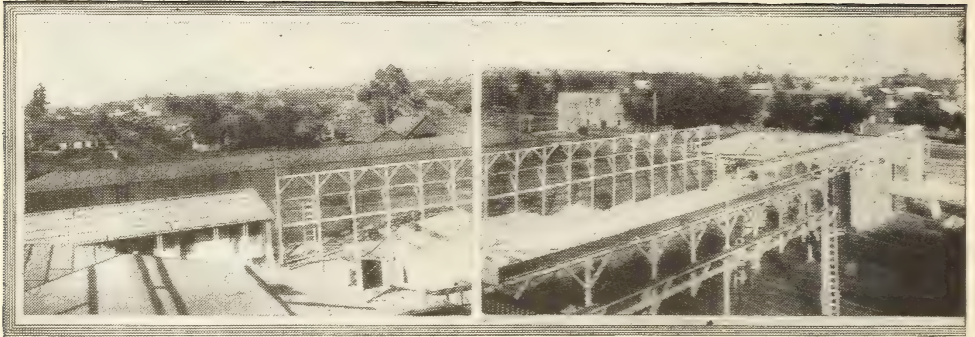
He informed me that H. M. Horkheimer, the president and general manager, and E. D. Horkheimer, the secretary and treasurer, own all of the stock of the Balboa Amusement Producing Company. And it is something to own, too!

It represents an investment of three hundred thousand dollars, and includes the studios, property rooms, paint and carpenter shops, scene docks, dressing rooms, wardrobe quarters, laboratory, general offices, and miscellaneous departments scattered through a dozen buildings. In addition, there is an open stage with an area of eight thousand square feet and two thousand feet of inclosed space, making it possible for eight companies to work at the same time. The producing capacity is twenty thousand feet of negative film a week.

There are two hundred and fifty people on the pay roll all the time, and this number often doubles.

Balboa has not always had as easy going as it is having at the present time. When H. M. Horkheimer decided to become a motion-picture impresario, in the spring of 1913, he took over the studio that had just been vacated by the Edison Company. Up to that time, "H. M.," as he is best known, had never seen a cinematographic camera. But having had extensive experience in the realm of the legitimate theater, he was well fitted for the work. A contract was secured to produce Jack London's novels, but through legal difficulties this was lost, and the firm received its first setback. About the time, E. D. Horkheimer joined his brother, and together they set to work to make motion pictures which would claim the attention of the world.

It was not very long before they did this, but then they found another obstacle before them—the releasing com-



A panorama view of the Balboa studio. The intersection of the streets upon which the plant is built laboratory, office buildings and site of the

panies were inclined to handle only films made by companies having regular contracts with them. Some time passed, in which one picture was marketed through this concern and another through that. Then an alliance was formed with Pathé, and this company has since been a steady buyer of Balboa pictures.

Many players of note, distinguished on the stage as well as on the screen, appear in Balboa productions. William Elliott, in "Comrade John," is well remembered. Jackie Saunders has been featured in half a hundred pieces. Lillian Lorraine and William Courtleigh, junior, appeared in a serial, and Lois Meredith is now one of the leading ladies, as is Ruth Roland, who has been in stock more than a year. Among the other well-known Balboans are Mollie McConnell, Frank Mayo, Madeleine Pardee, Daniel Gilfeather, Andrew Arbuckle, Joyce Moore, Victory Bateman, Lucy Blake, Ethel Fleming, Charles Dudley, Corene Grant, Henry Stanley, Lillian West, E. J. Brady, Ruth Lackaye, Philo McCullough, Marguerite Nichols, R. Henry Grey, Frank Erlanger, Fred Whitman, et cetera.

Some of Balboa's directors are Bertram Bracken, Harry Harvey, Sherwood Macdonald, and Henry King.

The Balboa Company has made a specialty of serials and series. Its pop-

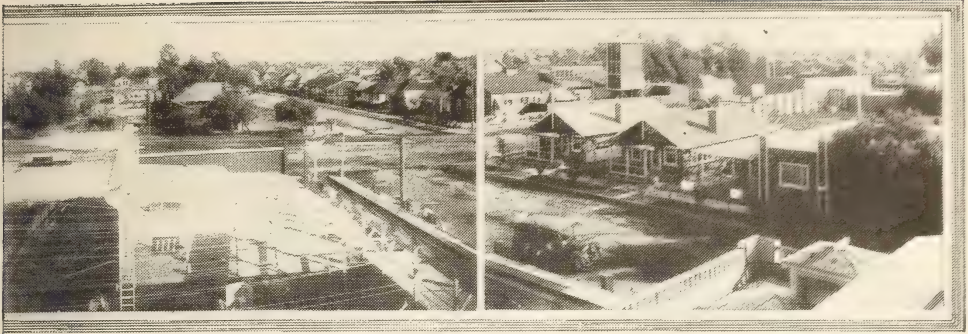
ular "Who Pays?" series consisted of twelve individual stories by Will M. Ritchey, head of the scenario department. A continuous strain of interest ran through all of them. Ruth Roland and Henry King played the leading rôles, and Harry Harvey was the director. So enthusiastically was the series received by the public that Pathé asked for a follow-up series. The "Red Circle" resulted. Frank Mayo was featured with Miss Roland in this series.

The biggest thing Balboa has attempted is the "Neal of the Navy" serial, consisting of fourteen two-reel chapters, written by William Hamilton Osborne. Lillian Lorraine and William Courtleigh, junior, had the leads.

Some of the most pretentious of its offerings, other than serials and series, are a six-reel adaptation of Augusta Evans' famous story, "St. Elmo," "Beulah," by the same author, with Henry B. Walthall in the leading rôle, "The Lady of Perfume," "A Message from Reno," and "The Brand of Man."

As the press representative finished his description of the company in general and turned his oratorical talent upon the open-air stage, which is even more modern, if possible, than those to be found in the other Pacific coast companies, I noted a girl disappearing into a dressing room on the far side of it.

"It is Miss Roland," explained my



is seen at the right of the picture. The exterior stages stretch across to the right of the picture. The former studio occupy the other corners.

companion. "Do you want to meet her?"

Of course I wanted to meet. Ruth Roland, the famous Kalem girl of early moving-picture years—and I did.

Miss Roland was "at home" in a neat, pretty dressing room which had the appearance of being substantial and permanent. "Because we keep them years and years, perhaps," explained the attractive young screen heroine.

The press representative excused himself at this point, and also set out in search of Mr. Horkheimer, leaving me in Miss Roland's care.

"Tell me something about your career before you joined the Kalem Company," I requested, for I knew of her success at Kalem in comedies with Marshall Neilan, and later in the "Girl Detective" series of dramas.

"I went on the stage at the age of four years," she said, "and stayed there until I entered motion pictures. First I played the Orpheum Circuit, being billed as 'Baby Ruth,' and then played child parts with David Belasco. Later, I was in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' 'Pink Dominos,' and 'A Celebrated Case.' Ingénue leads, of course, followed my child parts, and then I became a full-fledged leading lady in motion pictures. The change from the stage to the studio was a happy one for me, for it gave me

a chance to enjoy the home life I always longed for when I was traveling."

Our talk drifted to the Balboa studio, and I remarked at the orderly appearance, as compared to others I had seen various times.

"It's really just like a New England household," Miss Roland replied, smiling. "Come over to the property room with me and I'll show you something you wouldn't believe if I told you."

We went.

"One hundred thousand items of properties all card indexed," said Miss Roland, as she pointed out an endless number of compartmentlike rooms where all sorts and conditions of furniture of all times and periods were primly arranged, looking as if their very inner works would cry out if a careless hand removed them to a spot where the card index said they were not. It seemed as if there were hundreds of clocks, from the stately old grandfather's down to the most frivolous of little French timepieces, in one room alone.

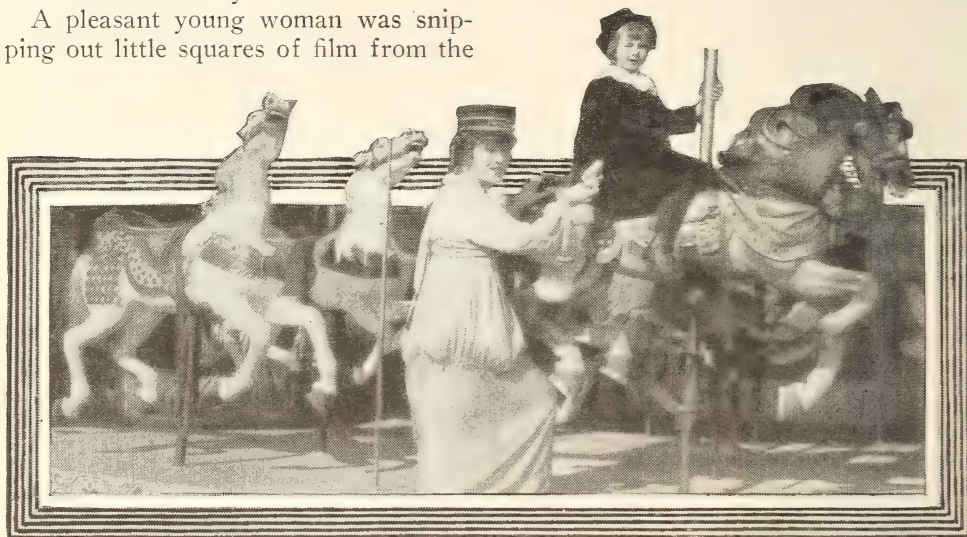
Then we went over to the little house on the corner that was the first home of the Balboa Company. Into the orderly halls and past the sewing room, where an actor was cajoling the dress-maker in charge to sew a button on his coat, past the drying room, where the films are put on huge rollers and dried

after coming from the photographic dark room, and we went into one of the most important departments of the trade—the assembly room.

A pleasant young woman was snipping out little squares of film from the

where managers and directors fall out with each other.

I told Miss Roland that I had run



Ruth Roland likes to slip away from the studio to a nearby merry-go-round, occasionally, and gladden the hearts of the kiddies by playing "conductor."

yards and yards of film that was piled up in a huge, velvet-lined straw basket at her side.

"What precious, priceless scene for the wastebasket now?" laughingly asked Miss Roland.

"Jackie Saunders and the runaway horse," came the answer. "The horse may register all right as a horse, even as a runaway in its lively moments, but its pace is too slow in some of these scenes. I'm cutting out the slow places."

"Snip-snip" went the scissors. More little squares fell to the floor. I gathered up some and looked them over. The woman who wielded the shears began pasting loose ends together and reeling more yards of film into the basket. Then it was rolled on a reel, and was declared ready for a trip to the projection room, where critical eyes inspect it as it is flashed upon the screen.

Some call the assembly room the "rejection room." It is apt to be the place

into the thrilling auto accident on the way to the studio, and had seen little Helen Marie "crushed under the wheels of the touring car."

"And would you like to see her 'die' as a result of it?" she asked. "They are getting the scene ready now, I think. Let's go and see."

We went to view the death of a child, with eagerness which seemed appalling.

The stage was all set for the death scene at the other end of the studio. A very humble little room, with the child lying motionless in the bed, while the old grandfather—played by Daniel Gilfeather, once with Booth and Barrett—was being rehearsed as to just how to "register" grief, was the sight that met our eyes. The sympathetic attention of a pair of young lovers and the entrance of doctor and friend also came in for rehearsing. Helen Marie did not flicker an eyelid.

"Camera!" called Director Bracken. The players went through their "busi-

ness," and then, at a quiet word from the director to the baby on the bed, she turned and sighed, and it was all over. The lovers detached themselves from their embrace, Helen jumped out of bed, a lively child again, and ran to her mother.

When I went over to speak to her she demanded my hat, and when she got it, played "man" to her heart's content while I talked with her mother.

"How did you ever dare risk such a thing as that car accident?" was the only question in my mind.

"Oh, I knew there was no danger. They have such a careful driver! Helen Marie has never known what it was to be afraid or distrust what any one tells her. If she is told she will not be hurt, she never questions it. And—and they didn't tell me when they were going to do that automobile trick this morning."

Miss Roland, who had been chatting with the director and players, brought Mr. Bracken over and introduced him.

"He's a perfect dynamo," she said, at the same time motioning him to keep quiet until she described him. "All wire and nerve, and has acquired a reputation for his eccentric methods. Fakers in the business don't like to work with him. His tongue is too caustic. But real actors like nothing better than to be under his direction, because they learn something new every day."

"When I saw Helen Marie fall in front of that automobile this morning I began to think there were not so many stunts faked in this trade, after all," I said to him.

"Well, sometimes they are, and sometimes they are not," Mr. Bracken replied.

"I've seen some rather thrilling things pulled off in your 'Neal of the



Norman Manning, studio manager, surrounded by a few "types" from the studio.

Navy' series, Mr. Bracken, and I'd like to know if one of your handsome young heroes really risked his life by falling from the rigging of a ship into the sea?" I queried.

"Far be it from me to question the splendid courage of any of our handsome heroes," said Mr. Bracken, "but the company doesn't take any chances on losing a perfectly good leading man when there are ways and means to avoid it."

"And the ways and means?"

"Of course, the hero and his enemy

up to look as much as possible like the actor, falls from the rigging into the sea, and then the actor comes in again when the picture shows a close-up in the water."

"And when the alligator swallows the villain?"

"Oh, that alligator business!" sighed Director Bracken. "That picture had to be taken over and over again."

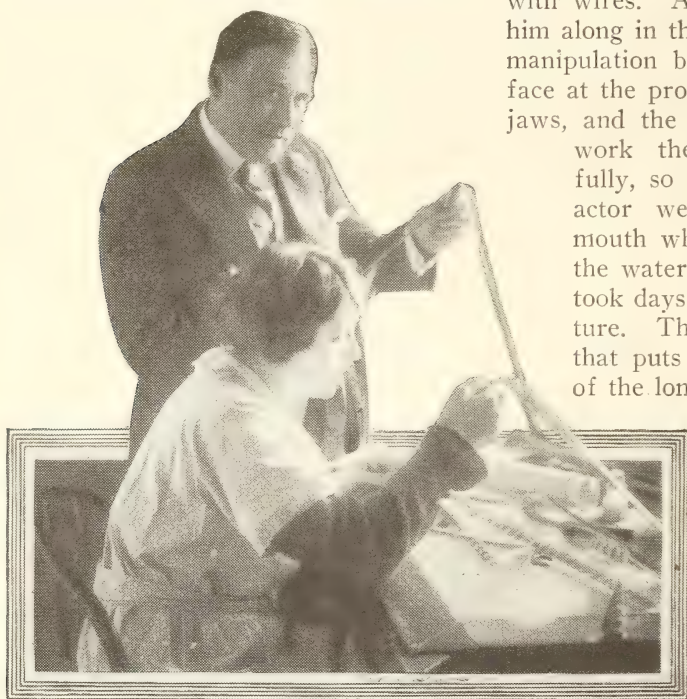
"What a nice, obliging alligator you must have found!"

"Yes, a stuffed one from a museum or curiosity shop. We worked his jaws with wires. A man in a boat jerked him along in the water, and by careful manipulation brought him to the surface at the proper moment, opened his jaws, and the victim fell in. But to work the combination successfully, so it looked as though the actor went into the alligator's mouth when he really dived into the water, was no small task. It took days and days to get the picture. That is the sort of thing that puts gray hair in the heads of the long-suffering director!"

"And I saw a man take a fearful leap off a high cliff in one of your pictures."

"Off Signal Rock, two hundred and fifty feet high, over there on the coast, there is a ledge that doesn't show when the picture is taken at the right angle.

Our man makes his jump and lands on the ledge. The camera is moved to the bottom of the cliff and a dummy thrown from the top which is pictured whirling through space to the bottom. The real actor, or what is supposed to be left of him, is then arranged at the base and the final scene of the episode photographed."



H. M. Horkheimer was supervising the "cutting" of a film with May Brotherton, head of the assembling department when this was snapped.

are in the rigging of a real ship when the trouble begins. On a roof in the studio yard we have an exact duplicate of the ship's rigging built. Here the fight takes place and the actor falls, but onto a feather bed, or something equally as harmless. A 'close-up' shows the fight. Then we flash a scene of the ship again. A professional diver, made

The "set" was ready now for the next scene which Mr. Bracken was to direct. It was a later development of the play in which Helen Marie had so tragically met her death. The young couple who had befriended the old grandfather had married, and were in a state of honeymoon absorption. The old grandfather was serving them at dinner.

A very young, intelligent-looking girl stood by me, with a director's scenario in one hand and a pencil in the other. She was a most businesslike-looking young person, with an eye keenly noting every detail of stage and directing.

"Our Miss Brodie," said Mr. Bracken, introducing us during his brief rest after finishing his rehearsal and while waiting for the camera man to "focus" the scene. "It wouldn't do to write about Balboa studios and omit a few words about our Miss Brodie."

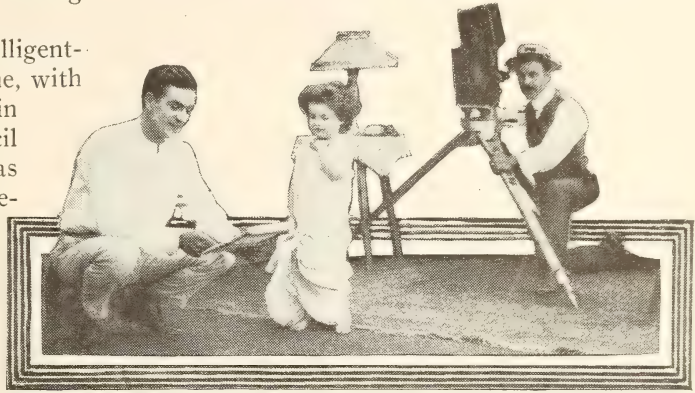
Therefore I at once became interested and started to secure facts about her. She is an assistant director, only twenty-one years old, and is making good at an astonishing rate. Her first name is Della, and she is the daughter of a wealthy family in San Francisco. She came to visit a chum in Long Beach one day and found her working with the Balboa Company. She became so interested and hung about the studios so much that Mr. Horkheimer told her she had better join their forces. She did.

When Sherwood Macdonald, one of the directors, was told he was to have a woman assistant, he objected most strenuously, but—they say nothing but her marriage or death could influence

him to part with her when he can have her as assistant, now.

Miss Brodie has her whole heart in the moving-picture business. It is her ambition to direct her own company, and she probably will attain it in time.

"I hear such fabulous tales about the money put into 'sets' around these stu-



Henry King directing Helen Marie Osborn, who justly claims the oft-used title of "the youngest leading lady in pictures." Note how the camera is lowered to photograph the tiny star.

dios," I said to her, "and I haven't had a chance to find out what Balboa has done in that line. I suppose they have had a million-dollar castle built some place——"

"No," she answered, "we specialize in beautiful exteriors. The Busch mansion in Pasadena and the Warner mansion, the palatial home of the man who invented the speedometer, are examples. Then for 'Neal of the Navy' we had a real United States battleship."

Just then Director-Actor Henry King called her, and she grasped the manuscript a little closer in her hand as she started toward him. I went along with her.

"I am assisting Mr. King now," she said. "He plays in many of his own scenes, so I get a chance to do quite a bit of directing myself."

A gay, happy-looking young person, with dabs of green paint under her eyes and carmined lips, paused to speak

to Miss Brodie as she passed. I was introduced to Jackie Saunders with the telltale notebook in my hand. She had such a lot of golden hair and such a sunny-bright way with her that I named her a "California poppy" at once!

Jackie Saunders has been doing such good work in "The Shrine of Happiness," "Adventures of a Madcap," "Rose Among the Briers," and other picture plays, that she needs no introduction to the moving-picture public. But she gets this one, anyway!

They say she is the most promising of Balboa stars, and is a most versatile young actress, doing as well in the more sedate characters as she does in the hoyden rôles in which she is oftenest seen. Some call her the "Maude Adams of the Screen."

"Yes, I know you want to hear all about that royal dog!" she said, with a real "Jackie Saunders smile," just as I was going to ask her something about her work. It belonged to a very great Russian lady who fled to Los Angeles on account of the war. She was known here as the Countess Slovolfsky, although that is not her name. The countess enjoyed the friendship of the czar's family in happier times, and as a special mark of esteem the present czar presented her with a wolfhound from his kennels. Among Slavs, this is one of the most prized gifts possible to receive. Political reasons forced her to flee from Russia, but she brought the dog with her. In time she came to Los Angeles, and was a guest at the home of a friend of mine. The Russian police discovered her retreat, and she had to flee again,

but as the dog made it easy to trace her, she gave it to me."

And so that is how the popular, gay Jackie obtained the wonderful Boris!

Almost simultaneously at this moment Miss Saunders' director announced that the automobile was ready to take her out to the location on which they were to film some scenes, and the press representative arrived to tell me that Mr. Horkheimer was in the office, and would see me there. Therefore, I bade the smiling star adieu and followed my guide into the business office. A very prosperous, busy-looking, pleasant-faced man greeted me cordially when the genial press representative introduced him as H. M. Horkheimer.

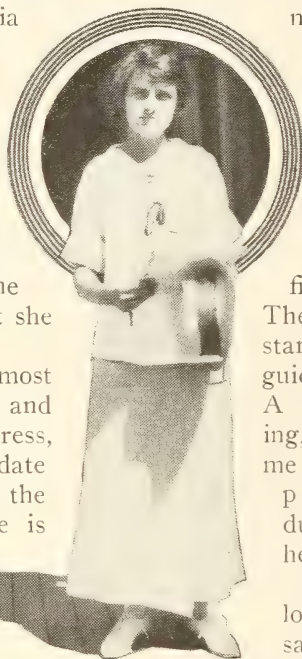
"I'm glad you came down to look over our little plant," he said.

"But I don't think it very little," I replied.

He smiled and appeared to let his mind drift back over the days gone by, as he answered, "No, I guess it isn't as small as it used to be, but we don't notice its growth here much. We just add little things here and there when they are needed, and these little things soon amount to big things. I like to consider the plant as little now and plan for a big one in the near future."

"Do you consider it more to your advantage to produce in Long Beach than in Los Angeles?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed I do," he replied quickly, "and there are three reasons why I do. We avoid the riffraff, clamoring for work, that haunt the other studios, for one thing. We have the busy and only seaport in this part of the country at San Pedro, not five minutes distant by



Della Brodie, only twenty-one years old, and an assistant director.

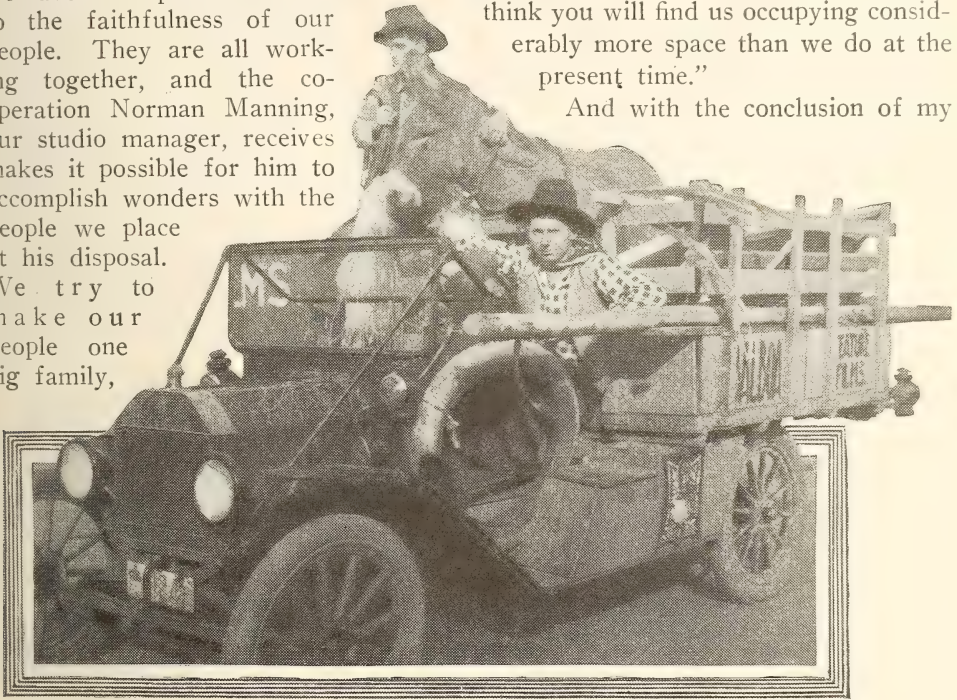
car, for another, and we have one of the most picturesque and beautiful ocean beaches in the world for a third.

"There is one more element which plays a big part in our making pictures here, and which the public will never appreciate. It is the loyalty of every one working about the studio, from the property boy to the stars. Everything we have accomplished I credit to the faithfulness of our people. They are all working together, and the co-operation Norman Manning, our studio manager, receives makes it possible for him to accomplish wonders with the people we place at his disposal. We try to make our people one big family,

all do their share, and are, at all times, operating with great speed and efficiency. As a result, the entire plant is always working to the best possible advantage. That is why we are able to turn out so many reels of film every week.

"We have big plans for the future, and when you come to see us again I think you will find us occupying considerably more space than we do at the present time."

And with the conclusion of my



One of the "small, light and efficient" machines used in transporting props to locations.

In this instance it is also being used to transport Luther Graham, the noted cowboy, and his pet donkey.

and I feel safe in asserting that we have been quite successful in our efforts.

"Our studio and factory remind me of a well-oiled machine of many parts. Every part does its share, and the result is that the whole machine is able to operate speedily and at a profit. Our departments, the various parts of the Balboa 'machine,' as I consider them,

interview with Mr. Horkheimer, I felt that the history of Balboa had been well explained to me. It is a fighting organization—and a growing one—and the future will undoubtedly mean that the concern will rise from the ranks of the ordinary producers and take its place among the leaders in the motion-picture field.





Very wrong, indeed, to teach a child of this age to smoke—but also very like a fat, jolly uncle. Obviously Macklyn Arbuckle of Morosco, and his little nephew have no regard for conventions.



Helene Rosson's letter has made her think! Who do you suppose it could be from—but that is getting entirely too personal. Don't you like her, though, without her make-up?



Some people choose odd places to discuss things, and not least among them are William Clifford, Horsley star, and his director William J. Bowman. They are seen here talking in a lion's den.

Out of Range of



This is an unusual picture of Helen Gibson, because it shows her out of action. Usually she is photographed "riding the bumpers," or performing other "stunts" of her daily schedule.



King Baggot is very conscientious. Yes, indeed! Therefore, when it is requested of the players not to smoke in the studio, King at once stops smoking—in the studio.



We are not going to say Louise Fazenda, of Keystone, is writing scenarios, for she is not. She is just using a borrowed machine to prove that she can run it, as well as cut up capers before the camera.

the Movie Camera



Ralph Ince and Earle Williams, Vitagraph director and star, talking over a scene, on the rear end of a train, between "takes." They attribute much of their success to coöperation.



Here are Bessie Eyton and the adored Baby Jean Frazer, both of the Selig Company. They are inseparable pals and Baby Jean looks upon Bessie as a sort of a fairy godmother.



AFTER one month of our scenario contest, the only person who is complaining is the postman.

Since the announcement in the last issue of this magazine of the greatest motion-picture-scenario contest ever held, the judges and every other person concerned have been kept continually busy. Whether the number of entries received so far are just thousands, or many thousands, we will not attempt to say—there has been no time for counting—but the contest department urges us to say millions—that is the impression they have.

WHY AND WHAT IS IT

For the benefit of those who have not yet sent in their plots, or who missed the first announcement, we shall go into detail again. PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE's scenario contest is one that can be entered by everybody. The reason for this is that no scenario action or technical knowledge of scene construction is necessary—all that is required is a brief synopsis of your plot.

The decision will be made entirely on the merit of the story.

Both this magazine and the Universal Film Manufacturing Company believe that there are many people throughout the country who have imagination and would make successful motion-picture writers if given the chance, so they have agreed to offer this opportunity. Of course, there can only be one best plot, and that is the one that will win the contest, but, in order not to limit the gains, it has been decided that any other stories that appeal to the Universal Film Manufacturing Company will be purchased at their usual scenario rates. This gives every one an unprecedented opportunity to enter the motion-picture field directly.

The person who submits the plot that is best suited for a picture play will be paid forty dollars a reel, for whatever number of reels the judges decide the story will cover. Beside this, regardless of the length, the winner will receive a special prize of fifty dollars. For instance, if the picture runs to five

reels, the winner will get two hundred and fifty dollars in all.

MARY FULLER TO ACT IN PLAY

The only restriction as to the type of play is that it must be suited for production with Mary Fuller, the famous screen actress, playing the leading rôle. Miss Fuller will be starred in the winning picture as soon as the contest has closed and the best plot chosen. In order to aid the writer, Miss Fuller states that she prefers drama to comedy, and never appears in burlesque, travesty, or Indian plays.

tion is required, but you may send one if you so desire. In any case, be sure that you also send a synopsis. In order for scripts to be considered, they must be accompanied by the application blank to be found on one of the following pages, or a copy of it made on any paper.

WHY IT IS A CONTEST FOR EVERY ONE

There are two big reasons why we are calling this a contest for every one. The main one is because it offers opportunity alike to both the novice and the ex-



A few different characters that show what Mary Fuller can play best.

WHAT YOU MUST DO

Everything has been made as simple as possible for the contestants, and all unnecessary trouble eliminated. Practically all that you have to do is read over the rules carefully before writing your plot out, and be sure that you comply with them. Be sure that you make your story fit Mary Fuller, and work out your plot as briefly as possible. No scenario or scene ac-

perienced writer, for there is no one who cannot, in a few simple words, outline whatever plot he or she wishes to enter in the contest. Literary talent will not figure at all, as the value of the plot will be all that will govern decision. The other reason is that the gain,



JOSEPH BRANDT

General manager of the Universal
Film Manufacturing Company.

MARY FULLER

Famous actress who will play the
lead in the winning picture.

CLARENCE J. CAINE

Editor "Hints for Scenario Writers"
department in this magazine.

while naturally greatest for the winner, is not confined to him—it extends to all whose plots appeal to the Universal Film Manufacturing Company for production, as these will also be purchased at regular scenario rates.

This offers an opportunity to those known as "outsiders" to slip into a position where they will be recognized as being "on the waiting list" to enter the studio. Some may even win a place with the Universal Company, or another, as a result of the contest and the work they do immediately after it. In reading over the scripts, the judges will bear in mind not only the fact that they must select the best script and the others which show exceptional merit, but will also study the ideas and style of writers closely, and those whose work shows exceptional promise of future development will be asked to submit more scenarios to Universal after the contest

has closed. The writers who prove worthy of the confidence the judges place in them will be developed under the care of the Universal staff and the personal coaching of Mr. Caine, scenario expert of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

The contest closes noon, June 17th. Send in your script now.

THE JUDGES

The judges of the contest will be three people high up in the motion-picture business who are well qualified for the position. They are Joseph Brandt, the general manager of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company; Miss Mary Fuller, whose name is well known to all motion-picture followers; and Clarence J. Caine, the editor of "Hints for Scenario Writers," that appear in every issue of this magazine, and who is himself an expert at writing scripts.

THE RULES

All manuscripts must be submitted before twelve o'clock, noon, June 17, 1916.

No manuscripts will be considered unless accompanied by the application blank to be found on the next page, or a copy of it made on any paper.

One person may send in as many plots as he wishes, provided a separate application is sent with each one.

The main point is your plot. The merit of this is what decides the winner.

Write it in *synopsis* form, giving the detailed action in as few words as possible.

No scenario is necessary, although it may be sent if desired.

All manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink.

No definite number of reels is specified—the length depends entirely on the plot.

The judges will decide what length is suitable for the story you submit, and payment will be made accordingly.

Forty dollars (\$40.00) per reel will be paid for the winning scenario.

For instance, if the picture is five reels, two hundred dollars (\$200.00) will be given.

The additional special prize of fifty dollars (\$50.00) will be paid to the winner, regardless of the length of the picture.

All stories must be original.

The leading character in the story must be one that can be played to good advantage by Miss Mary Fuller. This is an important point. Miss Fuller can best play strong dramatic parts, and those which are typical of the American woman of any class.

All manuscripts must be sent, in order to be considered, to *Picture-Play Magazine, Contest Department, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.*

Do not roll the paper—fold it.

If you desire your manuscript returned, should it prove unavailable, a stamped, addressed envelope must be inclosed. It is best to keep a copy of your manuscript in case, through any unavoidable cause, the original is not returned.

All manuscripts submitted will be carefully read and decision made according to their merit.

Fill out this Application Blank, or make a copy of it, and send it with your story. Otherwise the manuscript will not be considered.

APPLICATION BLANK

I hereby enter my application to Picture-Play Magazine's Scenario Contest. Inclosed is my manuscript, which has been written in accordance with the rules.

The type of my story is:.....
(Fill out according to society, mystery, railroad, straight drama, etc.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

.....



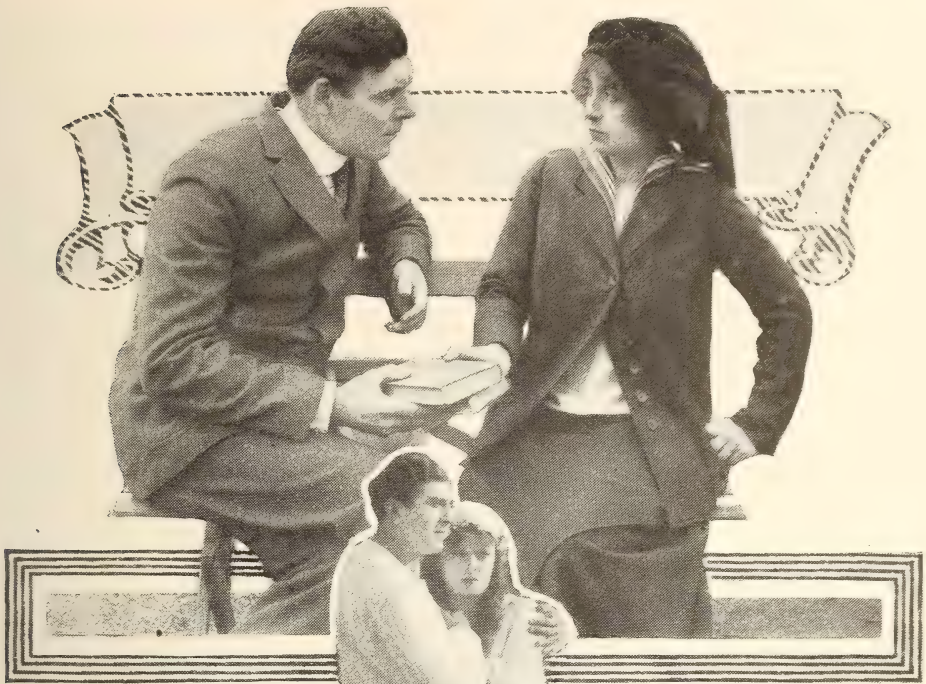
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew spending a serious and quiet evening at home after a day of transferring fun to celluloid.

THE co-star system of teaming two players is not unknown to the stage—the “legitimate stage,” as the dramatic critics would have us say—but few and far between are the stars who have risen to national fame and popularity side by side and whose association has extended over more than a single engagement—usually a short one. In the realm of motion pictures, a far different state of affairs prevails, for there are, or have been, almost as many teams as individual stars.

The reason is not hard to understand, especially when one considers that many of these studio teams combine in themselves both acting and producing ability, while stage co-stars as a rule merely act—and therefore both seek the “center of the stage” at every available opportunity. In a studio, a man and a woman who are co-starring are contin-

ually engaged in working out new plays. They study ahead, their minds always occupied with thoughts of the future, and because both are interested in the same things—things which are ever new—they forget the fact that they are both public favorites, competing with each other, so to speak, for the favor of the multitudes. Picture after picture, produced under these conditions, establish them in the minds of the motion-picture audiences as an evenly balanced team, and as such they become popular. One name is never mentioned without recalling the other.

Perhaps the most notable example of teamwork existing in motion pictures to-day is that of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, of the Metro Company. The reason that these two have risen to fame together, passing, in their climb, many other individual stars and teams who at various times

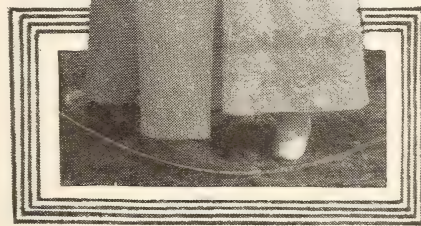


have been popular, is that they understand each other perfectly. From the early days when the Essanay Company first discovered that the team of "Bushman and Bayne" was more popular than any other star or pair of stars on its roster, these two have studied their parts and worked them out to the best advantage of both. Their one thought has always been to gain the best possible results in the finished picture—never to try to "take" the audience with an individual part. Contrary to the belief of many, they are not married. Nor are they in love. They are just real friends. They simply work together, and, while they do not direct the

pictures in which they appear, it is usually their helpful suggestions to the director which are responsible for the most appealing effects and bits of "business."

Francis Ford and Grace Cunard probably rank next in line as a popular team. These two write and direct, as well as co-star, in their pictures, and are noted as two of the most consistent performers in the film world. Their specialty is serials, "Lucille Love" and

"The Broken Coin" having proven such successes that they are now engaged in making another. Miss Cunard is the leader of Mr. Ford in the scenario field, having written over two



Two well-known teams. Ben Wilson and Dorothy Phillips (upper) and Irving Cummings and Lottie Pickford (lower).

hundred scripts; but her dashing partner is entitled to premier honors as a director, for he has put on by far the more pictures. As for acting—well, they work together in every picture and forget all about the glory. That is why they gain results.

Another noted producing team is that of Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley. It is an unguarded secret that Lois Weber isn't really Lois Weber at all, but rather Mrs. Phillips Smalley; and therefore it is not so difficult to understand how they have been able to co-star and co-direct since the early days of motion pictures, when they made one-reel masterpieces for the famous old Rex Company. Mr. Smalley thinks Mrs. Smal-

ley is the greatest actress-author-director in the business, and Mrs. Smalley thinks Mr. Smalley is without a peer as an actor-author-director. The result is that the public thinks "the Smalleys" come pretty close to being the best in those three lines. "The Hypocrites," "The Dumb Girl of Portici," "Hop," "Scandal," and "Sunshine Molly" are a few of the examples of what this clever couple can do. Of late they have given more time to the writing and directing end, and, needless to say, their presence on the screen has been missed.

Henry Walthall and Edna Mayo are perhaps as well known as a team at the present time as any other pair, although their association has not been of long duration. "The Misleading Lady" was the first hit in which they scored as co-stars, and this was followed closely by "The Strange Case



Bushman and Bayne—the greatest team in motion pictures at the present time.

of Mary Page" series. While Miss Mayo is a clever actress of a distinctive type, she does come near being the ideal teammate for Walthall that Blanche Sweet and Claire McDowell were in the old Biograph days, under D. W. Griffith's direction. The Walthall-Sweet and the Walthall-McDowell pictures will live long in the memories of those who saw them, for both of these leading ladies were of the same school, as was "the master of emotions," and played their parts far more in sympathy with him than has any other leading lady he has had, even those in his later Griffith-Mutual pictures, and in "The Birth of a Nation."

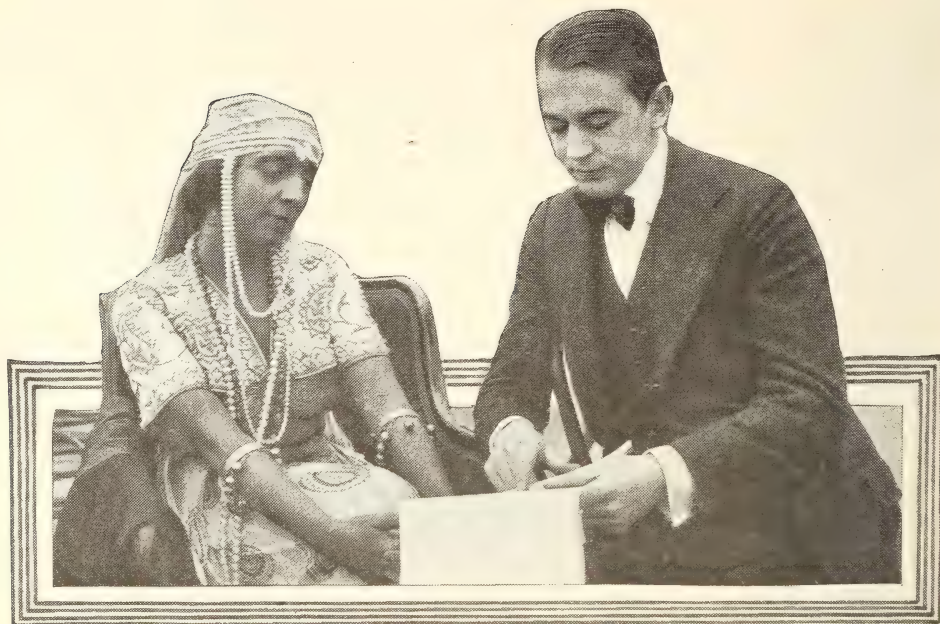
Anita Stewart and Earle Williams

were one of the most noted teams less than a year ago, but the Vitagraph Company has decided that each can be used to better advantage as an individual star. The followers of the pair are inclined to think otherwise, but both the players seem to share the belief of the managers. Whether the change will prove a successful move or a failure yet remains to be seen.

Marc MacDermott and Miriam Nesbitt are another pair whose work together has long been in favor. They are both players of experience and exceptional ability, and each declares that

The team part of this trio is Mae Marsh and Robert Harron. The other person is Betty Marsh, Mae's little niece who is also an actress.





Jane Gail and Matt Moore, a successful team since their appearance in Universal's "Traffic in Souls."

much of their success is due to the splendid coöperation of the other. There is little need of singing their praises, for every picture-play-theater patron has seen them at some time or another, and every picture in which they have appeared has been noted because of their splendid work.

It is not often that a star—either man or woman—comes from the stage to work in a few pictures and finds an ideal "opposite" in the studio. This is true, however, in the case of Willard Mack. He went to Inceville as a featured star, and made good. But Enid Markey, who appeared opposite Mack in his pictures, also made good—to such an extent, in fact, that the two were at once regarded as a perfectly balanced team. When Mack left Ince, of course, this team was broken up; but it is the hope of many that it will be reestablished again some day.

Several other co-stars, who have never risen to quite the heights of those we have previously mentioned, but who have won substantial followings, may

be mentioned. Among these are Harold Lockwood and May Allison, Anna Nilsson and Guy Coombs, Alice Hollister and Harry Millarde, Ruth Stonehouse and Richard Travers, Pat O'Malley and Leonia Flugrath, Winnifred Greenwood and Ed Coxen, Thomas Santschi and both Bessie Eyton and Kathlyn Williams, and Mabel Trunnell and Herbert Prior.

'Tis said that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step, and, assuming this is true, we will next consider a few comedy teams. Of course, the one and only Charlie Chaplin comes first, with his ideal little teammate, Edna Purviance. Miss Purviance came from the world of the unknowns and filled the much-needed requirement of the Chaplin-Essanay comedies—a pretty leading lady. Her work opposite Charlie was just what was needed to set off his comic antics; and, because she studied his style of comedy, and did all in her power to help him "get over" his scenes, she won for herself a position as the female member of the

world's greatest comedy team. Mabel Normand also made an ideal foil for Chaplin while the latter was with Keystone, and it is a pity that they did not appear together in more pictures. But the Fates are fickle, and they hate to see a good thing last.

Miss Normand, by the way, has also been coupled with four of the funniest men on the screen, at various times, and has filled her place in each combination to perfection. Mack Sennett, Fred Mace, Ford Sterling, and Roscoe—Fatty—Arbuckle formed the male end of the four teams. Mabel was recently asked which of the quintet—these four and Chaplin—she had enjoyed working with most, and she refused to answer. We don't blame her.

She is also a clever director, and her association with each of the comedians was not only as a co-star, but also as a co-director. A fact worth mentioning in connection with this is that she personally directed "Dough and Dynamite," the picture which is considered the funniest of Chaplin's successes.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, late of Vitagraph, and now of Metro, have worked together in producing their distinctive style of "polite" comedies for several years. From the time one of them gets an idea until the finished film is flashed on the screen, both work over it together. Their ideas coincide perfectly, and one is never at a loss as to what help to expect from the other. Perfect coöperation and confidence in each other's ability is the secret of the success of this pair.

Another team in which husband and wife co-star and co-direct in the film drama is the Helen Holmes-J. P. McGowan combination. Their "Hazards of Helen" railroad series for Kalem, and their "The Girl and the Game," for the Signal Film Corporation, have proven immense successes. Leo Maloney, who has been associated with them in most of their productions, may also be called a teammate of Miss Holmes, as he has appeared with her in many productions which McGowan directed, but did not appear in.

Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber eating breakfast in their California bungalow.



They are one of the greatest acting-producing-writing teams in the film business.

Several director-actors have as teammates leading ladies who, while they are not officially co-directors, are of so much help to their associates during the staging of productions that they might easily be called such. This is true in the cases of Harry Meyers and Rosemary Theby, Bob Leonard and Ella Hall, Ben Wilson and Dorothy Phillips, Matt Moore and Jane Gail, James Kirkwood and Mary Pickford, Joseph Kaufman and Ethel Clayton, Arthur Maude and Constance Crawley, Harry Pollard and Margarita Fischer, and Ned Finley and Edith Storey.

In the days that have passed except for memories, many notable teams gained favor in the eyes

Metcalf, Joe Smiley and Lillie Leslie, J. Warren Kerrigan and Pauline Bush, Irving Cummings and Gertrude Robinson, Franklin Ritchie and Louise Vale, D. M. Anderson and Marguerite Clayton, Herbert Rawlins and Anna Little, Clara Kimball Young and Maurice Costello, Octavia Handworth and Crane Wilbur, James Morrison and Dorothy Kelly, Lottie Briscoe and Arthur V. Johnson, and Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan? Or the comedies of Marshall Neilan and Ruth Roland, Wally Van and Lillian Walker, and Pearl White and Chester Barnett? They have all claimed their places in public favor, but when the teams were separated most of their members



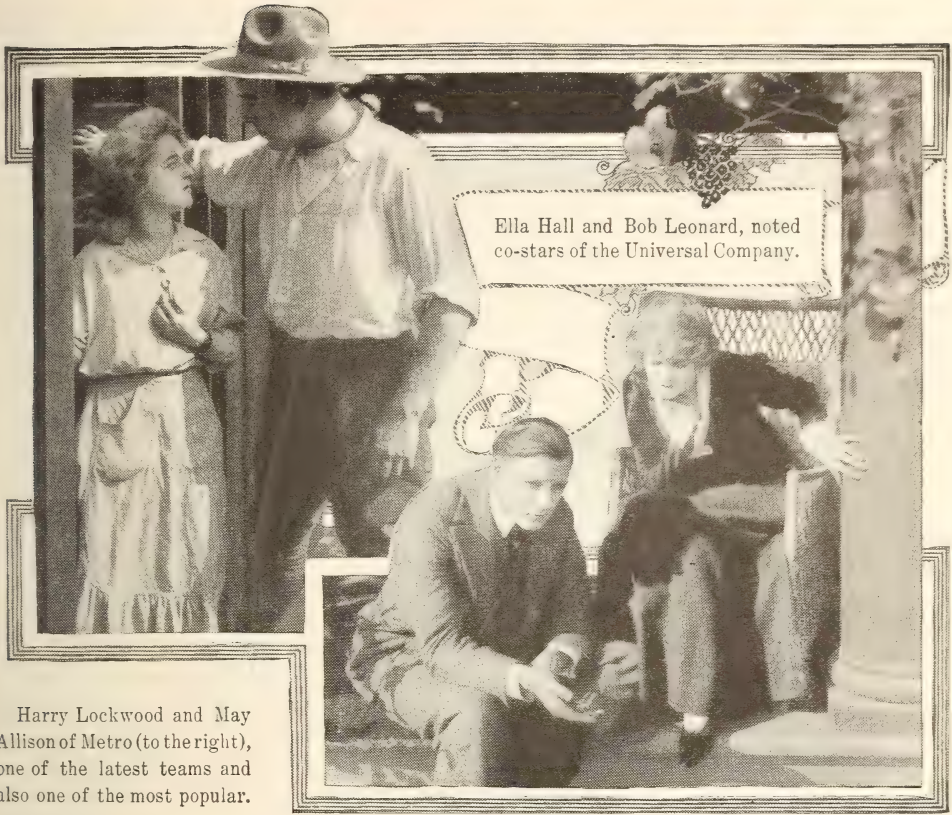
J. Warren Kerrigan and Pauline Bush, one of the first teams to become famous. They were with American originally, but later joined the Universal.

Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little (above) one-time Universal co-stars and Henry B. Walthall and Edna Mayo (below) at present being featured together by the Essanay Company.

Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno, a Vitagraph couple who have come to the front rapidly, midst much popularity, during the past year.

of the motion-picture public. Who will forget the dramas of Florence Lawrence and Arthur V. Johnson, Gene Gauntier and Jack Clark, King Baggot and Leah Baird, Carlyle Blackwell and Alice Joyce, Tom Moore and Marguerite Courtot, Ormi Hawley and Earle

dropped out of sight. Some of these stars have risen as individual favorites, but none have found other teammates with whom to climb the ladder of fame, with the possible exceptions of Irving Cummings, who teamed well with Lottie Pickford, in "The Diamond from



Harry Lockwood and May Allison of Metro (to the right), one of the latest teams and also one of the most popular.

the Sky," and Pearl White, who has worked successfully with Creighton Hall.

If every player who has been a member of a successful team that was, could be induced to tell his honest desires, it is almost a certainty that the player would declare himself in favor of again appearing opposite the co-star with whom he became popular. It makes all the difference in the world if the person you are working with is coöperating with you instead of working against you, and upon just this simple little fact is founded the success of teams in the motion-picture world.

There have been failures of teams totaling quite a few in round figures—when a leading man and a leading lady whom the producer thought would make an ideal pair have failed to agree,

but in proportion to the many successes they are insignificant.

Looking back over the past, it can be seen in which companies coöperation was closest, for in studios where harmony prevailed many teams developed, which, while they were not as popular or as long lasting as many others, showed that many players within the studio could work together to advantage. Especially typical of this class was the Biograph studio, under D. W. Griffith. The unending variation of teams secured from the coupling of such women stars as the Gish sisters, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, Claire McDowell, Florence Lawrence, Florence Baker, Marion Leonard, and others too numerous to mention; with men stars of the type of Henry B. Walthall, Owen Moore, Robert Harron, Alfred Paget,

James Kirkwood, and others, clearly shows that the master director was successful from the very start in keeping the spirit of coöperation alive among his players. Of these, the team of Harron and Mae Marsh has become most famous, and lasted beyond the others.

The Thanhouser studio furnished another example of a like nature. All the possible team combinations which could be formed by the co-starring of Florence LaBadie, Marguerite Snow, and Mignon Anderson with James Cruze, William Garwood, William Russell, and Harry Benham, were successfully offered to the public. While the Cruze-LaBadie team is perhaps the only one which gained lasting fame, and that only through "The Million Dollar Mystery," all of the others were

decidedly popular with picture-play devotees at times, and none of the players have since found any one who teamed with them as well as any of their old Thanhouser mates.

While we have mentioned only the two studios which were most noted for their coöperation, there are many more unnamed of which all we said of the two studios is also true. It is a regrettable fact, however, that it is not the case with all studios, for in many there exists no teamwork whatever, players working together only in a single picture. The cause is petty jealousy and entire lack of coöperation. The result is that no teams ever spring from these studios to win fame for the players and to make money for the producers through their popularity.



A REEL CLASSIC

By Clarence Worthington Hamilton

THE lad was fair,
Quite debonair;
Perhaps a trifle bold.

The time was June,
A silv'ry moon,
And not a one can scold.

A golden curl,
A pretty girl;
She really was quite chic.

The game was hearts,
They played their parts
And Cupid took the trick.

The villain came,
Got in the game,
So things were in a whirl;

Then tore his hair
In wild despair;
The hero got the girl.

They now are wed,
The villain's dead,
No doubt you're glad to know.

Wait! don't get gay,
For it's this way
At any movie show.

Violet Mersereau

IT was the night before that I had first met her. To-day she looked entirely different.

When I had been introduced to her, she looked down at me from the saddle on a beautiful white horse upon which she was seated—looked down at me with those entrancing blue eyes—and smiled.

It was right then, in my own mind, that I named her "the girl who smiles."

All that I could see of Violet Mersereau when we were introduced were those blue eyes that shone through two little holes in a black domino mask that she wore, the long, golden curls that fell in ringlets on her delicate shoulders—and that smile. She was leading the grand march at the Universal ball masque in New York City, which was the reason for her hiding her features with the domino; but, despite the fact that her face was partly concealed, her whole manner, and that of her which was visible, made her appear to me as the kind of girl that fiction writers picture. You know the type I mean—Kipling, Stevenson, and all the rest have described her over and over again.

Later, during the evening before, just after she had been awarded first prize—or, rather, just after she and her Little Lord Fauntleroy costume had been awarded first prize—Violet Mersereau had promised to let me interview her—not then, because she said she was too busy; but the next day, if I went to the studio at noon promptly.

It was noon now, and I was entering the big, glass-inclosed stage.



H. H. Van Loan

Violet Mersereau on the roof garden of her home.

The Girl Who Smiles

Violet Mersereau is a peculiar institution. Although she is to-day a very popular star in film-dom, her admirers know but little of the personal side of her life. There is a reason for this, too, for Violet—unlike most picture favorites—has a strange prejudice against talking about herself.

But now she had promised to break the silence. What inspired it I do not know; but she had promised, provided I arrived promptly at twelve. And here I was!

After a thorough search of the studio, I had found her seated in an East Side "set." To be more explicit, it was a Chinese grocery store. I have mentioned before that she looked entirely different at work from the way she did on the night before. It was not that she was any the less pretty, but because, instead of the dainty costume of Little Lord Fauntleroy, Violet was robed as a Chinese girl. Up until the time that I saw her in the "set," I had been a little afraid that I would not recognize her, for the domino had continually masked her face when I had seen her before; but the moment I saw a smile that seemed to light up the entire Chinese "set," I knew that I had found Violet. She is always smiling. She appeared to be perfectly happy until she saw me approaching, and then her countenance fell.

"You see, I'm on time," I greeted her.

"That's the trouble with you chaps," she replied, "you're so horribly punctual."



In character,
ready for a scene.

Making-up in
her dressing room.

"But you told me to come," I added.

"You don't have to be obedient now," she replied, with a smile. "You're over seven."

"I must be polite, especially when the subject is so charming," I ventured.

"Well"—and she heaved a sigh—"now that you're here, I suppose I must go through with it," she continued. "I suppose you want to know where I was born, when it happened, how long I have been in pictures, if I was ever on the stage, and if so, why I deserted the footlights for moving pictures. Then I must say that I swim, golf, ride, motor, tennis, and all the rest of the things that the average actress usually tells you."

"And of course any other incidents



Miss Mersereau (above) in her home, and
(below) leaving for the studio.

which you think the public would be interested in reading," I added.

She paused a moment and reflected. Then suddenly she gave her golden locks an emphatic shake, as though she had reached a final decision, and said:

"No, I must ask you to forgive me, but I really can't sit here and answer a lot of questions about myself. I don't know

why, but I guess it's against my nature. Anyway, the public is interested in my acting more than anything else. No one cares who I am or what I do after I leave the studio or before I come to it. Don't you agree with me?"

I did not. But all I said about admirers wanting to know something of her personal life was useless.

"You'll have to excuse me," she said with finality. "I know you will think me cruel, but I'm not; I'm just funny, that's all."

Before I could interrupt her, she added: "There, my director is calling me! I've got to go. Good-by."

She went.

As I left the studio, a lot of thoughts flitted through my mind, and they had nothing in common with religion, either. For that particular study was located just far enough back of the Hudson, in Jersey, to upset the character of a man for a week, providing his errand has been fruitless.

Imagine my surprise when, later in the day, I received the following by messenger:

"After you had gone, I felt sorry that I had treated you so harshly. I finished the scene and went to my dressing room and thought it over. I came to the decision that perhaps I was wrong, and so I am sending you a bit of my history. But if you should use it, please rewrite it in the third person, as I hate to read an article where every sentence begins: 'I did so and so.' You must have been angry when you left, and if you are now over it, please listen to me.

'Born October 2, 1897, in New York City. Dad, French; mother, English. Sister Claire and I have been on the

stage since she was seven and I nine years old. My sister's first engagement was with Maxine Elliott in 'Her Own Way,' in which she played both here and abroad. At the same time, I was engaged for Margaret Anglin. Mother traveled with sister, as she was the youngest. The mother of another little girl in my company took care of me.

"At the end of the season, I was sent back to school, as mother and sister



Miss Mersereau as Little Lord Fauntleroy, the costume which won her a prize.

were going abroad. While they were away, I posed for artists, and later was engaged by a stock company to play little boys' and girls' parts. Next came my part as *Flora* in 'The Clansman.'

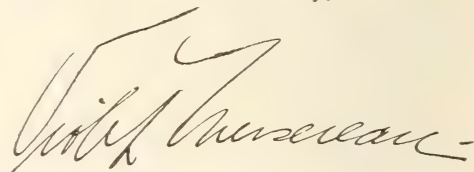
That is how I came to enter pictures. They carried three horses with the company, and, while the horses were a bit big, I was so little that anywhere the horse took it into his head to go I simply had to go along.

"I remember one day the hostler saddled one of the horses and lifted me into the saddle, when the animal gave a sudden twitch and tore madly off down the road. I had a long, new velvet coat on which mother had just sent me, and was more worried about this than I was about my own safety. I tugged at the reins, but with little success. He tore all over the country, and made a dash for a nice, muddy hill, and, reaching the top, he cut several capers, and then, before I knew what had happened, he gave me a friendly toss, and I landed over his head and stuck in the mud, my lovely new coat terribly mussed. Then they say animals don't know. I'm sure he never enjoyed anything quite so much. But after that, he behaved beautifully. However, this was the way I learned to ride; and when I closed the season, some one suggested to mother that she put me in pictures. I was a bad age, being too big for very little girls, and not old enough for grown-up parts. So mother dressed me up to look as old as possible—although I wasn't quite steady on the high heels. But I was the most dignified person—so I thought—but now, when I think of it, I can imagine how funny I must have looked.

"The director engaged me to play ingénue leads, and all that summer I played in Western pictures and rode from morning till night. Then mother wouldn't hear of my giving up the stage for pictures—you see, people didn't really understand then how wonderful pictures were. I was then engaged for a part in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' and went to London with the original company, as understudy to this rôle. After a successful season abroad

with this play, I was graduated from understudy, and when we returned to America, I was starred as *Rebecca* throughout the United States. It is interesting now to receive letters from moving-picture fans who have seen me play. Some say they miss not hearing me talk; others that they are glad they are able now to see me so often. So when people ask me which I like the better, I really can't say, for each art is so entirely different, and I have such a great love for both.

"When I closed with 'Rebecca,' I was engaged by the Famous Players to play 'The Spitfire.' Afterward I signed a contract with the Universal, and I have certainly been wonderfully happy since then—let's say I have 'lived happily ever after.' Sincerely,



"P. S.—How's that? Don't you think it is a nice ending?"

When I had finished reading the letter I found myself smiling—and did not know why. Probably it was for the same reason that others smile the moment Violet Mersereau appears before them on the screen.

I might have written an account of my experiences in getting an interview with this little star—now that I held her story safely—and had it end in the same happy way as her letter, for she had saved me from a predicament that appeared as though it would force this and the preceding three pages to run blank. But why she had made me worry so, only to send me the letter after all, was more than I could tell—except that, young though she may be, she has already developed one characteristic of a woman—that of not knowing what she may do next.

Past and Present



John Emerson, a stage producer who "made good" in pictures, studying a script between scenes. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, who appeared in the film version of "Macbeth" under Emerson's direction, is seen to the left foreground of the picture.

THERE is an unending truth in the sage statement, "It isn't what you used to be, it's what you are to-day," which probably occurs to many of the stage stars upon their entrance into motion pictures. Not that they are looked upon as 'has-beens' by any manner of means, but rather in the examples they see about the studio. Take any of the leading companies, and run down the list of its directors. The names which grace the list are generally names which have made no mark for themselves in the annals of the stage. Yet these men are the powers of the studios, and it has been through their ability that motion pictures have reached their present position. How many of them would have still been hidden away in obscure parts of the country, playing in stock, if motion pic-

tures had not offered a new field, can only be guessed; but it is certain that not one of every hundred of them would be directing Broadway stars on the stage, as practically all of them are doing in the studios at present.

The writer feels safe in asserting that five of the most prominent men before the motion-picture public to-day are D. W. Griffith, Charles Chaplin, Mack Sennett, Henry B. Walthall, and Francis X. Bushman. Take the past career of any of these men, and search it for achievements on the stage, and you will find that nothing startling marked their careers behind the foot-lights. Griffith was only an actor, and an unsuccessful playwright of the conventional Broadway type; Chaplin was a fair success on a small-time vaudeville circuit; Sennett was even less than

these two, and is wont to recall the days of "spear carrying" before the movies came. Bushman and Walthall were successful to a degree, the latter more so than the former; but they never got beyond the stage where worry over the next engagement was paramount in their mind.

Wallace Reid, who has come forward by leaps and bounds this last year, the writer recalls at the age of five listening intently to the reading of his father's plays. Wallace is the perfect image of his mother, a fine actress of the old school. His father is Hal Reid, apostle of melodrama. Wallace has lived in the atmosphere of the theater all his life, yet, like a few others who found themselves first in the film studio, he seems to have reached the top solely through his own initiative.

Paul Panzer, now famous as a screen villain, was a long-time member of Augustin Daly's stock company, as was Hobart Bosworth, the well-known star. Both were wont to appear in such pro-

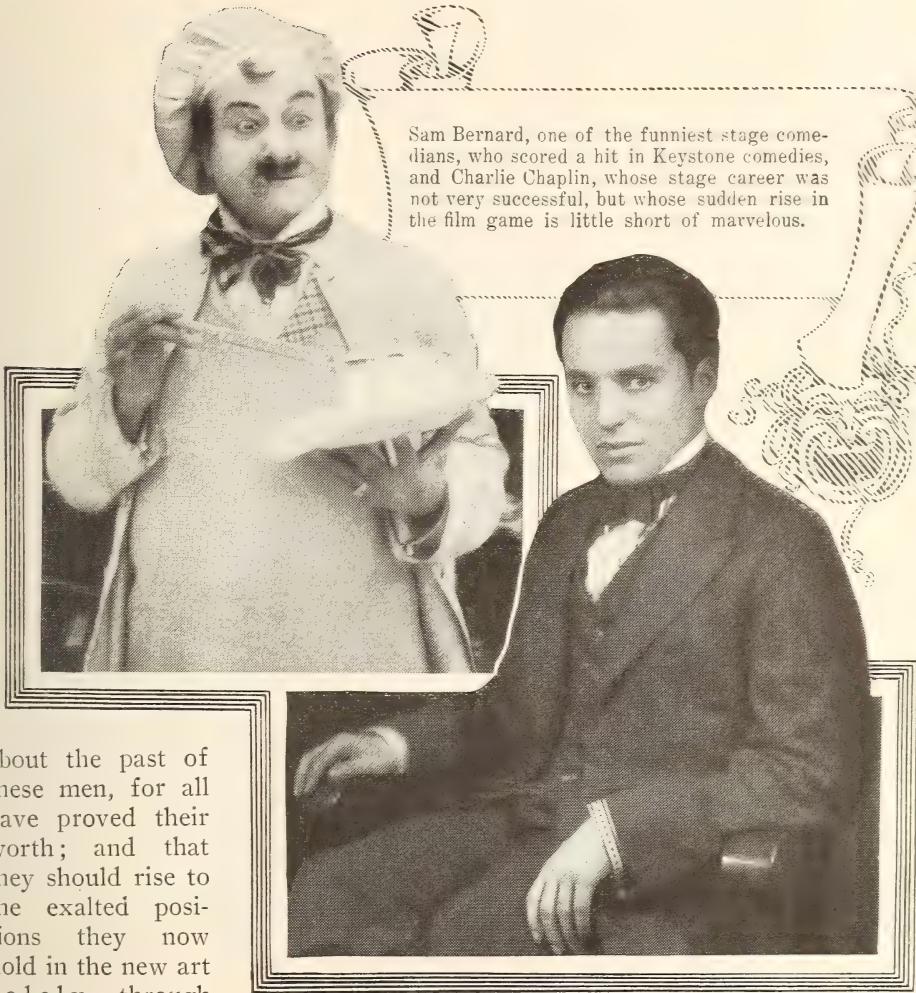
ductions as "The Geisha," and in those early days he indicated not a trace of the gifts which have made their names ones to conjure with on the screen.

When James Young, the well-known Lasky director, was starring in "Brown of Harvard," on the road, he must have had already a keen film perspective, for in that company, strolling from one city to another, there was the nucleus of what would now be regarded as an all-star picture-play organization. Besides Mr. Young and Clara Kimball Young, two present-day matinée idols of the screen were playing modest rôles in "Brown of Harvard," and both Carlyle Blackwell and J. Warren Kerrigan little dreamed then that less than four years later they would be known to the majority of mankind, nor did they even imagine that they and the Youngs were destined to draw down weekly salaries which in each instance amounts to more than the entire "Brown of Harvard" company was paid.

But the public of to-day cares little



Bessie Barriscale and Pauline Fredericks, both of whom were famous upon the legitimate stage before becoming popular in motion pictures.



Sam Bernard, one of the funniest stage comedians, who scored a hit in Keystone comedies, and Charlie Chaplin, whose stage career was not very successful, but whose sudden rise in the film game is little short of marvelous.

about the past of these men, for all have proved their worth; and that they should rise to the exalted positions they now hold in the new art solely through their own ability is

greatly to their credit. The list of others who did little on the stage, but who have done wonders on the screen is long, far too long to bear retelling in this article; but it includes many of the names of the most popular photoplayers of the day.

On the other hand, many stars who have gained a niche in the hall of theatrical fame have done the same in motion pictures. The Famous Players' trio of women stars, including Pauline Fredericks, Marguerite Clark, and Hazel Dawn, is perhaps the most notable example. Miss Fredericks will be re-

membered because of her performance in "Samson," with William Gillette, "Joseph and His Brethren," and in her starring vehicle, "Innocent." Miss Clark was perhaps best known as a foil for De Wolf Hopper and in her plays, "Baby Mine," "Baby Doll," "Lights o' London," "Are You a Crook?" and several others. Hazel Dawn was a well-known prima donna, her greatest success being scored as the star in "The Pink Lady."

Truly Shattuck, now with Triangle, under Thomas H. Ince's direction, is another former light-opera and musi-

cal-comedy star to cast her lot with the camera man. Miss Shattuck has already indicated by her work in released pictures that the silent drama is not beyond her gifts, and it is said that Mr. Ince has cast her for important rôles in forthcoming releases.

Thomas Ricketts, who was one of the vital factors in the success of the American Film Company, and who did more than any one else to change that company's standard from mere Western plays to its present high-grade status, was for years not only the comedian of his own comic-opera company, but was famous as

the most efficient stage director for musical productions in this country.

Marie Doro and her husband, Elliott Dexter, and Bessie Barriscale and her husband, Howard Hickman, are two notable stage couples who have "made good" to a surprising degree in pictures. The former couple are well known for their many Broadway successes, while the latter pair have appeared in the best stage productions of the West. Miss Doro and Mr. Dexter are now with Lasky, though she has also appeared with other companies, including Famous Players and Fine Arts. Miss Barriscale and Mr. Hickman have been

with Kay Bee since entering the motion-picture field.

William S. Hart and John Emerson, of the Kay Bee and Fine Arts divisions of Triangle, are also favorites of the theater public. The former appeared in Shakespearean plays and in a number of others

which bordered on that rugged type of American productions for which he has become noted in the silent drama. Emerson was best known as a theatrical producer, having been a stage manager for Leo Dietrichstein, Nazimova, Frohman, and others. He also appeared in many pro-



Marie Doro and her husband, Elliott Dexter, both of whom are known to stage and screen followers.

ductions. As a director of motion pictures, he has proven an unqualified success, his greatest effort being the present filming of "Macbeth," with Sir Henry Beerbohm Tree and Constance Collier in the leading rôles.

Arthur Maude and Constance Crawley, now engaged in making multiple-reel features at the studios of the American Film Manufacturing Company, were highly successful while playing Shakespearean repertoire. At the Greek theater, in Berkeley, California, they established a new record, when more than ten thousand people witnessed a single performance. Their ad-

vent into pictures was due to their desire to explore the vast possibilities of the newer art.

Charles Kent, who has been with the Vitagraph Company nearly ten years, was not paid over one-sixth the sum weekly when he joined that he was wont to earn on the stage. The present writer paid Kent five hundred dollars a week in the vaudeville theaters the year before he knocked at the door of the big Brooklyn studio. What Kent now receives may only be conjectured, but it is a certainty that his income is enough to in-

and affluence. Cissie was one of the very first of the "Gayety Girls" who had all of New York's "Johnnies" at their feet.

It was the same Cissie, looking not a day older than in the Gayety days, who winked her way to screen popularity two decades later; but, like not a few other stage stars, Miss Fitzgerald has made her conquest of the new art in serious rôles as well as comedy.

Laura Hope Crews was one of that famous trio of 1900-'02 which emerged from the now-almost-forgotten Murray Hill Theater, on Lexington



duce him not to tread the boards again on the speaking stage.

When Cissie Fitzgerald first came to these shores, she was heralded as the girl who had "winked" her way to fame

Avenue, New York City, where all three, namely, Miss Crews, Frances Starr, and Dorothy Donnelly, were enrolled in practically the very last of the model stock companies that were once

the very sustenance of the speaking stage.

The combined weekly salaries of Frances Starr, Dorothy Donnelly, and Miss Crews did not exceed one hundred and twenty-five dollars. All three were practically enslaved in that playhouse from nine a. m. to midnight. Two performances were given daily, and rehearsals for each new play were often necessary after the night performance. Yet it was in just such an environment that three famous stars of to-day were molded into artistic greatness.

Strangely enough, almost simultaneously with Miss Crews' advent as a Lasky star, in "The Blackbirds," the Murray Hill Theater has itself capitulated to the lure of the magic screen.

Miss Donnelly's screen debut closely followed Miss Crews', and her work has been such that it has won her thousands of admirers

among those who were never fortunate enough to see her on the stage. In Pathé's "Madame X" she was at her best, and her portrayal of that difficult character was a masterpiece of the silent art.

When it was announced that Sam Bernard would exhibit his artistry before the cameras, stage and screen folk alike were puzzled as to the manner in which this comedian's peculiar talent could be transferred to the screen, for here is one actor whose entire career has depended on his consummate gift

of toying with speech; in fact, Sam was distinctly a dialect comedian.

Nevertheless, as "Schmaltz," Sam Bernard has scored just as big a hit as he did on that eventful night when he came, almost unheralded, to Broadway, and shared with Weber and Fields a triumph which forms one of the most vital pages in the annals of the American stage. In truth, Sam Bernard had the audiences holding their sides, in "Schmaltz," from start to finish. Never was he so prolific in producing merriment.

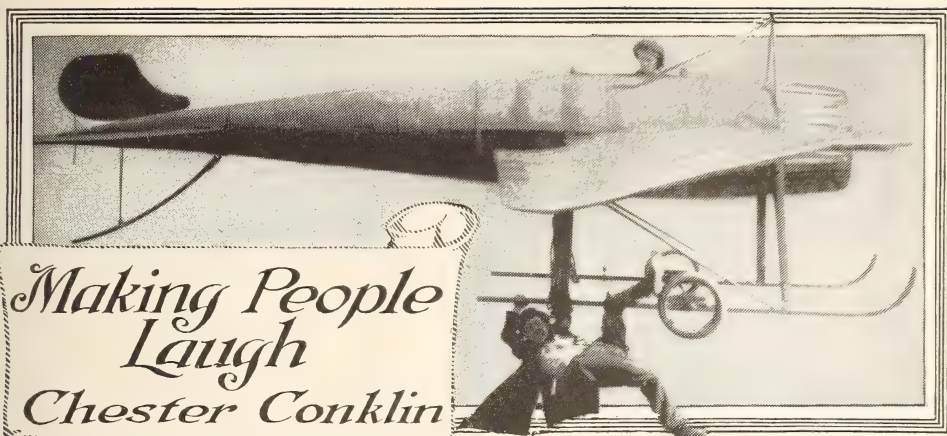
That any one could have really believed Sam Bernard would fail to score even in this difficult task, seems incredible to the writer, who has watched his amazing career almost from that day when he joined the "stock company" of the Grand Duke's Theater, on Baxter Street, New York, a theater patronized mostly by newsboys, but from whence have arisen not a few of the standard bearers of the nineteenth-

century stage to stellar heights. "Five dollars and cakes" was Sam Bernard's highest weekly emolument at the Grand Duke Theater three decades ago.

That his skill in pantomime was not a "flash in the pan" has been proven by his consistently good performances in Keystone pictures on the Triangle program. He is a different Sam Bernard than the one known to the stage, but he is every bit as funny, and has already gained a following among the motion-picture devotees, although his film career is still young.



Arthur Maude and Constance Crawley, another noted stage couple now firmly entrenched in the hearts of picture-play theater patrons.



Making People Laugh *Chester Conklin*

Chester Conklin in an attempt to make people laugh. He says that this did not make one certain person laugh—and that was himself.

THE average person's idea of a comedian is a man who is continually enjoying himself and who can get fun out of anything from a discarded shoe to a shaky aëroplane. That idea is excellent—for any one but a comedian.

The comedian's idea of himself is a man who has to work harder than any one else in the world—whose business it is to discover the spot where the people are ticklish, and then to tickle them. Being a comedian, I am rather willing to admit it, not through conceit, but through love of food, for I depend on my tickling qualities for a living. I am of the opinion that the latter description is far nearer correct.

People go to see comic pictures—they go to be amused—and then it is the hardest thing I know of to make them laugh, despite the fact that such is the primary reason for which they go.

No comedian that I am acquainted with has gained success merely through the fact that he was born funny and that his natural antics brought him laurels. We all have to be more or less

psychologists, and every laugh that our work—emphasis on the "work"—provokes is the result of study. For instance, the pictures have lately been subject to much unfavorable comment for the alleged degrading element of slapstick comedy. I make no claim that we have elevated the minds of the people through this form of humor, but I emphatically deny that we have done anything to degrade them.

The slapstick, like every other form of comedy, is the result of study, and for a long while was one of the most successful methods employed in making people laugh. Some one—probably most of the credit is due to Mack Sennett—noticed that when a man's hat blew off in a crowded street nearly every one who witnessed the incident smiled. If the unfortunate person happened to be carrying an armful of bundles and his foot slipped, scattering his load in all directions, those who saw him laughed out loud. Then this was, in an exaggerated manner, reproduced on the screen. The people fairly howled—and the result was slapstick





Mabel Normand and Fatty Arbuckle.

Fred Mace and Anna Luther.

Sidney Chaplin.

comedy. It did nothing to lower the minds of any one—it merely gave the public what was wanted. That was one form of comedy, and a form that was the hardest work for the comedian, for he had to be continually devising new things to do. Without a doubt, the one person who has been most successful with this way of making people laugh is Charlie Chaplin, and his recent contract, which is said to bring him nearly seven times the income of the President of the United States, proves his success. Mr. Chaplin is deserving of all the credit he receives—he is the most successful public tickler in the world.

Beyond study, there are other things that a comedian must do. The main one is work. Riding in automobiles and picking our teeth with broom handles aren't the hardest work we do. Perhaps the best and most interesting way I can impress you with the art—or, as I have said, being a comedian, I should rather call it work—of making people laugh, will be to give you incidents that have actually occurred to comedians I know, including myself.

My experiences in working at the fun emporium of Mack Sennett have been many, and I have numerous bruises and injured feelings as remembrances of those sad occasions when I have attempted to make other people laugh.

Mr. Sennett always has his plays fairly well planned before we leave the studio, and we know, in a general way, what he expects of us. We always do our very best to carry out all his instructions—and add more fun wherever we can. Mr. Sennett supervises the directing of every Keystone photo play, and, although he has but very little time to direct a picture himself, every once in a while he manages it. He is the key of Keystone.

Some of the dare-deviltry that is invented at our studio would make people shudder, should they see the very same thing in a drama. In a comedy, the thrilling feats are soon forgotten, for the public, as a whole, is convinced that they are some trick of the camera, and think no more about it. But put the very same piece of work in a drama, such as hanging onto the edge



Charles Murray.

Mack Sennett.

Chester Conklin and Mack Swain.

of a roof by your hands, with your body dangling dangerously over the side, struggling to get back on the roof again, and it will take a mighty long time before it was forgotten by those who saw it. Incidentally, it is never forgotten by the actor who did the deed.

The hospitals in the vicinity of the Keystone plant do a rushing business, and you can always find a surgeon on hand at the studios, although it would be a hard matter to spend much time with one—they are usually very busy.

There is not an actor or an actress at our studio who has not at some time risked his or her life in the filming of a picture. Probably the most daring comedienne in the motion-picture business is little Mabel Normand. There is nothing that she will not undertake to make a scene a success, and the spirit of fearlessness with which she does her feats such as is not always manifested by we menfolks. As a result, there is many an accident that she can give an account of that has occurred with her playing the leading rôle. Only recently, Mabel recovered

from a nervous breakdown which was caused by her being hit with the heel of a shoe during the filming of a Keystone production.

One of her many daring "stunts" was to jump from an aëroplane just before it crashed into a tree. She blames me for the narrowness of the escape, for I was driving the machine; but I was even less fortunate than Mabel, for, being seated at the wheel, it was impossible for me to escape at all, and, after hitting the tree, all that I remember of the wreck was how I felt when I awoke, lying on a soft bed in the Keystone hospital and being attended by Keystone nurses. A scar on my head reminds me of the incident. Notice "incident"—that's all it is to a comedian.

During the taking of "The Submarine Pirate," the scenario called for Syd Chaplin, who was playing the lead in the feature, to be chased by the famous Keystone police force along the edge of several roofs, twelve stories from the ground, thence along an iron girder separating two buildings of equal height, and from there he slid down

a rope to the top of a passing automobile. It cost the Keystone Company just ninety dollars to insure each one of the police and Chaplin for the two minutes it took for the roof scenes. Luckily no one was injured, although many close calls were experienced.

These scenes created much laughter when they were shown on the screen, but the people did not stop to think what a dangerous task it really was. If they had, they wouldn't have laughed—that's all.

It seems to us comedians that scenario writers strive to fill their scripts with material with murderous intent, and that the directors gloat and add a thrill here and there throughout. Although the actor does not grow enthusiastic over the idea, nevertheless he carries it out in every detail, at the director's instruction—for that is his business. When it is thrown on the screen, the scenario writer, director, and the general public enjoy a hearty laugh, while the poor player heaves a deep sigh of relief, thankful that he is still alive and able to witness what he "got over."

One of the closest calls that a member of the Keystone police ever had was in "Raffles, the Gentleman Burglar," when, during a chase along a very high roof, one of the force turned his ankle and all but pitched over the edge. Those who witnessed

the accident gasped, but the "cop" held on with his hands and was pulled back to safety by a man running in back of him. He has never been the same to this day, and admits that this unnerved him. Those who were lucky enough to have seen this two-reeler will no doubt remember this "thrill"—or have they forgotten it? The night I saw this particular picture, the "cop's" slip brought forth a scream of laughter,

and a man sitting next to me ventured his opinion to the young lady he was sitting next to in the theater. "Looks thrilling, doesn't it?" he inquired. "Well, it was a cinch for those cops. They were all tied to wires, so they couldn't fall off."

"But suppose the wires should break?" the girl inquired.

"That only happens in press notices," he replied. Think of that!

It goes to prove my statement about the public's viewpoint. Here was the camera shooting up at the roof from the street, and there was absolutely nothing above the police but the sky, so how any sane person could have figured out that wires were attached to them is more than I could figure out. Still, I know that many left the theater—and other

theaters where it was shown—convinced that there had been some trick employed to filming the narrow escape.

Speaking of close calls on roof edges, I will never forget one experience that



Charles Murray and Mack Swain as their friends see them—that is, their personal friends.

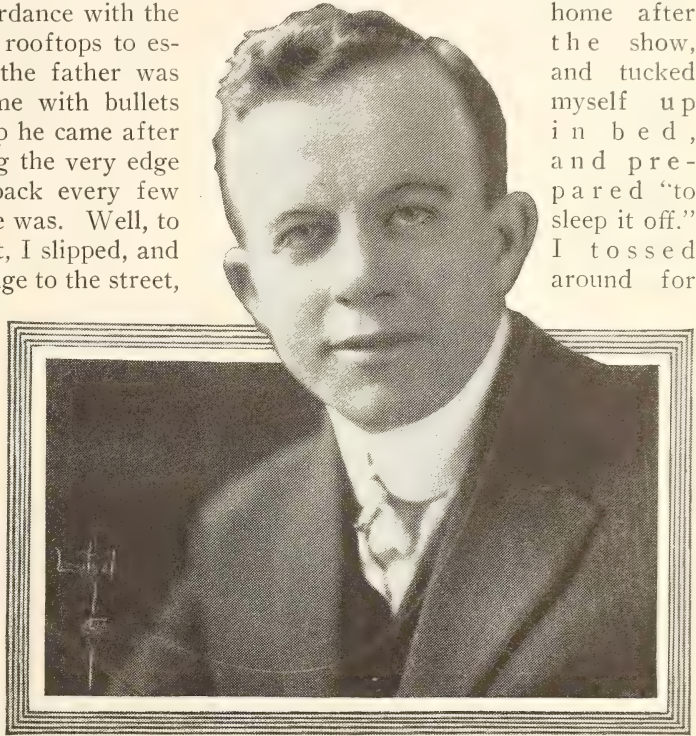
I had. I was supposed to be an unwelcome suitor for the girl's hand—that is to say, unwelcome in the eyes of the girl's father. When I refused to part with the fond parent's daughter, he drew a revolver and began firing at me, and, in accordance with the scenario, I took to the rooftops to escape his wrath. But the father was intent upon riddling me with bullets from his weapon, so up he came after me. I started off along the very edge of the roof, looking back every few feet to see how close he was. Well, to make a long story short, I slipped, and all but went over the edge to the street, eight stories below.

I certainly was a frightened young man for the moment. I was sure my end had come, and I shut my eyes, expecting to feel myself plunging through space to the hard pavement below. But fortune kept me on that roof; I cannot tell to this day how. Quickly I realized that my life was still my very own, and, getting back to safety—that is to say, comparative safety, for every one knows that the edge of a high building is a very unsafe place—I continued through the scene, although somewhat dizzily.

It took some little while before I got over the effects of that close call. I told no one about it, but during the rest of the scenes in which I took part during the day, I remembered my escape of a few hours previous. How I ever managed to get through that day's work will always remain a mystery to me. I know that I went to a show that night to try to get my mind off the

harrowing escape that I had been through; but I can't say truthfully that I enjoyed it very much, even if it was pretty good, according to Charlie Ray, the Ince star, who accompanied me. I

went right home after the show, and tucked myself up in bed, and prepared "to sleep it off." I tossed around for



Chester Conklin is quite a different young man when he shaves off the mustache that causes him to be called "Walrus."

quite a time, but found I could not sleep; so I got up, dressed, and went out and walked about the streets until late. When I returned and finally managed to get to sleep, it was not a very restful slumber. It seemed that I hardly dozed away when my alarm clock roused me again, announcing that it was time to hurry to the studio for another day of—well, to please the fans, I'll call it comedy this time.

I drove my car as fast as the Los Angeles speed laws will allow to the studio, and would probably have gone a little faster, for it was late, except for the fact that it is said that my li-

cense number is on file in the automobile drivers' rogues' gallery. They say at the studio that every policeman has learned to know the smell of my gasoline.

When I reached the studio yard, Mack Swain—"Ambrose," we all call him—greeted me.

"Hello, Chester!" he called. "You're just in time to see yesterday's stuff run off in the projection room. Come on in!"

My heart gave a bound—or maybe it sank; I don't know which—when I realized that I would soon see the scene that nearly brought a sudden close to the career of one Chester "Walrus" Conklin.

Presently Mr. Sennett, most of the players, the writers, and directors assembled to see the pictures shown. Mr. Sennett always makes it a point to attend these showings, and then tells us exactly what he thinks of our work—again emphasis on the "work."

When my picture was

at last shown, I watched it intently, and was sitting thinking of my close call when I suddenly realized that some one was speaking to me. I turned to look into the face of Mr. Sennett, and heard him say:

"Couldn't you have done that a little better, Chester? It should have been made more natural. You'll have to retake that scene."

I started to splutter an explanation about it's being as natural as if I had fallen to the sidewalk, but he turned and had walked away before I could make him understand.

That afternoon, I went to my camera man and told him to retake the scene then, so as I could have it over with and get a good night's rest. He laughed and walked away; and then, for the first time, it dawned upon me that Mr. Sennett had taken the acci-

dent as a joke and was merely trying to worry me for fun. Later, I found



This should prove conclusively that Chester Conklin is well qualified to write of the unhappy side of making people laugh.

that he had learned from Charlie Ray about how the accident had troubled me, and saw an opportunity for a good laugh—at the expense of a comedian.

Some of the adventures of Keystone players are humorous, even when they are happening. One of these was when Al St. John, then a member of the "police force," was almost suffocated in mud. He was in a rowboat with several others of the company when the lake was suddenly drained, leaving the police boat stranded on the mud. One of the boys fell overboard, and, in attempting to climb back, upset the boat. Al St. John was the first to land in the mud, and he did it in a very realistic manner. His foot slipped, and the result was a perfect dive, headfirst, into the soft mud, policemen on top of him.

There was a loud roar of laughter from where the director and camera man stood, but when the policeman managed to get up, St. John was still lying, his head covered, in the mire. The director was the first to realize the seriousness of the situation, and called to the others to help him. A rope was thrown out and fastened about Al's body,

and then he was drawn ashore, where it was some time before he was revived.

The camera man took the scene of him being dragged through the mud and a place was found for it in the picture. Things like this are considered too valuable to miss. St. John maintains to this day that it was the closest call he has ever experienced—but he is still very young.

Probably the most talked-of experience of mine was the time when I was blown many feet through the air by a premature explosion of the big Keystone tank. So great was the force of the explosion that it blew the concrete bottom of the tank out completely, and flooded the entire studio. The worst part of it was the force upset camera and all, and the scene was lost, so far as the screen was concerned. I certainly looked as if I had been through the war when I emerged from the hospital, some time later. I was bruised, cut, and stitched until I felt that I must look like a sawdust doll which had been ripped

by a dog, and which some clumsy child had tried to



Sidney Chaplin has proven the fact that a successful means of drawing a laugh is to do something ridiculous—provided it is original.

patch up again. It was several hours after the explosion before I realized just what had happened—then some one had to explain it to me in detail.

Some of the professional steeple-jacks whose names may often be found gracing the pages of newspapers may think that they take chances, but just let them try their luck and pluck against the battery of Keystone scenario writers and directors—that is my challenge.

Of course, you all are aware of the large proportions of Roscoe Arbuckle, better known to picture followers as "Fatty." On account of a forced change in the ending of "The Village Scandal," one of the early Triangle releases, he had to find a new finish with a punch to it, so he decided to roll off the roof of the country hotel, which was one of the buildings in the complete village erected for this picture. Right under the roof that he planned to roll off was a watering trough, just exactly large enough for him to get into without the use of a shoehorn, so he decided to fall into this. A miscalculation would mean several weeks in the hospital, but this did not faze Roscoe one bit. He climbed out on the roof, and, after a hard tumble, rolled right off the edge and into the trough. His only remembrance of this occasion was a badly bruised hip. Of course, it looked great in the picture, therefore got a tremendous laugh, and that was all Roscoe cared about.

One of the strangest things that has happened to me occurred when I was playing in Walter Wright's aeroplane comedy, "Dizzy Heights and Daring Hearts." We had an aeroplane especially

constructed for this film by Keystone's thriving young inventor, Joe Murray. My rôle was that of *Count Walrus*, a purchaser of aeroplane supplies for a foreign nation, and, after having tried my best to run away with the aeroplane maker's daughter, action in the scenario called for me to escape in one of the aeroplanes. Running to the machine, I tried to start it by turning the propeller. As this was too hard a task for me, I threw my whole weight on one of the blades—and it started. This inspired the director, and he ordered me to do it over again, making one complete turn with the propeller and then substituting a dummy to whirl around. When I went through the action the second time, I made the complete turn—and several more—before the machine could be stopped and the dummy put in my place. Nothing serious resulted, but it took me some time before I could get my bearings again, for playing the rôle of a propeller is not the hardest way to get dizzy.

In the same picture, one of the last scenes called for a high chimney to fall—apparently on me. Of course, the bricks that found a resting place on my head were of papier-mâché and could do no damage. But flour and plaster were used as mortar, and when the avalanche of bricks took place my eyes were filled with the dusty powder.

Luckily this was one of the final scenes, or



Raymond Hitchcock and
This is an illustration of
situation as a means of

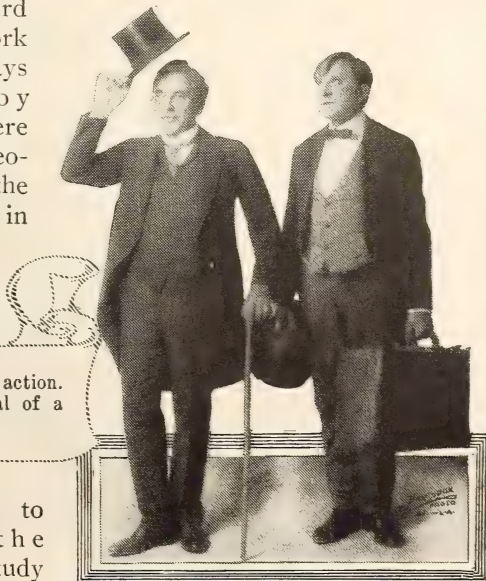
I should have been forced to delay the picture, as I could

not see well enough to work for several days after.

I have mentioned the foregoing incidents merely to point out to the people whom we are trying to coax to laugh by means of the screen just what we have to go through as a daily routine. It has been found—I cannot say whether it was found fortunately or unfortunately—that the life-risking form of humor is one of the most successful. This is used a great deal in making the present-day films, although it must be interspersed with other kinds of laugh provokers.

Perhaps one of the best—and safest—means of making people laugh is by the sudden reversal of a situation. Exactly what I mean by this may be seen from the accompanying illustration, in which Mack Sennett plays a valet and Raymond Hitchcock the employer. By a sudden change, making Mr. Hitchcock the valet and Mr. Sennett the employer, a ticklish spot was immediately touched.

The art of making people laugh, as is shown by the incidents of which I have spoken, is far from being a life of continuous pleasure. It is real hard work, and work that is not always appreciated by the public. There are very few people who see the pictures and sit in judgment of a player's ability, who



Mack Sennett in action. the sudden reversal of a drawing a laugh.


go so far as to think of the amount of study

that the player has done before he ever went before the camera to do the actual acting. How many people figure what method of drawing laughs that the various comedians employ? Or does the average outsider know that there are any different methods?

The variations of comedy are numerous—in fact, so numerous that almost every successful player has something all his own, although the general style may be in common with that used by others. Take for instance myself. While I appear almost entirely in comedy of the slapstick variety, I do many little things along lines that are untouched by others, that, even though the public does not understand the exact reason for my performing them, I notice, when I attend a theater that they draw a laugh. I will not tell you just what my methods are, though—because they are too valuable to me—and a comedian must eat.

The success of Charlie Chaplin and his brother Sidney is excellent proof of the fact that one reliable method of making people see the humorous side of life is by doing ridiculous things—provided they are original, and not done in a ridiculous manner.

If, after what I have said in this article, there is doubt in your mind as to whether a picture fun maker earns his money or not, I suggest that you go to a studio, and when one of the players meets with an accident that prevents him from working for a few days, apply for his position and try to make people laugh for as long a time as you can stand the strain.



The Starry Filmament

THE starry host that cheers our way
And turns our darkness into day
Is not the myriad points of light
That stud the canopy of night,
But fairer, brighter far than they.

Behold them, radiant, grave and gay,
Screen stars that keep dull care at bay,
And bid our gray old world be bright—
The starry host.

They come—we turn from work to play;
They flicker—troubles flee away:
A brilliant cluster of delight,
Effulgent, dazzling to the sight,
Projected by the lantern's ray—
The starry host.

Is your favorite star twinkling here? If you cannot locate him

Will H. Johnston

The starry host is voiceless;—yet
They've told us tales we can't forget.
We've seen them buoyant, carefree, glad;
We've seen them serious, anxious, sad:
Our eyes with tears have oft been wet.

And some, prodigious mirth beget.
We owe the lustrous group a debt
From Puget Sound to Trinidad—
The starry host.

This scintillating host we've met;
How much we worshipers would fret
Had we not seen them shine—egad!
We'd reckon this old world was bad;
Not worth the living. . . . Never set,
Oh, starry host!



—or her—look on the "Screen Gossip" pages and read the names.



Mary Miles Minter listening to instructions from Director Edgar Jones.

WHEN I arrived at the home of little Mary Miles Minter, on the eighth floor of an apartment building in Riverside Drive, New York, quite early one morning, I made my usual apology, saying I hoped I was not late. The engagement with Miss Minter was for seven o'clock. It was now more than half an hour after that time. Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, mother of the screen's youngest star, answered the door.

"Indeed, you are not late," she hastened to assure me. "The fact is that Mary is still in bed. You can go in and surprise her."

Mrs. Shelby led the way into Mary's bedroom, a veritable dream place. Blue chintz curtains hung on the windows that looked out over Riverside Drive and the Hudson River, and the blue draperies and walls set off the white furniture to advantage. Miss Minter was propped up in bed, eating her breakfast. Resting over her lap, a wicker tray with a plate-glass top, and two large pockets at either end. Her

breakfast consisted of toast and chocolate. In the pockets of the tray were the morning papers and her mail—which consisted of scores of letters and cards from admirers.

"I always have my breakfast in bed," she said apologetically, as she greeted me, and then coyly looked toward her mother. "It is my one luxury. Mamma says it is laziness, but, really, you know I am not lazy, don't you, mother, dear?"

"When Mary was younger," Mrs. Shelby hastened to explain, "and we were traveling around the country, I always had our meals served in our rooms at the hotels. Mary never got over the habit."

In another half hour, Mary was dressed for a brisk walk along Riverside Drive, which is part of her daily program, rain or shine. Miss Minter wore a blue velvet suit, trimmed with white spring furs, a small toque of blue velvet, and white shoes. She was irresistible in this attire, with her bright, golden curls forming a delicate frame for her sweet face.

After the walk, we motored downtown to the Rolfe-Metro studios, where Miss Minter was playing the stellar rôle in a forthcoming Metro photo play. Mrs. Shelby accompanied us, and we went upstairs while Miss Minter put on her "make-up."

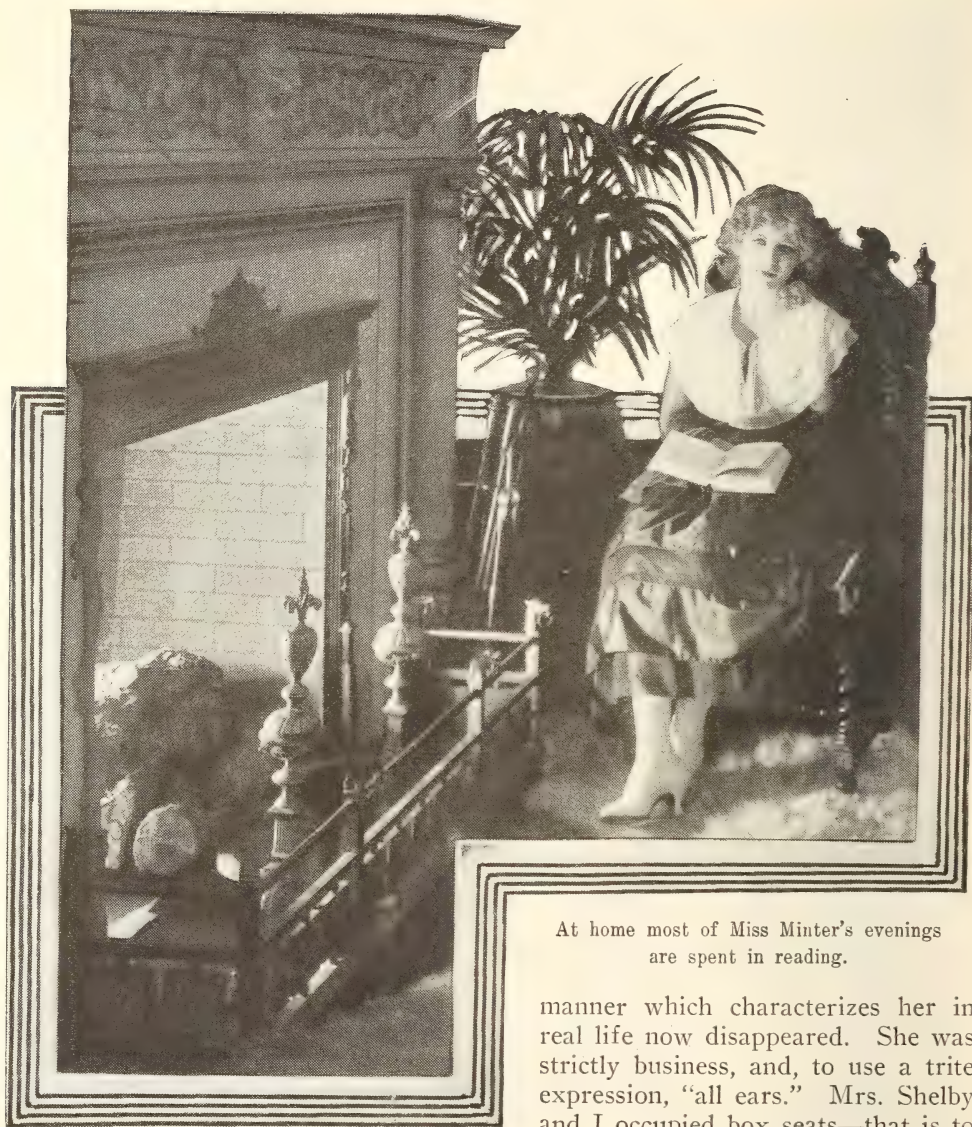
Her dressing room is a dainty, cheerful, and comfortable place, done in blue and white, of course. A long closet runs the length of it, hung with chintz curtains. The windows, too, are hung with this quaint chintz, which, Miss Minter said, was sent her by a club of girl admirers in England. The other side of the room was occupied by a cheval-glass mirror, and a large dressing table upon which were strewn toilet articles and the contents of her make-up box. A boudoir couch, ornamented by several blue silk, round cushions,

stretched its length invitingly in one corner of the room. Several chairs, of French design and white-enameled, were arranged around the room. Altogether it is a delightfully cozy place.

Mrs. Shelby attends to Mary herself. Unlike other stars, who have one or two maids, Miss Minter prefers, and not without reason, the loving services of her mother. Just as Miss Minter was dressed, her face covered with yellow grease paint, and her eyelashes "beaded" with a black substance, the call boy came through the corridor, shouting her name. A few minutes later, we were on the studio floor. Every one, from the stage hands to the directors, welcomed her as she passed them. One would think that all this affection bestowed upon Miss Minter would spoil her, but it doesn't. She



"Painting the lily," or, to be more explicit, "making-up" in her dressing room.



At home most of Miss Minter's evenings are spent in reading.

takes it all with good grace and modesty and considers it merely the kindness of her friends.

Her director was waiting, and escorted Mary to the center of a parlor set, where he gave her directions regarding the scene she was about to enact. She listened, with her great eyes opened wide in wonderment, as if he were relating an interesting fairy story to her. All of the airy, free, vivacious

manner which characterizes her in real life now disappeared. She was strictly business, and, to use a trite expression, "all ears." Mrs. Shelby and I occupied box seats—that is to say, we sat on two old boxes out of the range of the camera. The strong lights of the studio gave Miss Minter and the other players a ghastly look and caused me to wonder how the motion pictures afterward appear so natural.

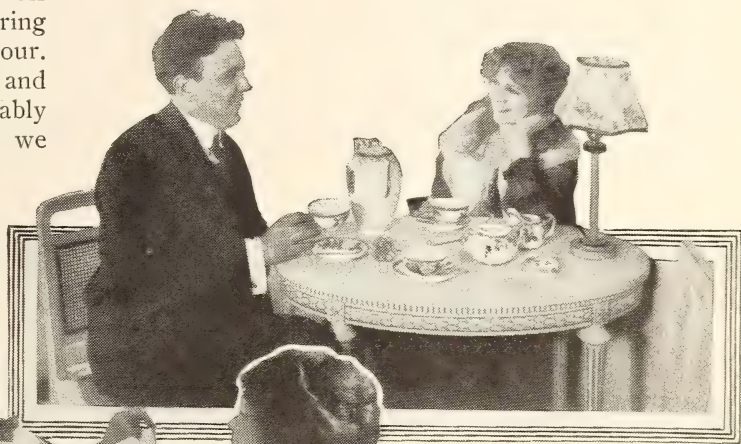
Between "takes," there would invariably be a crowd of admirers around Mary. Visitors to this studio always want to see this youthful star in flesh and blood and to meet her, if possible. But this doesn't keep Mary from her

studies, for she has a private tutor who makes use of every golden moment during the "rests" to advance Mary in her French, Latin, ancient history, sketching, and study of the drama. Since Miss Minter's mother is opposed to her studying nights, after working all day, this is the only chance this busy little girl gets to explore higher fields of education.

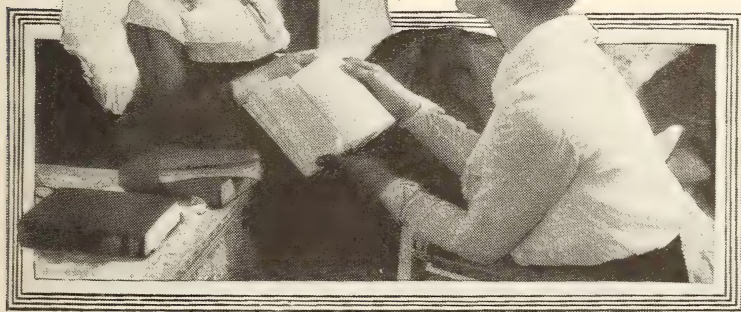
Most of the performers eat lunch in a dining room fitted up in the studio. This arrangement is made to save time, and also due to the fact that many of them cannot take off their make-up during the short noon hour. But Miss Minter and her mother invariably dine out. When we reached the street, on our way to lunch, I was surprised to be led into a

tion-picture theater. In the theater, we remained until fifteen minutes past the time she was supposed to report back at the studio, and Mary had to plead with her mother for every one of those "stolen" minutes.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the director announced that they were finished for the day. All the scenes to be photographed in the parlor set had been made, and they were obliged to step aside for the scenic artists and carpenters to erect another set. Miss Minter said she would like to have me



Miss Minter enjoying a cup of tea with Maxwell Karger, studio manager.



Between scenes she uses every available moment for study.

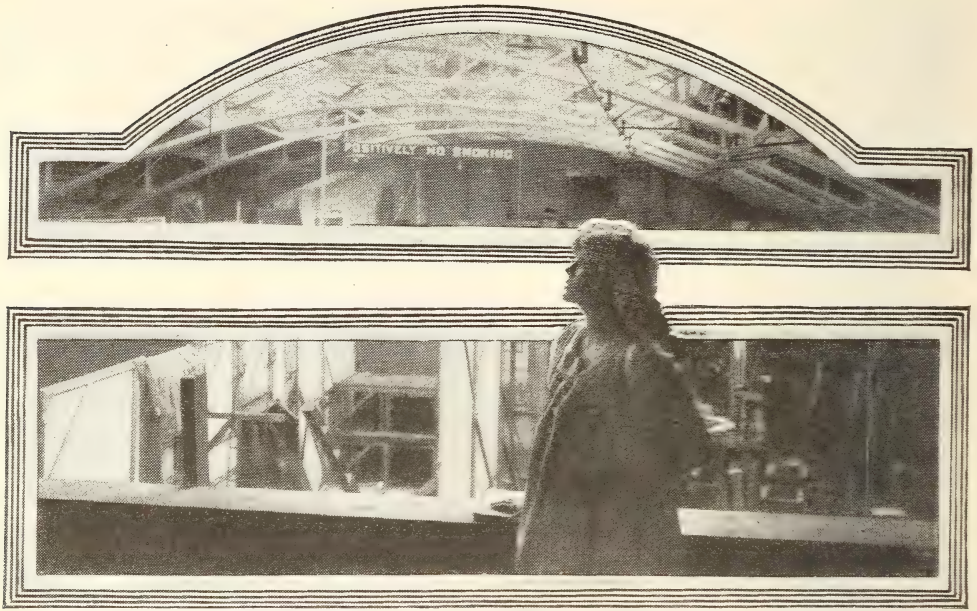
"quick-lunch" restaurant. Miss Minter mounted one of the stools and asked us what we were going to have. The idea of eating in this place, Mrs. Shelby explained, was to satisfy Mary's passion for motion pictures. She likes to eat quickly and then go next door to a mo-

go with her to her favorite tea room, so we boarded the automobile.

"Next to making people

wait at the crossings when we are in our car, I like to have tea here," Miss Minter announced, as we drove up to the restaurant, with a great deal of the childlike enthusiasm which lies beneath her young-ladylike exterior.

"Mary! The very idea!" her mother



Miss Minter waiting for a scene at the Metro studio.

said, with a "scolding" tone in her voice.

"Well, that's true, mamma. I like the muffins and the tea here—and it's lots of fun to watch the people's expressions when we stop in front of them."

After a meal that seemed more like dinner than tea to me, Mrs. Shelby, despite protests from Miss Minter, announced that our next stop was home.

And so we returned to the Minter apartment.

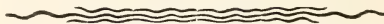
Mary spent this evening just as she does almost every evening that she does not work at the studio. We talked over some of her experiences, and she read some of the letters she received during the day to us. Then she asked many questions about other subjects which her mother and myself discussed while she was supposed to be "reading" a book.

The quietness of Mary Miles Minter's life somewhat surprised me. She

seemed to be thoroughly satisfied with the excitement that is found in the studio and in her work before the camera. Instead of dinner at elaborate hostelrys and the artificial tension which can be enjoyed, or rather, endured, in many such places, perhaps the most wild events of her average day are supper in the tea room and reading at night.

At promptly ten o'clock, she retired, for this hour has marked the end of each day in Miss Minter's life ever since she forsook the stage for the motion-picture studio, excepting, of course, those days when movie balls or other entertainments of importance required her presence.

Shortly afterward, when I left the Minter apartment, I was convinced of one thing—that a day with an actress, at least with one of Miss Minter's type, is one of the most pleasant ways of spending time—and far different from the way many people would expect.





The Observer

Authoritative Editorials on
Matters of the Screen that
are of Interest to Every One.



IT seems a pity that so many big men of affairs still regard the motion-picture industry as a side issue, rather than the national power which it really is. And it also is unfortunate, both to the industry and to these men, that they have never taken the trouble to study the new industry and art so that they might be in possession of information regarding it equal to their knowledge of other arts and industries.

So fast has been the growth of motion pictures, from the "penny-arcade" class to their present stage, that conditions have thus far been ever shifting. Doubtless this fact convinced the big men of the nation that the industry had not been soundly founded, and that it was merely groping its way to a beginning. At any rate, they are woefully apart from it, and since the organization of the Motion Picture Board of Trade, motion pictures have forced their way into a position where these same big men must take notice of them and comment on them frequently—without knowledge of the subject.

More than one man of national reputation has given out interviews or has been quoted from a speech on motion pictures, the utter incongruity of which would be amusing if it came from any

person except one who is looked up to by the masses. In motion-picture trade circles, where disgust should greet every false note struck by men of rank in the political and industrial world, a lack of interest seems to prevail. It is true that the Board of Trade has done wonders to raise the plane of the motion-picture industry to a higher level, but it is a mere handful of men who are active in the workings of their organization. The hundreds and hundreds of others to whose advantage the placing of motion pictures in their rightful place would be just as important, have sat back and watched the struggle of these few—some with interest, and some without.

Had motion pictures been elevated to a position of deserved recognition when they first proved their right to the ownership of the title, "fifth industry of the United States," it is probable that Arthur Brisbane, the eminent journalist, would not have made some of the remarks he did during a dinner given by the Board of Trade during March.

Among other things, Mr. Brisbane said: "The moving picture, so far as it is merely a melodrama, a story, a tragedy, a joke, or a comedy, is only a money-making proposition, and whether

it is censored or not, I don't care in the least. All that the present motion picture amounts to to-day is that it is an amusement, and its success is founded upon the stupidity and lack of intellectual development of the human race."

He also went on to explain that several men of prominence in the industry to whom he had spoken had failed to agree on the six greatest motion pictures, and used this to indicate that the industry had not gone far enough yet to produce six classics.

Granting that we ignore Mr. Brisbane's initial statement in his speech, that the only dramatic motion picture he had ever seen had been forced upon him, we firmly believe that issue should be taken with his other remarks which we have repeated. He does not consider the motion picture an art—though it is one—and looks at it merely from the commercial point of view. He does not think it worth his while to take an interest in censorship, but he may reverse his idea in this respect if censorship of the screen should prove successful in winning a place in our statutes, for it will surely spread to the press which Mr. Brisbane represents. He thinks the motion picture is but an idle amusement—a Coney Island attraction, so to speak—which proves he is fully seven years behind its development; and he makes an assertion regarding the intellectual qualities of the public which hardly requires comment from us. What he defined that statement with is immaterial. We take it at its worth, as any one is privileged to do. As for the failure of several persons to agree on the six greatest pictures, his statement is decidedly pointless. We will select several persons and ask them for the six greatest events in any field of endeavor, and, regardless of the scope of that field, the chances are greatly in favor of each of the persons giving at least three choices which differ from those of the others.

Mr. Brisbane is used as an example of one big man who should be far better versed in regard to motion pictures than he is. There are thousands like him. It is the duty of every one connected with the motion-picture business to do all in his power to make the industry important enough to force these prominent men to study it. And when they do, the standard of production will be raised to a higher plane than ever before.

HOW would you like to be Charlie Chaplin?

You know he is getting ten thousand dollars per week and a bonus of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the coming year, and all he has to do is to produce one comedy per month. Pretty nice for a young fellow of his years to "pick up" that much money so easily, you think; and then you wonder if it wouldn't be a grand young idea to "take a whirl" at pictures yourself. Without wishing to hurt your feelings, we feel it our duty to stamp on that "taking-a-whirl-yourself" idea; in regard to Charlie's easy money, however, we must admit that he has struck it pretty rich.

But—have you ever considered just exactly what Charlie faced when he boarded the limited in New York, bound for the West to fulfill the big-figure contract? Very probably not; therefore we will explain. He had been employed by a big film company to make money for them. His salary represented a heavy investment by this company, and the returns from his pictures would have to be greater than those from any films of a similar length ever produced before. He had to make them better than anything he ever did before. The public was waiting for them—they wanted to see Charlie more than ever, because he had suddenly outdistanced all other stars in his earning capacity. They expected

more from him than from any of the others, and what he did in the past must be improved upon, or they would say he was loafing. And he knew that it was their opinion—finally reflected in the returns to the film company—which meant his future. Therefore he was under a nervous strain such as few people have ever been forced to undergo, when he faced the year before him. And that strain will not be lessened until the end of the contract—in fact, it will never be lessened while he remains a public favorite. He must be funnier with each appearance; and the continual search for ideas is, at times, maddening, according to Chaplin himself.

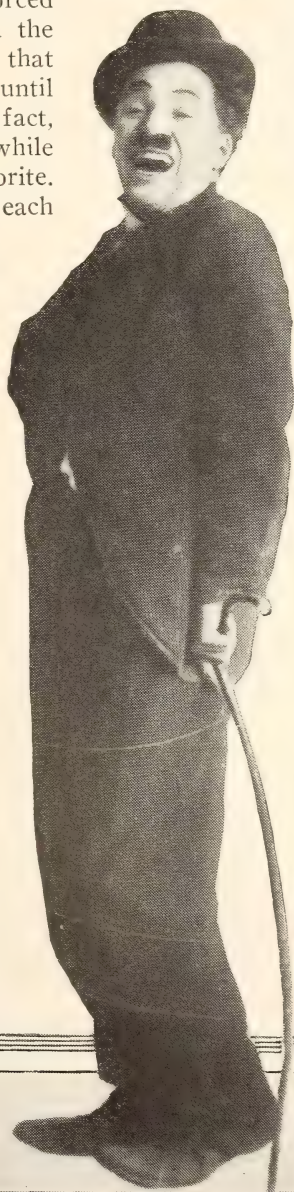
Therefore, don't envy cheerful Charlie too much. The money and fame part is all very nice, but the real hard work and the wear and tear on body and mind which bring the money and fame—well, yes, that's different!

CHAPLIN'S phenomenal success and his popularity with the masses has led to many discussions as to what makes a motion-picture star popular. Many have held that Chaplin would have passed out of favor, just as Ford Sterling did, if he had remained with the Keystone Company, or made an unfortunate

connection, and that the advertising of the Essanay Company was the thing which "made" him. If this were true, it would be within the power of every manufacturer to create stars as desired, via advertising. But this has been proven incorrect many, many times. The public sits in judgment of the star, not of the ability of the advertising department. The best that advertising can do is to stimulate an interest in a certain player and cause the public to go and see that player.

Those who like the player will go again; those who do not will avoid seeing him again.

Chaplin is successful simply because the public took a liking to his style of comedy, and because Charlie took advantage of this liking to study their wants and try to improve his comedy to meet them. His press agent has trailed along behind him, doing such things as the public's demands forced him to do—but, as far as blazing the trail for Charlie, he has been helpless. No film-company press agent can convince a New York theatrical producer to use a chorus made up to represent his star just so that said star will become popular—not by a jugful! The producer who used the Chaplin chorus did so only because by doing it he scored a hit with the



public, who were already convinced that cheerful Charlie was the funniest thing which had appeared during the twentieth century.

The popularity of all the other stars, also, can be traced back to the fact that the public liked them only because of themselves. Theda Bara and Mary Pickford quietly entered motion pictures, and slowly, through their own work, have made their names known to every attendant of the picture-play theaters. This also applies to the many other stars who entered the game minus press-agenting, and who have really made good.

There are some stars from the legitimate stage, notably Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, and Bessie Barriscale, who have been heralded widely and who have made good—but it was because they pleased the fans, not because of their stage fame. Since it became the fashion to feature stage stars in pictures, dozens of players whose work on the stage was really meritorious have come to the films and proven absolute failures. Publicity, based on their past reputations, didn't help them in the least. They crashed down amid the ruins of their screen efforts simply

because they did not appeal to the public as screen players.

Just why one player appeals to the masses, and another does not, is a question. The personality of the player, as reflected from the screen, is a big factor—and equally important is the vehicle in which the player is offered. We could name many stars who faded from popular favor because of the lack of good plays in which to present them. This latter curse—for it is a curse for all concerned—is what doubtless has sounded the death knell of many popular stage stars on their initial appearance in films.

ONCE upon a time a company produced a five-reel film. It was the first of its kind, and was heralded far and wide. The company made a small fortune on the bookings it received. Other companies duplicated the feat, and soon five-reel features were quite common; their value was reduced accordingly.

About two years ago, a wise manager gave us "Cabiria," the longest film marketed up to that time, and some-

Marguerite Clark, who is an example of a stage star who has made good in the pictures—but not through publicity prowess.



thing very unusual. It was a success. Then D. W. Griffith proved there was room for another long film, and "The Birth of a Nation" scored its triumph.

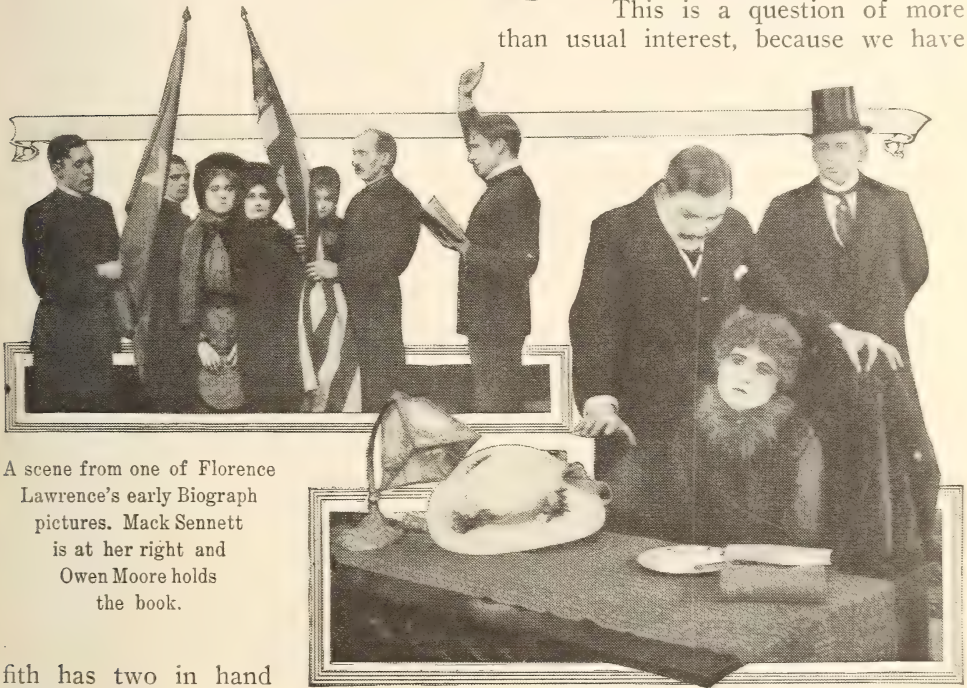
Now it appears that we are to be swamped with long films, for no less than nine are just finished or under way, while many others are said to be quietly in the process of making. Grif-

Angeles, and George Kleine, in New York, is said to have "something big under his hat."

We wonder if this flood of big features will not lessen their value to the producers as money-making propositions.

CAN Florence Lawrence and Alice Joyce come back?

This is a question of more than usual interest, because we have



A scene from one of Florence Lawrence's early Biograph pictures. Mack Sennett is at her right and Owen Moore holds the book.

fith has two in hand—"The Mother and the Law" and "Macbeth." The first will be along "The Birth of a Nation" lines, while the latter will be somewhat shorter—probably nine reels. Thomas H. Ince has an anti-war play called "Civilization," which is scheduled for *de luxe* presentations throughout the country; Universal has made a big submarine film and have released "The Dumb Girl of Portici"; Selig's version of "The Ne'er-Do-Well" is on the market; Herbert Brennon has just completed a long feature with Annette Kellermann, in Jamaica, for Fox; "Ramona" has been done by Clune in Los

As Miss Lawrence appears in "Elusive Isabel," her first picture produced since "coming back."

here two of the most famous stars of a few years ago in pictures, bidding for fame in a newer and bigger field, yet in the same art.

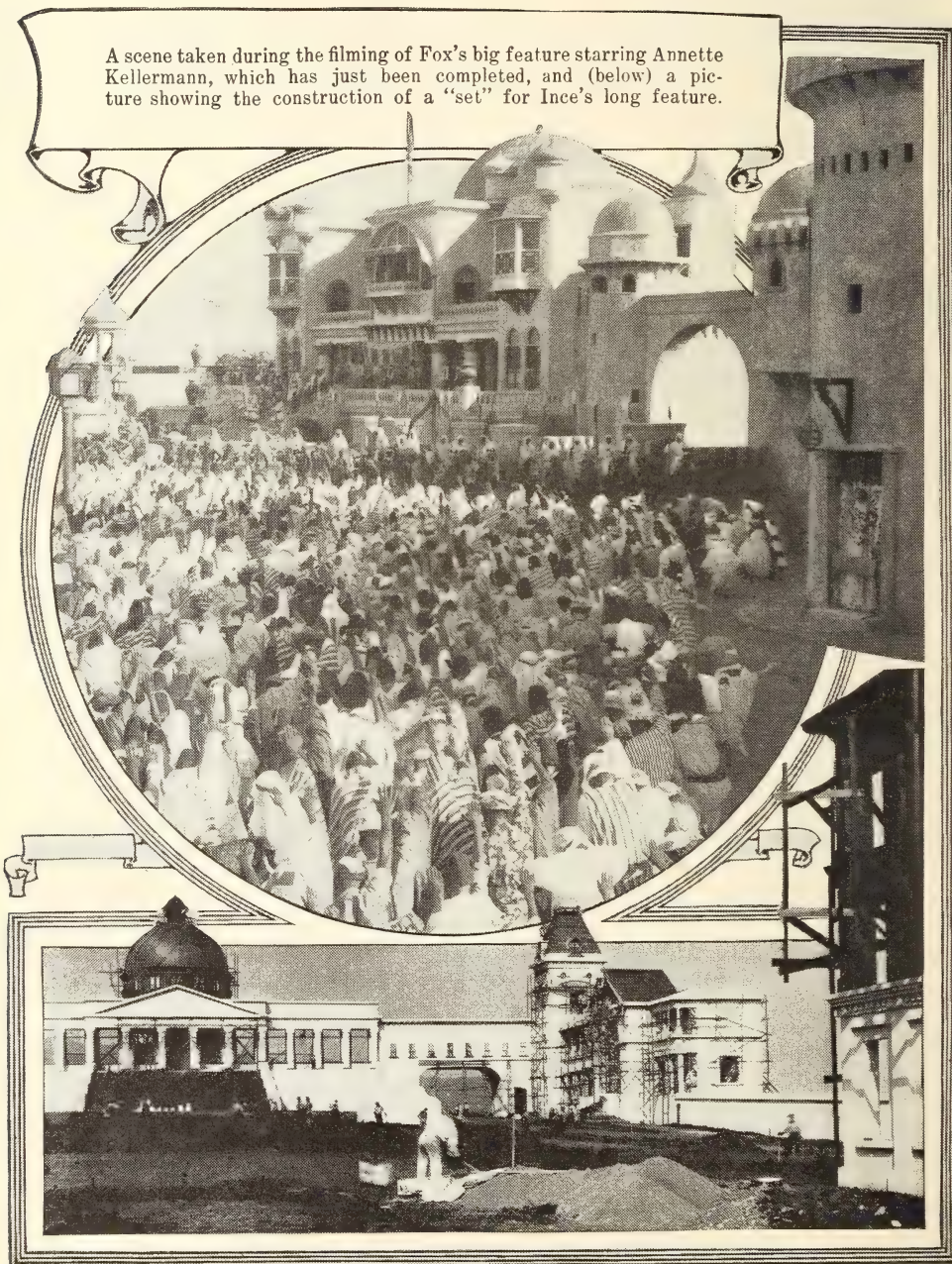
We truthfully admit we doubt if they will prove successes in their new ventures, but time alone can tell. Their success or failure will probably depend entirely on the work they do in the new pictures; and it is only natural that the stars should revert to the individual characteristic mannerisms that gained them fame in the past. Will the public again welcome these mannerisms after

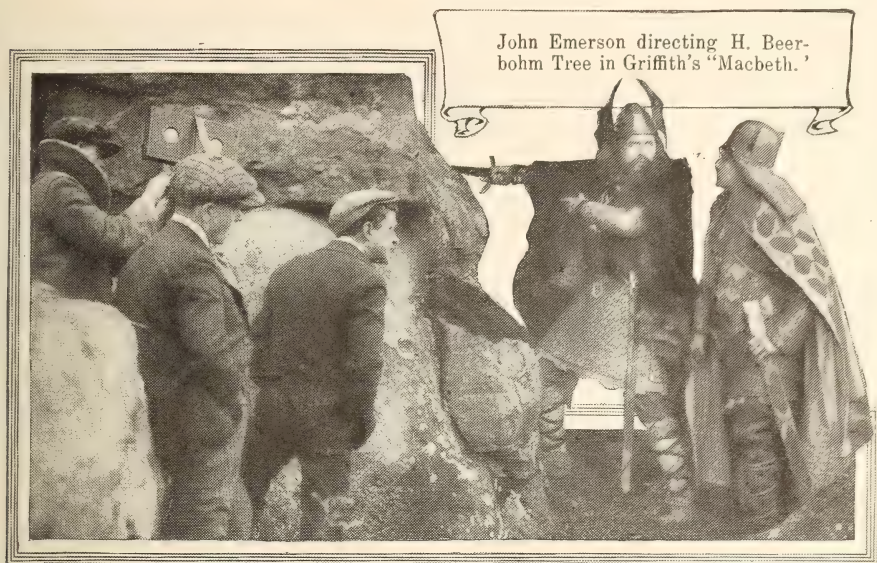
having seen the many varieties of films which have been offered since these players were popular, or will they regard them as "past issues" and turn to the newer style of screen heroine which

has developed within the last six or eight months?

We do not doubt but what the first picture in which these stars appear will "go." That is only natural, because

A scene taken during the filming of Fox's big feature starring Annette Kellermann, which has just been completed, and (below) a picture showing the construction of a "set" for Ince's long feature.





people will want to see the attempted "come-back." But will they go back to see the second picture, and the third? This will be the acid test. The best we can do is to watch with interest and wish both girls every success.

EVERY motion-picture actress—without exception—should see Anna Pavlova's portrayal of *Fenella* in "The Dumb Girl of Portici."

This statement, broad though it may sound, is true. There is none who could not profit by witnessing the famous danseuse on the screen, for the reason that it is an excellent example of how a player should "live" a character and impersonate it as created by the author's pen.

Mademoiselle Pavlova could not play in pictures of the ordinary kind, because she is not young enough and her type is far different; but, given the youth and screen beauty of Mary Pickford or other famous film stars, she would, should she live up to the standard set in "The Dumb Girl of Portici," be in the highest ranks.

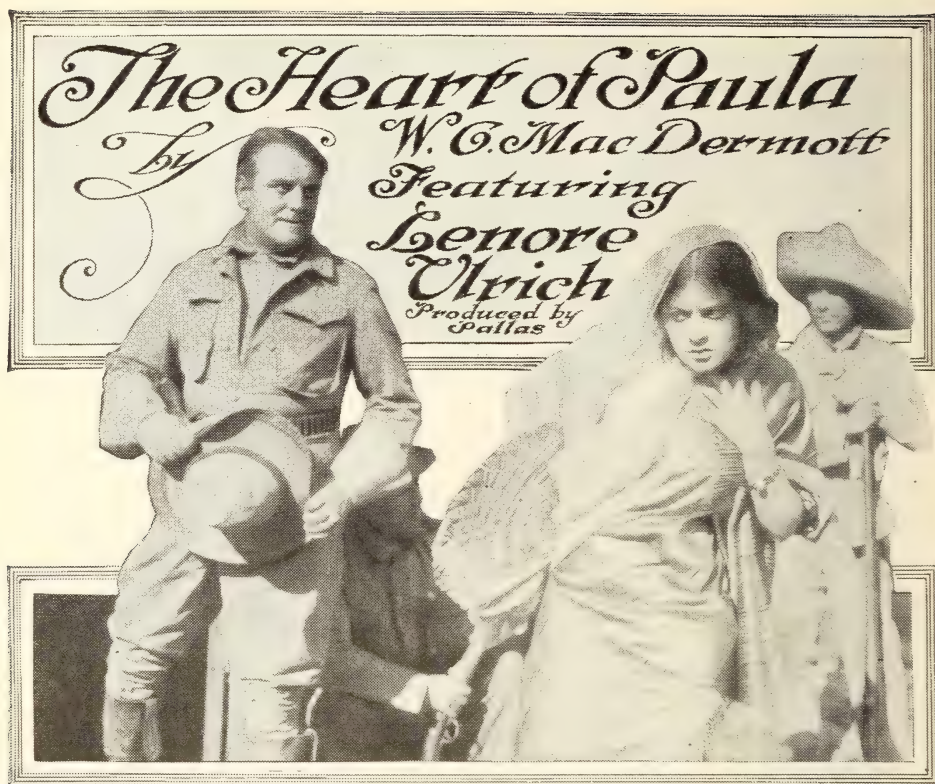
The part that she played in this picture was extremely hard and conversa-

tional leaders in connection with it could not be used, inasmuch as *Fenella* is dumb, but this obstacle is well overcome by Mademoiselle Pavlova's wonderfully expressive acting. Her every move means something and tells exactly what it means.

While the acting itself is very good, what impresses one most with Mademoiselle Pavlova in the picture is that she has played the part just as that part should be played—which is something that is unfortunately not the case with all our films.

In regard to the picture itself, it is advertised as a "spectacle." There are spectacular scenes in it and the atmosphere is good, but shorter pictures have been released that can favorably compare with it. "The Birth of a Nation" and many of the earlier big features surpass it, though it is better than "The Battle Cry of Peace." It is, all in all, a very good film.

These facts refer to "The Dumb Girl of Portici" as a spectacle; but, considering one phase of it alone—Mademoiselle Pavlova's acting—it must be agreed that her initial appearance in celluloid is a remarkable success.



THE HAPPY ENDING *versus* THE TRAGIC CLIMAX

Which do you prefer?—A handsome photograph personally autographed by Lenore Ulrich, the famous screen and stage actress for the most intelligent replies

When "The Heart of Paula" was produced Miss Lenore Ulrich, who plays the leading role, favored one ending while various people chose another. One is tragic and the other happy. As a result both were made and are being shown throughout the country according to the individual wishes of each exhibitor.

This magazine prints the story written from the film and gives both endings. We ask you to read them both, choose the one you prefer, and send us a letter giving your reasons. For the most intelligent replies we shall send a handsome autographed photograph of Lenore Ulrich.

Address, Editor Lenore Ulrich Contest, in care of this magazine.

ACROSS the border lay Mexico. Land of Heart's Desire to the Spanish conquistadores. Land of Opportunity to Stephen Pachmann, the young mining engineer, waiting impatiently in his hotel in the border town.

He thought more of its gold and silver mines than of its storied "palm and pine, and blood-red cactus flower." The United States had withdrawn from Vera Cruz, and there were high hopes among American financiers that a stable

government would be established and the way made clear for American enterprise.

Pachmann had expected, hours before, to be across the border. Instead of which, here he was in the Hotel Nogales, held up by a telegram from his brother-in-law, Bruce McLean. It said merely:

Await my coming before crossing border.

BRUCE.

Stephen Pachmann had been sent out by the banking firm of J. W. Adams Company to report on the Escondido Mine in the mountains above Piedro Blanco, which had been offered for sale.

"It's a risky thing to send you into Mexico in these troubled times," Mr. Adams had said. But Steve had laughed, and insisted that he liked risk. While he was taking tearful farewell of his wife, her brother Bruce had come in and enthusiastically commended him and wished him luck. Steve did not look too happy over the prospect of leaving his young wife; but Bruce told him that he would take good care of Claire and see that she didn't worry in her husband's absence.

So Steve had torn himself away, and by this time should have been in the hill country. But Bruce's wire had come, and held him fretting at the Nogales Hotel.

Bruce McLean came at last—a fine, clean-cut young fellow, eyes aglow with the buoyancy of youth.

"What the dickens is the matter, Bruce?" Steve shot at him as he gripped his brother-in-law's hand.

"Nothing to get fussed up about," answered Bruce lightly. "All's quiet on the Potomac. This is just a little pasear of my own. I've always craved adventure, and I suddenly made up my mind to take your job away from you."

"I don't get you."

"Listen: Claire was a bit worried about you, you know. And I deter-

mined that instead of letting you risk your life, the proper caper was to go myself in your place. I'm no dub at the mining-engineering business, and I reckon I can prepare as good a report on the Escondido as you. So hand over the maps and credentials, and also your name, for I'm going to be known, not as Bruce McLean, but as the duly accredited Stephen Pachmann."

Steve was against the proposal. "Did you tell Claire about this harebrained scheme?" he demanded.

"Not a peep! All your wife knows is that I've come to join forces with you. The other stunt I worked out on the train. And it's a peach, isn't it?"

"I won't do it!" stormed Steve.

"Aw, don't be stingy!" pleaded Bruce. "Why keep a chap out of his one chance in a lifetime to meet up with a death-defying adventure?"

Steve laughed, and that laugh was the beginning of his capitulation. Bruce had a way with him that was quite irresistible, and the duel of words terminated in Steve throwing up his hands.

"Go to it," he said. "And if you don't come back with a big story of hair-breadth escapes I'll lick you."

Bruce, exulting in his victory over his big, good-natured brother-in-law, crossed the border, and in due time reached the little town of Piedro Blanco. He introduced himself without delay to the American consul, Albert B. Furman, a small, furtive-eyed man, with lean jaws and whitening hair. He spoke in little above a whisper, and seemed ever afraid that some one would overhear him.

"I strongly advise you to return till there is a stable government in Mexico," he said, when Bruce had stated his errand. "Every additional American in the country complicates a consul's duty."

"Sorry," said Bruce, with a wry smile. "But this is an errand that won't

wait. I don't want to bother you, but I'd like you to take a note of my name—Stephen Pachmann—and the firm that has sent me here—J. W. Adams Company, of Chicago—so that you can report to them if anything happens to me. Where can I get a guide?"

"A *mozo* is not hard to find, but I shall have to consult with Emiliano Pacheco, the guerrilla chief, who seems

tence and stared—stared quite rudely, he afterward admitted. But Paula was by no means offended. Instead, she gave him back stare for stare, and then her great, dark eyes were veiled, and the pouting lips opened in the ghost of a smile. A smile from Paula's pouting lips had worked havoc among the young gallants of Piedro Blanco. It brought the blood mounting to Bruce's



She gave him back stare for stare, and then her great, dark eyes were veiled.

to own most of the Mexicans hereabouts, body and soul."

"Well, do me a favor and get this Emiliano chap on the job pronto."

Furman accompanied him to the door of the little adobe building that was his office, and they stood for a moment there in the sunlight.

Then Paula passed. Paula Figueroa, whose striking beauty had been the theme of many a passionate poem. Bruce stopped in the middle of a sen-

cheeks, and compelled his gaze till she was swallowed up in the crowd.

Mr. Furman cackled softly as he watched the play of eyes.

"I'll try to have that *mozo* so you can start for the mines to-night," he said. But Bruce had lost his enthusiasm for mining.

"There's no great rush, Furman," he said. "A day or two's delay won't hurt any. Er—by the way, that astonishingly beautiful Mexican girl who

passed—you don't happen to know her?"

The little consul shrugged his shoulders. "There's a saying here: 'Beware the pretty eyes of Paula.' Oh, yes, I know her—everybody knows the Señorita Paula Figueroa, the beauty of Pedro Blanco. I don't know how many hearts she's shattered. I hear that even Emiliano Pacheco becomes quite human when Paula smiles on him."

"Not betrothed to him, is she?"

"I think not, but her father has considerable money, and it's the height of prudence for the daughter of any wealthy man to be polite to the guerrilla chief."

"Well, I won't keep you any longer, Mr. Furman. Don't worry about that guide for a day or two. I want to have a look around the town."

The little consul watched the broad back swinging down the street, and he grinned. "I thought you'd feel like that—after seeing Paula," he chuckled.

Forgotten was Bruce's rôle of Stephen Pachmann, the mining engineer. Cupid had become his master. That night, instead of climbing the mountain trail, he was thrumming a guitar beneath Paula's window.

The curtains of her window parted. The shutters were pushed apart. For one entrancing moment the moon etched her matchless white-robed form against the dark background; then a rose fell at his feet, and Paula was gone.

It was in the plaza the next day that Bruce saw the señorita again—when the band was playing a languorous waltz, all fire, seductive, breath of orange flowers and acacia. With her rose in his coat, he was one of the promenaders on the graveled walks where strolled the caballeros and the señoritas of Pedro Blanco. Laughing, half-veiled girls cast eyes at him and flicked their fans flirtatiously as they

passed. For Bruce was good to look upon and he was ever under a battery of eyes.

Rounding the band stand he came face to face with Paula, close followed by a duenna, her chaperon. At sight of him, her great black eyes held a smile. The crimson flooded her cheeks, her neck, her throat, and gave a tint of rose on ivory to the lovely shoulders, half disclosed by the fringed shawl she wore.

She passed, urged on by the duenna, while Bruce stood bareheaded, and eyes spoke love to eyes that spoke again. He saw her draw the duenna to a nearby bench, and, calling a flower girl, he gave her some coins and sent her with her tray to the señorita. This was a far better game than risking one's life among the bandits of the mountains! He watched her take a rose and press it to her lips, and the glance she gave him from her dark eyes was eloquent. Then the duenna's broad back intervened.

Presently they passed him again, and, passing, the girl dropped a note at his feet. By what means she had been able to evade the hawklike eyes of the duenna and scribble her message he did not know, nor did he care. Enough that she had written. Less than a dozen words, but they thrilled him:

The garden, at the hour of nine. By the south gate.
PAULA.

Under the spell of the tropic moon, in the walled garden of the Figueroas, with its thickets of roses and climbing bougainvillæa, its jungles of coffee shrubs and banana palms, Bruce breathed the thoughts of his heart; and Paula, listening, snuggled closer in his arms and told him that she loved him.

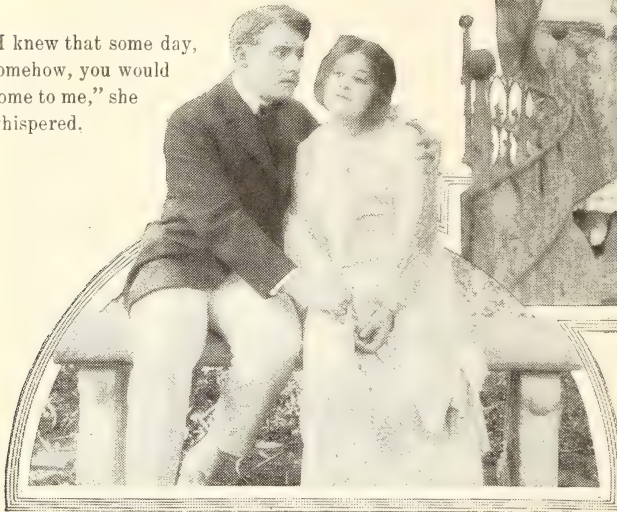
"I knew that some day, somehow, you would come to me," she whispered. "I have dreamed about you, wondered what you would be like, and now——"

For answer he gathered her in his arms and kissed the full lips.

"I heard something about a certain Señor Pacheco," said Bruce teasingly. "A man of battle. Every Mexican girl loves a fighter. They tell me he adores you."

Anger flamed in her eyes. "Emiliano Pacheco! I hate him! He is a very bad man. He is—how you say it—*corazon de lobo*—heart of a wolf. I do not love him. I love only you. But, señor," she tightened her arms about his neck, "tell me of the mountain journey you take. To the mines? You will leave me and never come back?"

"I knew that some day, somehow, you would come to me," she whispered.



town at night, when Bruce was probably serenading the Spanish beauty, Steve did not wait to pay his respects to the American consul, but himself hunted up a guide and took the trail to the mountains. At the Escondido there were no tidings of Bruce; but Steve's first business was his investiga-



Rounding the band stand he came face to face with Paula.

tion of the mine; after that, a hunt for Bruce McLean.

The mines! Bruce had forgotten them. He had taken another man's name and was supposed to be on another's business. Strangely enough, that other had had a change of heart since Bruce had gone. No coward was Stephen Pachmann, and, although he had succumbed to Bruce's pleadings, when he thought the matter over by himself calmly, he determined, be the risk what it might, to go himself to the Escondido.

A man of action once his mind was made up, Steve lost no time in getting to Piedro Blanco. Arrived at the little

His brother-in-law, sitting on a stone bench in the moonlight, with Señorita Paula in his arms, had a qualm of conscience as he visualized Steve Pachmann patiently waiting, as he thought, at the border town.

"Yes, I must go," he told the girl. "But I will come back to you."

And on the following day Bruce started for the Escondido. With a surly-looking, black-mustached guide who, the consul assured him, knew every inch of the trails, Bruce set his face steadfastly toward duty.

They were far into the mountains by



"Get the Americano, dead or alive!"

nightfall, and, in a little hollow under the shelter of a beetling crag, Gonzales, the *mozo*, made camp. An efficient man this Gonzales, however sparing of speech. He unsaddled the animals and had a fire blazing in a few minutes. He was by way of being an excellent cook, too; and the frioles and tortillas and the steaming cup of coffee put Bruce in a mood of perfect contentment with the world at large. He rolled himself in his blanket and lazily watched the stars till he fell asleep.

He awoke—to find himself staring amazedly into the barrel of a pistol. He was yanked roughly to his feet and told to obey orders and say nothing. Bruce was thoroughly awake now, and he gazed about him, into the eyes of a dozen men dressed in some kind of uniform, indistinct in the half light. Gon-

zales, his erstwhile servant, had now become the master. It was he who had menaced him with the gun. Bruce dashed his fist into the fellow's face, and his hand went to his belt. But, while he slept, Gonzales had removed his revolver. He was unarmed. A tall fellow gripped him, and Bruce put every ounce of his strength into an uppercut which caught the giant on the point of the chin and sent him sprawling. Then he was in the thick of it, fighting for his life, striking, kicking, throttling. No weakling, Bruce, he might have won a way out, had not one of the men on the outskirts of the crowd clubbed a rifle and brought it down over his head. Close to unconsciousness, he was flung across the back of a horse, and hustled back to Piedro Blanco.

In the cuartel where Bruce was locked up, he had for his first visitor Emiliano Pacheco, the guerrilla chief.

"So, Señor Pachmann, we have clipped your wings," he said.

Bruce, lying on his straw cot, looked up at the big, swarthy leader. A strong man, mentally as well as physically, and a cruel one, if eyes spoke the truth. "What's the reason for the arrest?" Bruce asked.

"You were in my way, señor," answered Pacheco. "You had the so very bad taste to make love to Señorita Paula Figueroa. Paula is not for you gringos. When you climbed the wall last night, you did not suspect that you were watched. One of my men told me of your love tryst. It maddened me. I knew of your plan to go to the Escondido. I sent Gonzales to your consul to recommend himself as your *mozo*. And a very good *mozo* he was, señor. Yes?"

"You sent him to guide me into the trap!" cried Bruce.

"Si, señor. I had a little talk with the intelligent Gonzales. I said to him: 'Get the Americano, dead or alive; alive if possible; it will be less trouble.' He did his work well, and now you are in the cuartel, at my disposal."

"On what charge?"

"We have not yet decided, but there is no hurry. Mañana—to-morrow we will think about that."

An hour later Paula was at the gate of the cuartel. She had heard of the American's incarceration, and love had brought her to him. She coaxed the guard with a packet of cigarettes, and was allowed to pass.

She cried over her imprisoned lover. "It tears my heart, amador," she sobbed. "But do not fear. I will find a way to save you."

"If you could smuggle me a file, I might cut through the bars," he said, kissing her.

"It shall be done. I will send a man,

and he will cut the bars from the outside. Is it not well?"

"Fine! Send him to-night."

"No, no. Not to-night. Not to-morrow. You will be too closely watched. But some night. I will send you word. And then my American will be free!"

Close to his heart he pressed her. "If I can escape, I will come to you——" he began. But she covered his lips with her hand. "No, no. You must not. You must fly for your life. When you cross the border, I will join you. Is it not well?"

And, without waiting for his answer, she kissed him passionately and was gone.

At the gate she came face to face with Emiliano Pacheco.

"So the American eagle is caged!" he sneered. "He looks quite pretty behind the bars, your pink-faced lover, does he not?"

She pulled her mantilla closely about her and shrank from him. Smiling, he stood at the gate of the cuartel and watched her glide away.

Pacheco had urgent business with Furman, the American consul. He came with the staggering announcement that the man who had introduced himself as Stephen Pachmann was a spy and a would-be murderer, and that he had been captured and would be shot unless five thousand dollars in gold was forthcoming.

Furman strove to mollify the guerrilla chief, but unsuccessfully; and he wired the news to J. W. Adams Company, the bankers who had sent Bruce's brother-in-law, Stephen Pachmann, to inspect the Escondido Mine. Furman did not guess that the real Stephen was even now at the mine; he only knew that the man who had called himself Stephen Pachmann was in the hands of the guerrilla chief and that his life depended upon the raising of five thousand dol-

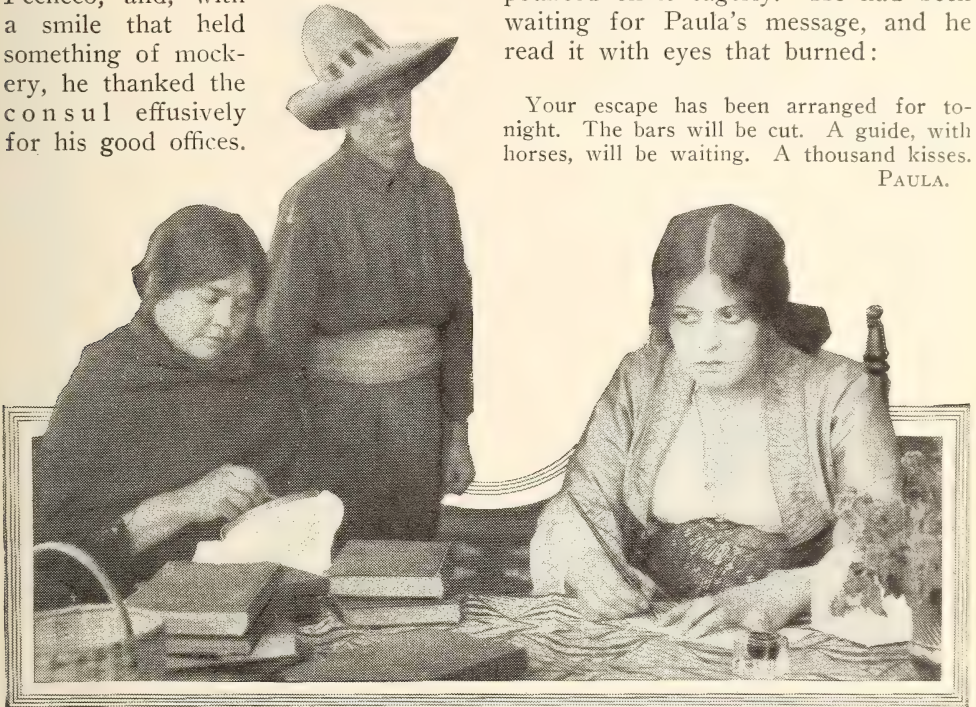
lars. So he wired, and received this telegram in reply:

Mrs. Pachmann leaving with gold to relieve her husband. Advise safe arrival.
ADAMS.

The return wire was satisfactory to Pecheco, and, with a smile that held something of mockery, he thanked the consul effusively for his good offices.

It was in the hush of Sunday morning, while the bells were ringing, that Paula, passing the cuartel, managed to fling a stone with a note tied to it through the bars of Bruce's cell. He had been disconsolate, but when the stone fell on the rough floor, he pounced on it eagerly. He had been waiting for Paula's message, and he read it with eyes that burned:

Your escape has been arranged for tonight. The bars will be cut. A guide, with horses, will be waiting. A thousand kisses.
PAULA.



Paula sent a note to Emiliano, warning him that his prisoner would try to escape that night.

During the next few days Paula haunted the cuartel, but she was unable to gain speech with Bruce. Once Pacheco stopped her, and, catching her wrist, hissed in her ear: "Did you ever ask the American if he had a wife in his own country?" Whereat she let loose a torrent of Spanish invective that stung him. But, though his face flushed, he smiled and offered for her inspection the Adams telegram, which he had begged from the consul.

Paula tore the paper to shreds without even unfolding it. "It is one of your lying plots!" she stormed. "I will not believe it. He loves only me."

On the afternoon of that day Claire Pachmann arrived at Piedro Blanco. Emiliano Pacheco was a model of gallantry while he counted the money and assured her that her husband was safe.

"You may come and see him," he offered. "Not yet can he be free. There are a few formalities that must be attended to before I release him."

He conducted her to the cuartel and flung open the door, closing it behind her and leaving her alone with the man he thought was her husband.

"Why, Bruce, what are you doing here?" she cried, aghast. "Where is Steve?"

"I'm Steve, for the time being," he answered. And he told how he had made his brother-in-law change places with him.

"And Steve—you left him at the border?" she asked.

"Yes. And as soon as I get out of this fix I'll be off to the mines to inspect the Escondido."

"No, Bruce. Mr. Adams will not hear of anything further being done till the country has become civilized. I've just come from the consul's office, and you will be free in a day or two. Then we will go back and join Steve and return to God's country."

At the gate of the cuartel, closely watched by the guards, she put her arms around her brother and kissed him. "Thank you for all you tried to do for Steve," she whispered.

Paula, lurking by the cuartel wall, her heart pounding furiously, had seen the comely American girl enter the adobe prison. Fury in her eyes, she watched till the gate opened and the Americano, her Americano, the man she knew as Steve Pachmann, stood holding the girl in his arms. She saw their lips meet, then the man was pushed back into his cell and the gate clanged.

Her finger nails biting into her palms, Paula told herself that what Pacheco had said about an American wife must be true. Revenge took the place of love. This gay Americano should pay the price of treachery. She hurried home and sent a note to Emiliano, warning him that his prisoner would try to escape that night.

The receipt of Paula's message delighted Pacheco beyond measure. Her love for the Americano had turned to hate. Now his own chance had come to win the beauty of Pedro Blanco.

That night, with his cot upended, Bruce tried the bars and found them sawed halfway through. He bent them outward without much effort and

dropped to the ground—only to be pounced upon immediately by Pacheco's men, and beaten and pounded mercilessly and flung back into another cell in his unclean jail, more dead than alive.

It was a night of torture to Paula; and, in the morning, eyes red with weeping, she walked, with lagging step, to the cuartel. On the way she came upon Claire Pachmann, the girl she had seen in her lover's arms. Flauntingly Paula confronted her, and, the bitterness of unrequited love in her rich contralto voice, she scoffed: "The Americano in the cuartel—you love him? You are his wife? Well, he may have loved you first, but he loved me best."

"I am not his wife," said Claire. "He is my brother." And she told the girl of her brother's impersonation of Stephen Pachmann.

"The Americano your brother!" Paula exclaimed, and rushed away in panic.

To Emiliano she made her plea for his life. But the guerrilla chief refused to interfere with what he called "justice."

"He has been tried by court-martial, and found guilty. If you come to the cemetery wall an hour hence, you will see him die."

"He will be shot?" she gasped.

"Within the hour. There is but one way you can save his life," he went on placidly. "Be mine. Come to my headquarters to-night, and your Americano goes free."

"No, no, I cannot. I hate you, despise you, loathe you. The good God would not allow such a union."

"Then——" Pacheco shrugged.

She was silent for a moment.

"Listen, Emiliano Pacheco," she said at last. "It is for his life I do this. His life is more precious to me than my own happiness. Put him safely across the border and I will come to



Beaten and pounded mercilessly and flung back into his unclean jail.

you to-night. I will be your wife—because I love not you, but him.”

A dozen men, with rifles trained on Bruce McLean standing against the cemetery wall, awaited the order to fire. A shout interrupted them. A girl was running to them, waving a paper. Paula had come with the reprieve.

“Take the Americano to the border at once and give him his freedom,” Emiliano had written, and there was no mistaking his sprawling signature.

“Save your ammunition, you cowards,” cried Paula, with hand upraised before the firing squad. “The man is free.”

Bruce caught her in his arms, and the bitternesses and turmoils of the past days were blotted out while their lips clung.

The leader of the squad approached. “My orders are to take you to the border at *once*,” he said. “If you are ready —”

“One last kiss!” murmured the half-fainting Paula.

“I will not go without you,” said Bruce.

“Yes,” she whispered. “You must forget me, dear heart. You must put me out of your life.”

“Never,” he said. “Some day I will come for you.”

For one moment of ecstasy she lay in his arms; then the Mexicans led him away.

At about the time set for the execution the consul at Piedro Blanco received the most mystifying telegram of

his life. It was from J. W. Adams Company:

Must be some mistake about Stephen Pachmann. We have a message from him saying Escondido Mine worth ten millions and advising us take up option and hold till war is over. Have wired reply, "Will do as you suggest. Are carrying you for an interest. Congratulations." Will you please convey intelligence to Mrs. Pachmann?

Claire, who was consulted promptly, unfolded the mystery of the change of identity to the astonished consul and hastened to the cuartel to tell her brother the great news.

Emiliano received Mrs. Pachmann courteously and expressed deep regret that Bruce was unable to hear the splendid tidings from her lips.

"He is already on his way to the States," he explained. "My men have conveyed him to the border. I do not know at what point they will take him across, but no doubt you will hear from him. You go to the Escondido, I suppose?"

"As quickly as possible," she answered. "And if Bruce—my brother—the man you knew as Stephen Pach-

mann, communicates with you, will you please forward the letter to me?"

"With pleasure." And the gallant chief, more urbane than any one had ever seen him, bowed her out.

That night Paula came to the headquarters of the guerrilla chief. With shuffling steps she entered the patio and slowly pushed open the door of his office and living room. Emiliano was alone. He was busy with some papers at his desk, and merely nodded when the girl came in. Paula dropped on a couch and watched him with eyes that held insanity as well as stupefaction.

Presently he put away his papers, then rose, and, stepping to the door, turned the key in the lock.

"Paula—mine at last," he said. But, as he bent over her to kiss the lovely lips, there was the flash of a knife.

Emiliano staggered back—but the dagger was not meant for him. Into her own white breast she drove the blade.

"For you, my Americano," she moaned. "I have kept myself for you. We will—meet—again—some—day."

The rest was silence.

THE HAPPY ENDING.

THAT night Paula came to the headquarters of the guerrilla chief. With shuffling steps she entered the patio and slowly pushed open the door of his office and living room. Emiliano was alone. He was busy with some papers at his desk, and merely nodded when the girl came in. Paula dropped on a couch and watched him with eyes that held insanity as well as stupefaction.

Her thoughts went out to Bruce, who many hours ago had crossed the border. She pictured him eventually reunited with his friends; making plans, perhaps, she told herself, with a sad little smile, to send for her.

But if she had known how to apply

telepathy, a different picture would have been registered in her brain. For Bruce, on the journey to the border, had re-lived that last farewell, and he found in it something of mystery. It dawned on him at last that Emiliano must have some hold on the girl, and that it was not beyond the bounds of possibility that she had given her honor and happiness for his freedom.

The thought maddened him. Mechanically he heard some one tell him that he stood on American soil; like a man in a daze he watched the Mexicans ride away. He was free. But what was freedom without Paula? At whatever cost he would return and carry her off to his own country.

From a near-by saloon he heard lusty voices chanting the doleful "Cowboy's Lament." Acting on impulse, he went in and told his story to the cow-punchers.

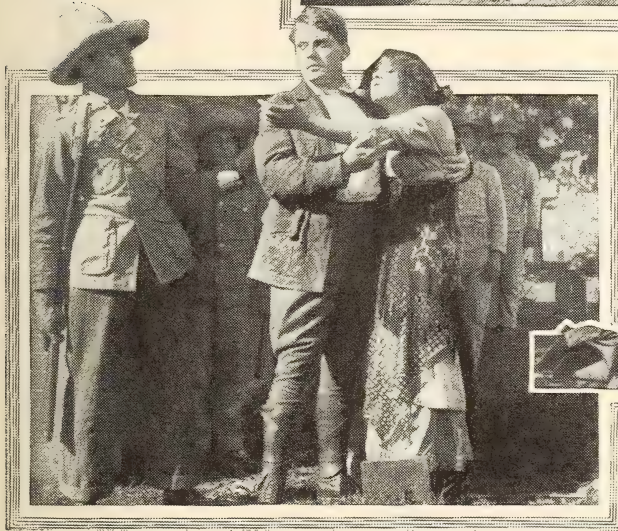
"Will you help me rescue the girl?" he asked them.

"Sure thing, pard; lead the way!" they shouted, always eager for a fight, and piled out, to rustle their bronchos.

"Save your ammunition, you cowards," cried Paula.
"The man is free."

"Paula—mine at last," he said. But as he bent over her to kiss the lovely lips, there was the flash of a knife.

Pacheco had taken part in many knife plays, and, quick as Paula's action had been, his eye was quicker. He



To Emiliano she made her plea.

"My orders are to take you to the border at once."

Paula Figueroa's wildest dreams did not include the return of Bruce. She saw only one end to the grim comedy of love. In silence, a terrible resolve in her heart, she watched Pacheco.

Presently he put away his papers, then rose, and stepping to the door, turned the key in the lock.

hurled himself at the girl and grasped the wrist that held the dagger.

Back and forth they struggled, and, as they fought for possession of the knife, Emiliano spat out Spanish oaths in a voice that carried to the outer courtyard, where Bruce and the cowboys were scaring the souls out of the guerrilla chief's retainers and demanding audience with their leader.

Pacheco had at length succeeded in wresting the dagger from the girl, and he was holding her in a viselike grip when Bruce sprang into the room. There was a brief fight between him and the Mexican, in which the latter came out second best. Then, not satisfied with the fracas in the yard, the cowpunchers, hungry for more fight, rushed into the room.

"Shoot first and talk afterward when you tackle a bad greaser," had been their motto, and they applied it literally.

Half a dozen revolvers barked, and Emiliano toppled to the floor. Bruce caught the girl in his arms, and, carrying her, half swooning, placed her on his horse.

"You came for me—you came for me!" he heard Paula whisper, as they dashed toward the border.

"Sure," he said, laughing boyishly. "Some day you can tell me about this mystery, little girl. But not now—I'm too happy. We'll make America the Land of Heart's Desire."

To my Picture Play friends
 I hope you will like "The Heart of Paula" both as a story here and on the screen. As to the matter of endings, I personally favor one and hope the decision of the readers of "Picture Play" magazine will bear out my views. It is gladly that I grasp this opportunity of giving my friends an autographed photograph of myself and hope that a great many of you will receive one.
 Faithfully
 Senora Uribe

Wouldn't you like to know about

"The Life a Picture Actress Leads"

FANNIE WARD

the popular favorite, will tell her own story in the
 July issue of this magazine. On sale June 9th



MY OWN DARLING: I've tried—oh, you don't know how hard I've tried—not to write you, dear. Maidenly modesty and my naturally shy and shrinking nature have until now forbidden all such advances on my part; besides, I can imagine how silly and stupid you must think all those lovesick girls who write you poetry and such things. I thought I was cured, and I made up my mind not to write, and then—then I saw you on the screen the other night in a beautiful love scene, and I became frightfully jealous of that pretty girl you were making love to, and I simply couldn't keep silence any longer. I lay awake night after night thinking of your big, honest eyes and handsome face and manly ways; thinking of you, and you alone. Now I cannot help myself—I am driven to this by an irresistible, uncontrollable impulse. I must write you and pour out my heart to you! And you must read every word of it, dear—every syllable!

As I write this your wonderful eyes gaze at me from your photograph on my desk, and I seem to feel your soft, wavy hair and clear, smooth, exquisitely chiseled features near my face, and our breath comes and goes in warm whispers of affection. I wonder—ah, I wonder—if you can ever feel that way toward poor little, insignificant me! Me, a nobody in a small Western

city; merely a humdrum teacher of ridiculously small hopefuls. Sometimes I sit and stare at one of my boys and fondly fancy that some day that bright-faced little lad may be as famous as you are, and on that day I am more lenient with the children—because my thoughts are of you, dear heart. Life would be dull and dreary indeed for me if I had not you to think of, if I could not often see you in the pictures smiling, breathing, talking, even making love to some other girl; and, although your voice is silent, I seem to hear it—it is low and sweet and musical; it is soothing, and at times lulls me to sleep, and I have many pleasant dreams of you, dearest.

The other night I had a particularly vivid dream about you, my darling Francis. I dreamed that we were married, you and I—ah, what happiness! possible only in a dream, I suppose—and we were living in the cutest, dearest little apartment on Riverside Drive, in the wonderful city of New York, where you are acting. After the day's work at the studio you would come home to me and take me in your arms and call me your truly own! Then, just like in the pictures, our baby came—and what a darling little thing he was! The image of you, pet! As he grew older, he grew more like you, and I was so happy. The same high

forehead with beautiful hair tumbling over it, the same fine, straight nose, the same perfect lips and firm chin, the same handsome, manly ways. And when he was old enough, you took him into the studio and taught him, too, how to act before the camera; and he became great and successful like you, dear.

And then I woke up in this dusty, smoky, smelly Western town, and it was time to dress and go to school and teach a lot of horrid youngsters how to read and write and spell and juggle with figures. My dream was over, but I could sit and watch that little, bright-faced boy in my class who looks like you. That was *some* satisfaction! And now I've had the satisfaction of writing you, whether you answer me or not. I've kept nothing back. If I've been unconventional, well—I can't help it. I—I love you, I love everything about you, I love everything you do on the screen, and oh! I do wish you could **love** me a little in return. Then my cup of happiness would be filled to overflowing. Will you try, darling? Ever devotedly yours, and yours alone,

MARGUERITE M——.

MY DEAR MISS MARGUERITE: I read your letter carefully, and while I appreciate all the nice things you say—especially that you are sometimes more lenient with your pupils on my account—I must confess that I am astonished to learn that you are a teacher. While I receive hundreds of letters from girls, yours is the first of its kind, I believe, that I have received from a school-teacher.

Without meaning to be rude, Miss Marguerite, and with all due deference to your profession, don't you really think that the teaching might profitably begin with yourself? Suppose you teach yourself self-control, for one thing, and then, perhaps, you won't need to try so hard not to write me.

Surely you ought to know, if you have studied pedagogy—which I presume you have—that one cannot impart knowledge to others until one has first mastered not only knowledge, but the best methods of acquiring knowledge. And, Miss Marguerite, to find out what is the secret of all knowledge, you must go back to Socrates, the Grecian philosopher, who summed it all up thus: "Know thyself!" Do you know yourself? Learn absolute self-control, self-mastery, and then teach it to your pupils. If we actors didn't have it, we wouldn't rise very high either in our own or in the public's estimation.

I don't usually write such extended replies to letters such as yours, but I have taken more than a passing interest in you because you are engaged in teaching the young, and unless you master poise and hold the checkrein on your emotions, I fear that your small hopefuls will derive more harm than good from your instruction.

Pray accept this letter in the kindly and helpful spirit in which it is sent to you, and believe me to be, sincerely,

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

MY DEAR, DEAR BOY: Maybe you'll laugh at me for writing you when you learn that I'm fair, fat, and forty—you see I'm not ashamed to confess it—with five children (my eldest is just crazy to act for the movies; do you think you could help her get in?). But I don't care whether you laugh or not, so long as you listen and help me.

I was left a widow a year and a half ago; my husband was a locomotive engineer and made pretty nice money; but, you see, on account of his occupation, the premium was high, and he couldn't leave me much insurance. So it's been kind o' hard on the children, especially as my eldest boy and girl are not old enough to work in an office or factory yet. But I thought you might get my girl a place to pose for the films

—everybody here says she's exactly the kind that would take great in the pictures. I'm sending you her photograph—and mine.

Now I suppose you'll wonder, Mr. Bushman, why I'm sending you my portrait. No doubt you'll say, "What on earth will I do with this picture of a big, fat widow, old enough to be my mother?" But whether you do or not, I don't mind telling you a little secret, dear boy. I am reducing! Wait until you see the photograph I'll send you soon—you'll be pleasantly surprised. Then maybe you'll look at it and say, "Charming! No one would ever think *she* was forty and had a girl of fifteen." And do you know why I'm reducing, Francis, dear? Because I, too, am anxious to act for the movies and join your company, so that I and the children can be near you always. All of us are just crazy about your acting, and every time the theater in our town announces one of your pictures, all six of us, including my youngest, are sure to be there. Mary—that's my oldest, the one who has talent—says she'd love to act with you, you're so gentle with ladies! That's why I'm so fond of you, Francis, dear; you're such a gentleman. I wouldn't for the world say anything against my late husband, because I loved him, too; he was certainly good to his family—but he couldn't come up to you in gentlemanly ways and such. He was more the rough-and-ready sort, you know, while you are so refined and aristocratic.

I hope you will write me soon and let me know about Mary and myself posing for the films. I know Mary will make a hit in ingénue parts, and maybe you can get me some part where I will be in lots of scenes with you, my dear. I have been very lonesome since Tom left me, in spite of the children, and I'm sure you will like me after I take off about sixty pounds, which the doctor says I can do in a short time with

strict diet and more exercising. Meantime tell me what you think of Mary's looks for the movies. She's so sweet!

Hoping to hear from you real soon, I remain, affectionately yours,

(MRS.) SARAH —.

MRS. SARAH —.

DEAR MADAM: Your letter, also the photographs of yourself and daughter Mary, were received. I am returning the photographs to you in to-day's mail.

No, I did not laugh at you because, as you wrote, you are "fair, fat, and forty, with five children." Not at all. I am always glad to be of service, if I may. But, my dear Mrs. —, it wouldn't make a particle of difference if you were sweet, slender, and sixteen; your chances for securing a part in one of the good studios would be no better. The fact that you have had no experience bars you out entirely. The same obstacle arises in the case of your eldest daughter.

Every day people write or call, asking for work at the few large studios in this country, and most of these are turned away. Many of these applicants are experienced, capable actors and actresses; yet there is no work for them. Therefore, madam, what chance is there for you and your daughter? Mary is certainly charming, but why spoil her charm by trying to make an "actress" of her? Let her marry some good man and cast the radiance of her personality about him and her home. Believe me, yours sincerely,

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

MY DEAR MR. BUSHMAN: Although my salutation may be couched in formal language, pray do not consider my feelings toward you lukewarm. If I dared to write you the truth, they are far from that, dear Mr. Bushman. But we society girls are taught from our earliest years to be most discreet and circumspect, and it is dreadfully bad form

you know, to speak or write to a man to whom one has not been properly introduced.

Nevertheless, my dear, there are moments when we must thrust aside conventionality, and, for a time, at least, tear off the mask which society compels us to wear. Actors are never received into our set; they are quite *de trop* with us, as you have probably read or heard. Of course, we go to the very best shows, and always to the opera, but with us, actors and actresses are the entertainers, never to be entertained. Once in a long while an artist like Mansfield or Sothorn or Miss Barrymore or Miss Marlowe flits across our narrow social horizon, and as quickly disappears; but one cannot say they have socially arrived. Their daily environment, you see, is not what we should call *comme il faut*.

I mention these things, my dear, because I want you to feel that, in my letters at least, I have broken down this impassable barrier, as far as I may, in order to become acquainted with you by correspondence, and, I hope, some day in person. Some day, perhaps, our family may be traveling near where you are acting, and I shall have my long-looked-for opportunity of meeting you face to face and knowing you better than I could ever know you at a distance.

I must tell you, dear Mr. Bushman, how I happened to make your screen acquaintance. Our family simply loathes the pictures, as do many of the precious souls who occupy the upper crust of the social sphere; but, as I told you, sometimes I am rather unconventional, and, when the spirit calls, I go with a friend and really enjoy the thrills and the deliciously romantic love-making and the preposterous, impossible clowns. Usually I endeavor to ascertain when *you*, dear, are to appear in a photo play, and I rarely forego the pleasure of seeing you if it is at all

possible for me to do so without breaking important engagements.

It is really too bad that you have not gained admittance to the inner circle of society, but rules are rules, and barriers, barriers. However, live in hope that some day you will—and then I shall meet you! I hope when I meet you—for I feel that I shall some day—I shall not be disappointed, as it is said that many motion pictures, like many still pictures, do flatter one immensely. But you are so handsome, so debonair, so graceful, and so charming on the screen that I feel as though you must be simply ideal off the screen, in life, in the flesh! Ideal men are so hard to find, dear Mr. Bushman, that I, for one, had to go to the “movies” to find mine. Please, please do not fall from your pedestal and shatter my idol!

I am sorry, but I dare not sign my true name and address to this letter. When I meet you in the flesh and you learn who I am and how high my family stands, you will understand and forgive me—won't you?

Meanwhile, my dear, au revoir, and remember that every time I see you on the screen I throw you a kiss in the dark.
Fondly, E. W.

MY DEAR MISS W——: I thank you for being so unconventional as to write to me, a mere entertainer, and I hope, if I ever have the honor of meeting you, that you will not find me, at least, entirely *de trop*. I am glad that you, at any rate, have broken down the social barrier and climbed through to greet me, a humble member of a much-maligned profession. I thank you for your candor, your obvious sincerity, but I honestly fear that you will not find your ideal man in the pictures or anywhere else. He simply does not exist. There! if I have fallen from the pedestal and shattered your idol, I am sorry, but I really and truly could not help it.

Before I, too, say *au revoir*, I must thank you for throwing me those kisses in the dark—or, rather, my shadow self thanks you. And I am grateful for your kind thoughts and prayers. Most sincerely,
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

DEARLY BELOVED FRANCIS: Night after night, for months and months, I have watched your darling features pass and repass before my raptured vision. Night after night I have watched and waited for you in a frenzy of expectation, a fever of admiration, an ecstasy of joy! In mere prose I cannot express the glorious, gorgeous devotion to a single blessed ideal, which you have inspired within me. I must needs commune with the muse and pour out to you my innermost soul in a libation of liquid verse.

(Inclosure)

To Francis X. Bushman.

Thou'rt but a shadow, and thy voice is still;

Thou'rt but a presence, and thy face a ghost;

Yet thou liv'st for me, thou art not lost;

Thine astral body gives me pleasure's thrill.

Thou liv'st, for thy warm personality
Transcends the ghastly silence of the screen;

I see in thee what doth remain unseen

To others; to me thou art no myst'ry.

Behind that shadow breathes thy form divine;

Beyond that spirit moves thy living soul;

And, although dull, dumb years may onward roll,

I'll faithful be—my fond heart's Palestine.
DOROTHEA B——.

MY DEAR MISS DOROTHEA: Really your poem is decidedly clever, and you

should send it to some magazine and have it published. If my acting or personality continues to inspire you to write verse like that, why, you are entirely welcome. But, for pity's sake, don't blame me if the editors won't print your poems. I admit I'm prejudiced in their favor, naturally; but editors have no prejudices.

Seriously, though, Miss Dorothea, I think you have poetic talent and should cultivate it. But why practice on poor me? I'm sure others would appreciate a stanza or two. Sincerely,

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

HERO OF MY HEART: I am only a farmer's daughter, and live 'way out on a God-forsaken R. F. D., but I can appreciate A-R-T all right, and you are an A-R-T-I-S-T. An Artist at Making Love! You've won me, even if you are only a picture. Such a figure, and such eyes, and such a coun-tenance! Jiminy-crickety, no wonder all the female population of these U. S. acts like a crazy colt about you! I never saw anything in trousers to beat you—not even that fussied-up jewelry drummer over to the City Ho-tel a few weeks ago.

I don't get into town very often, account of having so many chores to do on the farm, but every once in a while pa and ma tumble into our Ford—course we own a touring car, every farmer does now—and take the kids and me into Bloomsdale to see the picture show. I always make 'em go where I can see you, my hero! Oh, I just adore you in the pictures! Are you just as nice in real life?

Say, that last moving picture I saw you in was fearful exciting. Gee willikins, but you certainly was a hero then! I don't see how you did it. And you won the girl, too. That was nice, only I think she was too pretty. Can't you get a homely girl to put your arms round and kiss? It makes me feel bad.

I wish I could live in a big town like St. Louis or Chicago and see you in the pictures often. I don't get to see you hardly at all. It's mean and cruel, dear. Jiminy, if I lived in the city, I'd be at the show every afternoon and every night, looking for you and at you. Why, other actors are pickles when you're around. You're pie! I love pie!

Some morning early I'm going to steal that Ford—I can run it like pa—and go to Bloomsdale for a couple of days, just to see you in the movies. I'll phone to the theater and find out when you're coming—oh, what fun! Course pa and ma will cut up like blazes, 'cause I ain't supposed to have any fun, I guess, but I'll do it.

Georgie Jenkins—that's the young fellow who lives on the next farm to ours, his pa's got money—Georgie says he don't care nothing about you. He thinks Charlie Chaplin can walk away from the whole bunch of movie actors when it gets down to real act-ing. Chaplin is all right as a circus side-show, but he don't belong in the main tent—with you, Francis. Georgie wants me to marry him, but I said, "Nay, nay, my lad. My star rides higher in the heavens!" and with that he bade me adoo, and the only time I saw him since was a Sunday morning at church, when he gave me a smile and a bow. Any time I tell him yes, I guess I can have him, but look at him—what is he? An R. F. D. farmer's son. When I take unto myself a mate for good or ill, I want a man who has done big things—an A-R-T-I-S-T like you, hero of my heart! Not a man who knows only pigs and potatoes!

But what's the use? Pa sent me to school just long enough to make me dis-sat-is-fied with this hum-drum life on the farm. Do you think I could act country-girl parts in the pictures, and would you coach me? Gee willikins, that would be great! Lots of raw rural rubes have made good in the big cities,

they say—why not me? I've read a lot and kept up with what goes on—I'm not as green as I look—and I don't chew a bit o' hay, either. Say, hero mine, be honest with me—what's my chance? If there is none, tell me. I've had worse dis-ap-point-ments.

I hear ma calling me to go out and feed the chickens, so I'll say o revaw (I don't know much French, just oui and non). I don't know how to address you, but I guess the post of-fee will find you—you're so well known. Anyway, I'm sticking your picture on the en-ve-lope to make sure you'll get it. That's my own idea, what do you think o' it?

Please write and let me know your home address.

With love and a hug and a kiss from
your R. F. D. girl, SUSAN —.

MY DEAR MISS SUSAN: Well, little girl—I presume you are a little girl—I can understand exactly how you feel, 'way out there on that R. F. D. farm; but, after all, don't you think you are a thousand times better off than those girls in the big cities who "sow the wind and reap the whirlwind"? Do you know what I mean? If you don't, ask your minister or doctor—he will tell you, and gladly.

Don't pine after the lights and the tinsel and the turmoil of the city. Believe me, my dear, they are not worth while. The only things really worth while are the elemental things—the things we come from and the things we are glad to go back to in the end. What are they? Home, nature, family, friends, books, pets, honest toil, sweet sleep, and peace eternal. These are the things that count—the only things. All the rest is artificial, false, make-believe. We actors lead the falsest, most worthless, most unsatisfactory lives. We have one sustaining force, our art; and those who are not artists and never will be.

The very best thing you can do, Miss Susan, is to marry Georgie Jenkins or some other good, honest young fellow and settle down with him on the farm and make him a good wife and a good mother to his children. Don't go running off after false gods. Don't believe everything you see and read and hear about. Don't take books and plays and motion pictures too seriously. The great majority of them do not reflect life at all, but are highly colored and exaggerated for entertainment purposes. There is but one thing you should take seriously: your own life, the life about you. Make that worth while to yourself and others, and you will be successful and happy.

I don't mean that you should stop going to town to see the pictures and enjoy yourself in other ways. Certainly not. But I ask you not to be serious about it. And please, please don't steal your father's car and sneak away to Bloomsdale. It would be dreadfully hard on your parents.

Now don't forget my advice, Miss Susan, and when you marry Georgie—or some other nice chap—remember that I wish you good luck.

Sincerely,

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

MY DEAR FRANCIS: I fell in love with you, dear Francis, the first time I saw you in a picture. You are my ideal—the ideal I was always looking for, but could never find—until now.

I am honest enough to tell you that I am a married woman. Why should I deceive you? Married, yes—but unhappily. My husband is far from being the ideal I have always had in mind. He spends his time in business, at his club, and—neglects me. I am the most lonesome, miserable woman in the world. I spend most of my time at the movie theater, watching you, dear one. Oh, if I only knew you to speak to, if I could only have you near me, to talk to

me and comfort me! But you are so far away—so far!

Dearest Francis, with the dreamy eyes and beautiful hair, I wonder if we two shall ever meet. Sometimes I think we shall. Once I read that two mated souls, no matter how far apart they may be on earth, are destined to come together one day, in life or in death. Ah, even that is preferable to the miserable existence I am leading. If I really thought I should meet you in the Great Beyond, I might go ahead and wait for you there. But what assurance have I of this?

It seems that all I can do is to keep on suffering—and loving you. They say that is woman's lot. I suppose so. But it would be so comforting to have a line from you, Francis, dear. Just a line or two, won't you, to satisfy my soul's longing, dear heart?

Thine until the end,

(MRS.) MABEL H—

MY DEAR MRS. H—: If you will accept a bit of advice, my dear madam, you will at once forget about your ideal and devote more attention to your husband and your home. It is quite likely that the reason he absents himself from home and "neglects you," as you say, lies in your treatment of him. The average American husbands are a pretty decent sort, it strikes me. Personally, I think many of them are rather too indulgent, and, as a result, many wives impose upon their good nature and generosity, and become extravagant. I don't know the circumstances, of course, but I would advise you to consider your husband more and yourself less in future, and happiness will come to you both. And, for the sake of yours and your husband's happiness, forget me and all other outsiders. Reserve your affection for the man to whom you are married—he will treasure them. Sincerely,

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.



MACK SENNETT, Keystone, world's greatest producer of comedy pictures, started his career as a mere chorus man at the Casino Theater, New York City.

Before the Stars Shone By Al Ray



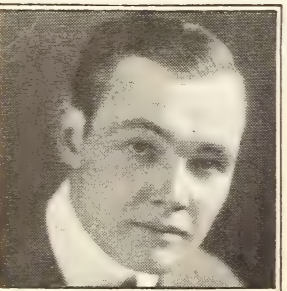
MARGUERITE COURTOT, Gaumont, was an artists' model before she decided to enter pictures. She lived near the Kalem studio, and went there one day to apply for a position. Her "tests" before the camera were so successful that she was given an important rôle in "Rube Marquard Wins." She made good, and the result was that she was immediately placed in stock at an excellent salary, playing leads opposite the debonair Guy Coombs in war films.



ENID MARKEY, Triangle-Kay Bee, started her career with a traveling company that was playing "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." She was a Colorado City belle at the time, and her parents were just completing arrangements to send her to Leland Stanford University. But when the management of the show advertised that they would take some of the town's beauties along in their chorus, the temptation was too strong, and she successfully applied for a "job."



CHARLOTTE BURTON, American, is one of the many stage children to find their way into motion pictures. Her first appearance behind the footlights was at the age of eight years, as a fairy with a wand and spangled wings, in "The Brownies in Fairyland." Of course, she had to go to school later on, and really began her stage career all over again after she was graduated, this time with a Western stock company, in ingénue rôles, in which she was at once successful.



CHARLES RAY, Triangle, received his start in the theatrical business by passing water in a theater, and also acting as cashier. Then the manager got married and put his wife to work as cashier, so they had to find another job for Charlie. They gave him his first part—a fireman in the "Still Alarm." He had three words to say: "Fire! Fire! Fire!" and during intermissions he continued to pass around water. Later Charlie joined one of the companies that played there.

Telling what popular players did prior to becoming screen favorites . .

through whom she secured a road engagement.

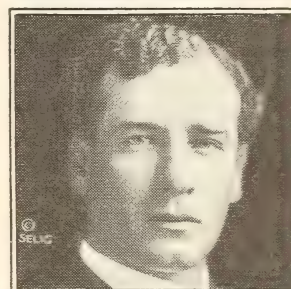
LOUISE EMERALD BATES, the beautiful Thanhouser girl, could not see the use of spending all her precious time writing short stories and not selling them. Therefore, she finally decided to come to the great and only New York City to seek a professional career. She had always cherished a longing to play in a Broadway production, so she applied for a position in the chorus of the famous Winter Garden show, which she later secured after a display of unlimited patience.

TOM SANTSCHI, Selig, started out to be a watchmaker, and worked at this trade for quite some time. But it did not appeal very strongly to him, and he sold out his business. He eventually landed a "job" with a stock company, playing minor parts, until his ability as an actor was recognized. Then he gradually rose until he was made a leading man. He has never been with any film company other than Selig, and scored his greatest triumph in "The Spoilers."

MAE MARSH used to go to the Biograph studio to watch her sister, Marguerite Marsh, work under the direction of D. W. Griffith. She felt that she could be an actress, too, if she were given a chance. Finally she persuaded Marguerite to tell Griffith that her movie-struck sister wanted to play in films, and the master producer gave Mae a part that was unmisstakably small. But Mae made so much of it that it became a big part, and she became big with it.

FLORENCE LABADIE, Thanhouser, started playing extra parts with Biograph. She then applied to Thanhouser for work. Of course, they took her name, and promised to send for her if anything ever "turned up." That night, Mr. Thanhouser went to a picture show, noticed the girl who had been there that afternoon looking for a position, playing a very small part in a Biograph film, and decided to watch her. Her work pleased him immensely, and she was engaged at once.

CLEO MADISON, Universal, began her professional life by answering the ad of a dramatic teacher,



His Picture in the Papers

Featuring *By Kenneth Rand*
Douglas Fairbanks



THAT'S a cinch!" laughed Pete Prindle. "If I wanted to, I'll bet I could get my picture spread all over the front page of every newspaper in the country!"

Proteus Prindle, the millionaire manufacturer of Prindle's Twenty-seven—count 'em, twenty-seven—Varieties of Pure-food Products, brought the periodical which he held in his hand down on the desk before him with an angry bang.

The publication was the *Vegetarians' Gazette*, and its frontispiece for the month was a photograph of his two daughters, Pearl and Pansy, showing them gazing with loving pride at a package of Prindle's Pressed Prunes, on which they had both been raised, as they held it up between them. They were a pair of girls for a father to be proud of. While his son——

"This is the last straw, sir!" declared

the inventor of the Puffed Peanut and the Life-preserving Lentil, beating the book up and down on the desk in his anger. "You have scoffed openly at my products, calling them 'baled hay,' and the like. Besides frittering away your time here in the office, where I have been paying you a bank cashier's salary for performing the duties of a clerk. And now you belittle the publicity your two sisters have brought me by saying that you could do better than they have, if you set out to. Very well; I mean to take you at your word. Here's a hundred dollars. Take it, and clear out. It's the last cent you'll get from me—until you've succeeded in keeping the name of Prindle before the public by getting your photograph printed in at least one metropolitan newspaper!"

Pete—taking the hundred—sauntered out of his irate parent's office to make

good his boast. He repeated to himself, as he walked along the street outside in search of a telephone pay station, the statement he had made to his father: It was going to be a cinch. All he would have to do to get his picture printed in every newspaper in town was something sensational enough, and the deed would be an accomplished fact.

Entering a cigar store, Pete shut himself into the telephone booth and called up the residence of Christopher Crimp, the head of the traffic department of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"Hello, dear!" the young man greeted Christine, the railroad official's daughter, when her voice floated to him over the wire. "Everything's all right—I'm going to be a member of the firm!"

"Ah, fine!"

"Isn't it, though?" Pete jubilantly gave back. "Your father'll have to let me marry you then. He said when dad gave me an interest in the business, he'd unmuffle the clappers of the wedding bells and let them ring out for us. Well, I'm going to make him live up to his word. I know pop will be so tickled over the advertisement I'll bring him and the Predigested Prune and the rest of the silly old Twenty-seven Varieties of imitation fodder he's all wrapped up in, that he'll offer me a partnership in the firm just as soon as I've carried out the assignment he's given me——"

"Pete! What is it you've got to do——"

"Get my picture in the paper," he lightly broke in. "That's all. I told him it would be a pipe—that means, dear, anything that's so easy as to be like taking candy away from a baby. And now I'm going to start out and prove it. By-by!"

Christopher Crimp, who was the warm friend and disciple of Proteus Prindle, in reply to the request of the health-food inventor's harum-scarum

son for his daughter's hand, told Pete that when he turned over a new leaf and worked hard enough at his father's business to earn an interest in it, he would consent to let him marry Christine, and not before.

Crimp had hoped in this way to return the favor Prindle, senior, had recently done him. This had been to block the plan of a gang of toughs, known as the Gophers, who had sent the railroad official a letter ordering him to place a large sum of money for them beside a certain rock in Central Park.

Old man Prindle had taken the letter to the police. As a result, on the night named by the gangsters as the one on which the money was to be left near the rock, a squad of bluecoats had been concealed near the scene, and, when Crimp placed the money on the prescribed spot and withdrew to let the blackmailers secure it, they had been charged by the police, and two of their number captured.

It seemed that the gang had been made to abandon their attempt to hold up the man they had first selected as a victim, "because he don't eat no meat, and'll be easy pickin' fer us!"

But nothing was further from the fact, in reality. The fate of their two comrades who had fallen into the hands of the police through the trap Crimp and Prindle had set for them, had aroused the remaining gangsters' implacable hatred against the vegetarian head of the traffic department, and they were only waiting for a chance to be revenged upon him.

Pete, after he left the telephone booth, sauntered on uptown, trying to think of something he could do to get his name and his picture into the paper. Nothing practical suggesting itself to him at the end of ten blocks, he stopped on a corner to purchase a paper from a newsboy.

He would see what other people

were doing to get into print. There, on the front page of the paper he had bought, he saw the photograph of a rich young man beside that of a twisted and smashed automobile, underneath a scare head which proclaimed the fact that the scion of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the city had met with a serious accident while returning home along a suburban boulevard from a road house in the early hours of that morning at a mere eighty-two miles an hour.

"That's what I'll do!" Pete exclaimed, crumpling the paper and dropping it at his feet as he turned, with the sparkle of an idea in his eyes, to look for another public telephone. "That will be the best and simplest way to go about it. I'll be the biggest thing in print to-morrow morning, myself!"

He popped into the booth just inside the front door of a drug store and called up his father's office.

"Hello, dad!" he gayly hailed his parent. "Do me a favor, will you?"

"No, sir!" promptly snapped Proteus Prindle. "I told you that you'd get nothing more from me until you made good your boast, and I mean it!"

"But I don't want any money," the young man protested. "That isn't the kind of a favor I meant. I only want to borrow the family automobile. Let me have it, will you, pop, for just a few hours——"

"No, sir!" declined his father firmly. "I will not."

And he hung up the receiver. Pete, there being nothing else he could do, followed suit and emerged from the telephone booth.

He ruefully continued his walk up the city's main thoroughfare. Without a car, how could he appear on the front page of the newspapers the next morning as the central figure in an automobile smash-up? He had set his heart upon using that means of breaking into

print, too, and he hated the thought of giving it up with the mental effort that would involve of thinking up something else.

Pete came to a halt, the frown lifting on his brow. He had reached "Automobile Row," as a section of Broadway that begins a block or so above Longacre Square and ends a trifle beyond Columbus Circle, is known. And beside him, in the window of a secondhand store, stood a car of the vintage of 1899, bearing a card with the appeal:

Take me home for \$83.99.

"Fine business!" Pete murmured elatedly, as he gazed at the antiquated rattletrap that was within his means as represented by the hundred-dollar bill in his pocket. "That old buggy is due for a trip to the scrap heap, anyway—and that's just what I'll give it!"

Pete went into the store and purchased the auto. Then he drove it over to the Jersey Palisades. On the brink of the highest point of the precipice he could find, he brought the car to a halt.

"Good-by, old boy!" he addressed the ancient machine in mock-serious adieu, as he hopped out of it. "You may have been a good old jitney in your day, but now you're going down—and out!"

He started the auto going. It shot over the edge of the cliff and down, turning over and over, to the plain below, where it landed upside down. A moment later, a dull "boom" rose to Pete's ears as the engine exploded. He hastened down the side of the precipice by a safe path he had marked out.

Arriving beside the wrecked machine, he lifted up his voice in a loud cry for help, followed by another. Then he crawled under the car, and lay still.

Three men, a boy, and a stray dog

came running, and Pete was pulled out. While two of the men tried in vain to revive him, the third—escorted by the dog—went to phone for an ambulance.

Pete was taken to a hospital and placed in a private room, under the care of a nurse. There he opened his eyes and inquired if any reporters, notified of the accident that had befallen him, had arrived. He was gratified to learn that no less than a dozen were then waiting downstairs for news of the extent of his injuries. Pete insisted that they be led to his bedside at once.

To each of the reporters Pete gave his photograph, with a stock of which he had had the forethought to arm himself beforehand, and then, having given a graphic account of how he had driven unawares over the edge of the precipice in the automobile, he rolled over on his side to fall asleep, with the blissful certainty that the morrow

would find the task he had set himself accomplished.

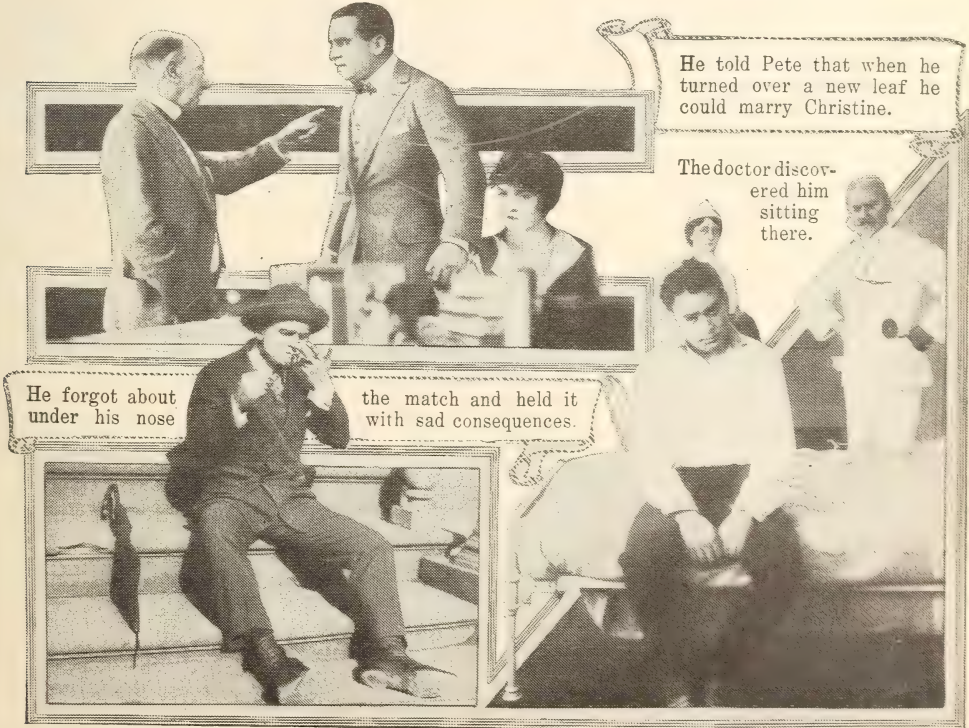
Pete waked up at five the next morning, and called at once for all the newspapers. His picture, he discovered with a sinking sensation at his heart, was missing on the front page of each.

An anxious search through all the pages of all the papers disclosed the fact that his photograph was nowhere in them. There was not even an account of his accident. Yes—there it was.

Under a heading, "Automobile Accidents of the Day," tucked away in an inconspicuous corner of an unimportant page, in the finest of fine type, was the name of Pete Prindle!

"Stung!" groaned Pete, dashing the paper to the floor. "I thought I was betting on a sure thing—and I lose!"

Forlorn and discouraged, Pete absent-mindedly proceeded to dress himself during the nurse's absence from



the room, and then sat on the edge of the bed, staring into space. The doctor, making his rounds, discovered him sitting there in this position, and, because of certain remarks between them which followed, Pete left the hospital—with two dollars and eighty-nine cents left in his pocket and his picture thus far unprinted in any newspaper.

In the meanwhile, the Gophers, bent upon taking revenge for their comrades' arrest upon Crimp, had sent one of their members to "get" him.

The gangster, armed with a dagger, was waiting beside the entrance of the downtown skyscraper where the general offices of the railroad were located. Crimp, stepping out of one of the elevators in the lobby, perceived that it was raining outside, and stopped to put on his overcoat, adjusting a bundle which he carried under the garment. It was to that move he undoubtedly owed his life.

As the head of the traffic department stepped out of the building, the Gopher leaped forward from his place of concealment beside one of the pillars of the entrance and stabbed his quarry thrice with the dagger. Crimp sank to the ground, as his assailant swiftly ran off.

"I've been killed!" the railroad official weakly cried. "Help!"

A crowd collected round him with the customary rapidity. Crimp was lifted up, his overcoat unbuttoned to ascertain the extent of his injury—and the bundle he had been carrying, which was composed of half a dozen packages of Prindle's Live-preserving Lentils, fell out.

The wrapping paper around it gaped in three places where the dagger of his would-be assassin had pierced it. Christopher Crimp himself remained unharmed.

Once more the Gophers' plan had gone awry—thanks to their victim's friend, Prindle, the health-food king.

Pete, upon taking his hurried departure from the hospital, was plunged in gloom. For the first time, a doubt arose in his mind of its being so easy for any one to get his picture in the paper—when he wanted to.

He located a stray cigarette in his pocket and begged a lone match from a passer-by. Then he adjourned to a neighboring stoop and seated himself on the steps to plan a campaign. Pete must have planned quite seriously, for when he lit his cigarette he forgot to cast away the match, and held it under his nose, with sad consequences. The burn, however, was soon forgotten, as Pete reached an important decision—which was to call up Christine and report his failure. He did, but, after five minutes' conversation with her, his spirits had risen, and, with them, his courage.

He *would* succeed. No matter what obstacles reared themselves in his path, he would persevere until his smiling countenance greeted the perusers of every newspaper in the city.

It was in a barber shop, where he had gone to be shaved, with the hope that an idea would suggest itself to him, as he had frequently heard of its doing to other men while they themselves were engaged in scraping their faces, of another way that he could set about the business of breaking into print, that Pete's eye was caught by a poster on the wall.

It announced that at the Sharkey A. C., in Bridgeport, Battling Burke, the Champion Middleweight of the Eastern States, would meet all comers at eight o'clock that night.

"Gee, if I could lick him!" Pete reflected, with his eyes still held by the poster on the wall as he got out of the chair and paid the barber. "I'll bet the papers would all run my picture on their sporting pages. I'll go up and take a wallop at this pug, just on a chance, anyway!"

Heading for the Grand Central Station, Pete presented himself at the ticket window, five minutes later, with a request for a ticket to Bridgeport. He clapped one hand to his pocket and the other to his brow, when the man mentioned the fare.

It was over a dollar more than he had left out of the hundred his father had given him, after the price he had paid for the secondhand automobile he had purchased on the day before had been deducted from it.

"No, I'm not going off on any souse party with that bunch of wild Indians," Pete heard a man in the line behind him at the ticket window saying to a friend.

Scalp-ers! The word flashed into Pete's mind as he

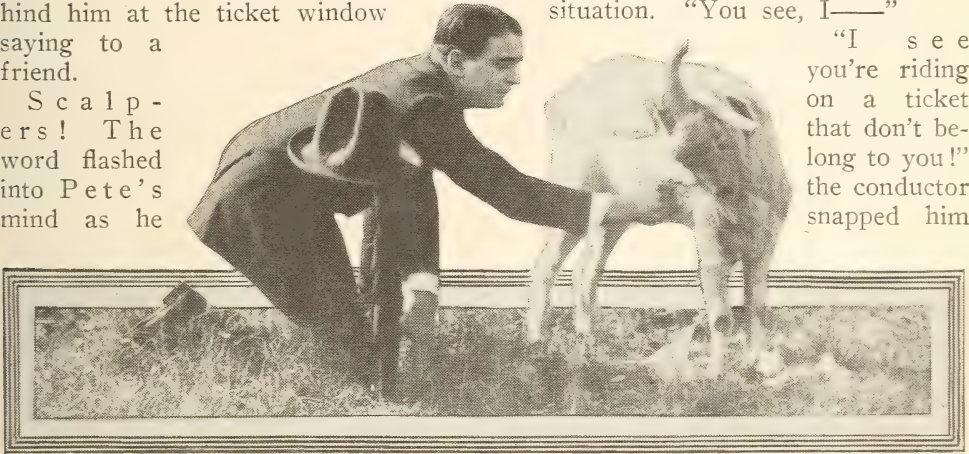
you trying to slip over on me, huh? This calls for a stout man with a beard——"

"Ah, that's all right!" Pete gulped, with a friendly grin as the conductor, though his heart had sunk into his boots at this unexpected complication he had confronted him with. "I've shaved off my whiskers since I bought that ticket!"

"But you're not stout any more, are you?"

"No—no! I've got rid of a lot of weight, officer—er, I mean, conductor—since I've been dieting," Pete went on, trying to lie his way out of the situation. "You see, I——"

"I see you're riding on a ticket that don't belong to you!" the conductor snapped him



"I never thought I'd be a barber to a goat," the young man muttered.

heard the mention of "Indians." Perhaps he could find a ticket scalper who would supply him with the means of getting to Bridgeport at a reduced rate. He left the line to go in search of one of that tribe.

Luckily finding the man in charge of the first office where he called in possession of a one-way ticket to Bridgeport, Pete purchased it and hastened back to the station to take the next train for that town—with just one cent left to his name.

The conductor looked at the ticket, and then he looked at Pete.

"Say," the official growled, "what are

up, reaching for the signal cord overhead, to stop the train, as he spoke. "And that's against the rules of the road. Off you get. Move lively!"

Pete, the ticket thrust back into his hand by the glowering conductor, was lifted by the coat collar out of his seat the next moment, as he still sat there, in disobedience of the latter's order, and hustled down the aisle of the car and off its step onto the sloping side of the cindered roadbed—where he stood watching the train move on without him.

Walking disconsolately after it, Pete came at last to a station two and a half

miles farther on. Here he invested his last cent in a stick of chewing gum from a slot machine, and sat down on a bench in the waiting room to survey the ticket in which he had foolishly sunk all of his capital but that one lone penny.

Until he could grow a beard and take on fifty pounds or so of additional weight, that ticket would be of no use to him. Replacing it in his pocket, with a sigh, Pete wandered forth to draw inspiration for his next move from a survey of the surrounding countryside.

He stopped, a quarter of a mile away from the station, at sight of a goat tethered in a field. Stopped, with the sparkle of another idea lighting up his eyes.

The goat wore what Pete did not—a beard.

Opening his pocketknife as he stole up on tiptoe behind the unsuspecting goat, Pete seized it firmly around the throat in one arm, and began to saw away at the hirsute appendage that hung down from the animal's chin.

"I never thought I'd be a barber to a goat!" the young man muttered to himself, as he worked. "But I'd do anything to make a hit with the governor and get an interest in the firm—and Christine!"

Sticking the beard on his own chin with the chewing gum, Pete hastened back to the station. He had fulfilled one of the requirements of that ticket. He now wore whiskers. But how was he going to meet the other, of presenting a thickset appearance to the world at large and conductors in charge of trains to Bridgeport in particular?

Pete saw the answer to that question as he looked through one of the parlor-car windows of a train that had just drawn to a stop beside the station as he reached it. The window was open, and beside it an old maid sat, fast asleep—with a pillow under her head.

Waiting until the train began to move—in the direction of Bridgeport, as he had found out—Pete snatched the pillow and ran, stuffing it under his vest, toward the last car, swinging up on its platform just as it was moving by him.

The conductor who came along ten minutes later to inspect his ticket, saw a stout man with a beard in possession of it—and he passed on, leaving Pete gloating over the ruse by which he made use of the ticket, after all.

But, alas! he gloated too soon. A glance at his watch showing him that it was getting late, Pete put his head out of the window to see what time the train was making. And—his whiskers blew off!

There was no excuse he could make to the conductor who had returned just as the young man drew his head in out of the window to inspect his ticket again, for the disappearance from his chin of the whiskers that had covered it only a few minutes earlier—and once more Pete was put off the train.

As he sat, with his head in his hands, by the roadside a quarter of an hour later, the sound of an approaching automobile reached his ears.

Pete bounded up, with the thought that perhaps the driver of the car would be a kind-hearted individual who could be prevailed upon to take him to Bridgeport.

"Hey!" Pete yelled at the hatchet-faced, elderly man who was the sole occupant of the automobile, waving his arms at him to stop. "Where are you bound?"

"Bridgeport," was the laconic response.

Pete's heart leaped with renewed hope at the answer.

"Fine! Will you give me a lift there?"

"No, I won't," the sharp-visaged man in the car answered.

"You won't—why?" Pete blurted, in surprise.

"'Cause I won't," repeated the other. "I ain't runnin' no jitney-bus line for strangers, an' speshully them as I don't like the looks of—as I don't yours. That's enough for you, I reckon." And he honked his horn once, as though to terminate the interview with a period, and started on.

But Pete was not to be cheated of this means of arriving at the destination he had been struggling toward with such difficulty, now that it was within easy reach; and he jumped for the back of the automobile as it went by him, catching onto it, and so rode into Bridgeport as the hatchet-faced man's guest, without the latter being any the wiser.

It was nine o'clock when Pete found the Sharkey A. C., and ran up the dim stairs toward a door behind which a muffled tumult arose. The din was emanating from a couple of hundred men, Pete saw when he opened the door and gazed across its threshold, who had just witnessed the dropping to the canvas-covered floor of the ring in the center of the room, about which they were seated, of another of Battling Burke's challengers for the middle-weight championship of the Eastern States.

"Are there any more contestants?" the referee shouted above the tumult, as he finished the count over the title holder's prone adversary. "Any more contestants, before I toin over dis silver belt to Battlin' Boik, as de champion—"

Pete lifted up his voice, as he stepped through the door.

"Yes, I'd like to take a chance with him!" he called.

Battling Burke smiled scornfully as he looked over Pete's slender but well-knit figure, when the latter stood in the ring with him to give his name and hailing place to the referee.

But the smile was wiped from Burke's face, when, ten minutes later,

Pete, in borrowed fighting togs to which he had changed in one of the dressing rooms of the club, sailed into him as the gong rang to mark the start of round one.

The pugilist, having already met three challengers before that evening, was tired, while Pete was fresh. He could not block and counter all of the blows the latter rained at his face; and so the very thing on which Pete had been counting, happened. A "lucky punch" laid the middleweight champion low. The referee counted him out, then turned to hold up Pete's hand as the victor, and a host of reporters and newspaper camera men clambered over the ropes and surged around the new title holder.

Pete joyously shouted his name over and over to the reporters—to be sure that they got it right—while he posed in front of the cameras.

At last, he had done it! Nothing could keep his picture out of the papers now—

The front and rear doors of the hall fell in with a crash. A blue-coated, brass-buttoned, club-swinging horde descended upon its inmates, shoving their way through to the ring. Battling Burke and the referee were seized and placed under arrest. As he jumped out of the ring and ran for his clothes to escape from the place, Pete heard a sound of splintering wood behind him. Looking over his shoulder with a groan, he saw the cameras that had just snapped his picture being smashed into kindling by the policemen's night-sticks.

He had lost again. With the task he had set himself, of earning a place in the public limelight, accomplished—the fight club had had to be raided!

While this was going on, the Gophers had by no means fallen asleep upon their sworn job of making Christopher Crimp rue as the bitterest day of his



Enlisting the aid of two other men who were still able to walk he carried Pete out to a cab.

life, that on which he had been responsible for sending two of their members away to jail.

Another of their number had been sent forth to accomplish the purpose that his predecessor with the dagger had failed to carry out—that of removing Mr. Crimp as an encumbrance upon this mundane sphere.

Armed with a bomb, this time, his would-be assassin tracked the railroad official along one of the city's principal thoroughfares. When he saw his quarry turn down a side street, the Gopher followed at his heels, drawing the bomb out to hurl it to the sidewalk, at Crimp's feet. It was then, and then

only, that the gangster became aware of the fact that others besides himself were keeping the head of the traffic department under surveillance.

Christine, hearing the attempt which had been made upon her father's life after the one that had been vainly made upon his pocketbook, had insisted that Crimp employ eight husky guards to shadow him wherever he went—to the end that, another attack upon him being made, his assailant might be prevented from carrying out his murderous intention, and fall into the hands of the law, as well.

Seeing him pull out the bomb from under his coat, Crimp's bodyguard

loosed a simultaneous yell of alarm, at the same time springing forward to nab the holder of the infernal machine before he could throw it.

Darting a frightened glance over his shoulder, the gangster attempted flight. In his haste, he tripped, the bomb dropped from his hands, and he himself became the victim of its explosion.

Naturally, after that, the Gopher Gang was more than ever bent upon Christopher Crimp's destruction, as a constant menace to their organization every moment that he remained alive.

In the meantime, beating his way back to New York afoot along the ties of the railroad, Pete was meditating suicide—the conventional recourse of the failure who dreads the mocking laughter of the world for his inability to carry out a given purpose.

He was never going to get his picture printed in the paper. The thing was beyond his merely human strength to accomplish: a task before which a superman, let alone an average mortal who had boasted that it would prove it a "cinch," might well quail. However any of the other hundreds, the thousands out of the population of the United States managed to get their photographs printed in the daily newspapers, was a mystery to him.

Stooping to pick up the two-day-old copy of a daily which lay fluttering beside the track, Pete glanced at it, and the mystery was that no longer. His eye had met an advertisement for Peruna, accompanied by an almost life-size photograph of the user.

"By gollied!" Pete announced to himself, "I'm almost desperate enough to resort to that. I *will* send a picture of myself, with a red-hot testimonial, to the manufacturers of this stuff. They're bound to print it, since it won't cost them a cent; and I'll have lived up to the terms of my agreement with dad—I didn't say *how* I was going to

get my photograph run in the newspapers, but only that I could do it!"

True to his resolve, as soon as he arrived in the city, hours later, Pete dropped into a hotel and helped himself to an envelope and a sheet of its stationery, with which to indite a fervid statement of the benefits he had received by drinking Peruna from his infancy on. Then, inclosing one of his photographs, he went out to find a mail box in which to post the letter.

He found that, all right. And something else—that he was without the price of a stamp. Was a mere pittance like two cents going to stand in the way of his landing his picture in the paper?

As he stood before the lamp-post to which the letter box was attached, Pete took off his hat and scratched his head over the dilemma in which he found himself. A dear old lady, passing by and seeing the attitude in which the young man was standing there at the curb, dropped a nickel in his hat—and Pete's problem of mailing his letter and photograph to the manufacturers of Peruna was solved.

Two days later he opened a copy of the "newspaper with the largest circulation in Greater New York," and confronted his likeness in an advertisement that began with the statement in bold-face type:

Pete Prindle, Son of the Prindle of the Twenty-seven Varieties of Pure-food Products, Asserts That He Owes His Life to Peruna, on Which He Was Brought Up from Infancy.

Pete chuckled over the display ad, of which his photograph formed the principal part, like a maniac.

"Eureka!" he breathed to himself, folding the paper and tucking it carefully away in the breast pocket of his coat. "I've done it! And now to show this grand little advertisement for him and his mock-food products to dad—and win Christine!"

Hastening to the home of Christopher Crimp, Pete prevailed upon both him and his daughter to accompany him to his father's office. There, before them all, the young man spread out the paper which contained his picture at last—and stepped back to enjoy his triumph.

It was as short-lived as snow in the torrid blasts of August.

"You chump!" raged the health-food m a n u -
facturer, after one glance at the picture of his son,

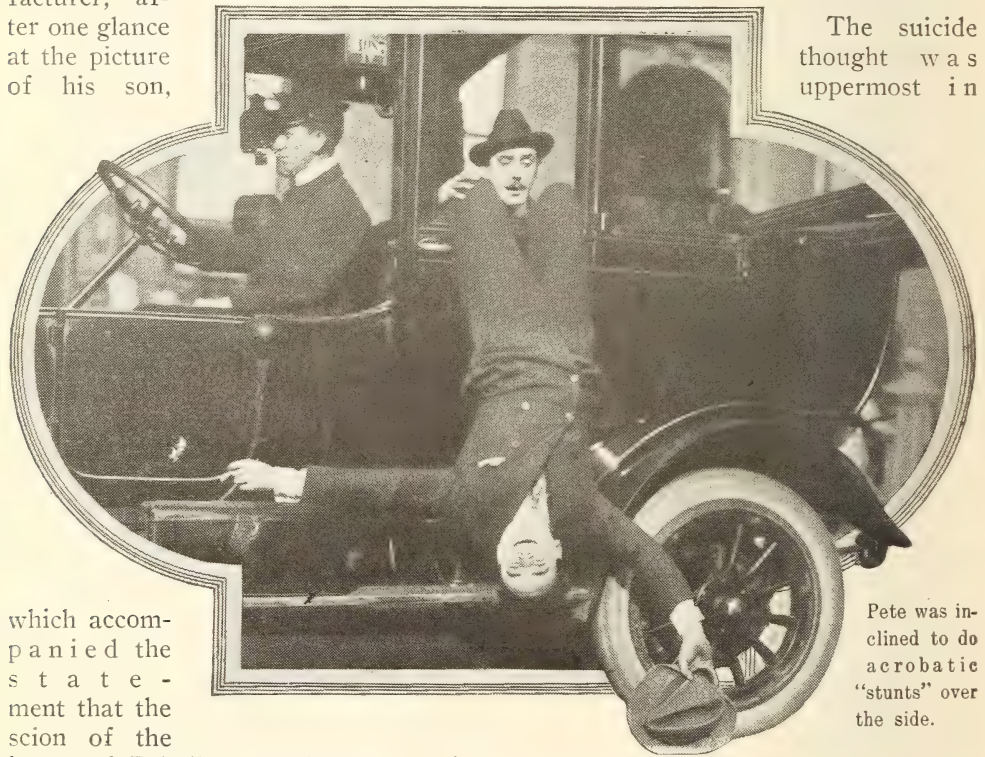
ingly at him, Crimp called his daughter to his side.

"I forbid you," he charged her, "ever to see or speak to this—this ingrate again!"

Pete walked out of the office, crushed in body and spirit.

It seemed that he was playing a losing game all the way through. Even when he succeeded in getting his picture printed in the paper, it didn't do him any good.

The suicide thought was uppermost in



which accompanied the statement that the scion of the house of Prindle owed his life to the unremitting use of Peruna. "Do you suppose I want it said that one of my family has to use Peruna! Get out of here before I slay you—this will do me more damage than I can repair by six months of paid-for advertising in all the papers and magazines in the country! I repeat, sir, you are a fool!"

Drawing himself up with loyal indignation, as Pete turned to look appeal-

Pete's mind again, when his attention was drawn to a placard which bore the following announcement:

Madame Vera Crews, Clairvoyant and Psychist; She Will Tell You the Future as Well as the Past; Readings by Appointment; One Dollar.

Perhaps, Pete thought, it would be a good idea for him to know whether or not he was ever going to break into

Pete was inclined to do acrobatic "stunts" over the side.

print in a way that would redound to his father's credit.

But he had no dollar to pay Vera Crews for a reading of his horoscope. Just then Pete saw that he was passing his club, and that on its steps stood one of his friends, Smith by name.

"Lend me a dollar, old man, will you?" Pete, accosting his friend, anxiously requested. "I want to see Vera Crews."

"You expect to see Vera Cruz on a dollar?" Smith inquired, staring at him in astonishment.

"Yes," Pete nodded. "Give me the money, like a good fellow."

His friend complied. Then he insisted that Pete come into the club with him. There, in company with half a dozen other young men whom they met in the smoking room, they had several. Midnight arrived before Pete knew it. Then he was not aware of the time—or of anything else, for that matter. To put it plainly, he was "under the table."

Smith, who still retained some vestiges of sobriety, remembered that Pete had told him he was going to Vera Cruz. Enlisting the aid of two other members of the party who, like himself, were still able to walk, he carried Pete out to a cab, and installed him in it, though Pete was inclined to do acrobatic "stunts" over the side, when he saw the others leave and only Smith remain. But Smith lost no time in getting him to the steamship pier.

Eight hours later, when Pete awoke, he found himself in a berth on board a vessel that was most undeniably in motion. Rushing up on deck, in his pajamas, he perceived that the steamer was passing a low-lying strip of land on the starboard bow.

"What place is that?" Pete, clutching a passing deck hand, demanded of him.

"Atlantic City," the sailor answered.

The next second, Pete had vaulted

over the rail and was swimming toward that well-known pleasure resort, with a swift, overhand stroke that soon landed him upon its beach.

He ran up on the board walk. There a couple of policemen, catching sight of his pajama-clad figure, naturally took him for an escaped lunatic, and started in pursuit of him.

Pete collided with a negro in charge of a wheel chair. The colored man went down. Thinking he had been purposely assaulted by Pete, five of his fellows left their chairs to go to his assistance. A moment later Pete was in the center of a lively mix-up.

He had just succeeded in bowling over the last of his dusky adversaries, when the policemen pushed their way through the crowd that had gathered around the mêlée, and placed him under arrest.

A reporter emerged from the crowd, presenting his card to the two officers of the law and inquiring the cause of the disturbance. Pete, hearing him declare his identity as a member of the press, eagerly shouted to him:

"I'm Pete Prindle! I was raised on Prindle's Products, and I've just licked six coons!"

To his joy, Pete saw the reporter whip a folding kodak from his pocket. He persuaded the policemen who had hold of him to allow him to pose just for one minute, in front of the newspaper man's camera, before they dragged him off to jail. Striking an athletic attitude, Pete cried to the reporter to go ahead and take his picture, which the representative of the press did. Then Pete allowed the officers to hale him away.

Released with only a reprimand by a lenient magistrate, and in an outfit of misfit clothing loaned to him by the policemen, the next morning, Pete's first act was to hunt up a new stand to see if an account of his encounter with

the Ethiopian wheel-chair pushers of the day before had got into the paper.

It had. The story was blazoned forth to the world on the front page. But without Pete's picture. "On account of the eminent respectability of the young man's family," the article announced, "his identity as the principal participant in the disgraceful affair is withheld."

No, he was never going to get his picture in the paper. And, with that gloomy reflection, Pete started to walk along the railroad tracks, back to New York.

Proteus Prindle, in the meantime, had notified his friend Crimp that a consignment of several carloads of his health foods which he had ordered shipped over the road of which the latter was the traffic-department head, had not arrived, for some unaccountable reason.

Crimp, accompanied by his daughter, had set out over the road in an endeavor to trace the missing consignment of his friend's goods. And the Gophers, seeing him go, planned their last attempt, and

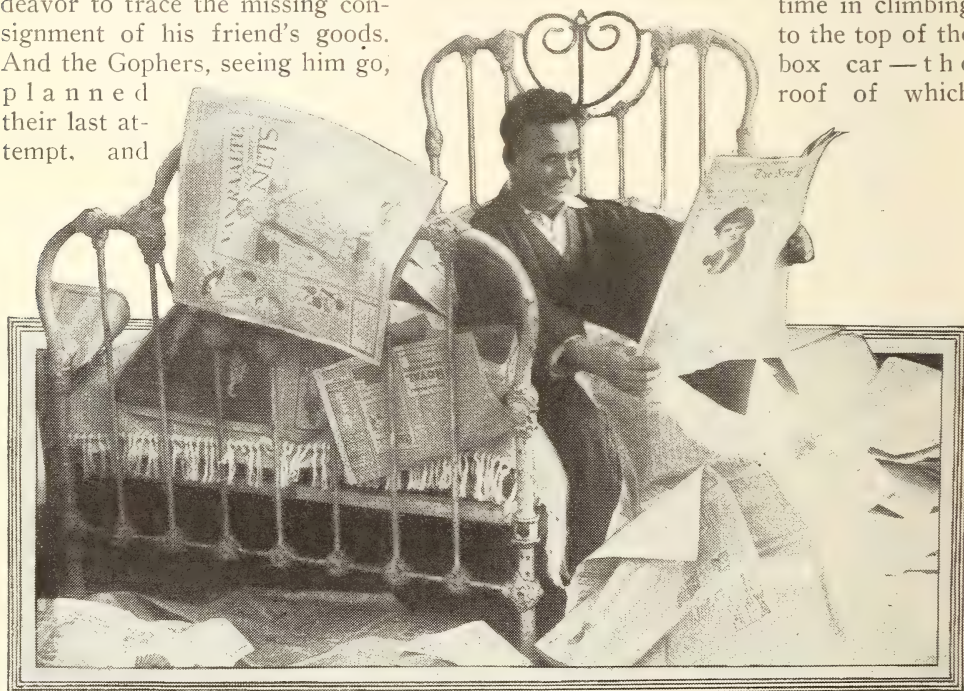
which they hoped would this time go through without a slip-up, upon his life.

Their dastardly scheme was simply that of wrecking the train on which Crimp was riding, when it should have reached a point on the road an hour outside of Atlantic City.

Pete, trudging the ties, came upon a box car that lay derailed in the middle of the tracks. Instantly, though without knowing that the Gophers had planned it, nor that Crimp was the hoped-for victim of the criminal plot, Pete saw what was in the wind—a wreck of the next train along.

He saw something else. That, by climbing to the top of the car, he might be able to wave a warning signal that the engineer of an approaching train could see as it rounded the base of a hill, which stood several hundred yards ahead.

Even then, the whistle of such a train sounded in Pete's ears. He lost no time in climbing to the top of the box car—the roof of which



Pete Prindle's exile was at an end!

he noticed, as he reached it, had been smashed open, probably from the shock with which it had struck the ground following its derailment.

With a yell, as they saw him climb to the top of the car, the Gophers poured forth from their hiding, and Pete, seeking a weapon to use in repulsing their attack, reached down through the hole in the roof of the car—and pulled out a bottle of Prindle's Prohibition Punch.

The car was one of the lot that held the health-food manufacturer's missing consignment of goods!

Beating the gangsters back with the bottle, Pete waved the train, which had appeared around the hill, to a stop.

The Gophers fled in baffled rage. And Pete climbed down, to receive the thanks of the passengers—foremost among them being Crimp and his daughter Christine.

"Let me take your photograph, sir,"

Pete heard a voice at his elbow saying.

He gave the reporter his name, and allowed him to take a dozen snapshots of him. All the time he kept telling himself that it was only a dream.

But on the morrow his name and his photograph did appear on not only the front page of one paper, but on various pages of hundreds of papers throughout the country, as the young man who had risked his life to save others—Prindle's Pep having imparted to him the necessary bravery to carry out the deed. Pete Prindle's exile was at an end!

"My boy!" his father beamed at him later. "I herewith present you with a half interest in the firm—take it, and be happy!"

"Here's my daughter," Crimp loyally echoed; "take her and be happy!"

Pete did—and he was.

SOMETHING WORTH REMEMBERING

H. BEDFORD-JONES

has just finished a remarkable story—a story of motion-picture people in a motion-picture world; a story of people who make big money and who earn every cent of it. It is the liveliest and best work of fiction of its kind ever written, and is called

"NOT IN THE CAST"

Begins in the July issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, ON SALE JUNE 9th

ORDER NOW—YOU'LL BE GLAD LATER



SHE is Gertrude Robinson of the screen—just as dignified and serious as the name requires her to be. And she is just plain Gertie in real life—fully as irresponsible and carefree as *that* name suggests she should be.

Her home is in New York—indeed, she insists she is a typical New York girl—but her winters during the past few years have been spent far away from the metropolis. Last year, it was Los Angeles, California, and this year it was Jacksonville, Florida. Producers have a way of carefully avoiding the cold weather which accompanies the winter on its visit to the East. I mention all of this merely to explain how I met Gertrude—and Gertie—so far from the bright lights of Broadway.

It was in the studio of the Gaumont Company, in Jacksonville, that Gertrude was introduced to me. She was just as sweet and pretty as she appears on the screen, but apparently the only thing which claimed her interest was her work. She talked about it, instead of about what was going on in New York, or about her career, during my visit with her. Then she excused herself and answered her director's call to work in a scene. I watched them rehearse and take that scene, and Gertrude's earnestness was far more interesting to me than the action in the scene itself. She listened to all the instructions of her director. Then she thought for a moment, and offered suggestions for more effective "business" in the scene. The director liked the

idea, and Gertrude again rehearsed. Then they took the scene—and all the time Gertrude's mind was entirely on her work. I don't believe she knew that there were any people in the studio besides those working with her, or, if she did, she did not give them a thought.

Do you wonder, then, that I left the studio with the impression that Gertrude Robinson was one of the most serious-minded girls of her age—the early twenties—that I had ever seen. And this impression was only slightly lessened when I saw her at supper that evening, for she was seated alone—and contented with being so—and her mind seemed to be ever so busy, for again she was apparently unconscious of anything that was happening about her.

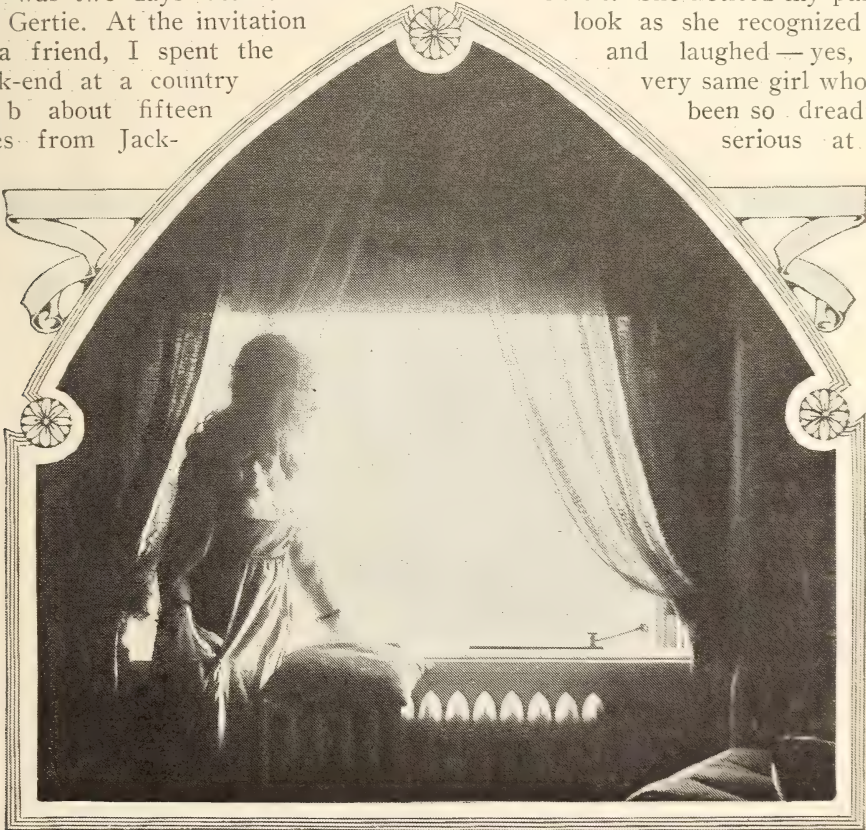
It was two days later that I met Gertie. At the invitation of a friend, I spent the week-end at a country club about fifteen miles from Jack-

sonville. One of the most noted squab farms in that section of the country is located a short distance from the clubhouse, so of course I made it a point to visit it.

The chickens, pigeons, et al., were very interesting, and I could write several pages about them if this were a poultry journal. I had spent about an hour studying them, when suddenly I came upon a very pretty girl with dark-brown hair and blue-gray eyes, clad in a checkered apron dress, feeding a few favored chickens. I thought her face looked familiar, but I was quite sure I had never met any girl from a Florida squab farm.

But when the girl looked at me, I received the shock of my life, for it was Gertrude Robinson—or, rather,

Gertie. She noticed my puzzled look as she recognized me, and laughed—yes, the very same girl who had been so dreadfully serious at the



Some of Gertie's most pleasant time is spent looking out over the river from her window.

studio laughed. And the laugh was quite as melodious and carefree as a child's.

"Don't look so mystified and serious," she exclaimed, as I searched my mind for words suitable for the occasion. "I don't like serious people—when they're away from serious things."

Then I began to realize that the carefree little lady in front of me was quite a different personality from the Gertrude Robinson I had seen in the studio. As we talked, her conversation drifted to many things—but never to work. She explained she was having a few days' vacation, and then told me how much she loved the inmates of the squab farm. I mentioned the studio and her work, and she at once appeared distressed.

"I don't like to even think about pictures when I am vacationing," she said. "I am a firm believer in 'Work while you work, and play while you play,' and I'm sure it helps me to do better work and to be happy all the time. Really, I take my work very seriously while I am at it, but when it is done, I try to forget it completely. Come on, let's go over and see the doves."

And I gladly went—also I gladly refrained from further mention of the studio. Her enthusiasm over the

many little things about the farm which would escape the average person's eyes made obvious the fact that her whole heart was in her play just as much as it was in her work.

Later in the day, I watched, with much enjoyment, Gertie's demonstration of her ability to "play house" with the children of owners of the squab farm. She did this just as gracefully as she does the numerous things required by her heroine's rôles on the screen. She entirely forgot that she was the widely heralded Gertrude Robinson, and was just a real girl—almost one of the children.

She is Gertie not only when she goes away from the city for a vacation, but also in her own home, many evenings after a day's work. There are many things to amuse her and claim all the attention she is wont to bestow on her acting during the day. Her many, many letters from admirers in all parts of the world must be read and digested—Gertie also studies them carefully—and her hats, dresses, and all must be given careful supervising at regular intervals. Then she must stand at her window, which, during her stay in Jacksonville, over-



She was still Gertrude when she ate supper alone—and contented with being so.

looked the St. John's River, and watch the sunset. And of course her family of canaries and the bowl of pretty goldfish also must come in for their share of attention.

After all this has been done, Gertie settles down a little and reads. As a rule, she reads nothing very serious, though. All this is done by the Gertrude of the studio. There she reads deeply that she may be forced to think likewise. But Gertie at home reads for relaxation

Winkle," and "Ben Hur." Then came her motion-picture experience; first with Biograph, and then with Reliance, where she scored her first big success playing leads under the direction of



This doesn't mean that Gertie is conceited—every actress's looks are part of her stock in trade.

and amusement. She does not want to think seriously when it is her play-time.

There is much more that can be written about Gertie, and all of it would be interesting, but space is always at a premium, so I will turn from Gertie and say a few words about the Gertrude who is so serious and earnest.

She was born and educated in New York City, went on the stage at the age of four, and has appeared in "A Bonnie Brier Bush," "The First Born," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Rip van

James Kirkwood, and opposite the dashing Irving Cummings.

Later, this charming miss was especially engaged by the Lasky Company to take the leading feminine rôle in support of Edgar Selwyn. The picture play was "The Arab," and in it Gertrude scored a personal triumph. This was followed by a stay at the studios of the Famous Players, where she played the title rôle in "May Blossom," co-starring with Marshall Neilan. Then she heard the beckoning call of her native city and hastened there, only to leave it a few short months later to



It is hard to imagine the Gertrude of the screen feeding chickens and playing house—but here is the proof.

become one of the bright shining lights of the Gaumont Company.

Gertrude is indeed a very busy girl, and her image, as it flits across the screen, testifies to the fact she is also a very charming one. It is small wonder she has so many admirers among

those who have come to know her via the films and footlights. I cannot help but think, though, what a pity it is that every one of her admirers cannot know the Gertie of real life, for I am certain they would love her even better than they do the Gertrude of the screen.

Yes, Actresses Have Fallen in Love—

and with actors. Many of them have gone to the extent of marrying the men they kissed in the presence of camera men and directors. These interesting love stories of famous people are told in

"Romances of the Studios"

In the next—the July—issue of Picture-Play Magazine on sale June 9.



GEORGE BEBAN, who made his film debut with Thomas H.

Ince, and was last seen in a World-Equitable 'production, made in the East, has once more returned to the West coast, after signing his name to an Oliver Morosco contract, and is now hard at work on a feature entitled "Pasquale," in which he again interprets the rôle of an Italian. Among his supporting cast will be such notables as Myrtle Stedman, Helen Eddy, Page Peters, and Jack Nelson.



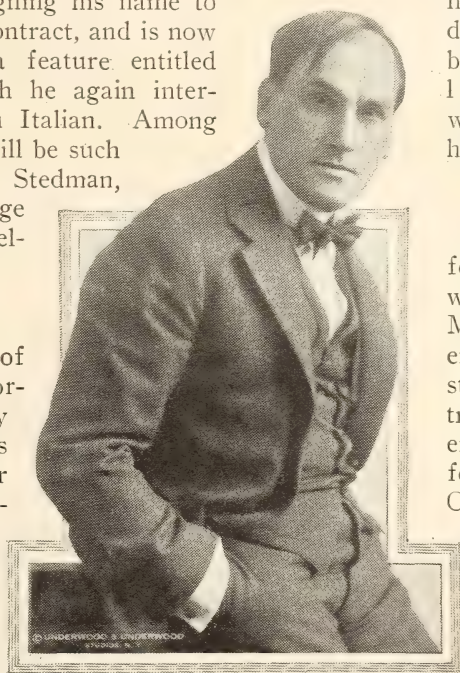
The press agent of the Mutual Film Corporation proudly boasts that more lines of editorial matter appeared in the newspapers of the country over the signing of a contract by Charlie Chaplin, for a salary of \$670,000 per year with the Mutual, than anything that has ever been discussed in editorial columns, with the exception of the war in Europe. 'Tisn't so surprising, though, when we consider

that, according to that salary figure, every hour ticked off by the clock during the year brings Charlie \$77.55. Charlie is now at work in Los Angeles on his first productions, and ere leaving for the West boldly declared he was ambitious to play "Hamlet." Gosh, but wouldn't you like to see him try it!



Although the date for beginning actual work in pictures was May 1st, E. H. Southern, famous legitimate star, who is under contract to appear in several long productions for the Vitagraph Company, spent every leisure minute he had during the past few months in and about the Vitagraph "yard," studying the acting in pantomime and

learning the new art of make-up; for, of course, you all know picture players do not "make up" in the least like those who appear behind the footlights.



George Beban.

One of the biggest recent acquisitions to the screen is William Gillette, famous legitimate star, who has signed an Essanay contract, and is now at the Chi-

show what is going on in various rooms.



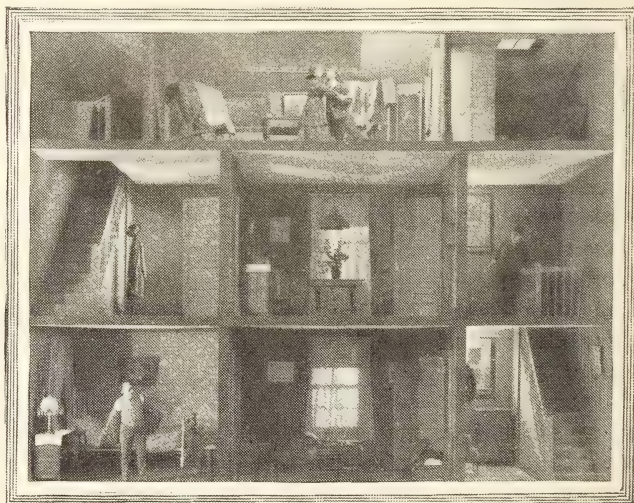
William Gillette.

cago studios of the "Indianhead" firm. He has produced "Secret Service," and is working on "Sherlock Holmes," the plays which he made famous on the speaking stage.

Producer Maurice Tourneur, of the World-Equitable forces, has originated something entirely new in the way of settings in his New Jersey studio. In one scene of "The Hand of Peril," nine rooms of a house are shown on the screen at the same time. The house is constructed with three rooms and a hallway on each floor, and the action of the scene will show the flight of characters from one room to another. The showing of all nine rooms simultaneously obviates the necessity of "flash-backs" to

True Boardman, who rose to fame with the Western Essanay outfit, at Niles, California, and has added still more laurels to his career in the title rôle of Kalem's "Stingaree" series, is now going to prove that he is a veritable dare-devil by appearing in some of the future episodes of "The Hazards of Helen," the Kalem railroad series.

All filmland was surprised, a few weeks ago, when the announcement was suddenly made that Thomas H. Ince had ready for release a twelve-reel film spectacle as stupendous and thrilling as "The Birth of a Nation," if not more so. Work on this big subject, which is entitled "Civilization," has been going on at the Inceville studios for more than six months, but so carefully has the secret been guarded that not even the Los Angeles film colony was aware that anything unusual was under way until the fact was announced that the twelve-reeler was completed and ready for release. This story deals with the



Maurice Tourneur's "new idea."

"peace" problem, and is from the pen of C. Gardner Sullivan, Ince's foremost scenario writer. It is expected the massive production will be offered to the public in much the same way that "Cabiria," "The Birth of a Nation," "The Battle Cry of Peace," and "The Dumb Girl of Portici" have been.



E. H. Calvert, Essanay director and player, discovered, much to his dismay, that his car was frequently missing when he wanted it. Investigation disclosed the fact that Lillian Drew—in private life Mrs. Calvert—has learned to drive the machine, and was having the time of her young life skipping about the boulevards in the high-powered auto. "Cal" gritted his teeth and then hit upon a solution of the difficulty. He bought himself another car—a great, big, powerful, rakish-looking craft—and announced that "the missus" could have the other "old boat," but that he would drive the new machine himself. After one look at what she termed its "hideous grimness," Mrs. Cal said she was satisfied, as no one but a speed maniac would attempt to ride in the latest arrival.



In "The Haunted Manor," the five-reel Gaumont feature, released on the Mutual program in April, Iva Shepard, the "vampire" of the studios, breaks her own osculatory record by requiring forty-five feet of celluloid to record a kiss which she implants on the lips of Earl O. Schenck. At the end of the embrace, Earl is said to have come up pale, but smiling, with the declaration that it wasn't half long enough. Gee, some men are born lucky!

One of the most efficient organizations among all branches of the film industry is the Motion Picture Board of Trade, which has among its members representatives of every department of the great "fifth estate." The Board acts as a sort of supreme court of the industry in cases where disputes



E. H. Calvert and
Lillian Drew.

occur. One of the most recent cases heard by the Board was the protest of Mr. J. Stuart Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, against the action of the Metro Company in inducing Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew to leave the Vitagraph ranks and join the Metro organization. After hearing both sides of the dispute, the Board rendered a decision to the effect that the Metro acted entirely within its rights.



You surely recall "Sophie Clutts" and "Mustang Pete," of the famous "Snakeville" comedies made by Essanay at its Niles, California, studios. Both have

gone over to Universal, where they are to appear in the same company in which Victor Potel—"Slippery Slim"—is being featured. Seems like sort of a family reunion.



Jackie Saunders, famous Balboa star, is at last to play the leading feminine rôle in a serial production. Though



Jackie Saunders.

Miss Saunders has appeared in more than fifty multiple-reel subjects during her career with Balboa, this will be her very first chance to star in a continued story. A special company has been engaged to stage the long picture, and among the leads will appear Roland Bottomley and Marie Empress, both of whom have had notable careers on the legitimate stage.



Pretty Winifred Greenwood, of the American Company, has won promotion, for she is now at the head of a newly formed Mutual Masterpicture organization, and opposite her will appear Franklin Ritchie, famous as a former Biograph star, and before that a member of several Klaw & Erlanger companies.



Out at the American studios, in Santa Barbara, a new serial picture is in the making. And who do you think is play-

ing the male lead? Tom Chatterton—he of the curly locks and handsome looks—he who used to break so many feminine hearts during the long period he was featured with the New York Motion Picture Corporation, when he appeared in Kay-Bee and Broncho productions. Juanita Hansen is playing opposite Tom.



Film fans had better prepare for more hearty laughter than ever before, as the announcement has just been made in Los Angeles that Mack Sennett now has sixteen, and not twelve, Keystone companies at work under his supervision. The increase in companies doesn't mean that there are to be more than two Keystones a week released by Triangle, but that with more companies at work, more time can be taken by each director, and even better and funnier comedies can be produced.



Donald Crisp scored a real triumph with his production of "Ramona," which was made for W. H. Clune, proprietor of Clune's Theater, in Los Angeles, where such spectacles as "The Birth of a Nation," "The Spoilers," and "Hypocrites" had their lengthy runs. "Ramona," when given its première at the Clune Theater, startled even that blasé neighborhood by its splendor and beautiful photography. Now Messrs. Clune, Crisp, and Brown—Mr. Brown is the manager of Clune's—are in the East, handling the details of the film spectacle's metropolitan run.



Bessie Barriscale, Ince star, in the production now under way at the Los Angeles studios, is wearing a black wig for the first time since she appeared in "The Rose of the Rancho." Bessie photographs beautifully in her own

blond locks, but in the picture she had to appear as an Italian maid, and so nothing would do but a big black wig.



Little Mary Miles Minter, whose real name, by the way, is Juliet Shelby, and who is a direct descendant of Governor Isaac Shelby, first governor of Kentucky, has been visiting. After a few weeks' absence from the studios, during which time she went with her mother to appear in a number of Chicago and Middle West picture houses, she is back at work in the Metro studios.



Henry Walthall isn't a bit superstitious—oh, no, of course not!—but his friends marvel at the fact that he never fails to sign his name, "Henry B. Walthall," the "B" always and invariably being a part of the signature. The reason? Well, you see, Henry discovered by chance one day that there are exactly thirteen letters in "Henry Walthall," so he decided to add the "B," raise the number of letters to fourteen, and now he is sure the "jinx" is banished forever.

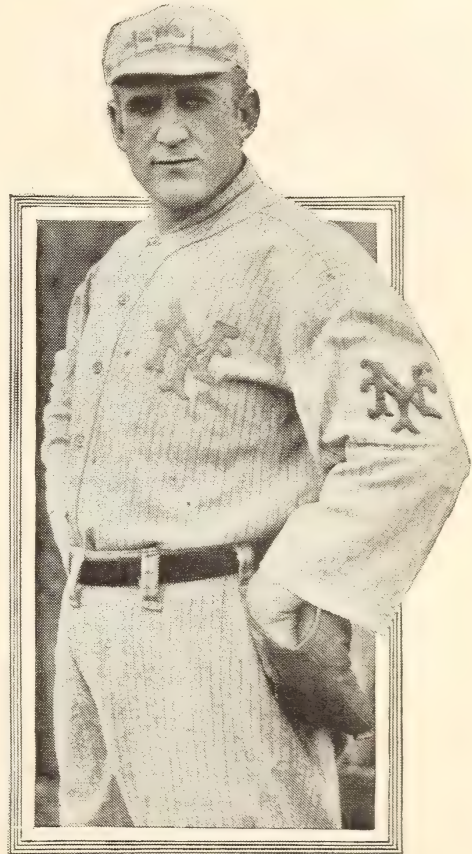


Still another famous name has been added to the rôle of legitimate players who have deserted the spoken stage for the silent drama. This time it is none other than Otis Skinner who has heard the call of the "movies," and at the conclusion of his present tour, the famous star will journey to San Francisco and the near-by studios of the California Motion Picture Corporation, where he is to do "Kismet," the famous story of the Orient which he enacted so wonderfully a season or two ago. As the ragged beggar who becomes ruler of the city for a day, Skinner has a wonderful opportunity to create a new character for the screen,

and those who know him and his pantomimic talent are predicting he will become instantly one of screenland's foremost figures.



Very few people have made good in two distinctly different professions to such an extent that they have won national reputations in both; but this is what Louis Durham, the "villain" of



Louis "Bull" Durham before he joined Centaur.

the Horsley Company has done. In the days gone by, he was one of the most noted pitchers in the big leagues, playing with the Washington of the American League and the New York Giants and Brooklyn of the National League. When an accident to his arm

ended his baseball days, he secured work with the New York Motion Picture Company's forces, and soon became one of their leading "heavies." He left this company to join Horsley.

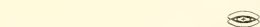


Have you noticed that Anna Little is riding a different-looking pony in her latest pictures? "Ranger," her favorite saddle horse, and who has appeared in



Anna Little.

well every film in which Anna has had any riding to do, broke both his legs during a mountain journey, a few weeks ago, and had to be shot.



Ethel Clayton, the charming leading lady who was with the Lubin Company for such a long time, is now a member of the Equitable Company. Her first appearance will be in a picture entitled "The Woman of It," with Carlyle Blackwell and Paul McAllister playing opposite her.



Several officials of the Fox studios were discussing the past vocations of the various Fox stars the other day, and during the conversation it developed that only a few short years ago,

William Farnum was the boy cornetist of Buckport, Maine; Virginia Pearson, the chief of the Booklovers Library at Louisville, Kentucky; Claire Whitney, a hat-shop model in New York City; Valeska Suratt, a milliner in Terre Haute, Indiana; Robert Mantell, a Shakespearean actor; William E. Shay, a bank clerk in Minneapolis, Minnesota; Annette Kellermann, a swimming instructor at a salary of fifteen dollars per week; Vivian Martin, a stage ingénue, and William H. Tooker, a cowboy in Arizona.



At the time when Gertrude McCoy was signed to appear in Gaumont Mutual Masterpictures, it was announced that she would make her début in a picture to be entitled "The Quality of Faith." No sooner had this announcement been made, however, than General Manager Bradford, of the Gaumont Company, received an original manuscript from Paul M. Bryan, called "The Isle of Love," which he felt sure would prove a much more suitable vehicle for Miss McCoy's first appearance as a Gaumont star. After a few dollars' worth of telegrams, Gertrude found herself the leading woman of a totally different piece than the one for which she had originally been chosen, but those of you who have been fortunate enough to see "The Isle of Love" well know that she made the most of her opportunity once a play was decided upon.



Gertrude McCoy.

Some time ago my predecessor stated in this department that the Quality Pictures Corporation was in financial difficulties. This information came from what we considered a reliable source, but the statement has since proven false, and in justification of the Quality-Metro interests, we consider it only fair to inform our readers that they are one of the few concerns in the game at the present time not greatly concerned over the question of financial resources.



Mary Fuller, the idol of the fans and Universal's greatest star, has just affixed her signature to a new contract with her present employers, which calls for another year's work.



The Vim Comedy Film Company is gathering together new talent thick and fast. Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby are to play opposite one another

in a series of one-reel refined comedies. Harry, quite naturally, will direct. Another of Vim's late acquisitions is Al Ray, who enjoys the peculiar distinction of being the youngest director in the world. Ray will also appear in his own productions, as well as write an occasional scenario.

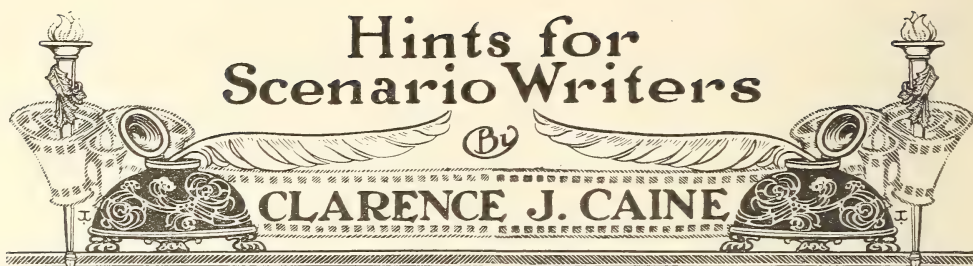


Bessie Love, who became famous overnight because of her superb work in "The Flying Torpedo," Triangle's preparedness film, will hereafter be the permanent leading lady in the Douglas Fairbank pictures. Bessie's rise in popularity has been little short of marvelous.



While it was our original intention to make you guess who was who in the layout to be found on pages 70 and 71, we decided that would be extremely cruel, so we herewith list them according to numbers. Some collection of high-priced stars, believe us!

- | | | |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Francellia Billington. | 28. Forrest Stanley. | 55. Fay Tincher. |
| 2. Viola Dana. | 29. Geraldine Farrar. | 56. Thelma Salter. |
| 3. Robert Warwick. | 30. Louise Glaum. | 57. Rhea Mitchell. |
| 4. Grace Darmond. | 31. George Walsh. | 58. Bobby Harron. |
| 5. Harold Lockwood. | 32. Lottie Pickford. | 59. Winifred Greenwood. |
| 6. Stella Razeto. | 33. Mack Sennett. | 60. Charles Richman. |
| 7. Tully Marshall. | 34. Anna Q. Nilsson. | 61. Edith Storey. |
| 8. Richard Travers. | 35. Harry Morey. | 62. Francis X. Bushman. |
| 9. Theda Bara. | 36. Bobby Feuhrer. | 63. Billie Burke. |
| 10. Enid Markey. | 37. Marguerite Clark. | 64. Isabel Rae. |
| 11. Pat O'Malley. | 38. Mae Marsh. | 65. William Duncan. |
| 12. De Wolf Hopper. | 39. Alan Hale. | 66. Augustus Phillips. |
| 13. Jack Richardson. | 40. Bessie Barriscale. | 67. Mary Pickford. |
| 14. Helen Gibson. | 41. Elizabeth Burbridge. | 68. Thomas Santschi. |
| 15. Gretchen Hartman. | 42. Norma Talmadge. | 69. Tom Chatterton. |
| 16. Annette Kellermann. | 43. Bessie Love. | 70. William Farnum. |
| 17. Pauline Bush. | 44. Florence Lawrence. | 71. Marguerite Courtot. |
| 18. May Allison. | 45. Marguerite Snow. | 72. Owen Moore. |
| 19. Douglas Fairbanks. | 46. Tom Moore. | 73. Mary Miles Minter. |
| 20. Ford Sterling. | 47. Helen Holmes. | 74. Roscoe Arbuckle. |
| 21. Thos. H. Ince. | 48. Grace Cunard. | 75. Mary Fuller. |
| 22. Wallace Reid. | 49. Jack Mulhall. | 76. Ruth Roland. |
| 23. Frank Borzage. | 50. Mabel Normand. | 77. Charles Ray. |
| 24. Marshall Neilan. | 51. Fred Mace. | 78. Genevieve Hamper. |
| 25. Dorothy Gish. | 52. Robert Edeson. | 79. Wm. Christie Cabanne. |
| 26. Margaret Gibson. | 53. Ed Coxen. | 80. Naomi Childers. |
| 27. Henry King. | 54. Blanche Sweet. | 81. Stuart Holmes. |
| | | 82. Lillian Gish. |



DO YOU KNOW?

WE wonder how many of our readers know just what it is that enables the producers of motion pictures to take a picture and place it upon a film which later is run through a machine and thrown upon the screen in the form of a finished dramatic picture.

It would be well to know the fundamental principles of photography in order to better appreciate just what a wonderful art the making of movies really is. It is not absolutely necessary that it be known, for we can name many big writers who have reached the top without having acquired the knowledge, but the man who knows everything there is to be known about the work in which he is engaged is the one who is wanted by the man on top. It means a lot of extra work, but it is almost certain in time to be of value.

While we are on the subject of "broadening out," we would like to have our readers study a few remarks which recently appeared in a Western newspaper. They deal with much the same subject that we dwell on continually, but express some new ideas on the subject in a most pointed way. We offer them for your benefit:

"Are you making any special effort to improve each day?

"Are you advancing along your line of work—growing into a bigger one?

"Do you work while you work and play while you play, or do you carry your social gayeties and happenings into

your work of the next day, and so slight the duties of the office or home?

"Are you anxiously awaiting the hour when you may quit and go home to prepare an evening's amusement?

"Are you the kind who says, 'I give my time when I am there, and that is all I'm paid for; if they think I am going to give all my thought to their business they are much mistaken'?

"If you belong to the above classes, you are doomed to be a fourth-rater all your life.

"The prospect does not please you? Then jump into your work with your whole heart. Do not divide your thoughts. Give your work undivided attention. It will go faster and be done better, and thereby you will gain the respect of your superiors, and when the time comes for advancement you will be in line and much more likely to realize your ambitions.

"Keep your mind on your work."

IDEAS FROM NEWSPAPERS.

Perhaps one of the richest sources of ideas for fiction purposes, aside from real life, is the newspaper. Daily the reporters on the metropolitan papers make the rounds of their city and gather all the bits of material that will prove of interest to the reading public of that particular city. That which has an interest of wider appeal is sent to other papers in various parts of the country, and affairs which concern the world are flashed all over the globe. When we read our paper in the morning or even-

ing, therefore, we have before us a record of practically all the interesting happenings in our city, nation, and the entire world. It is little wonder, then, that the newspaper—which reflects such a wide scope of life—should offer many plots.

The mere fact that experienced editors, who know pretty well what the public wants, have allowed an item to be printed in their paper assures us that it is of appeal to many readers. That naturally means that it contains an idea which, if properly put into photo-play form, will probably have an appeal to many of these same readers when it is flashed before them on the screen. It is also true, however, that many of these items of news which might make interesting photo plays contain ideas which have been done so often before that an editor would never accept a script based upon them. Therefore, the writer's problem is to search through these items and find one which is either new in itself, or which suggests an entirely new angle to an old plot to him.

When it comes to developing a scenario from the item—after an exceptional idea has been found—the writer must read over carefully the news item which is the reporter's story of what really happened and then put it aside and forget all about it. He must then get his imagination in working order, and figure out the story as it happened in real life. He must think of what the conditions were in the lives of the parties involved before the incident occurred. He must think of what led up to it, and what the probable outcome will be. He must study the people, and shape them into characters of his own brain as he does this. He must think of the many little things surrounding the incident which the reporter failed to see in his hurry to get his story to the office in time to make the "final form." He must add action to the story which he has imagined.

He must seek the outcome of the whole affair, so that he may have a climax upon which to hinge his plot.

When he has worked this far into the idea he will find that he has varied from the original news story so greatly that all resemblance may be lost, and no person, after reading both, would be able to tell that one inspired the other. If he does not get away from the news story, the chances are that he will have a very weak and a very trite story. The work of an author is to create, not to copy; and if he tries to "get by" by merely "fixing up" a newspaper idea in correct scenario form, he will never be successful. There can be no doubt about the fact that the newspaper offers a great field for gathering plot material, but the one who wishes to use ideas taken from this source must be sure that he knows how to create a work which is entirely different from the original hunch.

CAUSE AND EFFECT IN COMEDY.

Cause and effect have been treated in this department before, but just in a general way. Therefore it would be well to supplement what has already been said on the subject by a more specific treatise of the same thing in regard to comedy.

By cause and effect in a comedy we mean this: If one character sees another fall or meet with some other misfortune, he begins to laugh. Then the unfortunate looks about for a pie or a brick and hurls it at the other's head, generally with a very direct aim. There you have it. The effect is the throwing of the pie or brick—the cause is one character laughing at another because of his misfortune. Had the character simply walked into a scene and thrown a pie at the other, it might have been funny and it might not have been, depending on how well it was done. We would have an effect there, but no cause, and the mind automatically looks

for both in order to fully enjoy a completed action.

By watching the various comedies which draw real laughs from the house, one will see that cause and effect follow in rapid succession. In a dramatic picture, the effect gained in reel five may be traced back to a cause in reel one or two. It is this difference, among other things, that causes comedies to move so much faster than dramas and in their speed lies their ability to get laughs.

THE OLD QUESTION.

One of our Florida readers has revived the old question of whether or not the scenario writer is not taking a risk of having his material stolen if he submits it to the producers. The following section of his letter gives his viewpoint on the matter:

In a recent article in one of the large weekly magazines it was stated that the plots in photo plays submitted for sale are frequently appropriated without compensation or credit, the authors having no redress, as their scenarios are returned, indorsed, not accepted. The article then went on to state that the plots are used by writers in the regular employ of the studios to which the scenarios were submitted.

It is so easy that it seems such practices may exist.

I am a newspaper man who has equipped himself to write photo plays—have several completed.

Kindly advise how I can get a square deal in submitting MS.

Since he has called for advice, we believe we will have to go over the matter in much the same way we have already discussed it. We are firmly convinced that by playing the game on the square all the way, an author will not lose, and that few and far between are the reliable companies who employ men to read over their manuscripts who will even think of appropriating the idea. The companies are too big to bother with stealing a play which they can purchase for a comparatively small sum of

money. Then, too, they are realizing more and more every day that the demand for scenarios will in time be great and that the companies that treat the young writers fairly at the present time alone will be able to secure suitable material from them when they develop into leaders of their art—and many of them will develop, they reason, if they apply themselves industriously to the task.

USING THE DICTIONARY.

The dictionary may be said to be the most valuable tool of a short-story or other literary writer, and it certainly is a good thing for the scenarioist to study. There is more than one time that a photo-playwright finds himself at a loss as to how to "get over" a certain idea he has in mind, and he wonders why. The reason is that he has not the words at his command to express himself. Whenever this happens, the writer may feel sure that he can stand a little more dictionary study.

The book that is read more than any other has many big words in it which are very useless for practical purposes, but it also has many small and medium-sized ones which are seldom used but which are very valuable to have in one's vocabulary. Where one's writing is limited to brief instructions, such as are embodied in a scenario, every word that is used must serve a purpose. The best writers have mastered the language through the dictionary, and are able to put down the ideas they have in mind in so very few words that a person simply looking at the script wonders how a director could ever be able to get the exact idea the writer had in mind. Upon careful reading, however, it is found that the few words the writer has set down, drive over the idea without any "beating about the bush." Of course, the beginner cannot expect to start his career with any such mastery of scenario style, and we believe

in allowing him to take quite a bit of space for his initial efforts. He should always work for condensation, however, and in time he will learn the art. It is while he is striving to do this that he should study the dictionary, and if he does his task well, we are sure he will surprise himself by finding within a short time he will be able to use three words where he formerly used five.

SHORT SHOTS.

The mere fact that your villain is killed at the end does not give him license to do anything he desires during the development of the plot. The censors must always be considered.

A close-up should be used to emphasize a dramatic effect, and should not be used as a "filler" when you think you have not enough scenes.

When a person sitting behind you in a theater starts to tell the friend who is with him how much he knows about scenarios and how poorly the one for the film on the screen was written, you may be sure he has still to earn his spurs.

We wonder how many of our readers imagine how their title would look on the advertising matter outside the theater before applying it. That should be one of the tests of its worth.

When you see a good picture, go home and write one so different from it that it will be better than the original.

A writer must realize the value of his theme and treat it accordingly.

Writing plays for one's favorite player may be an excellent pastime, but we would advise a study of market conditions before this was attempted.

LIVE-WIRE MARKET HINTS.

Some time ago we told of the needs of Harry O. Hoyt, editor of Fox Film Corporation. Since then

Mr. Hoyt has shifted to Metro and is now located at the Rolfe Studio, No. 3 West Sixty-first Street, New York City, N. Y. He informs us that he now needs five-reel synopses to fit all the Metro stars, and advises a study of Metro's pictures and of its players before submitting.

Al E. Christie, the noted producer of Nestor comedies, is in the market for corking good one and two-reelers suited to his company's style. He will pay fifty dollars per reel for top-notch material. His address is Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

The Universal Film Manufacturing Company, No. 1600 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., is in need of one and two-reel comedies and dramas for its Eastern companies, especially material which can be used to feature such stars as Mary Fuller, Violet Mersereau, Ben Wilson, Matt Moore, Jane Gail, Harry Benham, Billy Garwood, Dorothy Phillips, King Baggot, Ethel Grandin, Hobart Henley, and Edith Roberts. The script desired should call for short casts and few sets and with a plot or story so arranged as to be well produced inexpensively, in modern American environments. The comedies should be spontaneously humorous and should not call for slapstick.

ANSWERS TO READERS.

J. G.—It is unnecessary to have a scenario copyrighted before offering it for sale. A charge of one dollar is made by the government for copyrighting dramatic works, books, and the like. The number of scenes per reel depends entirely upon the length of the scenes. This is governed by the amount of action within the scenes. See our sample scenario in the April issue, out March 10th, for more detailed study of this point. Copies may be secured from the publishers for fifteen cents.

MISS A. NAKIELSKI.—See answer to A. M. Hammond. All scripts should be typewritten.

F. H.—“The Diamond from the Sky” was syndicated by the Chicago *Tribune* to several others newspapers throughout the country. The *Tribune's* address is Chicago, Illinois.

J. E. H.—Whether or not you allow the audience to know who commits the crime in a detective story, depends entirely on the style you wish to work it out in. If the audience is “kept in the dark” as to the criminal’s identity, then they must see the story “through the eyes of the detective,” and must know no more about the crime at any time than he does. The climax, then, is led up to by the detective building up his evidence. On the other hand, if the audience knows who is the guilty one, the story naturally runs more toward the criminal’s attempts to escape detection than to the detective’s work. The former is the more artistic—and the more difficult to convincingly “put over.” American and possibly Universal are interested in Westerns. Selig has Tom Mix, the “cowboy of the screen,” but he seems to be idling his time rather than producing, and they are buying no material for him. The statement in the January 15th issue, advising writer to send scripts to an individual, was one exception to the rule, and, as that individual has now left the company we mentioned, he no longer desires scripts sent to that address. We agree with you that five-reel working scripts are pretty bulky in the mails, but not so much so if you use sizes Nos. 11 and 12 envelopes, instead of the Nos. 10 and 11 used in sending shorter scripts.

L. H. M.—In making up your scene plot, list all of the close-up and close-range views taking place within a certain set as a part of that set, as the scene plot is used merely to tell the

director how many sets must be specially built for the production.

MRS. L. THOMPSON.—See answer to A. M. Hammond.

M. KLINGLESMTIH.—See answer to J. G. in regard to securing a sample scenario. All scripts should be typewritten when submitted in the regular way to a company, as the readers have no time to ponder over handwriting. In special cases, such as our scenario contest, scripts written in longhand are permissible.

MISS E. TURRUSO.—The arrangement of a scenario should be as follows: Title, synopsis, list of characters, scene plot, and then the scene action, divided into reels, if it is a multiple.

H. E. WICKES.—If you will study the sample scenario in our April issue, you will see that we drive home the fact that Leader and Subtitle are merely different names for the same thing. The word “subtitle” is used in place of “cut-in leader” where spoken words are broken into scenes. The word “insert” is used for all material such as cards, newspapers, et cetera, excepting where a finger or any other part of a player’s body appears on the screen. Then it becomes a separate scene, and is specially taken in the studio by the director.

R. B. BOYD.—The address of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Co. is No. 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois, and of Thomas A. Edison, Incorporated, Bedford Park, Bronx, New York, N. Y.

MRS. E. MCCULLOUGH.—It is not necessary to “take a course in scenario writing” in order to succeed. That is, the kind of a course to which you refer. A firm determination to succeed, plus an earnest study of the screen and of text printed to help you in your climb to the top, and a liberal supply of ideas will bring you to the desired

goal. A sample scenario, giving the correct form, is to be found in the April issue of this magazine; which may be secured from the publishers for fifteen cents. Scripts should be type-written.

M. F. B.—It is very easy to ask us to tell you how to write scenarios, but for us to even attempt to tell you of the requirements of the work at a single sitting would take up far more space than is devoted to this entire department every month. The best we can do is to advise you to study the sample scenario in the April issue, study each installment of this department, and apply all that is learned in an enlarged study of both the pictures you see on the screen and the scripts you write yourself.

A. M. HAMMOND.—We are not in the market for scripts, as we are not a producing company, but if you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, we shall be glad to send you our list of motion-picture firms that purchase scenarios.

P. K. CORRIGAN.—Judging from what you wrote, we are led to believe that a character who committed a murder for a friend's sake is allowed to go free. This would be unplausible and would not please the censors. Is the killing necessary? Why not have the character do something else to punish the villain, such as supply the information which jails him, et cetera? Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for our market booklet, which will tell you where to place your scripts. Then study our "Live-wire Market Hints" in each issue, as the market is continually changing. "Down stage" is an expression used on the speaking stage more than in the studio. It means the front of the stage. When the camera advances toward the actors, the effect is secured by placing the camera on a little, four-wheeled cart, which is

moved about as desired. It is a special effect, not used by all companies, and is not done in the same way as the panoram. Anita Loos, "the child wonder" of the Pacific coast colony of movie people was only seventeen years old when she scored her first sales. Therefore there's a chance for you!

H. O. J.—By studying the difference between one, two, three, five, et cetera, reels on the screen, you will soon gain the ability, which seems to be individual to every successful writer, of telling just about how much action makes a reel. Of course, the methods of production of the various companies makes all the difference in the world, too, but since you can't write for all of them at once, you can easily concentrate your study. A split reel is one-half of a reel of film, or five hundred feet. See answer to H. E. Wickes regarding the "reading matter" in the scenes and between them.

MISS M. M. WILLIAMS, D. LANGSTON, M. WILLIAMS, I. B. SLOAN, R. N. VAN NOSTRAND.—If you will send a self-addressed, stamped envelope, we shall be glad to send you our scenario-market booklet. Do not send loose stamps, envelopes without stamps or without addresses, for the number of requests we receive make it impossible for us to send the booklets unless the simple directions we give are followed out.

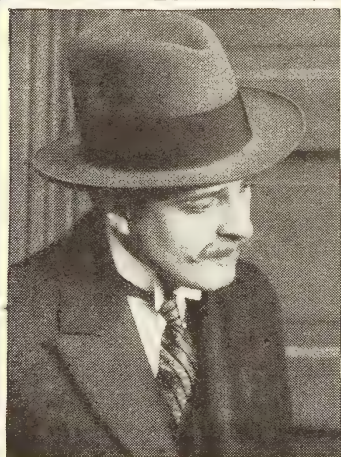
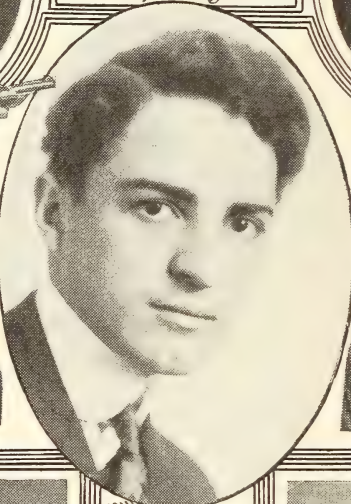
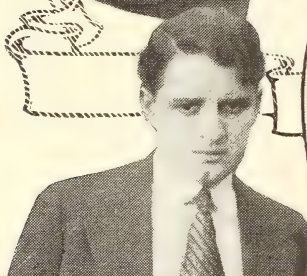
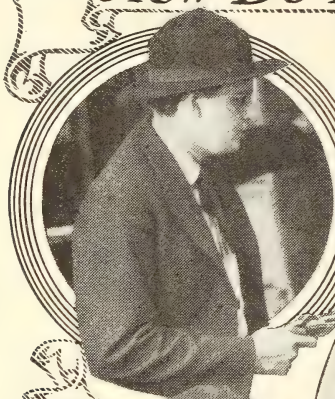
C. J. CAPERINE.—The two companies you mention merely are located in the same office building. There is no connection whatever between them or their scenario departments. We know of no such book on acting as you mention, but thank you for your suggestion, and will consider it.

THE MODEL SCENARIO.

Those of our readers who missed the model multiple-reel scenario printed in the April issue, should get a copy from the publishers.

How Do You Like Them Best?

A group
of character
poses ~ ~
showing the
versatility ~
of popular ~
screen ~ ~
players



Bryant
Washburn
Delusive
Hero



Bryant Washburn, while best known as a villain in the days gone by, has of late won fame as a hero. But he is, indeed, a hero of the delusive type, for we never know whether the good things he does are really good things for the other characters in the play or whether they are done merely as part of an underhand plot—for frequently the Bryant Washburn who appears to be a hero at the beginning of a picture, turns out to be a deep-dyed villain. He is also a character man of rare ability having taken parts so different that it would hardly be thought that the same man could play them. Mr. Washburn can be classed as one of the best all-around players on the screen to-day.



Who hasn't seen Claire McDowell, of Biograph, in a variety of rôles as widely different as the customs of New York and Singapore? She has appeared in ancient and modern screen plays and portrayed everything from heavy emotional to light comedy parts. Miss McDowell has been the stern rich lady, the poor working girl, the maid, the neglected wife, the business woman, the country maiden, the mistress of the sixteenth century and other characters far too numerous to mention. Her work is always appreciated by the masses, because it is done with them in mind. Because of her appeal to the public in general she is justly called the "girl of the people."

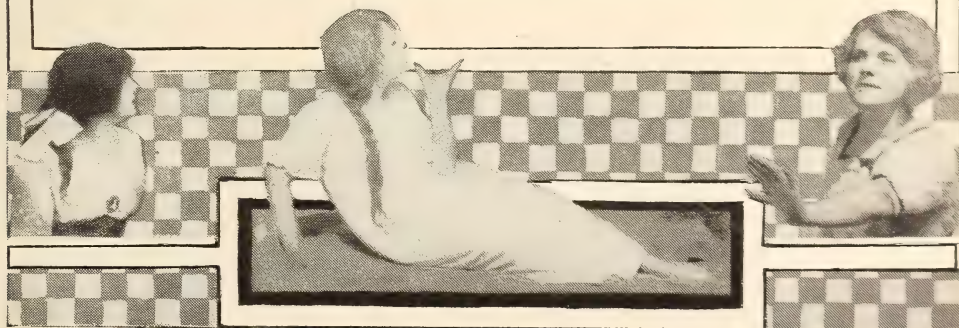


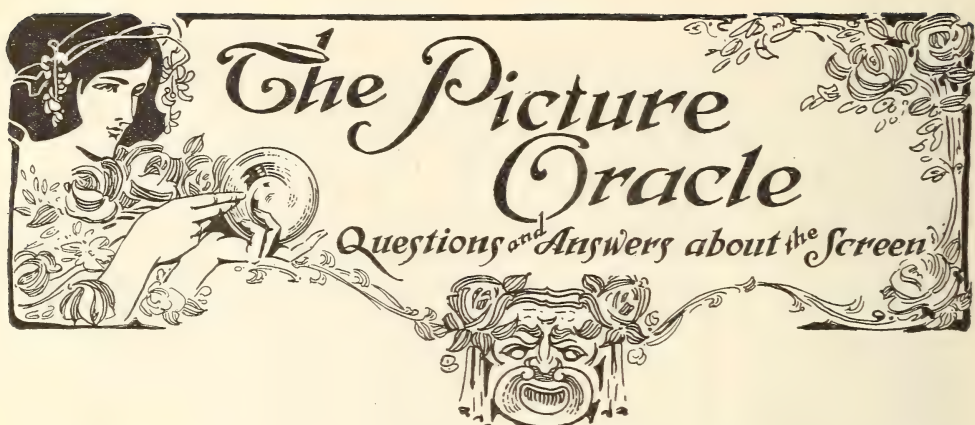
William Russell is perhaps the most athletic-appearing man on the screen to-day. His rôles are many and varied, but he portrays them all, whether they are of the hero or villain variety, in the same whole-hearted manner. There is only one way to describe him accurately at all times and that is as just plain "Big Bill." His greatest work has been done since he joined the American Company about a year ago though he was with several other companies prior to that time.



**KATHLYN
WILLIAMS**
Queen of the Jungle

She has been called the intrepid Kathlyn, and rightly so, for she is one of the very few actresses appearing before the public to-day who does not hesitate to risk her life when some dangerous action is called for by a scenario; she never has a "double" play her part. Her work with the animals from the Selig Jungle-Zoo has made her famous, but Miss Williams has also done straight dramatic work in such pictures as "The Rosary," "The Spoilers," and "The Ne'er-Do-Well" which has won her the distinction of being one of the foremost character actresses of the silent drama as well as the best player with animals.





This department will answer questions submitted by our readers either of general interest, or relating to pictures. No answers will be given to questions regarding matrimony, religion, or photo-play writing. Letters should be addressed: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Write only on one side of the paper. No questions will be answered unless accompanied by full name and address, which, however, will not be used. At the top of the paper give the name, or initials, by which you want the question answered in the magazine. No questions will be answered except through these pages. All questions will be answered in the order received, so that failure to see the answer in the next number means that its turn will come later, as we receive many letters a week, all wanting an immediate answer. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the play and the name of the company, if possible. Questions concerning photo-play writing should be addressed to editor of the scenario writers' department, above address.

LITTLE MARY FAN.—My dear girl, you are all wrong! "Little Mary" Miles Minter is nine years younger than "Little Mary" Pickford. Of course, Miss Minter isn't married; she's only fourteen! I broke the rules to tell you this, but every one should know it, anyway. Yes, Roscoe Arbuckle is the best heavyweight comedian in Shadowland. He hasn't even a rival. Roscoe writes, directs, acts, cuts the film, supervises the building of sets, and does a few other things, but otherwise he doesn't work hard. No, not at all!

W. G. B.—I am very sorry, but I cannot print Alice Joyce's address, as she is now in private life. A letter to her, inclosed in one to Tom Moore, care of Pathé Frères, New York City, would, no doubt, reach her safely. Mary Pickford is twenty-three, her sister Lottie is twenty-five, and brother Jack is twenty. Owen Moore is thirty-one, Tom is thirty, and Matt is the baby—he is only twenty-eight. Your other questions are against the rules.

MUTUAL NUT.—"The Last Performance" (Thanouser) was released December 28th last. It was a three-part drama. "The Painted Soul" (Ince-Mutual), a five-part feature starring Bessie Barriscale and Charles

Ray, was released December 23d last. Sure, you are always welcome. That goes for everybody, too.

PETE.—Grace Cunard played under Francis Ford's direction with the old Kay-Bee Company, and left that concern when Ford joined Universal, going with him. They are not playing together now as much as in the past, as both direct.

WALTHALL ADMIRER.—Yes, Henry Walthall was very clever in "The Misleading Lady" (Essanay), but it's an awful shame to waste the world's greatest screen actor in such trivial stuff. Oh, for the good old days when he appeared in such masterpieces as "The Avenging Conscience" (Griffith) and "The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith). In my opinion, and in that of every one I know, "Hank" is miles ahead of the rest of the bunch. I'd give next week's salary to see him back under D. W. G.'s wing. But, why dream?

E. Q. Y.—Enid Markey is one of our greatest little stars, in fact, she is fast treading on the heels of Bessie Barriscale. Enid's best pictures were "Aloha Oe" and "The Despoilers" (Ince-Triangle). I am anxiously awaiting to see her next subject. Yes, "The Ne'er Do Well" (Selig) is a fine pic-

ture, but it cannot be compared to "The Spoilers." Wheeler Oakman did the best work in the film, and he cannot be praised too highly. He is a master in the art of the photo play. More success to him.

LIZETTE.—All right, my child, I will give you Thos. H. Ince's life in a few words. Listen: He was born in Newport, Rhode Island, thirty-four years ago, the son of John E. Ince, the comedian. At the age of thirteen he was office boy for Daniel Frohman. He then went on the stage playing a song and dance part in "Poets and Puppets," with James A. Herne, and also played in "Shore Acres" with him. He played in several more shows, each time getting more important parts; finally he became a headliner in vaudeville, where he stayed for three years. Then followed his motion-picture training. In 1909 he was appointed director general of the New York Motion Picture Corporation in California. Since being with them he has turned out some of the most famous pictures in history, among them "The Battle of Gettysburg," "The Wrath of the Gods," and "The Alien." He is now producing for Ince-Triangle, and is the man who put the "Ince" in Inceville. Yes, he has two brothers, Ralph with Vitagraph, and John with Equitable.

CLEO.—At last you are here! I was afraid you were going to desert me this month, but I see you didn't. Good girl. You haven't any questions to ask, but your letter was mighty interesting just the same.

L. M. N.—As I have told dozens of others I will tell you: "Home, sweet, home" is the safest place in the world, especially for a little girlie of fifteen. Why, you ought to be in school yet, instead of thinking of becoming a "star movie player," as you say. Forget all about that funny little idea of yours, and help mamma dry the dishes. What would she do if you should desert her to be Kerri-gan's leading lady? To begin with, he has a very clever little lead now. Now, don't cry, just dry your dishes—I mean—tears, and study to-morrow's lesson.

MAYBELLE.—Sure, Mabel Normand is the greatest comedienne on earth. Who said otherwise?

A. C. E. G.—My, you certainly have enough initials! Kempton Greene was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, twenty-six years ago. Hobart Henley first saw the light of day in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1887. Your other questions are very much against the rules.

A. MILLER.—Don't get worried, William Shay is still working for Fox. His last picture was "The Ruling Passion" (Fox) opposite Claire Whitney. At present he is in Jamaica, B. W. I., playing with Annette Kellermann in a feature film that will cost one million dollars in real money. An article concerning it appeared in the April number of this magazine.

DUCHESS OF PARMA.—Behold, royalty is with us! If you can tell me which company produced "Princess Elena's Prisoner," three years ago, I'll get some "dope" about it for you. I don't know whether Eulalie Jensen, the Vitagraph star played in it or not. She joined the Edison Company after several successful seasons on the stage, and then left them for Vitagraph. Rube Miller, formerly of Keystone, is now acting and directing for the Vogue-Mutual Company. Yes, he did very clever work while with Mack Sennett's aggregation. Clara Kimball Young was born in Chicago twenty-five years ago. She went on the stage at the age of three, playing with her parents. After her education had been completed, she again went into theatrical life, and five years ago joined the Vitagraph. From there she went with the World Film Corporation, and is now being starred by the Clara Kimball Young Film Company, in which concern she is financially interested.

NELLY.—No, my child, for the hundred-and-first time, Charlie Chaplin is not dead, and has no idea of being in that state for a good many years to come. George Larkin played *Alan Law* in "The Trey o' Hearts" (Universal). He is now with the Premier Company.

MRS. C. NICOLLS.—Virginia Fordyce was the little girl in "The Buzzard's Shadow" (American). I am sure this company would send a picture of her on receipt of twenty-five cents. Yes, I believe Miss Pickford would mail you a picture of herself. Address her care of the Famous Players, New York City.

A. C.—Yes, I did write that William S. Hart is the greatest portrayer of Western rôles, and you are the first one to stick up for "Broncho Billy." He is good, too, but cannot be compared with Hart. "Broncho," by the way, has left the Essanay Company, selling his interests to Mr. Spoor, his former partner. He has not, as yet, announced his plans for the future. His hair and eyes are brown.

DOTTIE DIMPLES.—You want to know how old you have to be to be an actress. Why,

Dottie, even babies with their eyes scarcely opened have played in pictures. Selig has one star, Jean Fraser, who is just three. On the other hand, "Mother" Benson is a distinguished Universalite, and she admits that she is eighty-three. Address Famous Players and Kalem, at New York City; Vitagraph, Brooklyn, New York; and Horsley, No. 71 West Twenty-third Street, New York City.

HAPPY.—Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn twenty short years ago. No, she is not as pretty in real life as in reel—she is prettier. Florence Turner is not sick, but is working hard with the London Film Company. Her last picture shown in this country was "My Old Dutch," released by Universal. "Pickles and Pearls" hasn't been filmed yet, but the new Chaplin-Mutual Company may produce it. You say: "What would Jack be if he were not Standing?" I'll bite—what's the answer?

LILLIAN NELSON.—So you don't know whether to address me as "Dear Sir" or "Dear Madam." Don't let that worry you—I'm used to being miss-addressed. Charlie the Great is producing pictures for Mutual now, as you have doubtless heard by this time. His salary is fair—ten thousand a week, and a bonus of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Oh, to have a funny little mustache and big feet! Clara Kimball Young will be starred by the World Film Company until July. After that by the Clara Kimball Young Film Company. The office address of the latter is Nos. 126-130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

ROBERT.—How do you do? Thanks for your kind words—they mean more than so much gold. Yes, Walthall was considered the greatest actor before he played in "The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith). Previous to that he did "Judith of Bethulia," "The Avenging Conscience," "Ghosts," and several smaller pictures, all for the great D. W. Griffith. Lillian Gish has been in pictures for four years, always under Griffith's wing. Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico. She is nineteen. No, Little Mae never attended a dramatic school; D. W. Griffith's latest picture, which is entitled "The Mother and the Law," the name of which, however, will probably be changed, has almost been completed. It is due for release soon. The first full-reel photo drama produced was "The Great Train Robbery," produced by Edison. G. M. Anderson, later "Broncho Billy," took the lead. Yes, Bobby, the good old U. S. A. produces more pictures than England, France, and Germany combined, and then some.

X.—So you, too, enjoy the department. That makes it pleasant all around! The qualifications for becoming a photo player are many. Few, *yea, very few*, have them all, or even any. You need brains, talent, common sense, strength, both physical and mental, and if you are good looking that won't be held against you. The only way to apply for a position is to go to the studios, where a director or his assistant may see you—and then again may not. You would have to do "extra" work at the start, anyway. "Extra" work, in other words, means filling up space, or forming a background for the principals. If you insist on becoming a player, register at some agency, which supplies the companies in your city with extra talent. If you play often enough for the same director, and show that you know more than your name and address, he may give you a small part in a year or two. Then, again, he may not even notice you, as the chances are he'll be too busy scolding the stars who don't act as he thinks they should. Oh, it's a great game—to keep out of! You say you have a good position! Be sensible, my dear girl, and stick to it! I'm more sorry than I can write that I am unable to give you an answer full of hope and encouragement, which you asked me to, but the bitter, bitter truth must out—that is my policy in all answers. Write me again, and tell me I'm forgiven for dashing your hopes to the ground.

GAY.—Hello, Gay! You're Dottie Dimples' twin sister, aren't you? Oh, you can't fool me! Address mail for American to Santa Barbara, California; Essanay, Chicago, Illinois; Thanhouser, New Rochelle, New York, and Metro, New York City. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, twenty-three years ago. I don't believe I have answered this question more than a hundred times the past three months. The other question is against the rules. I'm sorry!

ALEX LINDNER.—Address Blanche Sweet and Charlotte Walker, care of Lasky, Los Angeles, California; Mary Pickford, care Famous Players, New York City. They will all be glad to send you pictures, but in justice to them inclose a quarter in each letter. The Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company, New York City, will send you a picture of Miss Farrar on receipt of twenty-five cents.

FLORENCE C. DEAN.—Your fears are groundless. Pearl White asked me to contradict the report of her death. To use old Mark Twain's words, it was greatly exaggerated. She is now appearing in "The

Iron Claw" (Pathé). Besides the pictures you mentioned, that prince of good lookers and good fellows, Wally Reid, appeared in "Maria Rosa," with Farrar; and "The Chorus Lady," with dashing Cleo Ridgely. These are Lasky films.

CLEO.—Well, look who's here! I'm glad to hear from you, but why don't you ask questions any more? But, then, I guess it is a whole lot more interesting to read your breezy and witty notes than to look up the where, why, and when of this, that, and the other player.

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST.—Don't you dare think that you are putting me to any trouble. The pleasure is all mine! Theda Bara's address is care of the Fox Company, New York City. No, my child, William Farnum is not William Fox, not by a long shot. Some one has been joking with you. Grace Cunard was *Kitty Grey* in "The Broken Coin." She, Francis Ford, and Eddie Polo are all at Universal City, California. When you write them for pictures, don't forget that all-important quarter. I expect to hear from you again.

SKINNEY.—Many thanks for your kind letter. It took about six weeks to produce "The Foundling" (Famous Players). Yes, Skinney, "Little Mary" shed natural tears in that picture. It is one of the best things she does. Awfully sorry to differ with you, but Mary's mother was not cast. You want to know what kind of stones Theda Bara has in her rings? The big one that you notice in all her pictures is a huge emerald surrounded by pure white diamonds. It is a beauty! She also wears an opal and a sapphire. Billy Shay has been in the British West Indies for almost a year playing in Fox's "Million Dollar" picture. That is the reason you have seen him in no late Bara films. I am sorry that I have never been introduced to Anna Held's three-thousand-dollar dog. He travels in too high a class for me. The name of this wonderful canine is "Ting des Tourelles." Now, I suppose you are going to write and ask me what that means!

O. U. K.—Bessie Barriscale and Charlie Ray had the leads in "The Painted Soul" (Ince-Mutual). De Wolf Hopper and Fay Tincher were featured in Triangle's production of "Don Quixote." This picture was directed by Eddie Dillon, who made the Office Boy series for Mutual. Willard Mack was John Adams in "The Corner" (Ince-Triangle). He has also played in "Aloha Oe," "The Edge of the Abyss," and "The Conqueror," all Ince-Triangle subjects. His

best work was in "Aloha Oe," which was directed by Richard Stanton. Since leaving Triangle, Stanton has produced the "Graft" series for Universal. Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico. William S. Hart was starred in "Hell's Hinges" (Ince-Triangle). Yes, he far surpasses all other players in "Western stuff." Betty Nansen was born in Denmark, Theda Bara in Egypt, Robert Mantell in Scotland. Of the four you mentioned, Chester Conklin was the only one born in the good old U. S. A.

CLARK ADMIRER.—Marguerite Clark says that she was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, twenty-nine years ago. Her favorite pastimes are riding and swimming—the latter in summer, of course.

IRENE.—You've gotten me mixed up, Irene. No, I am not Francis X. "Pennington's Choice" was filmed in California. Glad you liked the play—it was one of Bushman's best. John Davidson played *Stephen Might, Jr.*, in "Man and His Soul" (Metro). Beverly Bayne's latest films have been "Man and His Soul" and "The Wall Between," both Metro subjects. Yes, I am sure that Miss Bayne would gladly mail you her autographed photo on receipt of a quarter. Her address is care of the Metro Pictures Corporation, Broadway and Forty-second Street, New York City. If you write the various film companies for stills of their releases, naming the players you wish, I have no doubt but that they would sell them to you for twenty-five cents each. From your letter you seem to have a very clever little son. You are very lucky.

M. GOLDBERG.—Your favorite, Theda Bara, has been in this country for two years, all that time with Fox. Yes, she could read and write and also speak our language before she crossed the Big Pond. I am not permitted to mention the amount of her salary, but it is larger than the sum you guessed. You want to know when she lives? All the time, I guess. Just what do you mean? No, it is not essential that you speak perfect English to become a photo player, but it is a great advantage. Neither is it necessary to be a graduate of a moving-picture school to become an actor. I know nothing of these schools, so I cannot write concerning them.

A. R. T.—Yes, Wally Reid is considered one of the best-looking actors in filmdom. It's a toss-up between him and Carlyle Blackwell, as to whom the title of "Adonis of the Screen" should be given to. I'm neutral! Frank Keenan, of the Ince-Triangle forces, was born in Dubuque, Iowa. Possibly his

best work on the screen was in "The Despoilers" (Ince). J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, 1889.

BUNNY, Toronto.—Geraldine Farrar and Wally Reid were the principals in Lasky's "Maria Rosa." He's a great actor, don't you think? So you want a picture of Dorothy Davenport in the gallery. I'll see what I can do for you. Your postscript is against the rules, but the answer is, yes. Now, don't say I never did anything for you.

JEANNE.—Address Dorothy Gish, Triangle-Fine Arts Studio, Los Angeles, California; Marguerite Clark, Famous Players, New York City; and Theda Bara and William Shay, Fox Film Corporation, New York City. The Fox Company will send a picture of Billy Shay on receipt of the enormous sum of twenty-five cents, American money. Send the same amount when writing players direct.

BILLY BURKE ADMIRER.—Your favorite is just five feet and one inch tall.

R. A. B.—King Baggot is a really remarkable actor, one of the best, in fact; but the Universal Company hasn't given him very many big plays of late. His latest good picture was "The Haunted Bell" (Universal). In my opinion, and also that of David Belasco, Lillian Gish is the most beautiful screen player. I should have been polite, and mentioned Dave's name before mine—very thoughtless of me. When it comes to "emoting," it's a toss-up between Mae Marsh, Bessie Barriscale, Enid Markey, and Theda Bara. They can register every emotion under the sun before a camera, and then ask the director when it is it time to start work. Wonderful girls! J. Warren Kerrigan's latest feature was "The Pool of Flame" (Red Feather-Universal).

YANQUILLE.—Clara Kimball Young is an American—she was born in Chicago. She is working with the World Film Company of New York at present. Yes, she was extremely good in "Camille" (World). You speak about a popularity contest. You are mistaken, I'm sorry to say. We held no contest. Your other questions are against the ironclad rules.

CHAS. A. A.—If you could have seen William S. Hart and House Peters after their fight in "Between Men" (Ince-Triangle), you would have realized it was no child's affair. Both of them were badly beaten up, especially Peters. Hart was born in Newburgh, New York. When he was still an infant, his parents moved to the Dakotas, taking young

Bill with them. At the age of nineteen he sailed for England, and played with Daniel Bandmann's company. At twenty-four he was a leading man on Broadway, supporting Modjeska. His first picture was "On the Night Stage" for Thos. H. Ince, and he has been playing for him ever since. Hart now directs his own films. His latest is "The Aryan" (Ince-Triangle).

R. DESSIN.—Lou-Tellegen was born in Holland. The Triangle Company releases the best pictures, on an average. It is against the rules to give home addresses. A letter to cunning little Violet Mersereau sent care of the Universal Film Company, New York City, will reach her safely.

K. S. S.—Hazel Dawn is a Famous Players Film Company star. Anita Stewart draws her pay from Vitagraph. The Famous Players Company is located in New York City, and Vitagraph is in Brooklyn. I'm sure these girls would send you photographs, but don't forget the—but I've said it often enough. Sure, Charlie Chaplin is still acting. Mutual is the lucky company.

TOMMY.—So you think Hazel Dawn is a funny name. What about Pearl White, Louise Lovely, Bessie Love, Arline Pretty, Blanche Sweet, June Daye, and Lovey Marsh? What's in a name? That which we call chewing gum would be chewed as well by any other name!

VERGIE POLK.—How inquisitive you are! You want to know all about me. I am flattered! My age? I'm old enough to vote; that means anything from the legal age up. The color of my hair and eyes? I'm color blind, or I'd tell you. My sex? I intend to march in the next suffrage parade; but then, you know, both men and women do that! Come again.

JANE D.—Clara Kimball Young was born in Chicago, and Anita Stewart in Brooklyn. Neither are Jewish. "The Perils of Pauline" (Pathé) made Pearl White famous. What made me famous? Nothing—as yet!

EARLE, Chicago.—Lillian Lorraine was born in San Francisco twenty-four years ago. She began her stage career at the age of four, playing *Eva* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She continued playing child parts, and, at the age of sixteen, appeared in "The Great White Way," with Blanche Ring.

K. K. K.—You certainly do seem interested in Ruth Roland and Henry King. It shows you have good taste. Now, listen, and I'll tell you all you want to know. Henry was born in Christiansburg, Virginia,

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in 1888. He is six feet tall, and weighs a hundred and eighty-five pounds. His eyes are blue, and his hair is brown. He is directing now, you know. Ruth was born in Frisco twenty-two years ago. She weighs one hundred and twenty-two, her eyes are blue—poetry—and she has beautiful auburn hair. When away from the studio, she spends her leisure time dancing, swimming, riding, and she can play a good, hard game of tennis. Yes, my child, Ruthie certainly has a big bunch of admirers among the stronger sex. I think, with you, that they made an ideal couple in "Who Pays?" (Pathé). You want to know if they are in love with one another. Neither one ever said anything to me about it. Address them care of Balboa Studios, Long Beach, California. Surely, I excuse the "bungledness" of your letter. Why shouldn't I?

Lo.—You aren't "Lo, the poor Indian," are you? Henry Walthall, as "*The Little Colonel, Ben Cameron*," played lead in "*The Birth of a Nation*" (Griffith), opposite Lillian Gish, as *Elsie Stoneman*. Walthall's parents in the picture were Spottiswoode Aitken and Josephine Crowell. His sisters were Mae Marsh and Miriam Cooper. Violet Wilkey played the little sister before she grew up. The brothers were George Beranger and Maxfield Stanley. Miss Gish's father was Ralph Lewis, and Bobby Harron and Elmer Clifton were her brothers. Others of importance in the cast were George Siegmann, as the mulatto lieutenant governor; Walter Long, as Gus, the renegade; Mary Alden, as *Stoneman's mulatto housekeeper*. Joseph Hennebery played *Lincoln*; Donald Crisp was *Grant*; Howard Gay impersonated *Robert E. Lee*, and Raoul Walsh was *Booth*, the assassin. Besides the players mentioned, nearly every member of Mr. Griffith's company played in the picture. The characters above, however, were the ones who played the principal parts.

KATIE, Fourteen.—Address Miss Young, in care of Clara Kimball Young Film Company, Nos. 126-130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

LOIS A. FIELDS.—As explained in our last issue, the Blue Bird films are not "officially" released through Universal. Most of the Blue Bird films so far, however, were played by Universal stars. The two companies have a working agreement that when the players are not engaged in Blue Bird releases, they may play in Universal pictures. We have published several fiction stories of William S. Hart's films, and will continue to do so. How did you like "The Aryan"?

GERTRUDE GILLESPIE.—Personally, I liked the Fox production of "Carmen," with Theda Bara, more than Lasky's film, with Geraldine Farrar. On the whole, however, the Lasky cast was better. Fox made up for that by more masterly direction on the part of Raoul Walsh, and a better scenario. Although Miss Farrar has played the opera "Carmen" countless times, Miss Bara gave a much more satisfactory screen performance. Address Mary Maurice, care of Vitagraph, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Clark, care of the Famous Players, New York City; Francis X. Bushman, care of Metro, New York City; and Wally Reid, care of Lasky, Los Angeles, California.

J. E. S.—Yes, my child, I am very sorry to say that dear old Arthur Johnson has really passed on to the Great Beyond. He had been working too hard—he never was really strong, you know—and he suffered a general physical and nervous breakdown. Death was the result. Lottie Briscoe hasn't been seen in pictures for nearly a day. It is hoped, though, that she will soon again start playing.

DEAN.—So you want to be an actress, too! There's no end to this endless chain. I can't tell you how to become an actress. Better read my answer to X in this department. I can't give you the address of any actress who would help you to become a film player. Sorry. Address Mary Pickford, care of the Famous Players, New York City, and Theda Bara, care of the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

O. I. C.—Of the companies you mentioned, the Kay Bee-Triangle produces the best pictures, followed by Lasky. I liked Theda Bara in "Carmen" better than Geraldine Farrar. Charlie Chaplin's best picture? "Caught in a Cabaret" and "Dough and Dynamite" (Keystone) were as good as anything he ever did. It may surprise you to know that Mabel Normand produced them. Very clever little lady, say I. Wally Van has graduated from comedy, and is now producing dramatic features for Vitagraph.

K. G., California.—Address Mary Pickford, care of the Famous Players, New York City; Marguerite Clark, ditto; Blanche Sweet may be reached at the Lasky Studios, Los Angeles. Geraldine Farrar is now appearing in opera at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City. A letter addressed there will reach her. D. W. Griffith produced the "Birth of a Nation" under the auspices of the Epoch Film Corporation. See my answer in this issue to Lo, for the cast of

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principals. The story of "The Birth of a Nation" was founded on "The Clansman," and the film is known in some parts of the country by that name.

FITZPATRICK, Paterson.—My dear fellow, J. Stuart Blackton did not direct "The Battle Cry of Peace" (Vitagraph). Wilfrid North was the man directly responsible for it, although the scenario was written by Blackton, and he supervised the production. North is the man to get the credit, however. In "The Broken Coin" (Universal), Eddie Polo played *Roleau*. I'm getting to be quite a poet, eh, what?

BLONDIE, Detroit.—Welcome to our city. Glad you think the magazine is "ripping." So do I—wonder if you mean what I mean. You wanted a picture of Mary Pickford on the cover. How did you like the one on the April issue? Wasn't it a dandy? Edward Martindell played *David King* in "The Foundling" (F. P.), Charles Waldron was the *uncle* in "Mice and Men" (F. P.), Marshall Neilan was his *nephew*. Mary Pickford receives her mail at the Famous Players Studio, in New York City, so it's queer that you haven't heard from her. Mary has been working very hard of late, but I'll speak to her about it, anyway. I like Marguerite Clark's work better than "Little Mary's," but they are both great. Most people like Mary better. J. Warren Kerrigan, the heart destroyer, is still with Universal. Your letter was very, very nice, indeed, and I enjoyed reading it.

A. F. G.—Lillian Lorraine and William Courtleigh, junior, played the leads in "Neal of the Navy" (Pathé). No, Charlie Chaplin is not deaf. Nor is he dumb. If he was, how could he ask Mutual for six hundred and seventy thousand dollars for a year's work, and hear them when they said "yes"?

JAMES DUFFY.—Yes, my boy, both Chaplin and "Broncho Billy" have left the Essanay Company. I thought every one knew that now. Alice Joyce hasn't played since she left Kalem. Bert Tucey has had a quick rise to fame. Lately he has been playing in Metro subjects. His best work was that of the heavy in "The Governor and the Boss," in which ex-Governor Billy Sulzer starred. Between you, I, and the lamp-post, Sulzer made a sorry attempt as an actor. In fact, Tucey saved the play. Al Thomas is a well-known character man. He is now acting in "Playing with Fire" (Metro), which vehicle stars Olga Petrova. His best work was done in "The Wolf Girl" (Federal) and "The Soul Market" (Metro). In the latter film,

he created three different characters. His work is always excellent. Mr. Thomas started his theatrical career playing with Anna Held in her first appearance in America. No, Jimmy, Mary Pickford hasn't left the Famous Players, and doesn't intend to. Don't let anybody "kid" you.

R. Y.—Irving Cummings is playing opposite Hazel Dawn in Famous Players productions. Letters addressed to him care of their studio in New York City, will reach him safely. Yes, he did his greatest work in "The Diamond from the Sky" (American). Irving was born in New York City twenty-eight years ago.

ARIZONA MOVIE FAN.—So you just discovered that Loretta Blake was an old school chum of yours! Well, what do you know about that? Loretta is a dandy girl, and a good friend of mine. I'll give her your name and address. She is now with the Famous Players. Address her care of their studio in New York City. No, "The Birth of a Nation" will not be published in this magazine. Too bad you couldn't have seen it—it was the greatest picture ever produced, absolutely. The players you mentioned have had their pictures in the gallery, or will shortly. You know there are so many good actors and actresses that it takes a long time to print all their pictures. So you have discovered why Crane Wilbur doesn't cut his hair. Wonderful! Mignon Anderson's first name is pronounced Min-yong. Enjoyed your letter immensely, and want to hear from you often.

MILDRED.—Many thanks for your very kind letter. Yes, it is foolish for picture fans to write such "mushy" letters to the stars. The Fairbanks Twins are very clever little kiddies. They were born in New York City in 1901. They played on the stage together in "Snow White" among other attractions. They both have hazel eyes and light hair. They are members of the Thanhouser Company.

E. E. J.—The main offices of the Metro Pictures Corporation are in New York City. Helene Rosson, the clever seventeen-year-old star, is playing with the American Film Company. Jackie Saunders was born in the thriving town of Philadelphia in 1892. Renee Kelly played the lead opposite Henry Kolker in "The Bridge" or "The Bigger Man" (Metro).

ANXIOUS.—Here we have another aspirant to stage and screen fame. Working in the automobile business, as you say you are, might mean a real good job in time, which

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is a whole lot better than the uncertainty of professional life. No, I know of no dramatic school I can recommend. Awfully sorry, because I'd like to help you if I could, but take my advice and stick to your present position. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," has oftentimes been printed in this department, and I must say it again.

DEJA THORIS.—Another one of the many nice letters I have been getting. I thank you, one and all. Florence Reed was starred in "Her Own Way" (Metro). Fritz de Lint played in both "Barbara Frietchie" and "What Will People Say?" (Metro). Guy Coombs was Captain Forbes in "Barbara Frietchie" (Metro). So you think Crane Wilbur makes a jest of himself by wearing his hair so long. Far be it from me to say anything on the subject. Surely I think, or, rather, know, that "The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith) was the most remarkable picture ever filmed. So you saw it twice? I beat you. I found time to see it exactly twenty-two times, and I'm going again first chance I get. I agree with you that it is a shame "Walthall the Great" is no longer playing for Griffith, also "the Great." The parts he gets with Essanay are far different from what D. W. G. had him play in.

ANNA PERGOLIZZI.—Address Pearl White, care of Pathé Frères, New York City; and Genevieve Hamper, care of Fox Film Corporation, New York City. I'm sure that both these talented actresses will send you photos, but be generous and inclose twenty-five cents in each letter. At last accounts Betty Nansen was in her native country, Denmark. Jean Southern, who made such a hit in "The Two Orphans" (Fox), is now working in a big production. For some mysterious reason the name of the company, the director, and the play is being kept a deep, dark secret.

D. S.—Yes, "Little Mary" was on the stage before she entered film work. At the age of five she made her stage début with the Toronto Stock Company, in Canada. Why do I advise people not to try to become film players? One succeeds where a hundred fail, for one reason. Another—if every one that wanted to enter pictures did so, there would be no one to look at the pictures. They'd all be acting in 'em!

THE NUT CLUB.—Oh, you clever kids, you'll be the death of me yet! In self-defense I must refuse to answer your questions, but I'll print them and give my readers a chance to get brain fever. "When will Marguerite Snow? What is Charlie Chap-

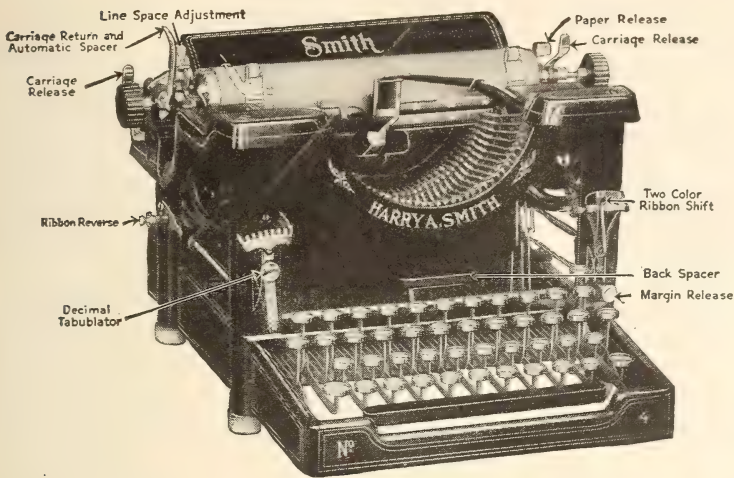
lin's pet? Did Mary Pick—Ford to go on the Peace Expedition? Does Chaplin smoke 'Camels,' 'Trophies,' or his own brand? Do all actresses like "Car Men"? Is Blanche Sweet? Can Fatty Ar-buckle an ordinary shoe? Is Ford Sterling? Will John Barry More?" No wonder a Picture Oracle gets gray hairs before his time!

JOHN DAVIS.—Mary Miles Minter and Thos. J. Carrigan were starred in "Dimples" (Metro). Nance O'Neil and Clifford Bruce in "A Woman's Past" (Fox). Marjorie Harmon, Wil Rex, and Al Ray in "A Woman's Past" (Federal). Theda Bara and George Walsh in "The Serpent" (Fox). Marguerite Snow and George le Guere in "The Upstart" (Metro). Helen Ware and Harry Carey in "Secret Love" (Blue Bird). Henry Walthall and Edna Mayo in "The Misleading Lady" (Essanay). Theda Bara, Jean Southern, and William Shay in "The Two Orphans" (Fox).

C. I. N.—I am sorry, but it is impossible for me to give either Mary Pickford's or Marshall Neilan's home address. Against the rules. Address Miss Pickford, care of Famous Players, New York City, and Neilan, care of Selig, Los Angeles. He is one of our youngest author-actor-directors. Jack Pickford is twenty. Joe Moore is one of the many players to drop out of sight entirely. He is not working in pictures at present. Yes, he grew tired of the "shorties," and now is a regular man, with long trousers. Marguerite Clark's age is just twenty-nine. Ralph Kellard played opposite Dorothy Green in Fox's production of "Her Mother's Secret." Sorry, but your other questions are very much against the rules and regulations.

ICE CREAM.—Very inviting name, especially now that the weather is getting warmer day by day. The stories of the films are generally printed in this magazine before they are released. "Daphne and the Pirates" was Fine Arts. Your other questions answered several times to other correspondents in this department of this issue.

SIS AND HER CHUM.—Your question is rather hard, children. You want to know where the most popular studios are located. Every other person has a different favorite, so it is rather difficult to know just what you mean. As far as I am concerned, the most popular studios are the Triangle ones. They are located in Los Angeles, Inceville, Culver City, all three California, and Fort Lee, New Jersey. Write again, and explain more clearly, and I'll answer.



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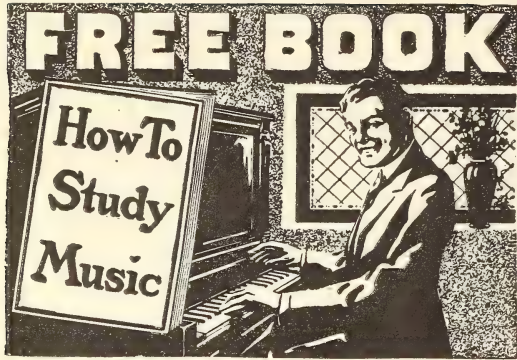
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J. P. Q.—Ethel Linn played the female lead in "When Aunt Matilda Fell" (Nestor Universal). Ethel is a very clever girl, as she is already playing leads, and she's only been in the films a year. Pretty as a picture, too. You'd like to meet her, you say? Well, you live in Los Angeles, and she works in Universal City, so what's to stop you?

No. 5457.—We will soon print the cast of principals in our fiction stories of the films. You don't want any advertising in this magazine. Why, my dear chap, did you ever see a paper or magazine of any kind that didn't contain ads?

IRENE.—Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati twenty-nine years ago. Marshall Neilan was *Lieutenant Pinkerton* in "Madame Butterfly" (F. P.), playing opposite "Little Mary." The "Diamond from the Sky" (American), was completed several months ago, but it is still playing in many parts of the country. Flora Finch is now playing with Nat Goodwin in *Mirror* films—comedies, of course.

MILDRED N. Y.—Awfully glad you liked Theda Bara's story. It really was good, and goes to prove that Miss Bara is as clever a writer as an actress. Her birthday? Of course, anything for you. She was born on the twenty-seventh day of July. "Gold and the Woman" (Fox), which has already been released in her latest picture at this writing. H. Cooper Cliffe plays opposite Theda in this film. We will continue to publish pictures of Miss Bara, although we mustn't give her too much space. There are so many other favorites.

PEGGIE.—No, Alice Joyce isn't playing at present. All your other questions are against the rules, I'm sorry to say, Peggie.

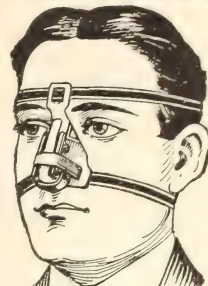
E. T. L.—Naturally I agree with you. If any one else tries to tell you that "Bill" Hart isn't the greatest portrayer of Western rôles, just send him to me—that's all. "Broncho Billy" was good in his day, as you write, but times have changed, my boy; times have changed.

C. W. S.—Charlie, you certainly are going to make me work! You want to know the five greatest dramas produced in this country. Well, nearly every month a list like this could be changed, but at the present moment I would say: 1. "Birth of a Nation" (Griffith-Mutual); 2. "Judith of Bethulia" (Griffith-Biograph); 3. "Wrath of the Gods" (Ince-Paramount); 4. "The Spoil-

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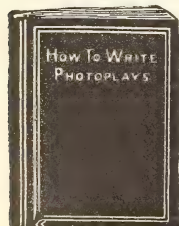
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ers" (Campbell-Selig); 5. "An Alien" (Ince-Paramount). Now for the best all-around actors; 1. Henry Walthall; 2. William Farnum; 3. Willard Mack; 4. J. Warren Kerrigan; 5. Charles Ray. Wm. S. Hart leads them all in Western rôles. Next come the actresses: 1. Bessie Barriscale; 2. Enid Markey; 3. Mae Marsh; 4. Mary Pickford; 5. Blanche Sweet. In sirenic rôles, Theda Bara leads the world, with the rest far behind. Beautiful actresses—ah, here's where the real trouble starts: 1. Lillian Gish; 2. Dorothy Green; 3. Mary Pickford; 4. Blanche Sweet; 5. Louise Lovely. Good-looking chaps next, eh? Well, listen: 1. Carlyle Blackwell; 2. Wallace Reid; 3. J. Warren Kerrigan; 4. Herbert Rawlinson; 5. Charlie Ray. Then you want to know the officers of the Mrs. Club. If I told you that, you would know who was married, and that is against the rules. If there were a Slapstick Town, you want to know who the officers would be: Mayor, Charlie, of course; clerk, Mabel Normand; treasurer, Syd Chaplin and Chester Conklin would have to fight for the job, as Ford Sterling and Fatty Arbuckle would for chief of police. I am using your own words now, so if anything happens, remember you are to blame! You want to know who would be dog warden. I refuse to nominate any one for that position. Being a mere student, rather than an advocate of woman's suffrage, I can't answer your last. Come again, but have a heart, kind sir!

C. BRANDON.—You ask if visitors are "aloud" in the studios. Yes—that's the reason they are not "allowed." Deep stuff!

TYPHON.—Sussue Hayakawa, now with Lasky, was starred in Thos. H. Ince's "The Typhon." He is twenty-seven years old, and has been appearing on the screen for three of them. You may address him at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California. Your letter was no bother. Come often.

COXEN'S ADMIRER.—Ed Coxen was born in a little English town thirty years ago. Address him care of American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. Irving Cummings was born in New York City in 1888. He receives his mail at the Famous Players Studio, New York City. Henry King, of the Balboa Company, Long Beach, California, was born the same year as Cummings. This happened in Christiansburg, Virginia. Ruth Roland, who was born in Frisco in 1893, is with the same company. Syd Chaplin was born in London, twenty-nine years before this was written. Address him care of Mutual Film Corporation, New York City.

MISS TRILLA A.—Yes, child, both Mary Pickford and Theda Bara will send you photos or receipt of the fourth part of one dollar.

F. G. P.—Dora Rodgers was the dancing girl in "Stolen Magic" (Keystone). She has been in the film game for over a year, and has appeared in several Keystone comedies. Her parts were minor ones, however, and there is no record of just which ones she played in.

Yes, she is clever, but the competition is very keen, and it's hard to climb the ladder in a day.

E. T.—Henry Walthall was born in the month of March; Mary Pickford in April; Valli-Valli, February; Marguerite Clark, ditto.

PEGGY SILVERMAN.—Yes, Peggy, Betty Riggs is now Evelyn Brent—she thought it sounded better. She played opposite Edmund Breese in "The Lure of Heart's Desire" (Metro). We may have an interview with her in time.

CANUC.—Madeline and Marion Fairbanks play with the Thanhouser Company, at New Rochelle, New York. How do you like the twins up in Canada?

B. B.—Theda Bara's best picture, you say? Well, that is hard, because they all are so good. Personally, I'd say: 1. "Carmen"; 2. "The Serpent"; 3. "A Fool There Was." The only one that I didn't care especially for was "Destruction." Most people liked it, however. You want to know how I would class the vampires of the screen; 1. Theda Bara; 2. T. Bara; 3. Miss Bara. You agree with me, don't you? I'm an honest-to-goodness Bara fan. To you and all the other anxious ones, her address is care of the Fox Film Corporation, Nos. 126-130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

H. M. W.—Address Grace Cunard and Francis Ford at Universal City, California. I am sure they will send photos, but don't forget two dimes and a nickel. Francis and Grace are again working together. They are directing and appearing in "Peg o' the Ring," Universal's serial.

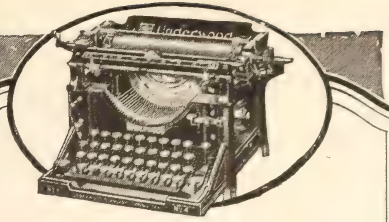
DOT KELLY and VIOLET MCCARNEY.—The movie germ doesn't care how young its victims are. Here are two little girls, each eleven, who want to act, and even pick out the company—Balboa. I think you would be a whole lot happier at home, with your parents. When you have grown up, it will be a different thing, and, anyway, you may have changed your mind by then.

B. R. F.—Pearl White is not playing with Arnold Daly at present. Jeanne Eagels played opposite him in "The House of Fear" (Pathé). Warren Kerrigan formerly played in the American Film Company, but he did not own any of the company.

JESSIE ABNER.—At this writing Dick Travers' latest picture is "The Lightbearer" (Essanay). Creighton Hale's latest work is "The Iron Claw" (Pathé). He is still with them. Dorothy and Lillian Gish are sisters—every one should know that!

J. E. B.—Louise Welch, who has since changed her name to Louise Lovely, was the Western girl, Bessie Brayton, in "Father and the Boys" (U).

WALTER WOOD.—Billie Burke was born in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1886. She is going to appear in a serial for George Kleine, not Triangle. The Triangle is composed of the



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State of New York, County of New York, (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Gerald C. Duffy, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a firm, composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GEORGE C. SMITH,

of the firm of Street & Smith, publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1916, Charles W. Ostertag, Notary Public, No. 29, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1917.)

New York Motion Picture Corporation, comprising Kay Bee, Broncho, Domino, and Keystone, and the Reliance and Majestic Companies. Charlie Chaplin, of course, is *the* comedian.

ANNA DINEEN.—Your letter was very interesting. You want to know if I ever saw Louise Vale! In the bygone days, when I was acting. I played with her. Last time I saw her, her eyes were blue. Franklin Ritchie, who often plays opposite her, is a good actor, but he makes a better heavy than lead. No, I don't know whether she can read German, but Travers Vale, her director, can. He will be able to interpret the letter.

BAGIE.—Ed Coxen plays opposite Winifred Greenwood. Jack Kerrigan's twin brother does not act. He is manager of the Universal ranch. I prefer Kerrigan's work to that of Bushman. Bushman's second name is Xavier. "Neal of the Navy" (Pathé) has not, as yet, been published in book form, but it has appeared in newspapers.

BILLY.—Yes, Mary Anderson is still acting for the Vitagraph. Her latest feature release was "The Human Cauldron."

ANNETTE DE BEUTHILLIER.—Katherine Harris plays the *queen* in "Nearly a King" (Famous Players). Grace Cunard and Francis Ford had the leads in "The Broken Coin" (U). Mary Pickford lives on Riverside Drive, New York City. I am not permitted to give any further information—sorry. Your other question was against the rules—sorry, again.

JERSEY KID.—Marvel Spencer was the young girl in "The Terror of the Fold" (Centaur). Address E. Forrest Taylor, care of American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

BETTY.—Frank Mayo was born in New York City in 1886, of American parents. Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco in 1893. They made their first appearance together in "The Red Circle" (Pathé), which they have just finished.

H. D. E., Evart.—You've got my name wrong. "Wrath of the Gods" (Ince) was wonderful. Frank Borzage and Tsuru Aoki were the stars of the picture. Yes, Ruth Stonehouse has left Essanay. "Little Mary" did clever work as a boy in "Poor Little Peppina" (Famous Players). Visitors in a studio are in the habit of "nosing about" too much and in many other ways annoy the directors and players. That is one of the many reasons they are not welcome. I imagine that Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne left Essanay because they thought their opportunities would be greater with Metro. "Wrath of the Gods" (Ince) was produced at Inceville, California. I believe that Billie Reeves was the "original drunk" in "A Night in an English Music Hall." Chaplin and Ritchie also appeared in the part. Mary Miles Minter was born April 1, 1902. No, she is not an "April fool"! Your other questions have been answered above, or are against the rules.

HIPPY.—"Thanks for them kind words." Charles Clary was *Father Kelly* in "The Rosary"

(Selig), and Wheeler Oakman was *Bruce Wilton*. Clary was born in 1892, and Wheeler Oakman in 1890. He is playing with the Selig Polyscope Company in Los Angeles, and, at last reports, Clary was with Lasky, Hollywood, California.

TOBY.—Address Olga Petrova, care of Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. Letters addressed to Emily Stevens, at the same office, will reach her. Miss Joyce is not playing at present; is planning a "come-back." Mail sent to Tom Moore, care of Pathé Frères, New York City, will reach her. Jackie Saunders played *Fay Drake* in "A Bolt from the Sky" (Pathé). Elliot Dexter was *Philip de Mornay* in "Daphne" (Fine Arts-Triangle). Your other questions are answered elsewhere.

ELEANOR PERKINS, BOBOLINK, C. P. B., JULIA J., A. A. B.—Your questions are answered elsewhere in this department. Come again.

VIOLET, J. P., MISSOULA, M. P., P. F., L. W. G., BARA ADMIRER, and all the rest of Theda Bara's friends.—Miss Bara's letter, published in this department, May issue, will answer some of your questions. Address her care of the Fox Film Corporation, Nos. 126-130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Yes, she says she will be glad to send photos. Better inclose a quarter, however, to cover cost of mailing, et cetera. Miss Bara wants me to thank you all for your kindness in writing.

BONIE, A FAN.—Hazel Dawn's latest film is "The Saleslady"; Pauline Frederick's "Audrey"; Marguerite Clark's "Molly Make Believe," all Famous Players productions. Bessie Barriscale was never with the Edison Company.

S. H. K.—Jane Novak has been playing in pictures for three years. You want to know the best thing for a young man to do—who wishes to become an actor. Forget it—it will be the best in the long run.

DOROTHY PERKINS.—Vincent Serrano played opposite Pauline Frederick in "Lydia Gilmore" (Famous Players). Jack Curtis was the little boy. Anna Held appears in Morosco pictures. Your other questions are answered elsewhere in this department.

M. C. S.—Your letter interested me exceedingly. I think, however, that so long as you have a good position, you had better keep it, instead of braving the uncertainties of the film game. There is hardly any chance for a girl camera-woman. In fact, there are only one or two in the country. I know just how you feel, and would like to help you, but just take my advice, and stay close to your own fireside. It will be lots better in the long run, girlie. Let me hear from you again, telling me what you are going to do.

EVERYBODY, EVERYWHERE.—Due to the enormous amount of mail coming in to this department, it is impossible to answer all questions through these columns. In order to avoid delay, and give all prompt answers, inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and I shall reply to those over the space allowed me, personally.

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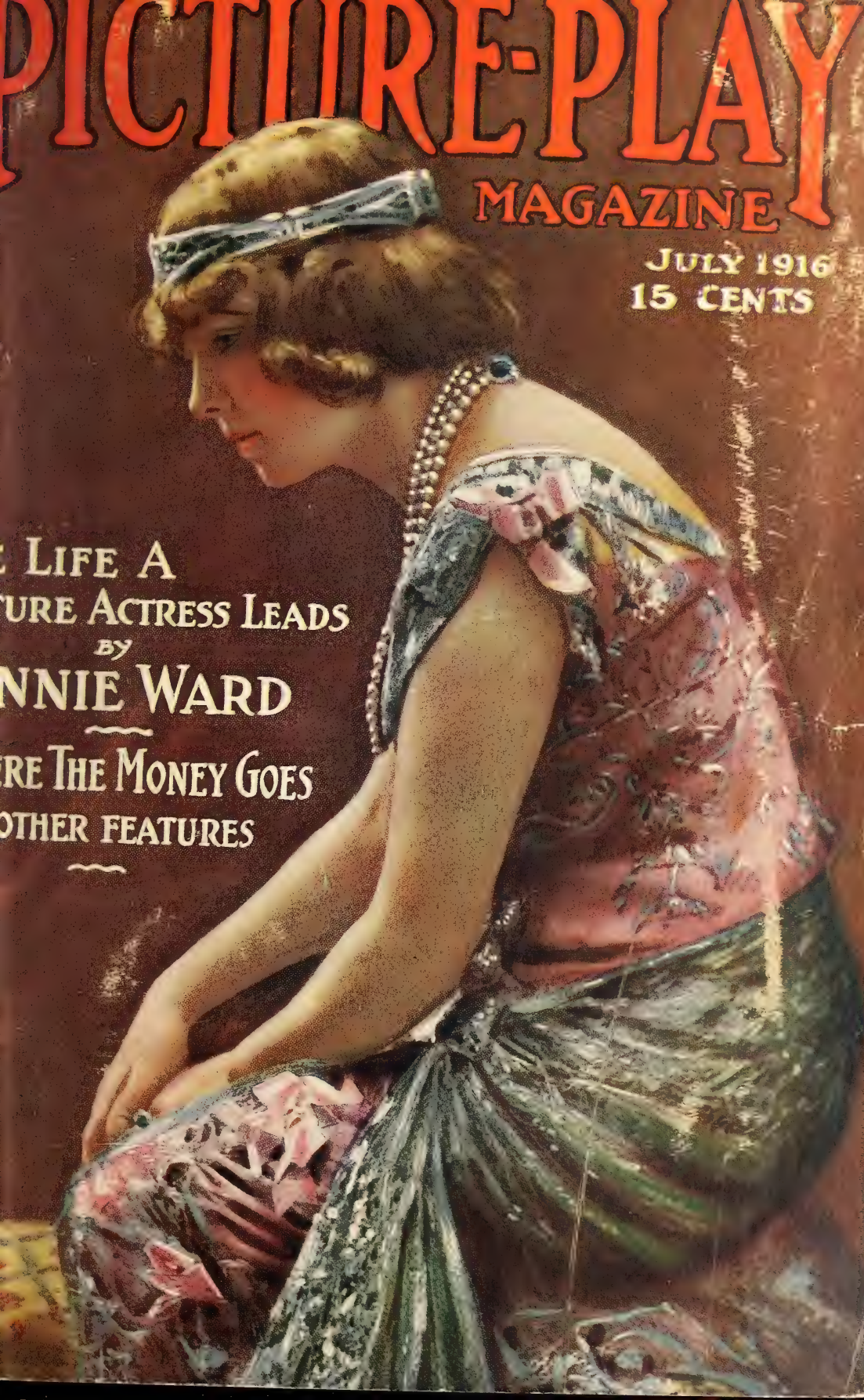
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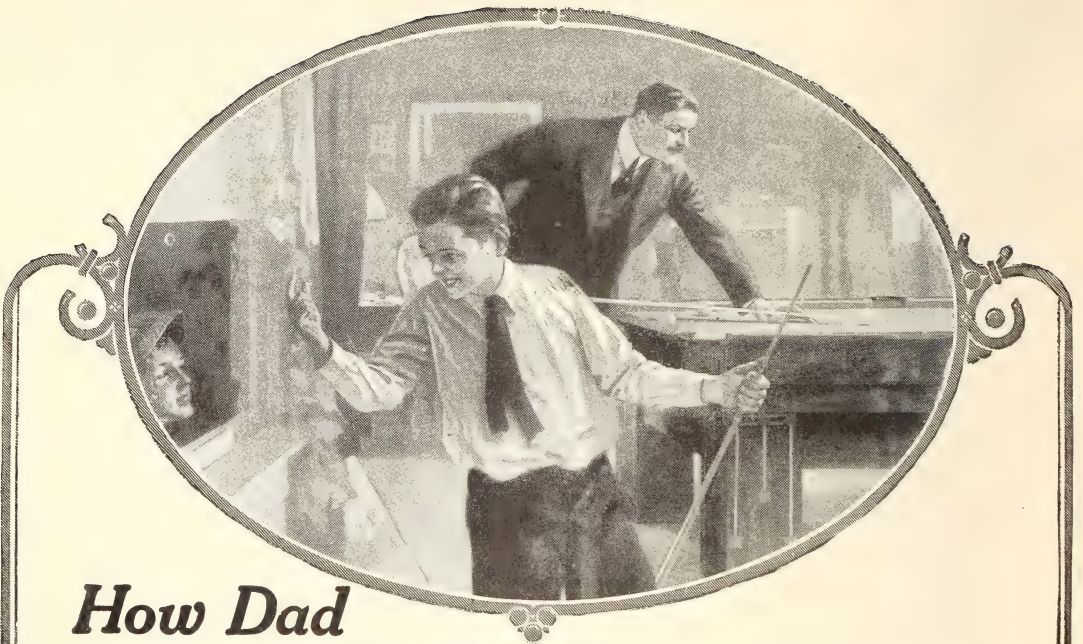
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MABEL NORMAND

the original "Keystone Mabel," and now being starred in Ince comedy-dramas, is a native New Yorker. Score one for the Great White Way! Mabel started her meteoric career with Vitagraph, then jumped to Biograph, and when Mack Sennett started his Keystone Company, Mabel was the first one signed to a contract. She is known as the foremost comedienne in filmdom and also has an enviable reputation as a director, having been responsible for many of Chaplin's successes.



JAMES MORRISON

better known as "Jimmy," was born in Mattoon, Illinois, in 1888. After learning the three "R's" at public school, Jimmy decided "an actor he would be." Accordingly, he joined the American Academy of Fine Arts and then went into stock. The motion pictures were next in order, and he secured a place with Vitagraph. He has played the lead in "Mother's Roses," "Wheels of Justice," and "In the Days of Famine," among others. In "The Battle Cry of Peace" Jimmy did possibly the greatest work of his artistic career, playing juvenile lead. Many critics claim that Morrison's work was the most finished in the film, portraying every conceivable emotion in a way that made the audiences believe that they were witnessing an episode of real life.



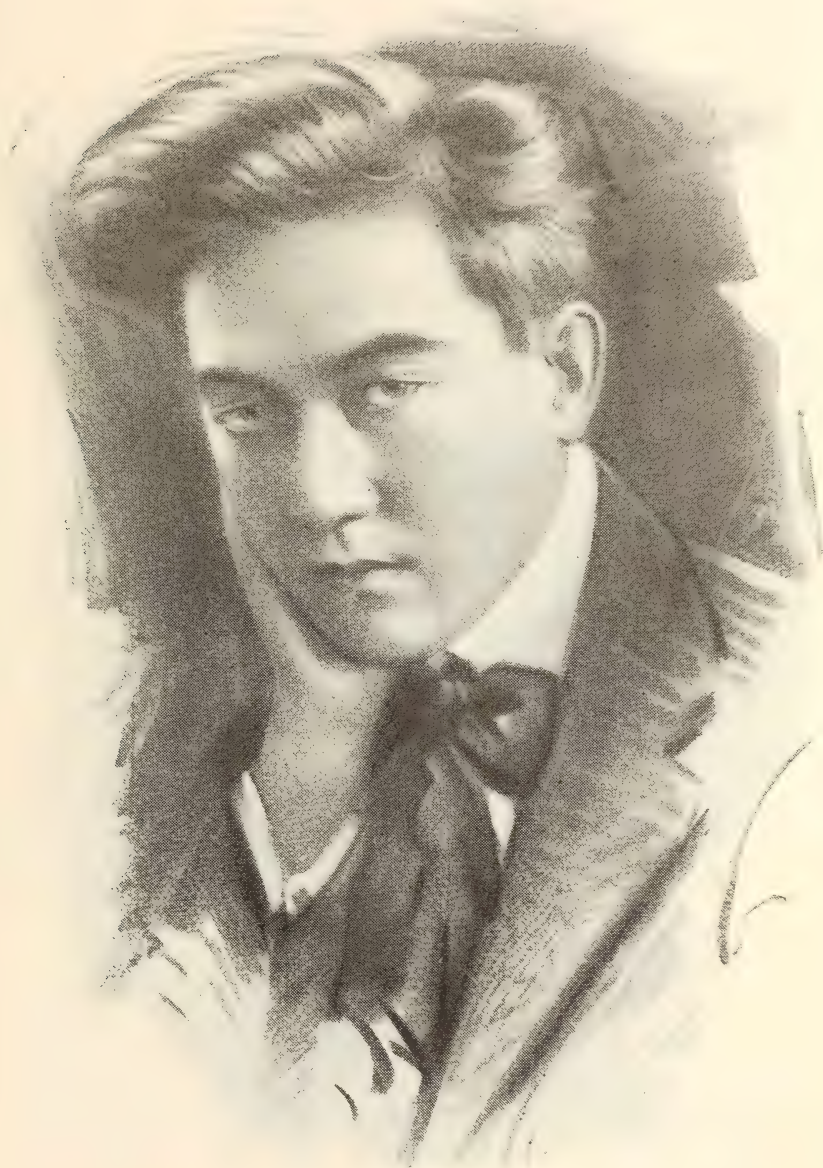
MYRTLE STEDMAN

leading lady for Pallas and Morosco, saw this world for the first time in Chicago twenty-five years ago. After several years of training on the stage she joined the Selig Company in 1910. She stayed with them until 1913 when an alluring offer made her cast her fortunes with Bosworth. When Oliver Morosco bought the company, Myrtle was one of the few to remain. She played the leading feminine rôle in "Wild Olive," "The Valley of the Moon," and "Peer Gynt," among others. It has been said of Miss Stedman that the legitimate players who go to the Morosco studios for a picture or two have nothing but the highest praise for her work. She is an accomplished equestrienne and an all-around athlete.



DOROTHY KELLY

the vivacious Vitagraph star, was born in Philadelphia twenty-two short years ago. After studying at the National Academy of Design in New York she became a rather well-known illustrator. The films appealed to her very much, however, and she visited the Vitagraph studios five years ago. She has been with them ever since, playing opposite "Jimmy" Morrison in the majority of her picture plays.



SUSSUE HAYAKAWA

the handsome Japanese star of the Lasky Company, is one of the few players of his race in pictures. He was born in Tokio twenty-seven years ago, and came to this country at the age of twenty-two. He played on the stage for some years, and then was engaged by Thomas H. Ince to appear in "The Typhoon." Following that he did several more pictures, possibly his best work being in Lasky's production of "The Cheat."



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

the hundred-thousand-dollar comedian of the Triangle forces, first saw the light of day in Denver, Colorado, thirty-three years ago. After leaving Harvard he went on the stage, and with the exception of a business experience of a few months in Wall Street, remained a legitimate actor until he was induced to enter the film field. His best-liked work on the stage was "Hawthorne, U. S. A.," and in pictures "The Lamb" and "His Picture in the Papers." At present he is working on a series of Western comedies with Bessie Love.



PAULINE FREDERICK

known as the Famous Players' "polite vampire," scored emphatic success on the legitimate stage before she fell in love with the camera. Possibly her greatest theatrical work was done in "Joseph and His Brethren" and "Innocent," in which she was starred. Her best-known pictures are "The Eternal City," "Sold," "Bella Donna," "Zaza," and "Lydia Gilmore." Thomas Holding has been her leading man in all these films. Miss Frederick, who was born in Boston, spends her few leisure moments walking, shooting, and driving her own motor car.



MARGUERITE COURTOT

is one of the youngest stars in pictures. She was born in Summit, New Jersey, eighteen years ago. Her education, however, was obtained in Lausanne, Switzerland. Returning to America she posed for Harrison Fisher, and then joined the Kalem Company, where she later was featured in "The Ventures of Marguerite." A few months ago she left them for Gaumont and has been starred in "The Dead Alive" and "Feathertop," both five-reel productions. A great number of Marguerite's few years on earth have been spent in traveling, and it is still her greatest pleasure, although about the only traveling she does now is to and from locations. However, she manages to find solace in golfing and tennis.



EDNA MAYO

Essanay's *Mary Page*, is a twenty-two-year-old Philadelphian. Her first professional work was done in "Madame X," and was followed by several other stage engagements. A little over a year ago she entered filmdom via the Essanay route, and has stayed with that concern ever since, playing opposite Henry Walthall in most of his pictures. Edna's greatest pleasure is participating in all out-door sports, although she manages to find considerable time for her "favorite indoor pastime" of being an amateur sculptoress. Strange as it may seem to people who do not know of this side of Edna's accomplishments, she is rapidly becoming a very clever modeler in clay, as well as wax.



HARRY BENHAM

who is now playing leading rôles for the Universal Company, is a native of Valparaiso, Indiana. Before becoming a screen player he gained a large following through his work on the stage in such plays as "Madame Sherry," "Pinafore," "Floradora," and "Wang." His first film appearance was with the Thanhouser Company, which he later deserted for his present berth. Harry's best-liked pictures with Universal include "The Path of Happiness," "The Man Inside," "Joan of the Hills," "Mignonette," and "Through Flames to Love." His favorite way of spending his hours of leisure are skating when it is cold, swimming when it is warm, and riding and golfing between times. He is an all-around, accomplished athlete.



VERA SISSON

until recently with Biograph, is just twenty-one years old, having been born in Salt Lake City in 1895. With no previous stage experience she secured a position with the Universal Film Company, and was soon playing leads opposite the debonair Warren Kerrigan. Biograph then began to notice her exceptional work and made her an offer that it would have been folly to refuse. Accordingly, she signed with them, and was their particularly bright star until the entire company was disbanded a month ago. Of all her many excellent pictures with the Biograph possibly the greatest was "The Laurel of Tears." People who know say that it rivalled "Weights and Measures," a feature with Kerrigan, hitherto considered her masterpiece.



HAROLD LOCKWOOD

who, with May Allison, presents one of the most attractive couples on the Metro program, is a Brooklynite, having been born there in 1887. He was in musical comedy for several years, and then joined the Nester Company in 1910. Other film concerns he has been with are N. Y. M. P. Corp., Selig, Famous Players', and American. While with the Famous Players' he appeared opposite Mary Pickford. He spends his leisure moments swimming and playing baseball.



MAY ALLISON

the Metro beauty, is a Southerner, having been born in Georgia twenty-one years ago. After a boarding-school education she induced her parents to allow her to go on the stage where she played *Beauty* in "Everywoman." After several successful seasons before the footlights, she joined the Famous Players' a little over a year ago. From there she went to American, playing opposite Harold Lockwood, and recently went with him to Metro. Motoring and tennis occupy her spare moments.



Picture players never seem happy unless posing. 'Way down on the beach at Jacksonville, Gaumont's four big stars, Iva Shepherd, Gertrude Robinson, Marguerite Courtot and Lucille Taft do some shadow pantomiming even as they go in bathing.



Photo by Brown Bros., N. Y.

The gayest part of the "Gay White Way" in the heart of New York City.

IT is night—ten o'clock.

In the pepper tree just outside the window, sits an owl in a path of light that blinds him, and he is quiet. Soon he will move to a darker branch, and will hoot of his freedom. Street cars and autos, sparsely filled, pass constantly—it is ten o'clock!

Downtown, a short jitney-ride distant, the theaters have a goodly attendance. They are all picture theaters, with the exception of five. At eleven they will empty, and the cafés will fill. Those connected with, or otherwise interested in, the picture profession, will go to Levy's, in South Spring Street. But at no place will they dance. A political "lid" sits tightly upon the City of the Angels, interring the glad some "rag," the slow three-step, and the one-two-three of the old waltz that is newly popular. They who *would* dance, early motor to the beaches, seventeen miles away, where the cafés are guiltless of lidded restrictions. Here the name Nat Goodwin electrically winks into the night from the palace of cuisine and dancing which rests on a rock foundation in the Pacific; or the

dance-loving ones go to a newer café, that of Sunset Inn, at Santa Monica, which sends the rays of its inquisitive searchlight dancing over the seventeen miles between it and Los Angeles. Or the dance seekers speed out to the Vernon Country Club, just without the city limits, and here, indeed, is the world theirs!

Such is the frivolity of the angelic city, with the softly warm days and cool nights, where the climate is always a subject of general discussion, never failing to inspire new conversation or to revive interest in a lagging one. It is a charming city, however, with its Hollywood nestling into the foothills of mountains which stop just short of the sky line and look down upon a colony of picture studios without so much as a shadow cast to hint of their still presence. And westward, seventeen miles, is the Pacific, where bathing is a winter sport, and beach girllies and eighteen-inch bathing suits are always the fashion.

If you would view the night life of the photo player who is three thousand miles from Broadway, you have just

180 Three Thousand Miles from Broadway

time to board a Hollywood car and reach Levy's before he does. He will be there in numbers—both the "he's" and the "she's" of the photo-play world. You get a corner table, near the door, and from there see them all. By eleven-thirty the place is filled—and still they come! If any of the American companies are in from Santa Barbara, you will see them here. If William N. Selig, Harry E. Aitkin, Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle, or any other photo-play magnate is in town, he is sure to gravitate toward Levy's. Charlie Chaplin doesn't at all mind who sees him juggle his spaghetti; Douglas Fairbanks, De Wolf Hopper, Dustin and William Farnum, Fannie Ward, Ruth Roland, and Mary Pickford, when in town, you'll see either here, at the beach, or at Vernon.

And very often they furnish impromptu entertainment. If Wally Reid and "Smiling" Billy Mason meet at the same place on the same night, immediately they become the cabarets, Wally

appropriating the orchestra's violin, Alice Forrest at the piano, and Billy Mason rendering novelty songs in a novel way.

Or maybe it is Charlie Murray who has the floor, and the applause of every one, as he has the knack of making everything he says register a laugh. Harry MacCoy is known as the "piano fiend," and, as such, is popular. And there are rare and enjoyable occasions when Mae Murray is persuaded to give a dancing exhibition.

Or it may be De Wolf Hopper rises next from his chair to address the persons present. Mr. Hopper thinks of Broadway—New York, of course—as the man you meet on the street with his clay pipe turned upside down does of Ireland. It is not very often that he does offer to furnish part of the extemporaneous program, but once in a while he cannot overcome the impulse to make a remark about the "Gay White Way," and cast a veil of sorrow over the countenances that, until then, had been lighted by smiles. The moment he rises, the players at all the tables begin to look glum, and unless some one breaks in to change the subject, Mr. Hopper will begin, as he did one evening:



Douglas Fairbanks in a split-reel comedy, "After a Night with the Boys," by William Shakespeare.

Fairbanks shows his affection for D. W. Griffith's car and Clarke Irvine's movie mascot.

"It is said that being married to one woman seems to open a man's eyes to the fascinations of all the others. That statement is based on psychology. Every one must admit it. Before we left home—I mean New York—we regarded its attractions in an ordinary light, and even went to the extent, perhaps, of complaining if any little thing went wrong. But the moment we went away, we learned to appreciate——"

And then Doug Fairbanks—he did it once—will pick up a plate, put a cigarette paper on it, and hurry down the rows of tables, paging "Mr. Hopper—Mr. Hopper." The whole place will ring with laughter, and Mr. Hopper will sit down. His mission completed, Doug will go back to his chair, and the players will resign to more quietude.

Many of the contracts that mean a transfer of big names from one company to another are signed between eleven and two on a napkin which bears a West-coast café name. Camaraderie seems to be the prevailing spirit existing between the photo players who are in the West, and there is but little indulgence in the quality called "up-staginess."

To know anybody at all in the photo-play colony, popularly referred to as that of southern California, you must first have spent some time in New York. For everybody, with but few exceptions, hails from that city. And no matter how short or long a time they have been away from there, they still always and violently applaud a screen

flash of Times Square, of Liberty, the New York sky line, or the lights of Broadway. They are nothing if not faithful. In fact, it is this quality in the New Yorker that encourages the son of the Native Son to assert this



Flora Parker De Haven, the Universal Broadway expatriate, ready for her morning ride.

and other facts which have to do with the fame of the Golden State.

But it is the day life of the West-coast photo player that is a so-different one from his of New York and Broadway. The screener who is not possessed of a bungalow with an orange tree at the front door and a lemon one at the back, and who does not ride in his own automobile, is indeed a rare specimen. Either he is looked upon with suspicion or his statement believed that he won't be able to stay away from Broadway. But they who like the climate, the mountains, the bigness of things, and "the life" generally are



John Emerson, the Triangle director, introducing Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree to William Farnum of the Fox forces. Constance Collier, who plays with Sir Herbert is seen in the background. (Below) left to right on Fine Arts-Triangle stage: Sir Herbert, Chester Withey, Mrs. De Wolf Hopper, John Emerson, De Wolf Hopper and Fay Tincher.

manifold; also they are happy and content.

Take William F. Russell, for instance. Can the many who knew him so well in New York picture him on his ranch after studio hours or up in the early morning, currying a horse, feeding a pet goat—by which nothing

in paper, cloth, or tin is ever exempt from consumption—a lordly turkey, and dogs that are treated like human beings? A queer little Chinaman who walked from San Francisco to Santa Barbara thirty-five years ago, and who has stayed right there ever since, is chef of Mr. Russell's *El Poplar*

Rancho. And never are there less than five or six friends as dinner guests any evening. It would have to be an unusual offer that would take Mr. Russell Eastward from the American studios and his ranch at Santa Barbara.

Then, there's Anna Luther, who plays opposite Fred Mace in Keystone pictures. They called Anna "the Fifth Avenue Girl" when she was in New York, now she is the tomboy girl, who rises at six every morning, rides her horse over mountain trails, and reaches the studio at eight-thirty, ready for any variety of Keystone recklessness.

"It certainly beats the riding-academy class in Central Park!" is Miss Luther's opinion, though it was a whole year before this golden-red-haired girl could make up her mind to take her furniture out from New York and make her bungalow truly her own!

William Christy Cabanne, who for years haunted the New York Biograph studios in the wake of D. W. Griffith, now occupies a twenty-thousand-dollar home, and has a moment of indecision each morning as to which of his three cars he will drive—or let his chauffeur drive—to the studio of the Fine Arts, where for two years he has been director.

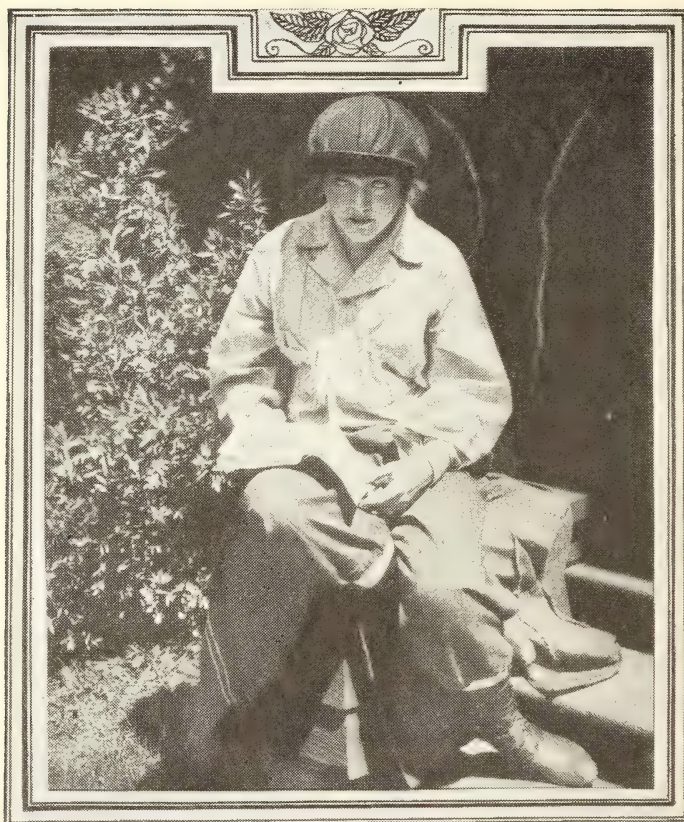
Dustin Farnum and his brother Bill spend weekends in the mountains with their dogs and guns—they say they will miss this country "from the heart out" when they go back to Broadway!

And there are the Talmadge sisters. "Use 'famous' before 'Talmadge,' please!" corrects Norma, in fun and imitation of one

Bennie Zeidman, Fine Arts publicity director. The Talmadges are having a wonderful time screening in the West, and Mrs. Talmadge visits with Mrs. Marsh and Mrs. Sweet, and the girls meet and have tea at the Chocolate Shop on Saturday afternoons, where Lillian and Dorothy Gish join them, after having first deposited Mrs. Gish at the Marsh, the Sweet, or the Talmadge bungalow. Of course, the girls miss Broadway, especially when the spring and fall styles are in the air. But, then, there are orange blossoms blooming in California, and everywhere there is a flare of flowers and an over-



Nell Shipman, of Western Vitagraph, and Majorie Cole from Universal City camping in San Gabriel Canyon.



Mae Murray, at her Western bungalow, as Broadway never saw her.

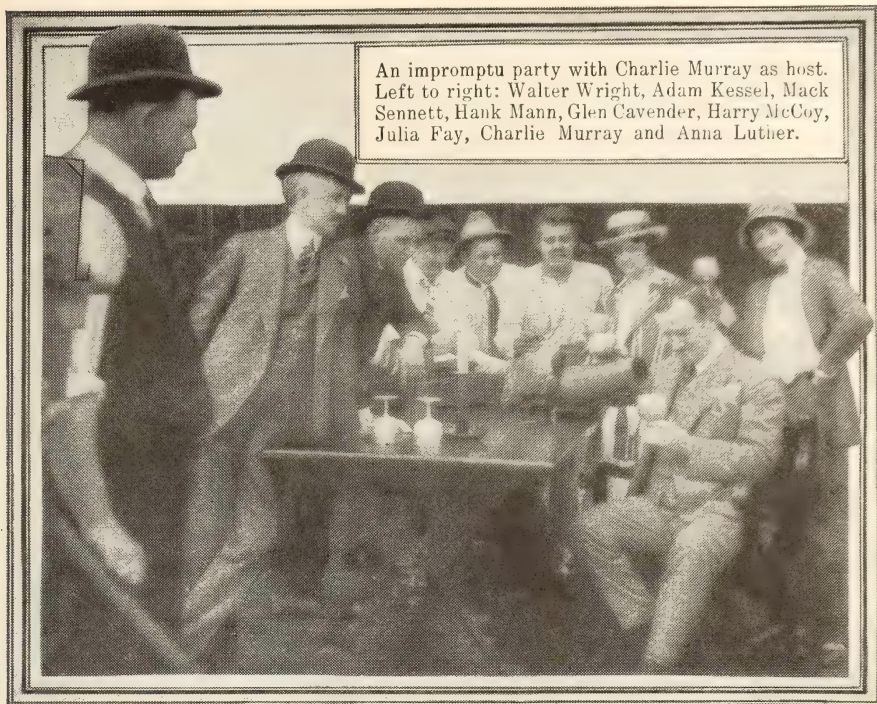
head of green trees and blue sky. At least, it is wonderfully comfortable, this living three thousand miles from Broadway!

And such opportunities as there are for hikes and camping in the cañons and mountains! Nell Shipman's recreation is—or was, until poison oak gave her practical warning—to take a girl chum, and, in some secluded clearing, build a hut, and fish, hike, canoe, and just loaf for a week or two at a time.

Dainty Vola Smith, for the last two years a Biograph lead, is an absolute convert to



William Duncan and George Holt, Vitagraph screen enemies, are pals off-stage.



An impromptu party with Charlie Murray as host. Left to right: Walter Wright, Adam Kessel, Mack Sennett, Hank Mann, Glen Cavender, Harry McCoy, Julia Fay, Charlie Murray and Anna Luther.

the West and its studios, and *says* she is content to stay right here forever. And Vola is only nineteen.

Mack Swain, the black-mustached—when he wears it—"Ambrose" of Keystone's, has satisfied his heart's desire in the West. It is the important one of being owner of a large hog ranch. "But the animals are kept a comfortable distance from the ranch house!" Mr. Swain finds that he somehow, and always, has to explain whenever he invites a guest for the first time.

Wilfred Lucas owns a grape ranch—anything on which anything grows in California is always that particular kind of a "ranch." Thither Mr. Lucas, plus one or five guests, motors every weekend. Rollin S. Sturgeon, between Vitagraph pictures, roams the country in his car, and refuses to consider returning East. It is the hobby of De Wolf Hopper to trail six or more cars full of people on from-Friday-to-Sunday trips weekly—and the beach is the

weakness of two-thirds of the California film colony.

A chicken ranch, with a playground for a cow, is the ambition of Billy Mason; as yet it is unrealized, but he writes another comedy, and goes to see it when it is shown at a downtown theater—so he still hopes.

"Big Bill" Hart, Tom Ince's bad man, is another of the farmer players. Between holding up stagecoaches, as per scenario, breaking bronchos, and raising turnips, Bill never has an opportunity to yearn for the lights of Broadway. The same is true of Harry Carey, another "wild and woolly" star.

There are many, however, who grip with much strength and feeling the hand of the fortunate one who has just come back from a little run to the "big city," and there are those who, with their hearts at the point of their pens, autograph their pictures, when presented to some one who also is from New York: "With," et cetera, et cet-



Helene Rosson and Ashton Dearholt initiating Helene's new car at Santa Barbara.

era, et cetera, "to an acquaintance from America"—meaning New York.

It is close to twelve—midnight.

After that hour, street cars and jitney buses will run at fifteen-minute intervals. The two-o'clock owl car to Hollywood leaves promptly one minute be-

fore that time. By two-fifteen all the cafés will be dark, the entire city will sleep, and pepper trees and owls, unmolested by late lights, will have the city for their own.

This, and thus, is the picture-play colony as it is at its home three thousand miles from Broadway.



A Fine Arts outing at Santa Monica Beach. Tully Marshall, Norma Talmadge, Bernard McConville, who writes scenarios, and Constance Talmadge.

Where the Money Goes

by Gerald Duffy



Thomas H. Ince spent a small fortune in this one set used in his feature, "Civilization."

Most figures that have been set before the public in the past have been misinforming because of inaccuracy. In writing this article it has been the aim of the author to show the public the actual, not press-agent, financial status of the industry. Credit is due to the Motion Picture Board of Trade of America for some of the figures quoted.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

EVER since the motion picture has attained the position of fifth among the greatest industries of the United States—which has authoritatively been determined—so many various people have attempted to state figures concerning the investment in films, and so many different figures have been stated in the attempt, that the reading public is at a loss to know what to believe. In most cases the mention of money has incited publicity agents and

others whose position tempt them for business purposes to exaggerate, to sit back and give loose rein to the fertility of their brains. Authenticity has seldom been regarded.

For this reason the public has been asking for real figures—figures that are not elastic to any influence, and it has been with this in mind that the author and members of the Motion Picture Board of Trade of America, which is the official organization of the industry,



A city built to order in Jamaica, British West Indies, for a Fox production. Both the trip of the players and the city itself represent great expenditure.

have sounded the depths of the film business as far as is possible for the sole purpose of obtaining correct figures, and have disclosed some surprising facts regarding the actual transference of money.

Five hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars—think it over!—represent the total investment in motion pictures for the year ending March 15, 1916.

This vast amount of money, and the activity of business that it has incited, have raised the films to a height where they occupy fifth place among the industries of the United States, being surpassed, in the order named, by railroads, the clothing industry in all its various branches, iron and steel, and oil. The automobile manufacturer is minor in importance to the pictures and holds sixth position. Agriculture is not

quoted in this estimate, as it can scarcely be regarded as a commercial industry. Statisticians of the Motion Picture Board of Trade have compiled these figures, and they consider it safe to state that by March, 1917, the production of films will surpass in importance the oil industry.

One remarkable feature about the position of the motion pictures is that all of the four industries that surpass it in importance are necessities to the life and work of man, while the films are purely and simply sources of amusement. It is, indeed, surprising that they should break into the financial circles of the nation with such great impetus.

There are two questions that are dominant in the minds of the public. The first is: "Where does all the money come from?" and the second, "Where



A close view of one of the buildings in the city shown on the preceding page. This shows the attention given to details and decoration.

does all the money go?" The first may be answered by going to the direct source of revenue—the theaters. There are in the United States to-day about eighteen thousand of these, with seating capacities varying from one hundred upward to thirty-five hundred, and even more. Many theaters can accommodate the number last named, and houses are considered little over medium when the numbers of the chairs reach to one thousand. A conservative average is seven hundred persons to each theater. Considering the number of times that the theaters with small seating capacity must play each day in order to profit, the many theaters that have four shows daily, and the few playhouses that exhibit a film but once in twenty-four hours, two daily shows seems almost too conservative an average, but that is the number that we shall figure, as those who show often are the small houses and those that play but one program are large ones necessarily or they could not make money. At this estimate the average daily attendance of all the theaters showing motion pictures throughout the country is about 25,200,000 persons.

With an average charge of eight cents to each person, the amount of paid attendances daily should answer to where the money comes from.

What the motion-picture producers do with the money that they receive is set forth in figures that have been secured by the Motion Picture Board of Trade, and they are doubtless authentic, for most of the members of



"Little Mary" Pickford's income last year was over \$150,000—and this year her prospects are brighter.

that body are official heads of large picture concerns themselves. It is estimated that the total profits yearly of all the film producers is about fifty million dollars. This, when said alone, seems very large, but, taking in mind the money that is put into the treasuries each year, it is really small. The income of the companies is greatly curtailed by the enormous expense necessary to produce pictures under the present system.

Salaries of players are, without a

doubt, the greatest drain on the producers' bank accounts. This can be readily realized when one brings to mind the single man who draws a salary that is nearly seven times that of the President of the United States—Charlie Chaplin. Mr. Chaplin alone costs the Mutual Company \$520,000 a year, and when his contract was signed he received in addition a bonus of \$150,000. Little Mary Pickford has for some time received \$104,000 per annum from her employers, the Famous Players Company, and there is a rumor in circulation to the effect that she is casting her nets for even more. These two players are the highest paid in the profession, but they are so high-priced that it is doubtful if there is any other profession in which any person could hope to duplicate the salaries. But the money received by many other actors and actresses, while not as much as that commanded by the services of Mr. Chaplin and Miss Pickford, is by no means small. A few instances will prove this.

Douglas Fairbanks, who deserted the legitimate stage for films, is being paid \$100,000 a year, and he is but a lone example of many of his type. A great many players have been lured from the boards to play in a single film by offers ranging between \$15,000 and \$40,000. The number of players who draw envelopes every Saturday that are bulged with amounts between \$150 and \$300 are almost too numerous to count. Actors and actresses who are employed as "extras" are paid from three dollars to five dollars a day, with the last figure greatly in the majority, while players doing "bits" in pictures receive almost twice as much.

The Fine Arts division of Triangle has fifteen people, all players with the exception of President Harry Aitken, whose salaries aggregate one million dollars a year. They are shown in the accompanying illustration.

These figures should prove conclusively that the income of a producer is reduced to a considerable extent by the salaries paid in only one department—that of the actors. Another outlet for the money that pours into the theaters in nickels, dimes, and quarters is directors' remunerations. These are, in some cases, more than famous actors and actresses receive, and are never low. Camera men, scenario writers, and the hundreds of others employed by producers all tend to take much of the fat from their pocketbooks.

During the year terminating March 15, 1916, approximately 450,000 persons derived weekly salaries from positions which are offered by the production of screen amusement in the United States alone. This figure is an increase of thirty-five per cent over that of the year previous, so the rapid growth of the industry may be readily apprehended. Another point that emphasizes the fact that films are continually and speedily gaining in popularity and quality is brought out by the box-office end. Only a year or so ago it would have been hard to find a motion-picture theater that charged admission in excess of ten cents. As short a time ago as last year we know of at least one house, the Parkway, at One Hundred and Tenth Street, New York City, that showed matinées at a rate of admission of two for five cents. During the past few months several theaters demanded two dollars for their choice seats, and many are regularly receiving fifty cents. The most popular playhouses in the cities to-day sell seats at twenty-five and fifty cents. This increase is, of course, a sign of better pictures, and proves that the public is glad, and more than glad—anxious—to see good films and pay whatever price is asked.

Even in Panama the picture craze is apparent. Recently an enterprising business man erected an outdoor screen in De Lesseps Park in that country and

showed pictures. The native "fans" were so ardent in their desire to view the screen that they gathered on both sides of it, and those in back enjoyed the show just as much as the ones in front—despite the fact that they had to read the leaders backward.

This instance is but an example of the grip in which the picture plays have taken hold of the world. From the brightest lights of Broadway to the darkest corners of the earth that civilization has crept into, the people are seeing and enjoying the films; they even call the players by their first names, feeling toward them as personal friends, as they have met them so often through the medium of the screen.

And all this is the symbol of money—it is a large dollar sign that stretches over the world—a dollar sign whose both ends rest in the United States, for this country is the home of the films. The more the motion pictures grow, and the more money they earn, the more prosperous is the United States, for here is where practically all the films produced are made and acted for. America supplies the world.

And to localize the industry in this country its center can be named in a single city—a city that is almost owned by the industry—Los Angeles. In Los Angeles alone one thousand miles of negative film—every foot of which has passed through a motion-picture camera—are developed each year. From this negative forty thousand miles of positive are made—

enough to reach nearly twice around the earth!

About eighty per cent of the films produced in the world are made in southern California, the reason being the desirable climate and atmosphere.



Charlie Chaplin, whose salary is nearly seven times that of the President of the United States.

To convey a fair idea of the amount of money invested in motion pictures—which bears out the old adage that "it takes money to make money"—we may make reference to some of the larger companies who have holdings on the Western coast, quoting figures for the time ending with the first of January, this year.

The Inceville plant, owned by the New York Motion Picture Company, at the beginning of 1916 represented an investment of \$30,000, exclusive of eighteen thousand acres of ground owned by it. Aside from Inceville, the same company had just invested in the neighborhood of \$100,000 at Culver City, California.

The Fine Arts studios, located in

wood. At East Hollywood the Vitagraph Company has placed \$150,000 in a large studio. To the Oliver Morosco Photo-play Company the mention of its studio means an investment of \$400,000.

From the figures here set forth the amount of money that transfers hands in the motion-picture industry is shown to be surprisingly large—almost astounding. But the investment,—from



Fifteen people, whose salaries aggregate one million dollars a year. From left to right they are: top row, Dorothy Gish, Seena Owen, Norma Talmadge. Center, Robert Harron, Harry E. Aitken, President of Triangle; Sir H. Beerbohm-Tree, Owen Moore, Wilfred Lucas. Seated, Douglas Fairbanks, Bessie Love, Constance Talmadge, Constance Collier, Lillian Gish, Fay Tincher, and De Wolf Hopper.

Los Angeles, are valued at an amount in the neighborhood of \$150,000. Lasky is said to have spent half a million dollars on its Hollywood, California, plant, and holds eighteen thousand acres of land in the San Fernando valley. David Horsley's investment in his studio in the heart of Los Angeles is estimated at \$250,000, while the W. H. Clune Motion Picture Company recently spent the same amount for a studio at Holly-

wood. the viewpoint of results—is a good-paying one. In maintenance of this statement we have but to glance back at the short history of the films. About ten years ago the first picture play was shown, and from that crude film has sprouted a marvelous business—one that has grown in the few ensuing years to the fifth of importance in the United States. Is there more that could be asked in the way of results?

We go to a theater at night, pay our ten, fifteen, or twenty-five cents, as the case may be, and go inside. As we sit in the semidarkness and dreamily watch the scenes flit by on the screen, few of us stop to consider further—to consider the money that has been expended for

this night's entertainment—or to consider that the little admission that we paid at the door is our share toward making possible the existence of one of the world's greatest industries—another conquest for America—a billion-dollar pastime.



TH' CRANKIN' CAMERA MAN

By Walt House

HE ain't no sparklin' honey boy
 T' pose with filmy name.
 Give him his joy: a cam'ra Moy,
 An' he's a reg'lar Dane.
 Th' actresses don't wink an' blink
 At him, th' poor ol' ham!
 But he's th' link thet has th' think—
 Th' crankin' camera man.
 Th' never shirkin',
 Made fer workin',
 Crankin' camera man.

D'rectors gener'ly look his way;
 He knows a thing er two.
 On fade-out day he has his say,
 An' I'm a-tellin' you
 There ain't a single knowin' one
 But says he's spick an' span.
 Fer, lis'en, son, he gits th' mon—
 Th' crankin' camera man.
 Th' steelin', reelin',
 Happy feelin',
 Crankin' camera man.

He never gits t' sit around;
 He's never on a spree.
 He's always found an' hardly bound
 T' nonsense—nope, not he.
 Sumtimes he fails, most times he wins;
 He does th' best he can.
 A-diggin' in clear t' th' chin—
 Th' crankin' camera man.
 Th' always willin',
 Made fer "grillin',"
 Crankin' camera man.

He makes no kick about his job,
 He ain't gold-laced with fame.
 He whips a sob of cam'ra throb
 An' gits there jes' th' same.
 Why, if he'd jes' onct see his grin
 Spread on a page he'd scan,
 He'd laff like sin, it'd tickle him—
 Th' crankin' camera man.
 Th' sweatin', gettin',
 Never frettin',
 Crankin' camera man.

A-knowin' thet he's got a cinch,
 He grins an' cranks an' cranks.
 He'll never flinch when in a pinch,
 Ner even look fer thanks.
 So knowin' what th' actor's got,
 He tripods his ol' cam,
 An' grinds his lot right on th' spot—
 Th' crankin' camera man.
 Th' grindin', windin',
 Always shinin',
 Crankin' camera man.

Our Scenario Contest

WE have laid a lot aside for comparative judgment—and some very good ones—but there is always room for a best. We are anxious to see what the last days will bring, for people who have been working this long on a story should have good plots. Just tell every one there is still a big chance—for a really good story.”

This is what Mary Fuller, speaking with the authority of one of the judges of this contest, said in reply to a question as to what we should tell the ambitious throng of pen wielders who are trying for prizes and a chance to make good as picture-play authors. So you see there is still time, during these last few days, to send in something that will find a spot on top of the many, many manuscripts that have already been submitted.

Joe Brandt tells us that he is wondering whether he is the scenario editor or general manager of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Most of his time, lately, has been spent in passing on scripts, and he informs us that the big rings under his eyes are from keeping such late hours in the company of thousands of pages of typewriting and pen and ink.

And then there is Clarence J. Caine, author of “Hints for Scenario Writers” in this magazine. Three times in the last few days we caught him trying to take a nap at his desk. He makes the same excuse for his sleepiness that Joe Brandt does about his weary eyes.

And so we have decided that being a judge is a good job—to get out of,

especially if one is subject to nightmares. Yes, there are some pretty good, lively, and vivid plots that would cause one to roll around if one tried to sleep.

The Last Bugle Call.

But then to get back to the facts, for the benefit of those who haven’t sent in their stories as yet. From the number of scripts that have been received it seems that there can be but a few such people, but we want to be sure to give every one a chance.

The contest closes at noon, sharp, June 17th.

This is your last chance, so you’d better sit right down and think. You cannot afford to let such an opportunity slip by without making a try, and the final bugle call is sounding. It is the call of fame and money—the call that beckons every one to take up their pens and make a great attack against the judges of this contest.

If you haven’t sent in your story yet, our best advice is to get busy right away. Remember there is nothing to lose—and everything to gain. You wouldn’t want to miss this chance, would you? Keep in mind the date—June 17th—that is your last day of grace. The judges are waiting to see *your* story.

The Returns.

The return for good efforts are manifold. Merit alone will decide the winner, and if your plot is the one that is the best suited for a picture play featuring Mary Fuller, you are going to re-

ceive a special prize of fifty dollars from this magazine, and forty dollars per reel for whatever number of reels the picture will best make. The length will be decided upon by the judges.

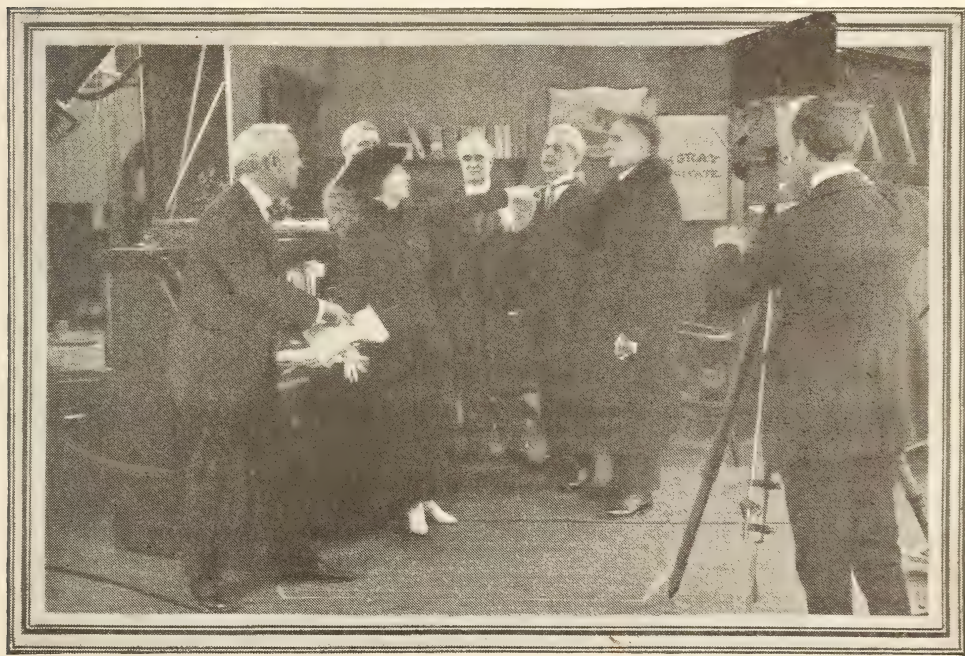
And then there is the opportunity of having the purchasers of scenarios know and appreciate your future work. The key to the future is in your hand—use it.

But the winner of the contest is not the only one who is to gain. All other scripts with plots that appeal to the judges as being suitable for production by the Universal Film Manufacturing

the personality of Mary Fuller, the famous Universal star. All the others are covered thoroughly by the rules which follow, and every contestant should read these over carefully before starting to write. Miss Fuller is at her best in emotional drama, and never plays in Indian pictures, travesty, or burlesque.

About the Contest Itself

For the benefit of those who have so far neglected to send in the products of their fertile brains, and for those who have missed previous announce-



Mary Fuller playing in a scene in the Universal Heights studio, at Leonia, New Jersey. Lucius Henderson is directing her.

Company, will be purchased at rates commensurate with their merit.

The contest, you must remember, is ruled entirely by merit.

What the Plot Must Be

There are but a few restrictions with which the author must conform, the chief one being that the play must suit

ments, we shall once more go into detail concerning the contest itself.

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE's scenario contest is one that may be entered by any one from anywhere. The novice stands as much chance of winning as the expert scenarioist, for a person who has never written a story is likely to have something new and good in the

way of an idea—something bright and bristling, that sparkles in the eyes of the judges like so many Kohinoor diamonds, while the old writer is somewhat dried of his best plots. The contest, however, is open to all.

Another point that offers opportunity

Bear These in Mind

The main thing to remember is that every script must comply with the rules that follow. Read these over carefully.

Send all manuscripts to this magazine at the address given at the end of the rules.



The three judges at the left, Mary Fuller, Clarence J. Caine and Joseph Brandt, looking over a day's contest-mail with PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE's editor.

to the beginner is that no detail scene action, known technically as a scenario, is necessary. All that is required is a synopsis of the plot, in as few words as possible, but telling all of the story, so that a scenario can be written from it. It is not the length of the synopsis that makes the number of reels, but the amount of material that it contains.

Don't forget that Mary Fuller is to play the leading rôle. Her personality must be suited, and as she is one of the judges, she will keep this in mind.

And, above all, remember that the contest closes at noon, June 17th. The time is growing short—you must act at once. Not to-morrow, nor next week—but to-day!

THE RULES

All manuscripts must be submitted before twelve o'clock, noon, June 17, 1916.

No manuscripts will be considered unless accompanied by the application blank to be found on the next page, or a copy of it made on any paper.

One person may send in as many plots as he wishes, provided a separate application is sent with each one.

The main point is your plot. The merit of this is what decides the winner. Write it in *synopsis* form, giving the detailed action in as *few words as possible*.

No scenario is necessary, although it may be sent if desired.

All manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink.

No definite number of reels is specified—the length depends entirely on the plot.

The judges will decide what length is suitable for the story you submit, and payment will be made accordingly.

Forty dollars (\$40.00) per reel will be paid for the winning scenario.

For instance, if the picture is five reels, two hundred dollars (\$200.00) will be given.

The additional special prize of fifty dollars (\$50.00) will be paid to the winner, regardless of the length of the picture.

All stories must be original.

The leading character in the story must be one that can be played to good advantage by Miss Mary Fuller. This is an important point. Miss Fuller can best play strong dramatic parts, and those which are typical of the American woman of any class.

All manuscripts must be sent, in order to be considered, to PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, *Contest Department, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.*

Do not roll the paper—fold it.

If you desire your manuscript returned, should it prove unavailable, a stamped, addressed envelope must be inclosed. It is best to keep a copy of your manuscript in case, through any unavoidable cause, the original is not returned.

All manuscripts submitted will be carefully read and decision made according to their merit.

Fill out this Application Blank, or make a copy of it, and send it with your story. Otherwise the manuscript will not be considered.

APPLICATION BLANK

I hereby enter my application to Picture-Play Magazine's Scenario Contest. Inclosed is my manuscript, which has been written in accordance with the rules.

The type of my story is:.....
(Fill out according to society, mystery, railroad, straight drama, etc.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

.....



Fannie Ward and her husband Jack Dean, enjoying life at their own home in Hollywood, California.



FOR some strange reason the public is attracted by the life of an actress. When the people hear that they are to be told all about the personal side of a player, they gather around closely and listen with intent ears—as though some forbidden secret was to be revealed. The life of an ordinary person seems to attract little interest—and yet, all things considered, an actress is really nothing more than an ordinary person, so far as her life outside of working hours is concerned. During working hours, of course, she is different because her work is not of an ordinary kind—and much harder, if you desire my own opinion.

The life of an actress, whether on the legitimate stage or on the screen, is not by a long, long way what it is reputed to be and what a great many people erroneously think that it is. Perhaps this is one reason why the personal side of a player appeals so much to the general public.

The manner of living and the work

of an actress is fascinating. There is always something happening—something out of the ordinary that could not occur in any other profession. All day we are impersonating imaginary characters—very probable characters that are as far unlike our own as possible; and, while the work is hard, it is fun at the same time.

The photo-dramatic life is so vastly different from the stage life that the two offer very little parallel. In New York, with friends, I have frequently supped at some restaurant at four o'clock in the morning and have thought or felt none the worse for it. In California, in the last few months, I have frequently breakfasted at five o'clock in the morning, after a good night's sleep—one hour later than I breakfasted in New York—without any sleep—and I have felt much better for it.

Some people appear to think that in order to be an actress one must go to bed when the ordinary person is about to rise, and must live as differently

from those in other professions as though they existed in another sphere. This, to the actress, sounds so ridiculous that we are almost tempted to laugh, except for the fact that we realize how serious a matter it is to our profession for this erroneous opinion of us to exist.

It would be impossible for a screen actress—aside from the fact that it is not likely that she should care to—to live in this fashion. In California, we are often out and working on scenes when most people are still in bed. We have to get up early—it is essential to our work, and our work is equally as essential to our success—without it we would not long be actresses. And if we stayed up until late we should be unable to be at work on time.

As I said before, the career of a motion-picture actress and that of a stage player are entirely different. A little incident, insignificant in itself, but full of meaning to me in the things that it recalled to my mind, will prove this statement.

Not long ago, while I was making a short journey to visit friends whom I had known for years, I had occasion to change trains at a little junction in the country. It was a junction point of two railroads, typical of the getting-off and getting-on places which one finds all over the United States wherever the network of railways is extended. There was a little depot—scarcely more than a shelter—there was a small store, there were a few loungers, there was an expressman, there was a telegraph operator, there was a train dispatcher—and that was all.

In the group that stepped off the train with me were a number of strangers. Some were traveling men, some were farmers; there was a school-teacher and an insurance agent. Each of these was easily recognized by some characteristic of dress or manner. I overheard the farmer say something

about crops, I heard the school-teacher say that all children were alike except every one's own particular child, and I heard the insurance agent reciting an exposition of vital statistics.

As I stood on the platform, there was a group of eight or ten persons some distance away which attracted my attention. It did not take much imagination on my part to place who and what they were. They were, in brief, actors and actresses making a jump from one town to another. There was the leading man, the leading lady, the ingénue, the heavy villain, the comedian, and the company manager who was a little of everything.

It has been only a brief twelve months since I last appeared on the stage, but it seems like twelve years, so vast is the gap which has grown between me and the life I led and that group of players standing near me and the lives that they led. Yet only a short while ago I was one of them. Now I will have you know I am a motion-picture star, and the itinerant life of the actress, the uncertain hotel, the late train, the questionable food, and the unhospitable small-town theater are all things to me of a bygone day.

Although it has been some years since I traveled with my company across the United States, playing one-night stands, it has been a brief time, indeed, since I was on Broadway, viewing, as always, with some little pride, my name in electric lights in front of the theater in which I was appearing. Although the life of a stage star has its compensations, has its joys, it also has vicissitudes which I know no more.

And as my train, which came noisily and dustily into the junction, carried me away to my friends, I reviewed in my mind how great was the transition that had come since I had given up the stage and had chosen a new medium of acting—the motion picture.

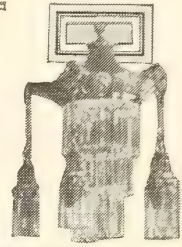
If one for years has not retired for

rest before two or two-thirty o'clock in the morning, things are going to seem upside down when all one's new friends and acquaintances say good night at half past nine and at ten are in the proverbial arms of Morpheus. It was the most difficult thing I had to learn when I came out to the Lasky studio

ments, of course, with reserve of varying conditions.

My usual hour of rising is six o'clock. Not to know the joys of early morning, not to breathe the fragrance of the fields in the light of the morning sun, not to feel the great propulsion which comes to the physical and mental being

An old-fashioned fireplace in a new-fashioned house is a wonderful place for a quiet evening.



for my first experience in motion pictures. I had to make over my whole existence. It is not that late hours, which go hand in hand with Broadway engagements, are necessarily bad, because the individual may recuperate with long morning rest. The fact remains, however, that the time for men and women to be about their duties and to do good work is when the sun is shining, and not when the incandescent lights are gleaming. I make these state-

as one starts about one's duties working into action with increasingly busy nature, is to deny one's self much of the good that was given to earth.

I breakfast at seven o'clock. By eight o'clock, I am either on my way to the studio by automobile or by foot, breathing in the ozone that incites activity. By eight-fifteen, my wardrobe mistress has my costumes for the day laid out on the tables. Sometimes, in the making of a photo drama, we wear as many

as fifteen or twenty different gowns in one day. We go over the costumes carefully. Every morning, at my dressing-room door, we receive from the producing headquarters of the company a full list of all costumes which the day's work will require. In this way we are careful that, in case an interior scene is to be made which follows an exterior which had been made some weeks ago, we all shall appear in the same costumes we wore when the exterior was made. By eight-thirty, just when the long shadows across the studio are beginning to shorten as the sun rises higher and higher, I am on the stage, ready for work with my director.

Here I find that the same constant cry of preparedness for action which I had come gradually to make a part of my daily existence is the slogan of every one connected with the studio organiza-

tion. The moving-picture studio is just one carefully laid plan after another.

One of the hardest things I had to adapt myself to was having love made to me in bright sunlight, before the hands of the clock had reached nine. Another thorn in my side was when I had to eat a hearty diplomatic banquet at ten-thirty o'clock in the morning. Yet one must do these things if one must appear before the all-seeing eye of the motion-picture camera.

My scenes for the moment finished, I step back out of the range of the camera. The other players in the cast, under the direction of the omnipresent producer, decorate themselves in the middle of a set. For the moment I am not needed.

When I first acted for the camera, I thought these moments would give me time for relaxation. They do not. One

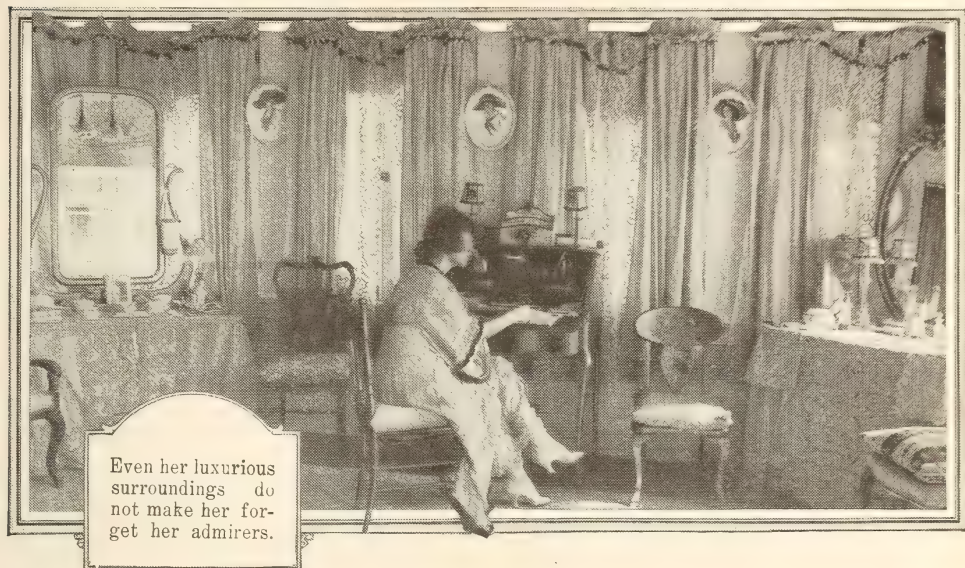
The dainty table, open hearth, Japanese servant—and husband and wife—present quite an artistic appearance.



of the secrets of the success of the Lasky organization is that every player in the cast, from the star to super, must know, and does know, every intentioned move, expression, action, and incident of the story which he individually, or

the insatiable moving-picture camera absorbs action.

At about half past four o'clock in the afternoon, the day's acting is finished. We do not, however, go home, but stay around, discussing what has and what



Even her luxurious surroundings do not make her forget her admirers.

they collectively, are telling for the motion picture.

The morning flies. Luncheon time has arrived. Usually we have luncheon at the studio. The Lasky cuisine is of the finest. I can highly recommend the studio chef. He is a gentleman of great understanding, extraordinary ability, and exquisite judgment. The lunches are in a class by themselves. I have seen days when the studio has been filled with extras, making various scenes, when as many as a thousand lunches have been served in the studio yard. I may add that breakfast at seven o'clock means good appetite at twelve-thirty o'clock. We eat with glorious enthusiasm.

The afternoon is a repetition of the morning's producing work. Some days are more interesting than others, but as a general thing the time flies quickly as

has not been done during the day, planning for the next day and the next. Successful motion-picture producing is to a great extent the result of careful planning and preparation. There is nothing haphazard. At about five o'clock, the word is passed that scenes taken during the day are to be shown in the projection room. Thither we all go. This is the place above all others at the studio where there is no such thing as levity. Here is where we see results. Here is the daily balance sheet. Here is the record, in light and shadow, of work done or work left undone.

It is evening. Several automobiles filled with players who have been on location within anywhere between fifteen and twenty-five miles of Hollywood, returning tired, dusty, and ready for rest. The long shadows of the setting sun have given way to a gradual darkness.

The great stage, glass-topped, is dimmed in evening's half light. As one passes to the studio entrance, one sees lights gleaming in the directors' quarters, in the cutting room, in the private offices.

Sometimes I arrive home before my husband, Jack Dean, who appears in the

Following our session at pool, we retire to the dining room, which, between an open fireplace, a dainty table and chairs, and old-fashioned mantel, a Japanese servant and—my husband and myself—presents quite an artistic appearance.

When we have finished eating, Jack



leading rôle opposite me in most of my pictures, and sometimes he gets there before I do. When the latter is the case, I usually can find him in the billiard room, which was built in our house solely because of his insistence. Whenever Jack gets a chance, he practices pool and billiards so that he can beat me when we play together—which we do nearly every night for a while before supper.

and I often sit together in the living room, tucked cozily in a corner before the fireplace, and talk about nothing in particular that would interest any one except the two of us. Even when I am telling you the secrets of how I, as a picture actress, live, there are little things, you know, that I must keep to myself.

About an hour of rest and quiet, to balance the hustling, bustling time spent

in the studio during the day, with just Jack and myself to enjoy it, I go up to my room and answer my mail or read for a while until it is time to go to bed.

This is a typical day in the life of a screen actress. Quite different, isn't it, from the way many—yes, most—people picture it?

Sometimes the monotony of the evening is broken by a visit from friends, and I look for them to arrive about eight-thirty. They seldom stay later than ten-thirty, by which time, as a rule, we of Hollywood's cinema colony have retired. The faint breeze, salt-laden, comes from San Pedro Bay. Through the open bedroom windows one hears the music of California night. It is a symphony of rustling leaves, punctuated

with rare fragrance. The perfume of roses is infectious.

And far, far away, another city feels the evening breeze. Broadway's pavement throws back the scent of motley humanity. The aroma is the fragrance of cigarettes, of bottled beer, of cheap perfume.

And another picture comes to mind: The small hotel, in the second-class town, the badly ventilated room, the legitimate player who is prodded by ambition, held up above conditions by hope.

Faith, hope, and charity. These three. And the greatest of these is—

Broadway, the one-night stand, and Hollywood, California. These three. And the grandest of these is Hollywood.



DISCLOSED!

It's a mean thing to do, we know, but we are going to tell you a secret. Did you see the Pallas picture "Davy Crockett?" Well, here is the way those exciting scenes in the log cabin were taken—right inside the studio, with Dustin Farnum sitting, quietly looking on. Director William D. Taylor is squatting down telling Winifred Kingston what to do. And they are all in the cabin too—oh, the deceitful producers! Of course, you thought that they went way out in the backwoods and hired some trapper's hut, but we refuse to let any producer fool you, so the true story has been told.



Wallace Reid and his wife, Dorothy Davenport, called "the happiest couple in filmdom."

DOES studio love-making, with caresses and kisses lavished at the commands of a director, ever result in real, "minister-supervised" weddings? And, if so, do these marriages "take"? Withal, interesting questions.

Naturally we shall begin our tale with "Little Mary" Pickford and Owen Moore. Long years ago, when films were known and loved as the "flickers," these two players were in constant association. With D. W. Griffith behind the megaphone, Owen made love to Mary morning, noon, and night—in the studio. Soon it became difficult to find one without the other, either on stage or off.

"Are they going to be married?" was

the question Florence Lawrence put to Harry Solter, as did the other members of the company.

A few brief weeks later, the inquiry was answered. A justice of the peace had linked the lives and fortunes of these two sweethearts of shadowland and made them "really and truly" man and wife. The youthful couple were rather timid about admitting their affiliation, and waited until they were on the ocean, bound for a picture trip to Cuba, before telling the interesting news.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about Mrs. Pickford's anger. This is very untrue, as she was, and still is, extremely fond of her handsome son-in-law. Again, it has been

said that Mary and Owen were not happily mated. This is another fallacy. A year or two ago, to comply with the rules of the Catholic church, they were remarried at Mission San Juan, Capistrano, California. If they were no longer in love, do you think they would have done this?

At the same time, another romance of the flicker world culminated. Pauline Bush, as star, and Allan Dwan, as director, had long worked together in Universal pictures. Their admiration for the talents of each other grew into a beautiful love. Both of these young people were especially friendly with the Pickford-Moores and thought it would be rather romantic to be married at the same time. Accordingly there was a double wedding at the mission, and work was suspended at all the Western studios, so large and distinguished was the guest list. It is interesting to know that Owen has lately been appearing under the direction of Mr. Dwan in Triangle films, and that the entire quartet are the same friends that they were in the days of yore.

Another couple, already mentioned, Florence Lawrence and Harry Solter, were in the company of each other so much that they decided "one and one, equaling one," was very good mathematics. Quite naturally they obtained a license, gathered together a few

friends, and "presto chango!" the deed was done.

Tom Moore thought it would be wonderful to try out in real life what he and Alice Joyce had been doing for the flickering shadows. Right in the middle of a scene, with the cameras clicking and the director shouting, romantic Tom "popped the question." Alice had often heard the same words before, but this particular time she sensed his meaning. Her answer brought joy to his heart, and the next day Miss Joyce became Mrs. Thomas Moore. A short while later, she deserted the studio, and at present is teaching little Alice Joyce Moore, the

second, that feet were made to be walked on—not hands.

The case of Donald Hall and Frankie Mann was more fanciful. Hall had seen and admired the screen portrayals of Miss Mann, and vice versa. Donald im-

mediately took himself home and penned her a note, telling how wonderful she was. Again—vice versa! The post-office department was



Harry Solter, his wife, Florence Lawrence, with Flo's sister, Carma, in the center.

soon complaining of the extra mail men they had to employ. Now, Donald Hall is very patriotic and hated to put the good old U. S. A. in debt. Accordingly he purchased a commutation ticket to Philadelphia—Frankie was with Lubin, you know—and very soon he had to buy an extra ticket on his return trip to

Brooklyn. They had decided there was nothing at all in single-blessedness. "The pen is mightier than the sword!"

Gretchen Hartman and Alan Hale's love affair was somewhat similar. Hale was breaking the hearts of the young

The Lubin plant seemed to be one of the favorite playgrounds of Dan Cupid. A year or two ago, Edgar Jones was directing and playing the lead in a stirring drama of the days of the Rebellion. Louise Huff, the pretty little wisp

of femininity, was playing opposite. It was a case of love at first sight; and Jones, as director, ordered that they play opposite for life. Louise nodded very demurely, mind you—and became Mrs. Jones. Ethel Clayton and Joe Kaufman, of the same studio, fell victims to the darts of the little god of love, and shortly after he placed a golden band on her finger as the minister mumbled a few words.

The Biograph studio also has had its share of love matches. Fern Foster said she knew the villainy of Harry Carey was confined to films.

"Do you mean that?" he asked.

She nodded.

"All right—marry me!"

The delightful little lady nodded a second time, and they stopped work for the day. After that, checks were made out to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carey. At the same adventure factory, Gertrude Bambrick and Marshall Neilan were playing together. Like the Joneses, of Lubinville, it was a first-sight love case, but alas and alack,



Edgar Jones directing Louise Huff, his wife, in a scene.

girl patrons of Lubin films when the same thing happened to him. Gretchen came in a Biograph picture, was seen, and Alan was conquered! As soon as conditions would permit, he severed his connections with Lubin, joined Biograph, and he and the dainty little star decided to stroll life's pathway together.

Mamma Bambrick said "No." Gertrude was too young—only a child. Sensibly the young people obeyed her. The next year Marshall had been promoted to a directorship, and was at the Kalem studios, in California. Soon Gertrude, still with Biograph, left for their Western plant for the winter. Again she and Marshall were together, and, with mamma far away, they couldn't resist the temptation, so they "went and done it," with Mae Marsh and Bobby Tarron as witnesses. A telegram was sent to Gertie's parents, reading:

We are married. Forgive us, or we will go to Mexico.

Needless to say, they didn't go to Mexico.

One of the most interesting and prominent studio romances of the year was that of Geraldine Farrar and Lou-Tellegen. Both were appearing in pictures at the Lasky studios, and met for the first time. Miss Farrar was play-

ing in "Carmen," Mr. Tellegen in "The Unknown." Every moment they could steal from their arduous duties they were together—tea, motoring, the theater. Finally Geraldine was cast for "Maria Rosa." Lou-Tellegen had oft-times enacted the principal male rôle of this play on the stage, and accordingly he was called for consultation. This brought him and the operatic star together more than ever, and soon the busy little love bee was buzzing. Upon their return to New York, invitations were issued, and their marriage received more space in the newspapers than any press agent has obtained in a long time.

Another romance of the same studio was that of Fanny Ward and Jack Dean. Together they played in "The Cheat," and Dean acted in such a magnanimous manner as the wronged husband that Fanny couldn't help but fall in love with him. As for Jack, he, poor fellow, had long worshiped at her



Joseph Kaufman and Ethel Clayton whose courtship started at the Lubin studio.

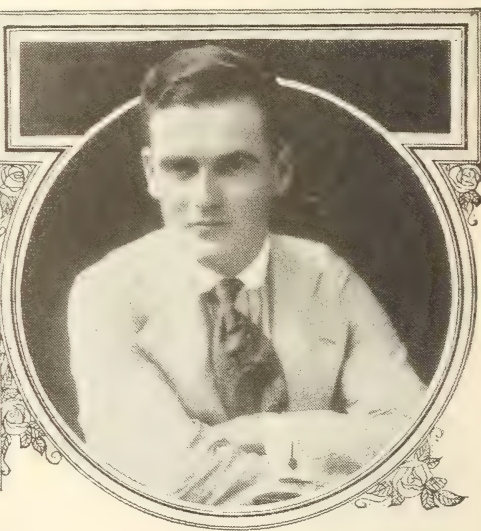
shrine, but had been too bashful to speak. "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," however, and when young Dean saw the love light shining in his dream girl's eyes he summoned up courage. Result—wedded bliss.

At about the same time, Marie Doro and Elliot Dexter, now members of the Lasky Company, met at the Triangle studios, where both were playing. Mere acquaintance developed into friendship, friendship into a beautiful love, and love into marriage.

She saved his life, and then gave him hers. The details: Nat was playing and codirecting with the Reliance Company, in California, where Miss Blake was leading lady. Looking for locations in San Marcos Pass, he lost his footing and stumbled down the precipice, his immediate destruction being avoided by some bushes and shrubs. At this time, Loretta, on her horse Midnight, was cantering through the pass. By mere chance, she discerned Deverich and his dangerous plight.



Gertrude Bambrick and Marshall Neilan, who said they would go to the wilds of Mexico if Gertie's parents refused to forgive their marriage.



Wally Reid, called by many "the handsomest man on the screen," is another of Lasky's corps to admit a studio wooing and wedding. It happened a long, long time ago, though, and the Universal Film Company was the scene of the romance. Dorothy Davenport, who played with Wally in the good old days, was the lucky girl.

The story of the marriage of Loretta Blake and Nathaniel Deverich has a dime-novel flavor, but still it is true.

Jumping from her trusty steed—as they say in novels—she tied a lasso, that was included in her make-up, about a tree trunk and lowered herself. Reaching the unfortunate actor, she tied the rope around his waist, and together they attempted to climb to the top. It was a herculean task they were unable to accomplish. Fortunately an automobile party came along and effected a rescue. When the top was reached, Loretta, plucky little girl, promptly fainted.

This story is told you firsthand, because I saw the rescue—I was one of the automobile party.

"Sunshine Mary" Anderson, of the Western Vitagraph, has a romance to tell her children in future years almost as thrilling as the one just related. Some months ago, she was doing exteriors in the snows of Big Bear Valley, and one morning went wandering aimlessly about. Suddenly she discovered she was lost, and in knee-deep snow, too! At the same time, her absence was noticed by the director. Johnny Goodfriend, the camera man, who had long admired Mary from afar, led the search that followed. Hours later, he came upon her, shivering and sobbing from cold and fear. Heroic Johnny promptly put his arms around the little star—to warm her, of course!—and Mary nestled her head on his shoulder.

"My hero!"

"My sweetheart!"

Love, kisses, minister, bungalow!

Other Vitagraph couples, whose romances budded in the lights of the Cooper-Hewitts, are Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, now with

Metro, and Ralph Ince, the boy director, and his doll-like wife, Lucille Lee Stewart.

They say all women love the sight



Geraldine Farrar and Lou-Tellegen on the steps of the New York City Hall, after obtaining their marriage license.

of brass buttons. Some years ago, Guy Coombs did nothing for Kalem but Civil War pictures. Truly he was a

heroic figure with his more than six feet of perfectly proportioned body, an officer's bespangled uniform, and rakishly tilted hat. Anna Q. Nilsson, playing opposite, was not immune to his charms, and it needed but a word from him to have her coyly nod her pretty

fearless, was lying, supposedly unconscious, in the path of an onrushing locomotive. The engineer was to stop a few inches from her prostrate body. As the train came tearing down, McGowan sensed that it would not stop in time. He shouted to Miss Holmes,



Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ince, far from the trials and tribulations of studio life.

little head and whisper, "Yes." Chalk down another victory for the forces of General Cupid!

The Kalem Company was responsible for another union of screen sweethearts when Helen Holmes and her director, J. P. McGowan, were married. For months they had been working on railroad pictures, and were together constantly. During the filming of a particularly daring thriller, Helen, the

whose eyes were closed—according to the scenario—but she did not hear him. The steam mogul was almost upon her. Acting with rare judgment, McGowan jumped through the air, seized the surprised Helen, and flung her from danger. One week later, the hero and heroine of this little life drama were united in wedlock.

The Thanhouser studio, at New Rochelle, has been the scene of a romance

or two of national importance. Handsome Jimmy Cruze saved the life of vivacious Peggy Snow so often, and put the villains on her trail to rout so often, that she thought he would make a great protector throughout life. Jimmy thought the same. Result—matrimony. The other wedding was that of Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster. For months they had played at love with one another. Finally, while motoring from the studio to a location, Morris plucked up courage and told Mignon how well she would look at the other end of the table from him. She thought he would look just as nice vice versa.

"Shall we try it?" he murmured.

"Why not?" was the reply. And that night a New Rochelle minister was several dollars richer.

No man wants to marry a vampire; but Harry Edwards, who knocks you off your seat with his funny comedies, knew that the "vamping" of voluptuous Louise Glaum was done for screen purposes only. Although these players did not work at the same studio, they were together every moment they could spare, and Harry soon realized what a sweet little girlie Louise really was. Would she marry him? She would! Wedding bells, unconfined joy and bliss.

Last summer I was at a tea given by the Gish girls in their palatial home, "Denishawn." Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwards were "among those present." So were Eugene Pallette, the

Triangle villain, and Ann Slater, who is an ingénue for the same company. Poor Eugene had pestered and annoyed little Ann through thousands of feet of film, and never had any chance for love-making.

"Why should the curly-headed heroes have a monopoly on your love?" he asked.

"Why?" the dainty little girl replied.

And the Gish tea turned into a Pallette engagement party. A month or two ago this deliriously happy couple



Marie Doro and her husband, Elliot Dexter, on the porch of their Hollywood home.

were wed in the glory of the California sunlight, with the Gish sisters and Mae Marsh as bridesmaids.

During the production of "Neal of the Navy," debonair young William Courtleigh, junior, fell deeply in love with Ethel Fleming, one of the principals. It is only fair to relate that Ethel herself had as serious a case.

"Can we have a day off?" Courtleigh pleaded with Bert Bracken, the director, and his request was granted.

Ethel and Bill promptly jumped into his motor and whirled away. That night they returned, and the coy and bashful girl had a thin golden band on one of the fingers of her left hand. Congratulations, and a studio banquet.

"I know just how you feel," smiled Director Henry King, who is married to Gypsy Abbot. "Great, isn't it?"

Gypsy, you know, married Henry as the result of picture love-making.

Many romances have resulted because of actors and actresses playing opposite one another. The case of Ruth Stonehouse and Joe Roach is different. Joe was employed by the Essanay Company to write leading parts for Ruth, and to have Francis X. Bushman or Dick Travers make love to her at the rate of a reel or two a week. For a while Joe worked in perfect content. Finally he woke up and asked himself why he should furnish love potions for other chaps when he was extremely fond of Ruth himself. So he stole a day from his duties and on bended knee pleaded with Ruth to accept his heart and hand. She couldn't help but say "Yes," for she had long cherished a secret admiration for the good-looking young scenario writer. Of course, I'm not sure about the bended-knee incident, but, anyway, that's the way it is usually done. Look at the films and see!

The famous American Film Company quartet, Winnie Greenwood and George Field, and Louise Lester and Jack Richardson, are also among the lucky players whose courtships were the result of studio association. They resemble nothing so much as carefree turtledoves. Any moving-picture sweethearts who are seriously thinking of committing matrimony are respectfully referred to the above-mentioned players. Better furnish a little bungalow or flat first, however; you'll need it. Or, if it happens that you are not acquainted with these stars, call on Claire McDowell and Charles Mailes, of Biograph. They are also a Mr. and Mrs. So are Octavia and Harry Handworth, and Ethel Grandin and Ray Smallwood. Laura Sawyer and J. Searle Dawley trace their romance back to their days with Edison.

Another case of one and one making one started two years ago at D. W. Griffith's studio, and just came to a climax. It is that of Raoul Walsh and Miriam Cooper. They made reel love so often that it developed into real love, and a few short weeks ago announcements were sent out.

A wedding that had a very amusing side was that of Ford Sterling, the bespectacled and bewhiskered Keystone comedian, and petite Teddy Sampson. This eventful happening took place in Los Angeles, when Charlie Chaplin, the great, was a member of the Keystone forces. Mack Sennett, in all his glory and a frock coat, was the best man, and Charlie had the rôle of chief usher. It is said that as the happy but nervous couple were standing before the minister, Mack wanted to take his job from him. Chaplin, hopping on one foot, as is his wont, reached him just in time.

"Remember, Mack," he said solemnly, "this is *no* comedy!"



SHE had invited me to tea. And then, just to prove that she was eternally feminine, or, perhaps socially proper, she was terribly late. I was on time, and, when one of two people are late in keeping an engagement, one of the two is going to become impatient; especially if the other one is kept waiting too long.

I was the other one. Punctuality had been a sort of religion with me ever since an old-maid school-teacher, in my home town, had escorted me before the entire class and used a ruler on me, very unfeelingly, for being tardy three times consecutively. I decided then and there I would try to keep all appointments with the school as punctually as possible. When I left school, I carried a similar resolution with my first position, and I've carted it around with me ever since.

When Mary Fuller phoned me, earlier in the day, she had particularly warned me against being late. I was to come to her hotel promptly at seven, and she would be awaiting me in the parlor, just to the right of the entrance. I had promised to obey her instructions, and had faithfully kept my prom-

ise to be at the appointed spot at the appointed hour. In fact, I had been studying the golden designs in the expensive tapestry which stretched half-way across the wall of the room for the past fifteen minutes. I had been compelled to make such a close study of it that I began to picture the Japanese gentleman who had made it, and just what condition his nerves were in when he completed the delicate handiwork. It is only at such moments as these that one ever has the opportunity of studying tapestries, wall paper, curtains and ceiling effects, and I dare say that before the object of my visit arrived, I had made a scientific observation of everything within those four walls, from the frescoed ceiling to the wonderful Turkish rug which lay at my feet, and resembled an infuriated dish of chop suey.

Then she came. I knew it was she before I saw her, for there's something about some people which makes their presence felt before you see them. Mary Fuller is such an individual. I have only known two such persons, and the other is Theodore Roosevelt. Theosophists and psychologists call it

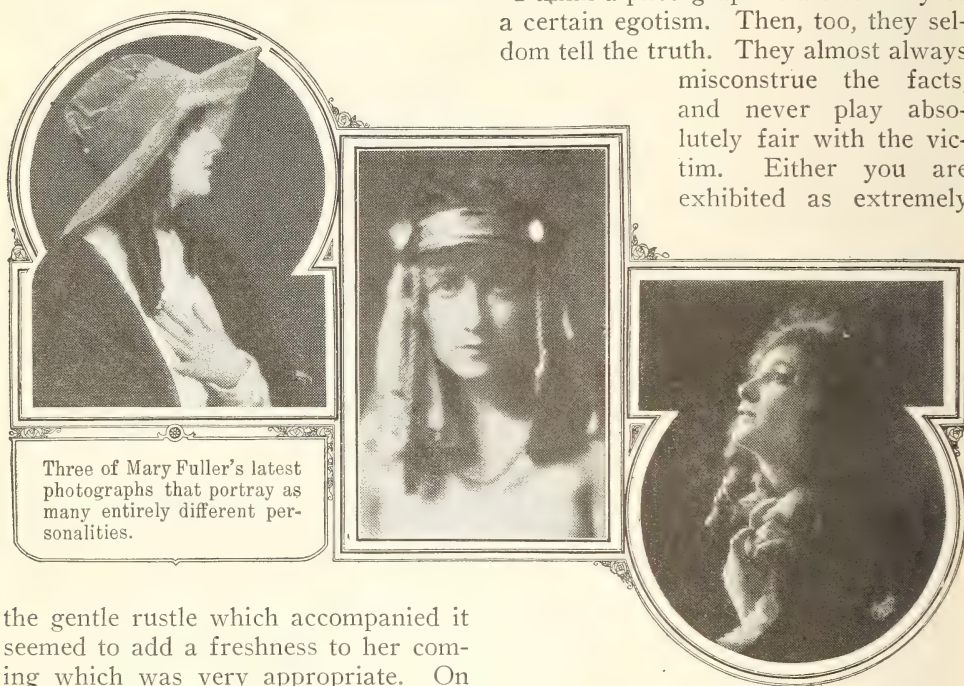
magnetic personality, and, as no one has ever given a better explanation of it, we will permit this description to stand.

She entered the room like a soft evening breeze, and she brought with her a smile which demanded forgiveness for her tardiness. Like her thoughts, her gown was conservative and extremely modest with its pale blue, and

"My life seems to be spent in front of the camera. Despite how busy my many duties keep me, photographers are constantly demanding the favor of a sitting. It seems that all I do is pose, pose, pose."

"Which shouldn't be very difficult, considering you are a woman," I ventured.

"It is difficult for me," she returned. "I think a photograph is a testimony of a certain egotism. Then, too, they seldom tell the truth. They almost always misconstrue the facts, and never play absolutely fair with the victim. Either you are exhibited as extremely



Three of Mary Fuller's latest photographs that portray as many entirely different personalities.

the gentle rustle which accompanied it seemed to add a freshness to her coming which was very appropriate. On her arm hung a wonderful millinery creation suspended from two ribbons, and she looked as though she had just stepped from the leaves of an interesting novel, with every vestige of romance still clinging to her.

"I'm awfully sorry," she began. "I know I'm late. Have you been waiting long?"

Then, for a reason I know not why, I lied: "No, I just arrived."

"I've been to the photographer's," she explained, as she took a seat beside me on the big divan.

"More photographs?"

"More photographs," she sighed.

beautiful or else discouragingly ugly. If you happen to be unfortunate enough to be ordinary in countenance, you are presented with a wonderful piece of photography which would pass a reproduction of the Venus de Milo or Helen of Troy. And, if you possess a certain amount of facial attractiveness, the photographer usually succeeds in handing you something which requires a considerable amount of study for you to determine whether it is you, or if he has mixed your plates with some one else's.

"Both cause disappointment and em-

barrassment. We are never wholly pleased with the result. In other words, photographs are totally deceiving; they're dishonest. The lens of a camera either under or overestimates us. Of course, few of us are displeased when we are flattered, but it is rather distressing when we are not given credit for the good looks which happen to be ours."

I interrupted her right there to tell her that I agreed perfectly—I had noticed she said "we."

"I believe I have posed in nearly every studio in New York," Miss Fuller continued. "It has grown so serious with me that when I pass a photographer's, my feet turn instinctively toward the entrance. I have had my picture taken with all sorts of settings and atmospheres. Some have been Oriental, others in skylight parlors, some in skyscrapers, and again in flash-light cubby-holes. Daylight, flash light, electric lights, and Cooper-Hewitts have all figured prominently in my career, and I have had to be taken in all kinds of poses.

So accustomed have I grown to making these frequent trips to photographers' shops that I believe I would be terribly morose were I to be denied this labor. I say labor because going to a photographer's is like going to a dentist's. One makes you make faces and the other makes faces that you don't make."

Once more I made her wait—this



Mary Fuller can play excellently on the piano—if she is uninterrupted by photographers long enough. Below—"behind the gun" herself at the studio—she becomes so engrossed that she almost forgets to crank the camera.



time while I laughed. Then she smiled and went on:

"Some of the fans write me for photographs portraying a certain mood; others write that they are collecting my different photographs, and request me to sit for another, so that they can add a new one to their group. Some have a hobby of collecting my different portraits and 'stills,' and others cut them from newspapers and magazines and place them in scrapbooks. Recently a little schoolgirl wrote me that she was making a collection of my different pictures, and that she was in the habit of trading with her friends, when she had two of a kind, so as to obtain a new one. Another little boy out West seems

to spend most of his time sketching reproductions from the photographs I send him. He sends them to me, and I have quite a few which he has made in my scrapbook. He does them very well, and some are very interesting.

"Of course, it is very tedious work sitting for photographs continuously, but if the fans ask for them, I usually try to favor them, for, after all, they are my dearest friends, and it shows that they have not forgotten me. In the last six months I believe I have given away over ten thousand photos. My bill for photographs last year ran into the thousands, so you can see it is rather expensive, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"Since the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE started its scenario contest, I have been deluged with requests for more," she continued. "It seems that some of the writers have an idea they can send in a better scenario if they have some of my pictures to study. Many of them have

asked me to pose for special photographs expressing different emotions. I have tried to oblige them, for I want to help every one of them to win the prize. I shall take pleasure in appearing in the winning scenario, and esteem it a great tribute that I was chosen for this responsible task. I sincerely hope my work will justify the confidence which has been placed in me.

"Now I must go. I've got to go to the studio to-night," she said, as she arose.

"Working on a production?" I inquired.

"No, I've been asked to pose in some scenes to illustrate an article," she answered, with a weary smile.

I started to go.

"Oh, by the way," I began. "May I have one of your photographs?"

"Don't be cruel," she laughed. And before I could convince her I was absolutely in earnest, she was in the elevator, and the door was closed.



Mary Fuller can derive as much pleasure from reading a story as from acting one.



The Centaur Studio *Robert C. ^FDuncan*

THE Centaur Film Company's studio was the only one I visited where I was met with a growl.

But the studio family is the pleasantest in the world for that, because they have the famous Bostock collection of over one hundred and fifty wild animals to do their growling for them. Not many motion-picture companies are so fortunate.

After gazing about the famous "yard," where I saw a viking calmly smoking his pipe while speaking with the Queen of Egypt, and an East Indian shooting pennies with a supposed native of the Fiji Islands, I presented my card at the office, and a delightful young woman came out to meet me. It was Theodosia Harris, the scenario editor, and I was very glad to go behind the scenes with her, as I felt sure I would get some interesting information.

As we entered the neat, trim park, I noticed that in the center was a large roofed auditorium, bearing the name, "Bostock," in huge letters. This inclosed amphitheater, I soon learned, seats about fifteen hundred spectators, and at times performances are given for their benefit.

In a moment or two we had reached the entrance of the auditorium, and

Miss Harris pointed to a troupe of seven lions which were being put through their tricks and obeying the commands of a gentle-voiced man. He was none other than Captain Jack Bonavita, the most celebrated animal trainer in the world. All his life has been spent with the creatures he loves and that love him. But he has been without one arm for eight years as the result of the affectionate overtures of one of his beast family, and expects to end his eventful career through the all-too-loving attentions of one of these brutes of the jungle.

"It is necessary to have them rehearsed constantly," said Miss Harris, after introducing the fearless captain, "otherwise they become sullen and dull. We have some wonderful animals in this collection, you know. For instance, there is Nero, the big lion, who is as happy before the camera as Charlie Chaplin. Nero has been trained to crawl through an open window, take a baby from a cradle, and run away with it."

Naturally I shuddered.

"Oh, you can be sure that they make it perfectly safe for the baby," my delightful escort smiled at me, as she noticed my expression. "Nero is as friendly as a big, overgrown dog. The

camera man has to urge him by every known and unknown device to 'register' more ferocity. You just can't train him to be anything but playful. Then we have old Leo, who is a famous 'dying' lion, and knows enough to stay 'dead' despite cavalry charges, screaming heroines, and furiously shooting heroes. There are also boxing kangaroos,

the Centaur Company, and a man to whose inventive mind the motion-picture industry owes much. He has invented many of the labor-saving devices to be found in the photo-play studios at the present time, as well as the David Horsley duplex double-exposure camera, by which it first became possible to make two exposures at one



A partial view of the dressing rooms—no two alike—which are often used as "locations."

trained hyenas, elephants that stand on their heads, and every other conceivable kind of creature in our collection."

The lions seemed very affectionate with Bonavita on the stage, and I remarked about it to Miss Harris.

"He wears a suit of boards under his other clothes," she told me. "Sometimes, when the 'cats' are particularly ugly, he carries a chair to ward off their powerful paws, but even then he is often lacerated and bruised."

We wandered past the huge semicircle of animal cages and to the "arena," which is the most unique feature of the plant. It is a product of the fertile brain of David Horsley, the head of

time on the same negative; the Horsley film printer, and the Horsley film polisher.

"But," Miss Harris remarked, "the 'arena' studio is the greatest achievement of his clever mind. When he decided to add animals to his list of actors, he knew that to use them to the best possible advantage something out of the ordinary in the way of stage construction would be necessary. Therefore, he set out to fill the requirements as his mind's eye saw them. The result is the 'arena' as it stands to-day."

This arena is a large affair built in the shape of an enormous hexagon, and divided into six separate sections by

wire fences twenty feet in height, that run from the center like the spokes of a wheel. The ends are also closed in by fences, and at the apex of each section, which is in the form of a triangle, there is a concrete platform from which a camera can be focused on any section. At the edge of this platform a moat six feet wide divides it from the arena itself which serves two purposes; one is that it keeps the animals from reaching the platform, and the other is that a player can escape the attack of enraged beasts by jumping into it. The different sections are divided even in the moat by trapdoors under water that swing back or forward from the top, so that a pursued player can jump into the water and come up in the next section, wet, but safe.

"Has it ever been necessary for any one to take to the moat?" I asked Miss Harris, in interest.

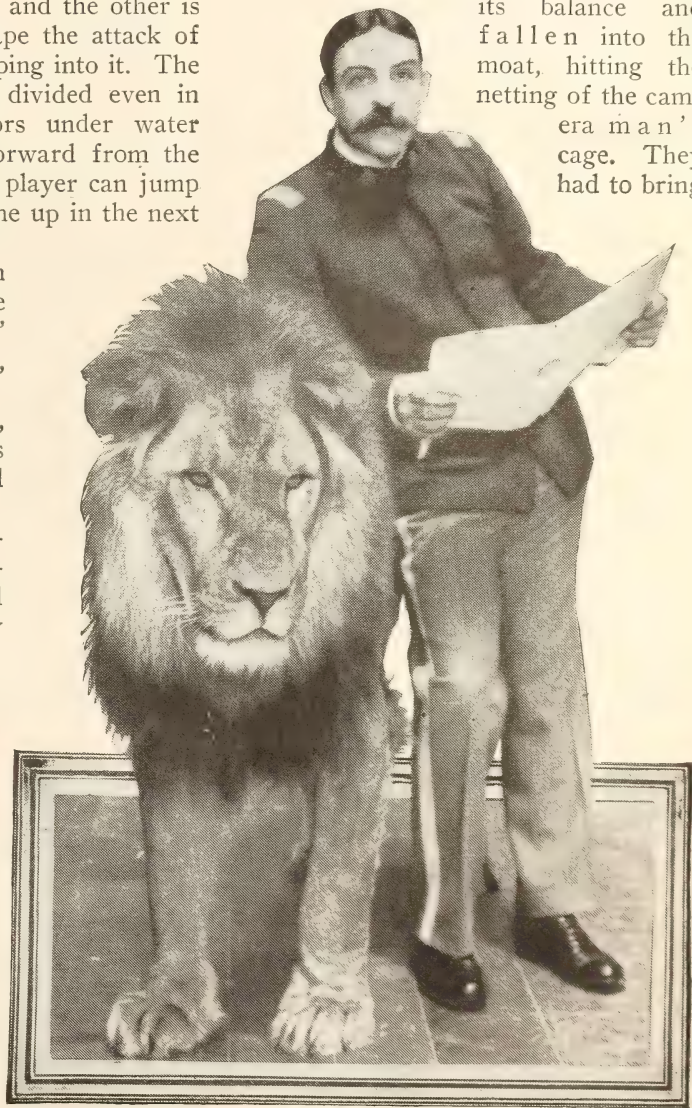
A young, handsome, curly-headed man was approaching us and Miss Harris smiled.

"Ask Crane Wilbur," she said, and introduced me to the idol of girls the country over.

I asked him.

"When I am going to work with the Bostock collection of noble animals I certainly want that moat handy," he replied, with a grin. "I was strolling around in this 'wild jungle' one day, when Captain Bonavita suddenly shouted a command to me to jump. He never

raises his voice unless there is a reason, and you can believe me when I say that I jumped! I looked behind just long enough to see three sinuous leopards crawling toward me from behind the rocks. When I had a real good chance to look at them again I was dripping from head to foot, but safe over in the section across the way. One of the leopards was angrily screaming because it had lost its balance and fallen into the moat, hitting the netting of the camera man's cage. They had to bring



Captain Jack Bonavita and Leo, foremost of the Centaur's animal actors.

planks and trainers to get him out, and, needless to say, I didn't help them. Yes, indeed, the moat is used more frequently than we like!"

There are six sections to the arena. Section one is a jungle scene, with big trees hung with moss and creeping vines, a dense tangle of brush and shrubs and native grass huts. An old Boer wagon adds to the realism of it.

Arena number two portrays the Rocky Mountains, with great ledges of rock, a skillfully painted mountain background, real spruce trees, and caves which furnish dens for grizzly bears. In the foreground are smaller rocks among which the action of plays is mostly taken.

Section three shows a scene in the northern woods, while arenas four and five present the wilds of the tropics. The sixth section is the most cleverly arranged of all, being a desert with dreary patches of sand and ledges of rock. By a clever device, this last arena is so managed that it can be changed into a marine view and other effects.

The animals enter each section by a runway from their cages. This runway incloses the entire arena, and by merely closing a gate which separates one division from another, the animals can be grouped in any section desired. These gates are large enough to allow the biggest animals, even the elephants, and stagecoaches and caravans to pass through. The circuit of the six sections can be made without turning around. Steps run up to another runway that encircles the sections at the top so that the spectators can look down into the arena.

"They are taking a scene now. Would you like to see it?" my companion inquired.

Would I! I climbed to the runway, and, sitting down in a little, concrete platform, prepared to be thrilled.

The setting represented some particular part of "Sudan." A director and

camera man were ready for business just as near the moat as possible, and, inside, the heroine, Nan Christy, was supposedly tied to the floor with heavy ropes.

The leading man of that particular scene walked majestically from behind a hut, the central object of the "set." It was Leo—ferocious and man-eating Leo. With him came Bonavita, whip in hand.

From the top of the hut an arm suddenly appeared with a rope in its hand, from which dangled a huge piece of raw meat. It swung temptingly in front of the door. Leo was supposed to jump for the meat and come down with his paws on the door, which would open and let him inside. Of course, the meat was dangled out of range of the camera.

Leo turned his back on both meat and door, and, walking over to a spreading palm, lay down. The palm could not stand such proximity and fell over on him. He yawned and got up. No amount of urging at first seemed to tempt him toward the meat. Jack Bonavita disappeared inside the door and held more meat to make him nose the door. Even that refused to entice any ferocity into the beast. Apparently he was feeling particularly peaceful that day. Finally another trainer appeared and cracked his whip. A couple of men with guns added shots to the occasion. At length Leo made a feeble leap for the dangling meat—then a little stronger one. Finally he leaped high, and as he dropped back, his paws opened the door and the camera had finished its work.

It was a lesson in patience, and will show the "fans" just a small bit of the trouble involved to create excitement and amusement for them.

Miss Harris was then forced to leave me, having some writing to do, and while waiting for another scene, I strolled leisurely over to the west of the

arena to the big, outdoor studio, which has a stage seventy by one hundred and forty feet. No acting was going on, however, so I looked about to see just what sort of a place it was.

The property room is on the east end, and I counted sixteen big, steel trusses which spanned the stage and carried the light diffusers, which look to the

"Will you tell me why not any two of these dressing rooms are alike, Miss Gibson?" I asked, as I greeted her.

"Oh—another of Mr. Horsley's clever ideas," she answered. "The fronts are built to represent bungalows, and not even any two doors or windows are the same. By simply changing one of the glass bungalow doors, the direc-



Filming a wild-animal scene that will make shivers creep up and down your back when you view it in the theater.

layman like a roof. Then I noticed a long row of little, bungalowlike rooms on the north side, and not one room was like the other.

Curious, as usual, I wondered why.

A wonderfully attractive girl came out of one of these dressing rooms, and I determined to ask her.

It was Margaret Gibson, one of the youngest stars in filmdom, for she has just passed nineteen.

tors have a combination of one hundred and forty-four different designs for use as exterior settings. Any kind of a cottage can be put up for a scene at a moment's notice."

Miss Gibson then escorted me into the indoor studio, which, she told, has a large stage, seventy by one hundred and twenty feet. Property rooms, scenery docks, all the equipment, are the last word in studio furnishing. It was

here that I again saw Crane Wilbur, this time busy at work on "The Love Liar." Any one that has the impression that Wilbur is but a handsome, love-making matinée idol should have seen him at work that day!

A terrible fist fight was being staged between Wilbur and Roy Watson. There was no rehearsal whatsoever, the

Finally, with a frightful swing of his badly gashed right arm, Wilbur hit his opponent in the face, and both men dropped from exhaustion.

When he had recovered enough to talk, I spoke to Crane about the fight.

"What was the use of you two fellows punishing one another so badly? Couldn't you have 'faked' it in some way?"

He looked at me and smiled.

"Nothing would have been easier," was his reply, "but I want to give my admirers some-



Monkey sweethearts, a gorilla chauffeur who is guaranteed not to overcharge, and Anthony, the elephant who stands on his head when his feet are tired.

men going at one another like the wild animals so close at hand. Chairs, tables, mirrors—in fact, every article in the "set," was used in their terrific struggle. Time and again blood would stream forth as first one, and then another, would land a telling blow. It was a combat that would have delighted the cruel populace of the Rome of old.

thing worth while when they spend their money to see me act. I am not what you might call a 'stunt' actor, neither am I a fearless dare-devil who cares nothing for his life, but just the same it is realism with me, first, last, and all the time!" And with these words he limped into another "set" to continue his work.

As Miss Gibson and I went into the yard again, I said:

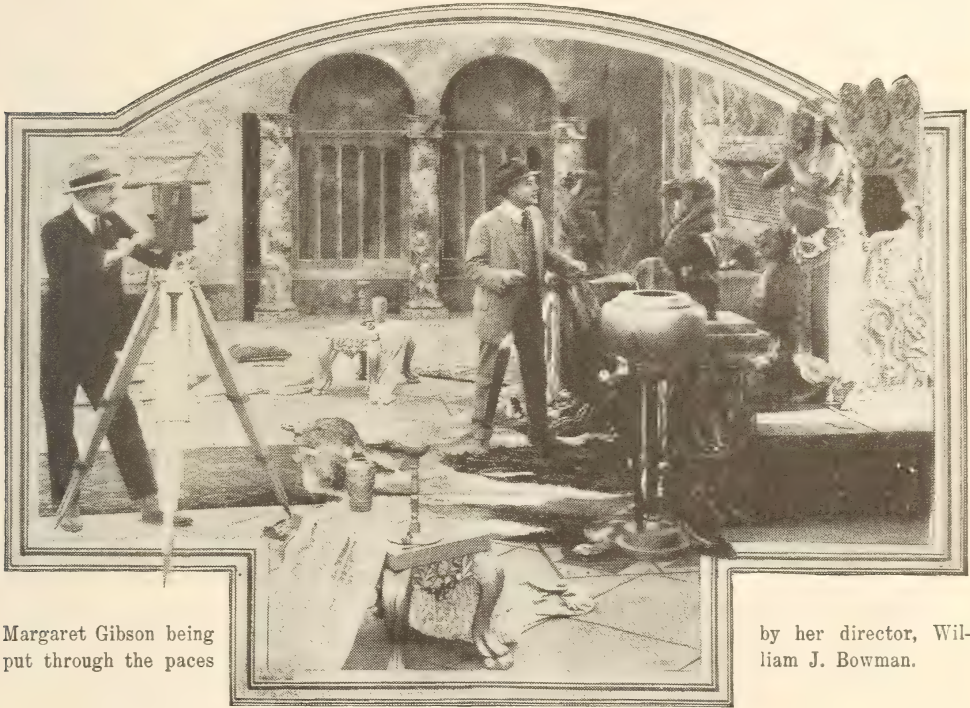
"Don't you get very nervous when playing with these animals?"

"Well, just this morning I had a 'race-for-life' scene with old Monte,"

she smiled—and Margaret can smile!—"and I confess he was very much too realistic for me, even though Crane Wilbur might have thought it was just the thing. The trainers hurried Monte back to his cage, before he had fully decided whether or not I would make an appetizing morsel. I wonder sometimes if there won't be a fatal moment when some of them will forget they

"Perhaps," laughed Margaret, "but mother isn't going to wake you up if one of Mr. Horsley's pet lions gets the notion in his head to take a little bite! Oh, and here is where the camera man, or some trainer with a whip and a gun, leads the beast off to his lair!" she added.

We had come to the arena again, where a scene for "The Leopard's



Margaret Gibson being put through the paces

by her director, William J. Bowman.

are merely moving-picture actors and really swallow me! They are such treacherous beasts. When they are too tame every one gets cross about it, and when they are too fierce every one is nervous. They never seem to do just what the directors want—but it's a great life, just the same!"

"To me it would seem like a nightmare coming true," I suggested. "The kind we used to have after Thanksgiving and Christmas. Just as some tiger or lion opens its jaws to eat you, mother comes in and wakes you up."

Bride" was about to be filmed. A great many trees and big rocks served as lurking places for the jungle beasts.

"I'm playing the lead in this picture opposite William Clifford," explained the little star. "I'm to be a native girl—Nadje."

In the distance was the cabin in which Miss Gibson, the girl victim of the leopard, was supposed to be. The villain, a real East Indian, came strolling nonchalantly—a way all natives of India seem to have—through the jungle wilds and disappeared behind a tree.

Then the leopard came on, wild and bloodthirsty. To enrage him even more guns were repeatedly shot and whips cracked. The director got a trifle closer the moat, the men with the guns held them a whole lot steadier, and the eyes of the trainer were more alert. The ferocious brute gave a sudden snort, reared on its hind legs, and, with a frightful rush of speed, sprang upon the door. The picture was hurriedly taken and the angry animal was very carefully led back to its cage after prolonged persuasion and as much diplomacy.

Every one breathed easier, including Mr. Horsley himself, who had come from his private office to catch a glimpse of the scene.

I looked rather appealingly at Miss Gibson. She understood the look, and I got a few words with him.

"Was it true that you lost your entire fortune in the moving pictures once upon a time, Mr. Horsley?" I asked him, bringing up ancient history.

"Yes," he shook his head sadly. "All that I had in the world—two hundred and fifty dollars! It spurred me on to get it back again, however, and then —"

"And then," I finished for him, "you commenced inventing things for the motion-picture industry, and *now* you have your own studio—and all in seven years!"

Mr. Horsley again agreed with me.

Then he told me the story of the invention of the light diffuser, now used in every motion-picture studio in the world.

"If a stage setting, representing, say, a parlor, is erected in the sunlight, the light beams cast well-defined shadows from the furniture and the players," he explained. "In the ordinary parlor there are no shadows, so to overcome this difficulty in moving pictures, white cloth is stretched on frames over the set. This softens, or diffuses, the light

so that it does not cast shadows, but leaves it strong enough for photography.

"My first producing company was using a small back yard in New York City as a studio," Mr. Horsley continued. "The yard was in the rear of a big tenement house on one of the upper floors of which lived a washerwoman. She used to dry her clothes on an aerial pulley line which ran directly over the little studio, and when the wind blew the clothes flapped, and the shadows they cast on the stage settings below danced fantastically. The dancing shadows were bad enough, but quite often some article would drop from the clothesline and come fluttering down in the middle of an important scene. Oh, it would have been great if George Ovey was with us then!" he laughed. "However, we were producing dramas, and it would be necessary to take the scene all over again at considerable trouble—not to mention expense. So I finally decided to pay the woman fifty cents to keep the wash off the line when a scene was being taken. That plan worked all right until holdup tactics were adopted. I was taking some scenes on a sunny Sunday morning. The enterprising washerlady noticed it, and hung her clothes on the line quite needlessly. Then she doubled her price because it was Sunday, and charged a dollar for taking in the clothes. That was too much for my limited pocketbook. Accordingly I stretched some muslin over the 'sets.' The cloth caught the shadows from the flapping clothes and prevented them from falling into the picture. Also it gave a soft, diffused light. The doing away with the shadows proved to be the most important part."

At this point some one came out and requested Mr. Horsley's attention, so I left him and went to watch a few more scenes that were of the same nature as the one just over, except that they were

not quite as exciting. By the time these were finished the number of players about had dwindled to a very few, as the afternoon was growing too late for good photography. Mr. Wilbur was just leaving for his dressing room, and I hurried to catch up with him.

We walked slowly together, and I asked him about the companies working at the Centaur studio.

"At present there are four," he replied. "The feature output is under the name of 'Centaur,' and is comprised of two companies, one of which is headed by Margaret Gibson and Bill Clifford, and the other by myself. I also direct the majority of my plays. The other two companies make single-reel comedies of the 'Cub' brand, featuring George Ovey and Billy Armstrong. Celia Santon, Mae Gaston, Nan Christy, Lewis "Bull" Durham, George George, and Roy Watson are members of our happy family."

We were standing before his dressing-room door when he finished, and I left him there to go to my hotel. When I found myself alone, walking off the grounds, and not surrounded by wire fences, I heard a growl from within. I almost started to run, but turned quickly around, and, seeing no animals of the jungle dashing for me, breathed easier.

But I am still of the opinion that the streets around the Horsley studio should be on the order of those of Venice—for the safety of pedestrians.



Margaret Gibson and
Crane Wilbur,
the brightest luminaries
of the Centaur studio.

IS SHE ANOTHER PICKFORD?



A LITTLE girl named Love—yes, Bessie Love—looms brightest now as a probable second Mary Pickford. She is entirely different from the queen of motion pictures so far as looks are concerned, but her wistful eyes and appealing manner speak loudly in her favor.

And, moreover, she was discovered by none other than David W. Griffith himself, who, it will be remembered, was the man to place "Little Mary" on the pedestal of public favor. Bessie is only sixteen—which gives her plenty of time to build her future—but has already won her way



to many hearts. A very short time ago she went with her mother to Mr. Griffith and applied for work. The "Master Mind" gave her a servant rôle in "The Flying Torpedo." There was no private rehearsal. Mr. Griffith just told Bessie: "You are a terrible Swede. Your employer has been murdered. You dash in to Mr. Emerson with the news. Let's see, you better yell: 'By Yiminy, he jumped to hell.'"

"I have to say that?" she queried in wonder, and Mr. Griffith nodded.

She said it—and the story was rewritten to give her a leading part. She has been playing leads ever since, and at the Griffith studios Bessie is called "Our Mary"—with a tone of prediction.

*Apollo
in a
Flannel
Shirt*

Harold Lockwood



STROLLING along the beach at Brighton, Long Island, in search of Harold Lockwood, whom I had been told I might find there, I was scanning the line of bathers, trying to discern him among them, when I stumbled over the form of a man lolling on the beach and almost covered with the white sand. Just as I was about to apologize I turned the words into a greeting, for there, right under my feet, was the subject of my search.

As he leisurely stretched himself and arose to answer my greetings, I carefully scrutinized this man—the idol and hero of a nation of young people. He strikes one as being a great, big, overgrown boy in many ways—a boy who is especially good looking, with a splendid—I might almost say marvelous—physique, merry, dancing blue eyes, blond hair, and a healthy, pink-cheeked complexion.

"I always try my best to run out to the beach whenever I have a spare moment," he explained. "I got into the habit while on the coast, and I don't think I could break it if I wished—and I don't." He smiled.

"You prefer the West to the effete East, anyway, I guess?" I questioned.

He hesitated. "Well, you know, I always manage to enjoy myself wherever I happen to be, but 'California, I hear you calling me,'" and he started to sing that popular song of a year or two ago.

As we talked, a passer-by or two recognized the handsome Metro leading man and stopped to gaze at him out of curiosity. Soon these few people were augmented by a fast-gathering throng of interested spectators, and Harold began to fidget and get nervous.

"I think we had better get away from here," he suggested. "I'll jump into my togs and we'll ride to my cottage, where we will have a little more privacy."

Suiting his words to actions, he sprinted along the beach, an enthusiastic mob trailing, and was soon behind the closed doors of his bathhouse.

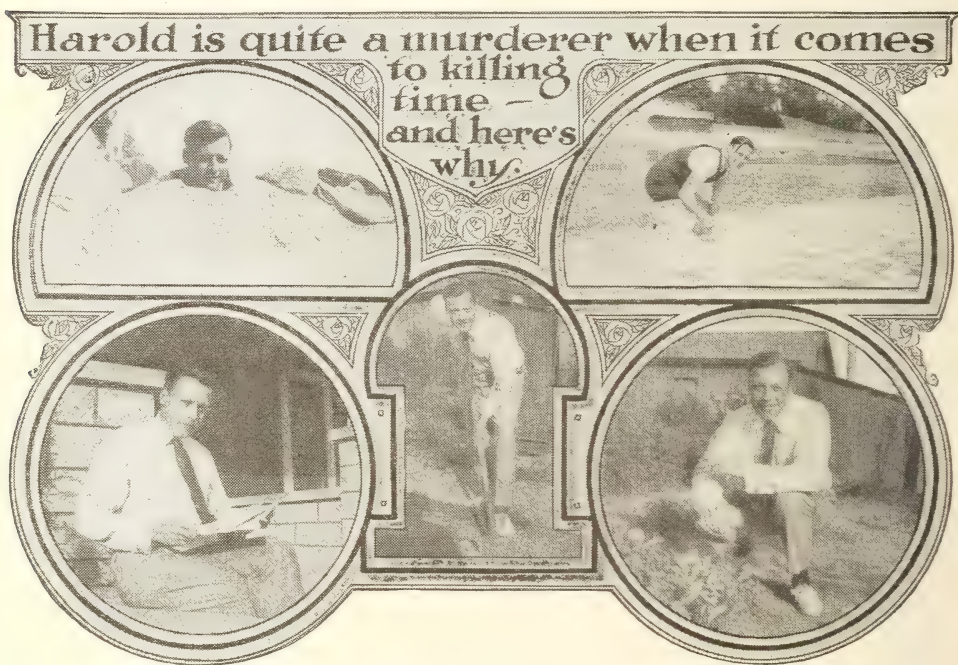
Presently, dressed in his street clothes, he sought me out and then led me to his machine—one of his few extravagances. I made him jump into the machine first, and then gazed at him in approval. From the low seat of the gray car only his head, in a plaid cap of gorgeous colors, and his shoulders, hunched over the wheel, could be seen. Lower down, an apparently independ-

ent pair of legs clad in pure white flannels extended diagonally forward, disappearing into a cavernous region of dials and levers. Withal, he was a chap to incite admiration, especially at a moment like this.

Quickly I found myself a seat, and

Soon I asked him the old, familiar bromide—how he became an actor. I could plainly see he did not enjoy the question, but politely he answered:

"Well, I went to school in Brooklyn to acquire book learning and study business methods—according to the de-



soon we were hopping over the uneven roads at a terrifying speed. If the speed laws were not entirely broken, they were very badly bent, indeed. In a miraculously short space of time—a time in which we had no opportunity for conversation—his country place was reached.

This "big man at his work" and "boy at his play" I soon found to be an earnest and emphatic believer in the efficacy of exercise both of mind and of body. He gives all his energies, all his mentality to his work while he is at it, but he does not eat, drink, and sleep with his art—he leaves it at the studio. He is a firm exponent of the old saying: "Eight hours' work, eight hours' play, and eight hours' sleep."

sire of my dad, but all the Latin and mathematics I ever absorbed never gave me the pleasure I experienced in leaving some of my schoolmates in the rear during running matches. I was fortunate enough to win several medals, which I still have.

"My love for sports came from my father, who owned several blooded horses, and who allowed me to exercise them and occasionally drive one to victory. I liked that kind of life, but when the suggestion was made that I enter a nice, reliable business—something in the wholesale linen line, for instance, my soul rebelled. You know, I had spent much time in and around theaters, and a couple of times played part of the background in mob scenes. These

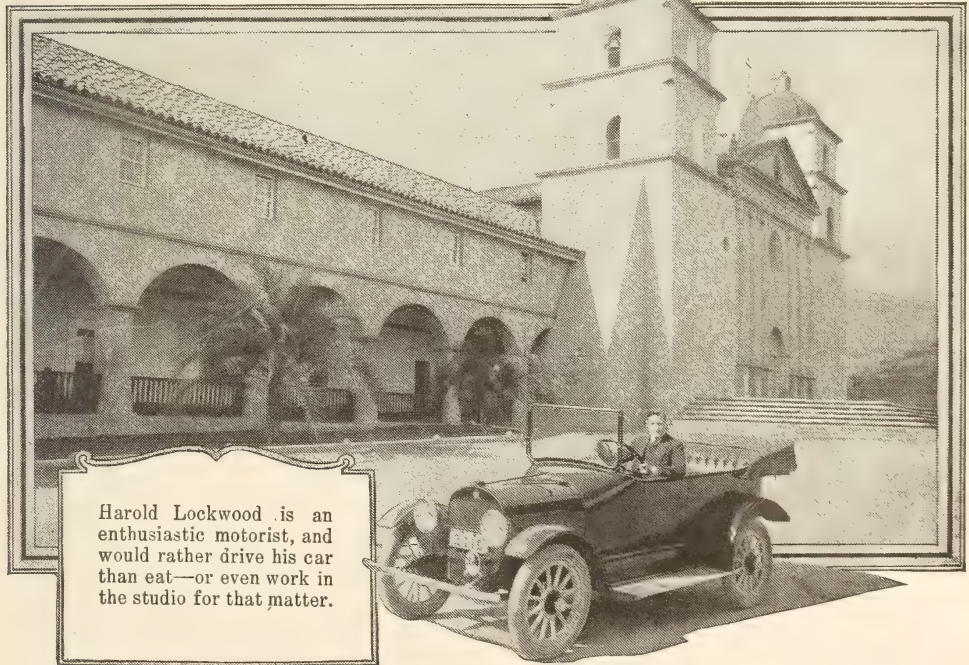
appearances of mine before the foot-lights—although I was so far back I couldn't see the lights—carved my future out for me. The stage for me!

"I spoke to dad about it, and he said: 'It is up to you—act, if you must, but woe betide you if you are a ham actor. Aim high and go to it.'"

I will spare Harold the trouble of having to praise himself, and will tell the rest myself. For several years he appeared in stage productions with marked success, and was one of the first legitimate actors to respond to the beckoning of the camera. This was with the old Rex Company, where he

his first feature, "Hearts Adrift," with the adorable Mary Pickford. This was for the Famous Players.

After supporting many of the world's greatest stars in productions of this company, he sought new fields to conquer, and was soon being starred in American films. Recently he and his leading lady, May Allison, joined the Metro forces, where they are to-day. And, in passing, let me deny the oft-repeated assertion that this young couple are married—for they are not. However, they are more than plain friends—they are the best of pals possible.



played leads for Edwin S. Porter. It is strange to relate that after wandering from one concern to another, he again appeared under the direction of Mr. Porter some years ago, playing in

After a few moments in his garden and an hour or two on the lake, the sun began to die down, and, bidding him good-by, I reluctantly went away to transfer my impressions to paper.

*Edith Johnson
and
Vivian Reed
Sun-bathing with
a parasol.*



*Ivy
Crosthwaite*



*Seena
Owen*



*Ollie
Kirkby*

*Anita Stewart
is the friend of
all the beach
kiddies ~ ~*



*Mabel
Normand*



*Edna
Mayo*

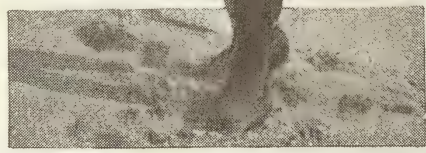


Helene Rosson

*Norma
Talmadge*



*Bessie
Cyton*



*Queenie
Rosson*



*Constance
Talmadge*



*Mary
Anderson*



*Juanita
Kansner*





AS much to attest the fine manliness of my friend, Phillip Curtis, as to illustrate how a beautiful woman may become a destroyer of supreme happiness, I have set down this personal narrative.

Up in the North country, among the snows, where I had ceased to be Roscoe Steele and was known as Peter God, I had lost faith in humanity; in the darkest hour of my misanthropy it was Phillip Curtis who was the means of bringing me back to sanity and a residue of life that promises to be full to the brim with joy.

I start the story with this tribute to one friend because it was the severing of another friendship that set me adrift upon an ocean of despair and agony.

This other friendship dates back to childhood, when Robert Lawler and I were playmates in a little Southern town. Looking back, I can recall but one trait of his that I did not like—this was his peace-at-any-price policy.

Myself, I liked a scrap; but Robert Lawler would wriggle out of a difficult situation without recourse to his fists—much to my disgust.

He became a lawyer, and finally drifted into politics, becoming eventually the boss of what I subsequently learned was one of the most corrupt political machines in the country. I had gone into business, made money quickly, and married a girl from the home town.

Lawler was welcomed at our home, and many a night Josephine and I laughed over his stories of politics without suspecting that he was playing the political game solely for his own pocket and becoming wealthy at the expense of the taxpayers.

He was in the running for governor of the State, and we were ready, my wife and I, to wish him success—then the bomb fell!

I had been wheedled into accepting the honorary position of head of the Civic Reform League, and one of the

officers came to me with an utterly incredible story. In effect, he proclaimed Lawler a crook. I refused to believe it.

"I'll send you proofs in a day or two," he told me. And he sent them. The bulky envelope with its damning evidence against Lawler came to me as Josephine and I sat reading on the swing seat of the porch. There was never a couple as happy as Josephine and I; fortune smiled upon us, and we hadn't a care in the world.

A maid brought the letter, and when I tore it open and glanced through its contents my hands shook, and there must have been horror in my face, for Josephine grasped my arm, her eyes wide.

"Is it some bad news?" she asked.

"The very worst," I told her. "This is evidence that my friend Lawler is a grafter—a thief! I wouldn't have believed it, but here is proof positive. It is my duty to the State to make it public. That means that it will defeat my boyhood friend for the governorship."

"Lawler a thief!" she gasped.

It was a terrific blow to me, and I determined for friendship's sake to interview Lawler: I hustled into a coat and set out for his home. He had one of the show places of the town, and I shuddered as I pictured how he had made his money. A taxi was standing at his door, and before I could ring the bell Lawler himself emerged. He greeted me effusively.

"Came to congratulate me?" he said, smiling. "Speaking with all due modesty, it looks to me like a walk-over."

"It *would* be a walk-over," I answered, "if certain facts I have in my possession are withheld."

The smile faded from his lips—hard, cold, thin lips that were veiled by a wisp of mustache that drooped over them. There was cruelty, malice in his eyes now. His brows came together in a frown. It was an astonishing change that came over his features.

"Speak quick!" he went on. "I've



Josephine snuggled closer to me and turned a most unfriendly face to the French girl.

got to go to the club and talk over some details with my henchmen. What have you on your chest?"

"Only this," I said bluntly. "I have absolute proof that you are a crook."

He flung up his hand, and I thought for a moment he was going to strike me. But he was never a man for direct combat.

"What do you mean?" he blustered. "What do you know?"

"I know enough to send you to prison."

He winced at that, and the hardness went out of my voice. Then I talked to him as friend to friend; put the matter squarely before him, begged him to cut loose from the grafting game. But there was no answering friendliness in his voice.

"Keep your fingers out of my business!" he snapped.

"For the sake of the old days, Robert," I pleaded, "don't force me to show you up as the meanest of all thieves—a political grafter. Drop out of the governorship race, and for friendship's sake I will withhold the evidence."

We stood for a long moment, trying to read each other's souls. Then Lawler spoke slowly, weighing his words.

"Roscoe," he said, "you've got me. No use arguing the point. You've got me. But every man has his price. You're pretty well fixed, I know, but I guess twenty thousand dollars wouldn't come amiss. I'll pay you that for your silence."

I had no answer for him. What does a man say when he is offered a bribe? I left him—left him without a word.

For a week I held up the evidence of his guilt, hoping against hope that Lawler would come to me and tell me he was going to play the man. But no word came from him, and I called in the reporters. Rightly or wrongly, I had determined to do what I conceived to be my duty to the State. I gave the reporters the story of Lawler's crookedness—not all of it, for there were parts that brought the crimson to my cheeks, and I withheld them for very shame. It was a story that shocked the community, and arresting headlines

screamed from the front pages of the newspapers:

**DISHONESTY AND GRAFT BARED
IN LAWYER'S LIFE BY THE
CIVIC REFORM LEAGUE.**

I had no joy in the outcome, nothing but regret that I had been compelled to give my facts to the public. It was the death knell of Lawler's ambitions.

Then began for me what was a nightmare—a dastardly plot engineered by Lawler which had for its object my ruin. I did not learn the extent of his machinations till long afterward, but I set them down here consecutively.

In one of Lawler's trips to Europe, he had met Coralie de Bar, a notorious beauty behind whose smiling, red lips lay the soul of a vampire. To Coralie he cabled, and she came—not wholly because he offered her a price, but, as I later discovered, because she had for him a feeling more akin to love than she had given any other man.

A charming Frenchwoman, speaking English with a winning accent, she posed as an investigator of American charities, and announced that she had come to prepare a book on the subject. Lawler found a way by which she was introduced to me without my suspecting that the defeated candidate for governor was behind it.

No doubt I should have been more wary; but I was prone to accept people at face value, and I gave her an hour of my time at my office while I told her in detail of the public and private enterprises for the betterment of conditions for the poor. My wife came in while we talked, and she was as much impressed with Coralie as I had been—even went so far as to invite her to our home.

The following afternoon she called, and the three of us chatted gayly over the teacups. She was most circumspect—only once was there a jarring note.

That was when she said, giving me a side glance from her half-veiled eyes:

"Why is it that all the really nice men are married?"

Josephine had never been jealous, and I doubt if she was very greatly disturbed by the question; but I saw her eyebrows lift just a trifle and she abruptly changed the topic.

Coralie became a frequent visitor at our home, and Josephine and she grew to be excellent friends. I had at this time not the slightest suspicion of Cor-

in my car to the Whiting home. I did my full duty: danced with my wife, with Coralie, with one or two of the others, and I was getting fidgety and anxious to return to my desk when Josephine came to me.

"Mrs. Whiting would like us to stay overnight. What do you say, dear?"

"It can't be done, Josephine——" I began. But she broke in:

"Oh, yes, it can, if I say the word, sir."

"Then in pity don't say the word," I



"I demand the arrest of that woman, and my immediate discharge!"

alie, who conducted herself with extreme care and a fine regard for the conventionalities.

The awakening came two months later. We were invited to a dinner dance at the Whitings', and Coralie was one of the guests. It was against my will that I attended the function, for my desk was piled high with letters that demanded attention. But business usually suffered when Josephine's wishes were concerned. Nothing in the wide world was to be weighed beside her happiness.

So I went, and Coralie drove with us

begged her. And while she smiled roguishly up into my eyes, I went on: "You know how busy I am, dear. I simply must get back. But *you* stay, if you like."

She demurred at first, but Mrs. Whiting bore down upon us and assured me that she would take good care of Josephine and bade me come for her in the morning.

I had been chatting with Coralie de Bar a few moments before, and I was subconsciously aware that she was standing near by, an interested listener.

Mrs. Whiting moved away, and Jo-

séphine and I were about to steal a good-night kiss when Coralie broke in:

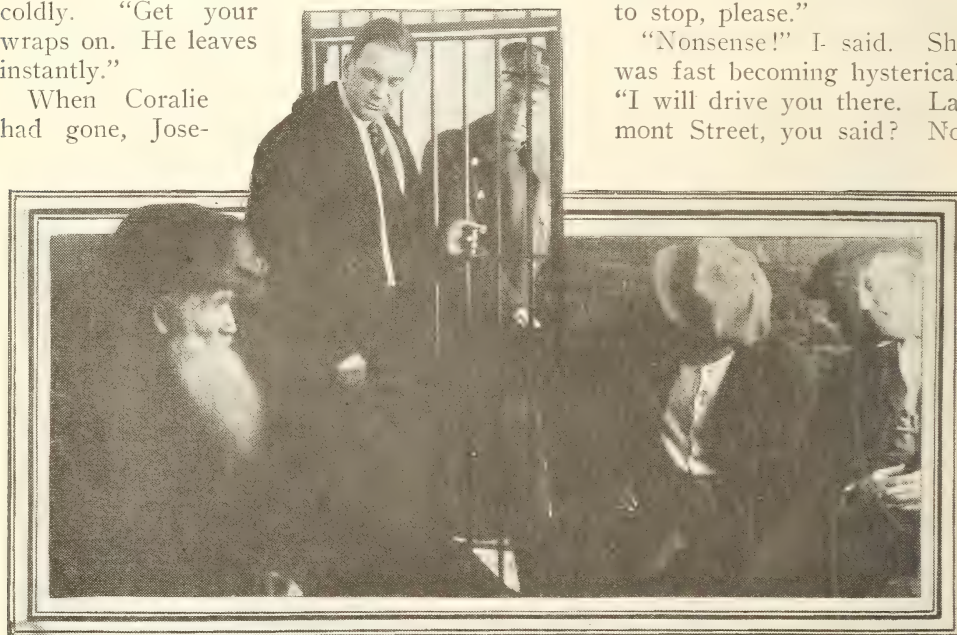
"Your pardon. But I overheard Mr. Steele say he was going to make his adieus; and, as I, too, must leave, I wonder if he would give me—how you call it?—a lift in his car."

Josephine snuggled closer to me and turned a most unfriendly face to the French girl. "Of course he will be glad to," she said coldly. "Get your wraps on. He leaves instantly."

When Coralie had gone, Jose-

phine told me she was on the way back, and my maid told me an oh, so sad story of one of my friends who is in distress. I must make that my first call in the morning. Indeed, I should go to-night. Oh, Mr. Steele, better stop the machine and let me get out. I can take a street car. My friend lives on Lamont Street—No. 43. I know I shall not sleep to-night if I do not give what help I can. Tell the chauffeur to stop, please."

"Nonsense!" I said. She was fast becoming hysterical. "I will drive you there. Lamont Street, you said? No.



I was hustled to the lock-up.

phine, her head resting on my shoulder, whispered: "Roscoe, dear, there are times when I don't like that French-woman."

"Nonsense, child!" I laughed. "Miss de Bar is a very clever lady."

"Clever" was the exact adjective that fitted her, but I did not know then how very apt it was.

I ordered the motor and stood impatiently at the entrance for fully ten minutes before Coralie joined me.

"So sorry to have kept you waiting," she murmured, as we settled on the cushions. "But I just now telephoned

43?" And I gave the driver the address and settled back, anything but pleased at this new turn of events.

Coralie babbled on about her friend, but I paid little heed. My mind was on that pile of letters in my desk. We drew up at No. 43 Lamont Street—a modest, brick building, with an old-fashioned, high stoop and an apology for a garden in front.

"You'll come in with me—it will probably make the visit shorter?" she said.

Her argument appealed strongly to me. Anything that would expedite mat-

ters looked good to me. Without hesitation I accompanied her.

A slatternly maid conducted us to the parlor. I had no eye for details just then, but I remember there was a certain garish air about the place that offended me. The door opened again, and a large woman, who quite evidently had made liberal use of artificial aids to assume a beauty denied her by nature, stretched out two capable, if unnaturally white, arms by way of greeting and addressed Coralie in voluble French.

I was trying to make something of the conversation when a door behind me opened, and before I could turn, a cloth was pulled down over my head. Gasping, I strove to fight loose from the thing. But it was a man—and a strong man—who held the cloth, and it took but an instant to subdue me, taken unawares as I was. I was chloroformed.

When I recovered consciousness, I found myself sitting at a table on which were whisky and glasses. Coralie, her hair hanging loosely about her shoulders, her dress torn—a wild, disheveled figure—stood looking down at me. Dizzily I rose.

"What—what does it mean?" I asked sleepily.

She laughed—and I hope I shall never hear a woman laugh in that fashion again.

"It means that you are what you Americans call 'in bad.'"

I moved toward the door, but Coralie sprang in front of me.

"It's locked," she taunted. "Locked—and I have the key."

I was goaded to fury. I lost my sense of proportion. I flung myself upon her, and while we struggled, the gong of a patrol wagon sounded and half a dozen policemen broke in.

"Thank God you've come!" cried

Coralie. "This man took me to this house and tried to assault me."

I said nothing. The woman's words shocked me into full consciousness of my position. I saw now that it was a plot—engineered, as I shrewdly guessed, by Lawler. This was his revenge. One of his followers had told me that Lawler had sworn that he would "pull me down to the gutter." I had laughed at the threat, but now I realized that he was in a fair way to accomplish his task. He had cleverly worked out the scheme with Coralie; had arranged with the police to have the place "pulled" when he gave the word—for his hold on the city government was still strong. I understood now why Coralie had kept me waiting at the Whitings'. Coralie had been telephoning to Lawler. Her story ought to have made me suspicious, but because my mind was on other things I was led as a sheep to the slaughter.

Arraigned before the lieutenant, I could not control my wrath.

"It's a frame-up!" I shouted. "You know me, officer. I demand the arrest of that woman and my immediate discharge." I pointed to Coralie de Bar, who stood, apparently a woebegone figure, one hand stuck viciously in the pocket of her jacket, the other holding her hat, which she had not fastened on her head. I remember telling myself that the stage had lost a splendid actress in this red-lipped destroyer of human happiness.

But the lieutenant had no sympathy for my position.

"Tell it to the judge in the morning," he said. And I was hustled to the lockup.

It was through Lawler's influence I was freed. He came to condole with me; said it was all a mistake and promised to fix it with the magistrate. I had never seen him so oily. I hated him then, hated him as I never thought I should hate the friend of my youth.

In the morning I was released, and told that Miss de Bar would not prosecute the charge. I had my freedom, but it meant nothing to me. The papers had the full story, and I knew I could not stamp out the lie in many years, if ever. I hastened home; Josephine would stand by me—and God knows I needed her comfort. But Josephine was not there. She had left a note for me. There is no need to give it here. It was the kind of note that breeds murder in a

man's soul; and if Lawler had been in the room, I would have killed him with my bare hands. He had done his work well—so well that my wife believed I was a villain, and had left me. He had sworn revenge, and well had he kept his word.

It was a pathetic letter, telling me that she had no words of censure for me, that her happiness was ended. She had gone South to her mother's home,



"She sent you to me? Man, man, do you know what you are saying?"

and begged me to make no attempt to see her again.

My first impulse was to rush South, to force her to realize that it was a plant of Lawler's to ruin me. But calmer reasoning assured me that I would gain nothing by impetuosity. For a day or two I shut myself from my friends and did a little stealthy detective work. Among other things, I found a couple of letters purporting to have been written to me by Coralie. One of them told me that she was

"a good woman" and "would not entertain the thought of advances from a married man." The other threatened to inform my wife that I was making love to Coralie. The maid—who had disappeared—had probably been bought by Lawler and had placed the letters where Josephine was sure to find them. They had had much to do with the credence Josephine gave to the story of my escapade in the Lamont Street house.

I found other threads that led straight to Lawler, and, instead of putting the evidence in the hands of the police, I took it upon myself to confront Lawler. I was determined that I would drag him to my wife and make him confess his villainy. I went to see him at his home. He was not there, but at his office, I was told. He had a suite of rooms in a downtown building. I went there and found him alone. Entering, I closed and locked the door and stood with my back against it. What I said to him I cannot recall. It was the kind of thing that blisters a man's tongue and incites to murder. Lawler was a coward, but my words bit into his heart. He yanked open the drawer of his desk and pulled out a pistol.

I was on him before he could aim it. It was a death struggle we had, each of us fighting for his life. In the *mêlée* the pistol exploded and Lawler crumpled up. Did I shoot him? I don't know. Probably. If I did, he deserved his fate. The pistol lay on the floor beside the dead man. I staggered to my feet and stared at one hand that stuck up strangely—the hand of fate. I backed away from it, backed out the door and fled.

In the eyes of the law I had become a murderer. How terrible was the gulf that now separated me from Josephine! Henceforth Roscoe Steele must be seen no more among his fellows. I went to Canada, drifted to Winnipeg, to Edmonton, to Athabasca Landing, to Fort MacMurray; traveled up through the Great Slave and the Great Bear country; and finally began life anew at Fort McPherson, a hundred miles south of the Arctic coast, under the name of Peter God.

I wrote to Josephine from there—sent her a map of the place. I had no reply. Years came and went—five of them. I gave little thought to their passing. I had lost all the joy of living.

My face unshaven, my hair matted, uncut, the Peter God I had become differed horribly from the well-groomed Roscoe Steele of five years ago.

I became a victim of that scourge of the wilderness—the smallpox. A red flag fluttered in front of my shack.

Then came Phillip Curtis—the man who was to bring me back my belief in humanity. A fine, sturdy fellow of about my own age, and a physician of considerable repute.

"Didn't they warn you not to come here—smallpox!" I shrieked at him.

He waved me to silence. "I'm a doctor," he said. Then suddenly: "Your name is Peter God?" I nodded. "Formerly known as Roscoe Steele," he went on, while I stared at him, wide-eyed. "I have been commissioned to deliver a letter to you. It is from your wife Josephine."

I sprang to him with a cry of joy, but he backed away. "First thing is to fix you up, to make you well—then the letter."

I was too weak to wrestle with him. "She sent you to me?" I asked him wonderingly. "Man, man, do you know what you are saying? Do you know what it means to me?" My heart was pounding painfully, my words came as a torrent.

"She sent me," he answered stolidly, tonelessly. "And her message was that she has learned that you were the victim of plotters and that if you want her she will come to you."

"If I want her!" I cried, in agony. "I have longed for her with a longing that tortures. In the solitudes, her face was ever before me. Waking and sleeping——" I broke off and laughed hysterically. "Of course, you can't understand," I said.

"On the contrary"—his voice was trembling—"I know how you feel—I have been in love with Josephine myself."

I stepped close to him and looked into

his eyes. He gave me stare for stare and added quietly: "It was a hopeless love. Her heart was given to you long ago, and it is still yours. When she found that she had been wrong in believing you faithless, she begged me to come to you and seek your forgiveness.

were moist as I strove to thank him. But he would talk no more. "I've got to save your life for her," he said, and set to work with his medicines.

For a day or two I lay only semi-conscious. And then a feeling of health took possession of me. Doctor Phillip

Curtis had put new life into me, and I felt it coursing through my veins. His medical skill and the dear letter he had brought from Josephine had snatched me back from the brink of the grave.

Then, on top of my new-found happiness, as I was convalescing, came Josephine herself. She had made the long trek with the assistance of two breeds.

As she ran into my arms and kissed my bearded lips, the world was blotted out, and with it the memory of five years of bitterness.

It was fate that had taken a hand in our reconciliation. A railroad collision had occurred near Josephine's home in the South. She had gone to help, and one of the victims of the disaster was Coralie de Bar. The Frenchwoman was dying, but as she

looked into Josephine's eyes and recognized her, the burden of her guilt was more than she could bear, and she told her story—much the same story as I had surmised it. She had plotted my ruin because I had ruined the one man she had loved. She confessed that she had written letters incriminating me and had arranged with the maid to produce these letters at the time they would



"God bless you both."

I loved her, but I came to bring you back to her."

I stared at him, trying vainly to comprehend his greatness of soul. "You loved her, and yet came here for me!" I kept repeating.

"I did it because her happiness is of more concern to me than anything else in the world."

There was nobility for you! My eyes

do the most harm. As I had guessed, she had helped engineer the scheme to get me to the Lamont Street house, and had telephoned to Lawler just before we had left the Whitings in my car. The whole horrible business was laid bare, and the distracted woman died with a prayer for forgiveness on her lips.

"And gladly I forgave her," added my wife, nestling closer in my arms, "for I felt in my heart that you and I would come together again. I sent Phillip to you—good, faithful Phillip,

who has been my best friend since you went away. But when he had gone I felt that I must come to you myself. And here I am. Are you glad I came?"

"Glad!" I cried, and for answer I crushed her to my breast.

Josephine stands over me as I finish this narrative. She bends over my shoulder to whisper:

"Dear, why don't you set down Phillip's last words to us?"

Right willingly I obey. They were: "God bless you both!"



IN THE DARK

By Everett Leighton

HER little, soft fingers lie close against mine
 As we sit in the odd-numbered chairs.
 I occupy 7 and she snuggles in 9—
 But I try to forget love affairs.

I struggle with conscience, and try to think right
 As we sit in the odd-numbered chairs.
 I know that my heart is a heart full of fright—
 Yet my tongue is a tongue full of dares.

The reel flickers on, and the figures dance through,
 As we sit in the odd-numbered chairs.
 At last "Intermission," a chance to see who
 Thrills my soul while the lantern shaft flares.

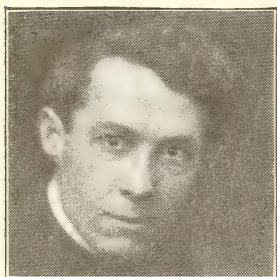
The little, soft fingers I venture to press,
 As we sit in the odd-numbered chairs.
 "You wretch!" comes from 9; and from 7, "Heaven bless!"
 'Tis my wife! Oh, ye gods, hear my prayers!"



MYRTLE
STEDMAN, Pal-
las, started her
career when a
child, as solo
dancer with
the Whitney
Opera Com-
pany, in Chicago.

Before the Stars Shone *By* Al Ray

Later, Myrtle joined the chorus.



HENRY WALTHALL, Essanay star extraordinary, was always determined to go on the stage, even when he lived on a cotton plantation in Alabama, where he never had a chance to see a show. He broached the subject to his mother, but she made him promise that he would not act as long as she was alive. However, after she had died, Henry went to New York with a letter of introduction to the manager of the Murray Hill Stock Company, and was given a position.



BESSIE LOVE, Fine Arts, started right at the top of the ladder. Mamma Love just took her daughter straight up to D. W. Griffith and asked him to put Bessie in the "movies." The master mind of the films liked Bessie's type so well that he followed her mother's advice and put her to work playing the lead in "The Flying Torpedo." Since then, little Bessie has been climbing the rocky road to fame with a rapidity that is more than amazing.



ART ACORD, Mustang, better known to screen patrons as "Buck Parvin," began his professional career as a dare-devil rider with a troupe of cowboys that toured the country, playing in all small towns. He was brought up on a ranch and won prize after prize for all kinds of riding, until his name on the list of competitors would scare the other opponents off. Later he was offered a position with the Mustang Company, and he accepted.



LOUISE FAZENDA, Keystone, who reluctantly admits that twenty summers have passed her by, went to school until she was fifteen, and then, getting the stage bee, as most every one does, joined a dramatic stock company that was visiting her home town. She was so full of tricks and made so much fun of things, however, that the manager decided she was not cut out to be a dramatic artiste, and gave her the usual notice. Soon after that, she signed with Universal.

Telling what popular players did prior to becoming screen favorites . .

game doing a song and dance in "Poets and Puppets."

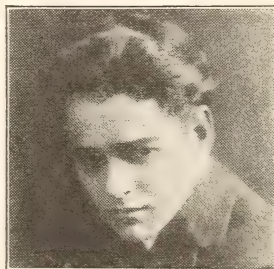
WINIFRED GREENWOOD, American-Mutual, made her stage début in "Zigzag Alley" at the New York Theater. The next year, she appeared in "Babes in Toyland," and after this engagement she gave up musical comedy for the legitimate and stock companies. She decided to try pictures, thinking that there was a great future in the moving-picture business, and never went back to the stage. She has been playing leads for the American for some years.

WEBSTER CAMPBELL, Vitagraph, left college bound to be an actor. He obtained a position with a stock company because of his good looks, and received the magnificent sum of eight dollars a week—some weeks! However, he was contented, so long as he was getting the experience. When he thought he had gotten enough of that, he found himself a job with another company at an increase in salary. Gradually he worked himself up to where he is to-day.

HELEN HOLMES, Signal, got her daring spirit from spending a year in the desert with no other companion than her brother. She was an artist's model in Chicago before this. After her desert tour, she landed at the Kalem studios on the coast and asked Director McGowan for a position. She told him that she was willing to take chances in the films no other girl would. This statement appealed to McGowan, and after a trial she was placed in stock.

LEE MORAN, Nestor, wants every one to know that he was born in Chicago and is Irish. He went to college, but decided that he was cut out to be an actor, and accordingly left the dear old college joys to go on the stage. His first part was in "The Prince of Tonight," and the next season was playing male lead in "The Girl in the Kimono." Then followed several vaudeville engagements, after which he heard the camera calling him, and became a Nestorite.

THOMAS H. INCE, Kay-Bee director general, second only to Griffith as a producer, started in the



Out of the Range of



Frank Daniels, alias "Mr. Jack," far prefers his porch hammock and a book to working in the studio. To be sure that his rest is not disturbed, his sharp-toothed bull dog stands guard.



Marguerite Courtot became so popular in Jacksonville that they even named ice-cream sodas for her. Here we see dainty Marguerite spending her spare time—and money—treating sister Juliette.



Irene Hunt is versatile, if nothing else. Of course you know that she can act, write scenarios, and even help the director at times. But seeing her behind the clicking camera is something new. That is where we found her recently.

Sydney Mason, Gaumont's leading man, plays hide-and-seek with his directors as often as possible. Here we see him driving "Old Ironsides," his favorite steed, through the sleepy streets of Jacksonville. The poor mule looks tired now, but just think how lucky he is that his passenger is not Roscoe Arbuckle!



the Clicking Camera



For almost the first time in his eventful career we present Mack Swain, the "Ambrose" of Keystone funny-films, sans make-up. To make it even better, Louise Fazenda is presenting him with a rose from her own gardens.

When Mae Marsh works overtime at the studio she just laughs at the alarm clock the next morning and naps 'way late, but her time seems to be so valuable that she is even photographed asleep.



Al St. John and Joe Bordeaux, two of the Keystone knockabout comedians, showing Al Ray, Vim's boy author-actor-director, how a comedy should be produced. Apparently, Ray doesn't agree with them. Of course they are not really choking the defenseless youth, but think how easy it would be if they wanted to!



On this side of the page we have director Eddie Dillon and his special pet "Don Quixote," after whom a feature picture-play was named. How many dogs are so fortunate?

Not In The Cast

by
H. Bedford Jones



CHAPTER I.

GRIGGS, of the Greatorex, sat in his room at the Monteleone Hotel, and cursed—cursed the Greatorex scenario department, the Greatorex All-Star Company, Louisiana in general, New Orleans in especial, and his unhappy director's luck in particular.

"What in perdition do they think I am?" he raved at Lawrence, his camera man and factotum on this expedition into the wilds of the sunny South. "I have to rewrite scenarios, act as advance agent, find a place to produce this cursed six-reeler, look up supes, attend to props—damn it all, am I a director or a messenger boy?"

"Search me," grinned Lawrence, who was so eminent a star in his own chosen field that he could afford to be amused even by the great Griggs. "What you kickin' about? You come back yesterday, sayin' you'd found the greatest place ever was. Reg'lar old-time Southern mansion, rosewood furniture, niggers hangin' on the fences——"

"Yes, and nobody home!" glared Griggs, and swore again. "That old

coon butler, Uncle Enos, he called himself, said that Marse Jules Gremillion was done gone huntin' down de bayou, but he'd sho come to see me this mornin'——"

"You ought to tackle character parts, Griggs," and Lawrence assumed a critical air. Then he bounced out of his chair as the telephone tinkled, and caught up the receiver.

"Hello! Yes, this is Mr. Griggs' room. Who? Just a minute." Clapping his hand over the mouthpiece, Lawrence turned. "Guy downstairs named Darrow askin' for you. Says he come from that place you looked up—that Gremillion place——"

"Send him up! Send him up!" howled Griggs. "Good Lord, can't you do a thing——"

Lawrence grinned anew, and ordered Mr. Darrow brought up to the room.

There was some excuse for the ill temper of the greatest director in the business. He had been sent to New Orleans to produce a six-reeler which must be put on from start to finish in Louisiana, since it included scenes in New Orleans, an old-fashioned plan-

tation house which must be the real article, bayous, negroes, and the Spanish moss of Louisiana—and there were but a part of the natural “props” which must be located. There was absolutely no hope that the thing could be done in Los Angeles; not, at least, in the style of Griggs, of the Greatorex.

Having come ahead to find the right place, Griggs had spent a week in driving and motoring and railroading, then had found it in Cypremort Island, on the Gulf. But he had failed to find the owner of the place.

Further, the All-Stars had been delayed two days by the Arizona floods, and would not arrive until the evening following. Then Griggs had discovered inconsistencies in the scenario, and was obliged to revamp it. All in all, Darrow's entrance was staged at a most inauspicious moment, it seemed.

Sun-browned, lithe, slightly under six feet, Darrow was not particularly handsome; in fact, he was not at all handsome, from a picture standpoint. His square jaw, humorous and yet steely blue eyes, and too-determined mouth were not designed for languishing glances and softly sighing airs.

“One moment!” As he entered, he held up one hand in admonishment, crossed the room swiftly without noticing the two men, and flung up one of the windows. He stood there, his head cocked in a listening attitude.

From the street cañon far below, the sound of a swift-banging gong pierced the citified noises. The gong lessened and died away. Darrow straightened up and turned with a quick smile.

“It's all right—I was a bit afraid they might trace me here.”

“Eh?” demanded the amazed Griggs. “Who?”

“The police.” Darrow put out his hand. “You're Griggs? Good! Glad to meet you. I'm Darrow, Cypremort—Prosper Darrow, at your service. I was in the city to-day, and my uncle,

Jules Gremillion, wired me to see you about leasing the property——”

“Thank the Lord that luck's busting my way at last!” ejaculated Griggs fervently. “Here, sit down—have a cigar! What's all this about the police?”

Beneath the nervous, irritable demeanor of the famous director, Darrow sensed the man's fiery energy. Also, he liked the looks of this alert and capable Lawrence, to whom Griggs introduced him.

“Nothing much,” he observed, nodding his thanks for a cigar. “I met a couple of gentlemen out in front who'd had a bit too much to drink. At least, one of them had. He took the liberty of inventing a pedigree for me, so I threw him at his friend and left 'em to fight it out. The cops grabbed them both, I imagine—one of 'em's a State legislator, so they'll not suffer. Well, I'm ready to talk business with you.”

Lawrence started to speak, but checked himself; Griggs stared at his visitor.

“Purple persimmons!” gasped the director. “Won't they arrest you?”

“Probably—unless I get back to Cypremort on the noon train.” Darrow smiled coolly. “In that case, I'll not be found, and my friend the legislator won't give away my location for excellent reasons of his own. Now, then, about the plantation. My uncle leaves to-day for a trip to Cuba and Trinidad, and he's turned over the place to me for disposition. How long do you wish to use Cypremort? A month?”

“More'n that, maybe,” and Griggs eyed his amazing visitor. “That darky butler of yours was telling me about the family—creole, isn't it?”

Darrow nodded. “My uncle is, of course; most of our old families down that way are of French stock. But my father was a Northerner. I've lived down here most of my life, and perhaps I can be of some service in steer-

ing you folks around. Now, just what would you want to use?"

"Everything. The place is magnificent!" averred Griggs. "I'd want to use the house and grounds, go up the bayous for a dozen scenes, rig up an outdoor studio so we could use your furniture—everything! Cypremort is the kind of place a director longs to have at his disposal—sort of wishing dream, you know. What kind of a contract can we make? I'm limited in my expense account."

"The place won't cost you a cent, Mr. Griggs. There would only be one condition attached to your use of it."

Despite himself, Griggs could not conceal his unholy glee.

"Oh, certainly, Darrow! We'll make good any damage that's done——"

"You misunderstand." Darrow's blue eyes were unpleasantly steady now.

"Eh? Well, what's the condition?" demanded Griggs, taken aback.

"You couldn't replace anything in that house, Mr. Griggs—most of it dates back more than a century. The condition is that you and your company come there, use the place as you choose, as my guests, and guarantee to remain for the space of one month at least. A gentleman's agreement entirely, of course."

"Purple persimmons!" murmured Griggs feebly, leaning back in his chair. "Are you in earnest?"

"I'll be honored by such guests," smiled Darrow. "Cypremort is lonely."

The director inwardly observed that he would be eternally ding-donged to perdition, and tried to collect his whirling brain. He had visions of a lopped expense account—hotel bills, meals, transportation—but much more than this, a month's free rein to work with such properties as are only found in a good director's dream of paradise.

"You—you have room for eight of us?" he queried.

"Room for eighteen," was the prompt answer.

Griggs flung up his hands. "I'll take you, Darrow. Er—I wish we could do something to show our appreciation——"

"Oh, the chance may come," and again Darrow's strong lips curved in a smile, although his blue eyes were steely. "When may I expect you, then?"

"Not for three days! The company won't reach here till to-morrow evening. When are you going back—noon train, you said? I wonder if Lawrence couldn't go down with you and get to work at the outdoor studio?"

"I'll be delighted!" Darrow rose. "Couldn't you come, too?"

"Nothing doing! I'm the Greatorex pack mule. Thanks, though. Lawrence, get your grip and toddle along. Have that studio ready for us, or I'll flay you alive!"

Ten minutes later, Darrow and Lawrence were sitting in a taxi on their way to the railroad station. The more Lawrence eyed his companion's firm, serenely strong face, which at times seemed all agleam with humor and at other times seemed hard as rock, the more he wished that he had seen Darrow at Cypremort throw the two inebriated gentlemen together. But Lawrence little dreamed what lay ahead.

CHAPTER II.

"What makes a houn' pup allus snap at yo' nose, huh? Yas, suh, even if he's yo' bestest friend, he'll sho snap at yo' nose less'n yo' puts it right smart close——"

"Huh! Houn' pups never snaps at my nose! Dis niggah ain't fool 'nough——"

"Here, you!" From the windows of the pilot house overhanging the wharf protruded a great, leonine torso, and at the leonine roar the two deck hands

of the *Islander* sprang to work. "Get that firewood toted aboard, yo' lazy niggahs! Jump to it!"

Grumbling, Captain Dolly Campbell leaned back on his cushioned seat behind the wheel of the tiny steamer. Within reach of his left hand leaned a crutch, and on the seat under his right hand was a cocked rifle. Standing in the port doorway of the wheelhouse was an ancient, wrinkled, white-headed negro, who watched the shore with anxious eyes.

"Mister Cap'n," said the old negro, "does yo'-all reckon Mr. Prosper is done comin' to-night, sho?"

Campbell nodded, glancing at a yellow slip on the wall. His rugged, powerful face held a strange hint of refinement, as did his mellow, bass voice.

"He sho is, Uncle Enos, unless the telegram lies. There's the train comin' in now. Say, did Mr. Gremillion go?"

"He sho did, Mr. Cap'n. He tooken de big launch an' tole me he was goin' square to New Orleans. Po' Marse Jules! Dish yer debbil works sho has aged him a heap—oh, lordy! He's a-comin', Mr. Cap'n!"

"Who?" queried Campbell, reaching for his rifle.

"Sundown, suh."

It was uncertain to what Uncle Enos referred, since the sun was just setting; but Campbell threw up his rifle in grim silence. A moment later a small launch glided up to the wharf, just ahead of the *Islander*, and a man leaped out. He hitched his painter and walked up toward the railroad station, where the wheezy train was rocking in among the vivid blue and red and green houses of the settlement.

"Go on up an' meet Darrow, Uncle Enos," commanded Campbell.

"Why, suh, I—I don't guess my rheumatiz is goin' to let me walk, suh," faltered the old negro. "I sho has a right queer feelin' to my stomach, suh——"

"Go an' meet him!" thundered Campbell. "If Sundown Stagg bothers you, I'll put a bullet into him! Move along now—up center with yo'!"

Uncle Enos shakily climbed down to the wharf and advanced toward the station. Campbell ordered his deck hands to get out the lights, for evening would fast be upon them.

Thus, as Darrow ushered Lawrence into the little town of Fenris, which connected by an inlet with the Gulf, they found Uncle Enos greeting them with eager appeals to hurry "an' get abo'd de boat." Introducing Lawrence, Darrow smiled at the old negro.

"What's the rush, Uncle Enos?" I see Captain Campbell is here to meet me——"

"So'm I, Darrow," cut in a voice. "I'm right glad to see yo'-all, too!"

Darrow turned, and a groan broke from Uncle Enos. Standing watching the three was a man who stood out from the crowd of Chinese, Filipinos, and negro fishermen with remarkable prominence. He was a huge man, crowned with a shock of red hair, beneath which glowed the glinting eyes and swarthy features of a half-breed.

"Oh, it's you, Sundown!" Darrow's face hardened. His blue eyes bit out like bright steel. "Well?"

"I reckon there ain't much to say," drawled Sundown Stagg. The crowd seemed to have suddenly melted away, leaving the four standing in a wide-open space at the wharf head. "I give yo'-all warnin' to keep away from here, didn't I?"

"Well?" snapped Darrow again.

"Yo'd better climb aboard that train an' skip, pronto," drawled Stagg, hands in his ragged coat pockets. "What you aim to do? Speak quick!"

Darrow hesitated. Then into the silence boomed a leonine roar from the *Islander*.

"You, Sundown! Hoist them hands

from yo' pockets—quick! I got yo' covered!"

The swarthy face of Stagg contracted in a sneer, but he unpocketed his hands. Then Darrow spoke:

"Here's my answer, Stagg. Guard yourself, you hound!"

His right shot forward, and took the half-breed in the mouth. Sundown spat an oath, struck back, and rushed; Darrow met the rush squarely, slammed right and left into the scowling face, clinched, put out his foot, and threw Stagg backward from the wharf into the shallow water under a row of shrimp-drying platforms.

"Get aboard!" Darrow turned to the gaping Lawrence and wiped blood from a cut lip. "Hurry! Get aboard before he can use his guns——"

He grasped the arm of Lawrence and hurried him along the wharf. Ahead of them, Uncle Enos was toddling at a rapid pace, a suit case in either hand. They came to the *Islander* and stepped aboard, Darrow nodding to the negro deck hands. From a cubby-hole amidships protruded the head of the negro engineer, but it vanished suddenly at a roar from above.

"Off with them lines!"

"Say, what's all this mean?" demanded Lawrence, as the boat began to move.

"Tell you later. Come on!"

Darrow led the way up the ladder and entered the wheelhouse, the camera man after him. The *Islander* was circling out, and behind her on the wharf the figure of Sundown Stagg was being dragged to safety by a crowd of Chinese shrimpers.

"Cunnel Moberly, suh, yo' health!" exclaimed Campbell, taking one hand from the wheel and extending it to Darrow grandiloquently. "It gives me pleasure, suh——"

"I greet you, Colonel Preston, suh," and Darrow laughed. "Here, Lawrence! Shake hands with Captain

Campbell, once a leading star of the American stage."

Poor Lawrence obeyed, very much bewildered.

"Hardly a star, suh," declaimed Campbell, twirling the wheel with his left hand and glancing down at the crutch which supported him. "I may claim to have played, suh, with many great men—you may have heard, suh, of Adolphus Campbell, whose virtuosity has been said to have been best displayed in the immortal drama of 'Alabama'?"

Lawrence glanced at Darrow, in such absolute helplessness that Darrow roared.

"Hold on, Dolly—our friend Lawrence has been outspeeded a little. Lawrence, Dolly Campbell was once a great actor, master of everything from the character of Colonel Preston in 'Alabama' to Shakespearean rôles. Owing to an unfortunate accident, his left leg was crippled by varicose veins some years ago, since which time he has been running this craft from Fenris to nearby bayou and inlet points."

"Yes," nodded Campbell, "I gain me a modest competence in such manner, suh. After all, Mr. Lawrence, I do but that which best becomes a man, in the words of Shakespeare."

The camera man began to comprehend at last. As the *Islander* struck out across the sunset-reddened waters of the inlet, her wood-burning engines chugging and churning, the keen eyes of Lawrence gleamed with belated understanding.

"Say, you've been springing surprises on me right along," he observed dryly. "But I get this one. Cap'n Campbell is an old legit star, eh?"

"Something of the sort," and Darrow turned to Campbell with a frown. "Dolly, I met Castine in New Orleans this morning. One of Stagg's Frenchmen was with him. I had to chuck 'em both into Royal Street. By the way,

you'd better strike Griggs for a job in heavy parts. He might be glad to use you—eh, Lawrence?"

"I reckon not, suh," but Campbell's leonine features looked a trifle wistful. "I was ten years, suh, working my way from the bottom of the ladder in legitimate endeavor. Too old to change now—take me too long."

"I don't know, cap," returned Lawrence. "It don't take any ten years to work into star leads now. Look at Marian Robson, our leadin' lady! Only out o' college a year, an' drawin' down fifteen thousand salary!"

At this, it was the turn of Campbell to gasp. For the remainder of the trip he listened with avid interest while Lawrence discoursed on the moving-picture industry in general, and Greatorex films in particular. No more being said about Castine or Sundown Stagg, Lawrence did not recur to the subject. He was extremely wise in his generation.

After an hour's trip, the *Islander* drew into Cypremort landing, denoted by a flaring flambeau tended by two darkies. The boat merely drew in at the dock, her three passengers stepped off, and she drew away again.

"See you to-morrow!" roared Campbell in farewell. "Good night!"

Uncle Enos and the other darkies speeding ahead, Darrow and Lawrence walked up toward the old plantation house, which was lighted up to welcome them.

As he gazed at the house amid its dark gardens and giant trees, Darrow thrilled to the romantic beauty of it. Every one of those high, white columns had a history, each piece of that priceless rosewood furniture and ancient tapestries, had its own story. For the Gremillions had come to Louisiana with Iberville, and Cypremort was old when Lafitte was born; and he, Prosper Darrow, was the last of the Gremillions, his

Uncle Jules being an old man, and childless.

"This place is a dream—a dream!" said Lawrence softly, pausing on the wide steps and gazing through the open doorway at the candle-lighted rooms within. "No wonder Griggs was wild about it!"

"Yo' come right in, ge'men." Uncle Enos turned toward them. "If dem slue-footed niggahs ain't done got dinner ready, I'm goin' fluctuate 'em, sho'! Here, Mr. Lawrence, let me rest yo' hat an' coat, suh."

Dinner was ready and waiting. Darrow and Lawrence dined in a high-wainscoted room bedecked with Gobelins and royal silver, then adjourned to enjoy coffee and cigars before a mammoth fireplace in the library. As they became better acquainted, Darrow found his guest to be shrewd, well-poised, alert—and able to keep silence. Lawrence knew everything about the moving-picture business, but that was not all he knew.

"I've been living here for three years now," said Darrow reflectively, gazing at the ashed tip of his cigar, "running the rice plantation for my uncle, who's away most of the time. It gets lonely—the only other plantations in the neighborhood are run by a big company up North, or by absentee owners. Glad your crowd is coming, Lawrence."

"So is Griggs," chuckled the camera man. Darrow smiled grimly.

"I'm particularly glad that you came down alone with me. Want to know about this Sundown Stagg person?"

"Whatever you happen to be tellin'," responded the other, with elaborate carelessness.

"I'm telling all of it." Darrow's eyes bit out suddenly. "A week ago I found two of Sundown's men lashing a darky, back in the rice fields. I kicked 'em out. Stagg had the impudence to come here and demand reparation for the damage I did to his thugs. My uncle

tried to kick *him* out, but failed, and I finished the job. So Stagg served notice on us to quit the parish. My uncle quit. I'm here."

Lawrence puffed at his cigar for a moment. Evidently this Darrow was a man who did things and stood not upon the order of the doing.

"What's bad enough about this Sundown guy to make your uncle quit?"

"He has a gang of thieves, river pirates, and general ruffians at a place called Carencro, up one of the bayous. A tough joint. Most of his men are half-breeds like himself—French and Spanish. They're the type of man who enjoy being desperadoes and bullies while it can be done with safety. And it can here, this district being largely swamp land and much cut up by bayous and creeks, besides being inhabited by white, yellow, and tan and black men. It's a grand place for criminals to hide out."

"Huh! Got a sheriff in this county?"

"Parish, you mean. Sure. But the sheriff doesn't bother Sundown Stagg. One reason is that Stagg is too slick to be caught at any rough work. Another is that Henri Castine is the man behind Stagg, and Castine is in the legislature. Further, Castine is anxious to buy Cypremort at a low figure."

Lawrence grunted comprehension. "He's a creole? Got nigger blood?"

"Go slow on that talk." Darrow frowned. "Creoles have nothing but the best of French blood, Lawrence —"

"Oh, say, I wasn't thinkin' of you!" stammered the other in confusion.

"I know it, old man. But creoles are mighty touchy, so be careful. Up North we talk about creoles as if they were half-breeds, but you can't make that mistake in these parts—and make it twice. Well, are you behind the scenes on Sundown Stagg?"

"Uh-huh. I get you." Lawrence was still red with mortification. "This

guy Castine wants to run you out so's he can buy in this plantation, eh? Well, what can Stagg do?"

Darrow stared at the burning logs, his brown, rugged face hard set.

"He will do nothing, if I can help it," was his slow response. "But he'll play Castine's game to a finish. That's why I jumped at the chance to get your crowd down here, Lawrence. That's why I'm telling you the whole thing in confidence. Don't tell Griggs unless you have to, of course."

Lawrence nodded and looked at Darrow with a sudden warmth in his eyes.

"I—say, I don't want to horn in, but can I do anything?"

"I was wishing you'd make the offer," returned Darrow gravely. "I wished for that when I met you this morning, Lawrence. Stagg may spring anything on me—I simply have to wait for him to strike, then I can strike back. But if, as I think, you're looking for action, I'll guarantee that you'll get it."

Lawrence chuckled suddenly. "Do you know, Darrow, I thought at first you were a fan who wanted to get your mug on the screen; then I thought that maybe you were a Northerner in bad with the natives of the sunny South; but this—why, say! Action is my middle name! This is great! Shake!"

CHAPTER III.

"Glee-ory! I can just see a fade-out of Miss Robson standin' in that front doorway o' yours——"

"Miss Robson? Your leading lady, eh? What's she like?" queried Darrow.

"Oh, judge for yourself!" and Lawrence grinned. "Out o' Vassar a year, and a star already. Can you beat it?"

Darrow's teeth clamped down on his pipestem. "Huh! Some doll-faced ingénue with languishing eyes and a weak chin!"

The camera man did not respond, but tipped Captain Campbell a sly wink.

And Dolly, although ignorant of the joke, winked back.

The three were standing in the pilot house of the *Islander*, which was heading in for the Fenris wharf to meet the noon train; to meet, also, Griggs and the Greatorex All-Stars. Campbell, being under charter for the day, had abandoned his usual habit of stopping for freight or passengers at the plantation landings along the inlet.

In the two and a half days that had elapsed since Lawrence had arrived at Cypremort, he had accomplished much. His chief labor had been spent upon the construction of an open-air interior "set," where the magnificent furnishings of Cypremort could be used to the best advantage for the interior scenes.

"It is a great pity, Mr. Lawrence, suh," observed Campbell, as the *Islander* drew in to the wharf at Fenris, "that Mr. Darrow cannot be prevailed upon to take up the stage as a profession. Why, suh, he would make your bunch of one-night birds look like picked crows! Such a carriage, suh! Such ease of gestures and elegance, suh——"

"Stow that tommyrot and mind your helm!" snapped Darrow, as Lawrence grinned. "I see your friend Sundown, standing beside his launch—come on below, Lawrence."

The two descended to the lower deck and stepped ashore as the boat scraped against the spiles. A few yards farther on, Sundown Stagg was standing beside his own craft, eying them in a negligent attitude. Darrow advanced straight to the shock-headed man.

"Well?" he demanded curtly. "Looking for me again?"

Sundown cocked one eye toward the wheelhouse of the *Islander*, whence protruded a rifle barrel and a leonine head. Then he sent a flood of tobacco juice into the water and favored the two with a sour grin.

"I reckon not." His rejoinder was

delivered with exasperating coolness. "Not to-day. Got mo' impo'tant business on hand."

Darrow strode on past him, without reply. Inwardly he wondered why Stagg was remaining here on the wharf instead of advancing to the station, where the train was even then pulling in with agonizing whistlings.

"Sundown seems to have had an eclipse," chuckled Lawrence. "S'pose his gang is layin' for us?"

"Not here," dissented Darrow. "It's too public—— Hello—there's Griggs!"

Griggs it was, indeed; and behind Griggs five other members of the Greatorex All-Stars were pouring down to the station platform. Darrow was hailed with a shout of delight, and was introduced to Bowman, the heavy; Elsie Winkle, soubrette; Oscar Hildren, the famous star; and the two inimitable character portrayers, James W. Hazen and Flora Meigs, the last named being an elderly lady who bore a parrot in a cage and spoke with just the slightest touch of Scandinavian accent. So did the parrot.

Lawrence took charge of them and led them off toward the wharf. Then Griggs turned to the car steps.

"Ah, here's Miss Robson! Miss Robson, may I introduce our host, Mr. Prosper Darrow—why, what's the matter, man?"

For Darrow was gazing upward—not at the leading lady, but at a trim, smiling, handsome man who was handing her from the car platform to the steps; and of a sudden Darrow's face was stony, his blue eyes storm-clouded.

At Griggs' words, however, the look vanished. He bowed, and for the first time met the gaze of Marian Robson. So direct, so disconcerting, so bewilderingly feminine were the puzzled gray eyes of the girl, that Darrow was startled.

"I was quite astonished!" he said, taking Miss Robson's extended hand

and assisting her to descend. "I had not known that an actress could be so beautiful, save on the stage. Evidently I must reconstruct my fancies of the profession!"

"Thank you, Mr. Darrow. I'm sure we're all perfectly wild to see your wonderful place—I don't know when Mr. Griggs has been so enthusiastic over anything! It seems like an imposition for us to come here and make capital out of——"

"A lifetime of such impositions would leave nothing to be desired from paradise," said Darrow gravely. Griggs cut in with swift impatience.

"Here, Darrow—shake hands with Mr. Castine—maybe you know him already? Rode down with us, knows this country—I've asked him to come with us to Cypremort for a few days, if you don't mind. Castine is a whole lot interested in the pictures——"

The voice of Griggs died an unnatural death.

Tight-lipped, steely of eye, Darrow was gazing up at Henri Castine; and Castine, suavely smiling, but with a slumbering devil behind the depths of his keen black eyes, was gazing down at Darrow of Cypremort.

"Certainly we know each other, Mr. Griggs," said Castine, his voice liquid and musical. "I'm sure Mr. Darrow will not mind my joining the party."

Darrow did not reply for a moment. Then his voice leaped out with sudden irony.

"So you're interested in the pictures, Castine? How nice! Yes, we're all going up on Captain Campbell's boat—delighted to have you, of course! You know Captain Campbell, don't you? Perhaps you expected to meet him? Or were you looking for Sundown Stag?"

Griggs was by no means blind. He noted the clenched gaze of the two men, he noted how the crowd of Chinese and fishermen had mysteriously evaporated

at sight of Castine, and he mopped frantically at his streaming brow.

"Purple persimmons!" he murmured, in a strained aside to Miss Robson. "My intentions always seem destined to make paving stones for Sheol! Put my foot in it—as usual!"

Darrow's words seemed to convey a subtle hint, or else Mr. Castine had private reasons for not wishing to make the trip with Campbell. At any rate, Castine descended from the car steps and removed his silk hat, with a courtly bow to Miss Robson.

"Ah, I was not aware that Mr. Stag was here to meet me!" he observed blandly. "Pray, let me promise myself the pleasure, ma'am, of calling upon your charming picture company in a few days—yes, Mr. Griggs? Perhaps it is best, after all, to give you all a little time to get settled and in working shape. Miss Robson, your servant, ma'am! And yours, Mr. Griggs! I trust that we may all meet before very long—until when, Mr. Darrow, your servant, sir!"

"Oh, I'm always at your disposal," returned Darrow dryly. He turned away. "Come, if you please, Miss Robson—luncheon will be waiting for all of you at the island, and we have an hour's trip ahead of us. Get your baggage together, Griggs, and I'll send up the deck hands after it."

Castine's eyes followed them down the wharf, and he made a gesture which brought Sundown Stag sauntering toward him.

Reaching the *Islander*, Darrow sent the negroes to fetch the trunks and piloted Miss Robson to the tiny ladies' cabin, where he left her. For a moment he stood at the rail of the boat, his eyes on the station; but his thoughts were riotous.

So, Castine had seemed to have made quite a favorable impression on every one—even on Marian Robson! Castine was smooth, of course; a smooth law-

yer, a smooth politician, a smooth business man, who never let his right hand know what his left hand accomplished. He invariably made an agreeable impression.

Darrow was frankly taken aback by this leading lady. He had expected to find a simpering, affected girl; instead, he had met a woman, cool-eyed, capable, excellently poised——

"Say!" Hearing the voice of Lawrence, Darrow turned to see the camera man hastily approaching him, wearing a look of keen curiosity. "Elsie Winkle told me that a guy named Castine rode down with 'em—a reg'lar fashion plate. That wasn't your friend?"

"Same one." Darrow's eyes twinkled.

"Glee-ory! You didn't meet him?"

"Of course. He'll probably visit us at Cypremort—later."

Lawrence stared at him in blank wonder.

"Why—I thought——"

"Don't think," chuckled Darrow. "We're enemies, of course, but it isn't my play to be discourteous when Griggs invites any one to visit us. Besides, now that Castine is on the ground, I'll begin to watch out for deviltry. You'll see! Something will break loose in mighty short order, Lawrence."

Five minutes later, Stagg's launch circled out, Castine sitting in the stern and waving farewell to the Greatorex All-Stars. Captain Campbell listened to a low-voiced explanation from Darrow, and then chuckled to himself.

"I reckon Castine doesn't love me, suh," he murmured. "He gave some gin to my niggahs one night las' summer, and I put a bullet through his coat tails. No, suh, I don't guess the Honorable Henri Castine is pining to travel with old Dolly!"

"So that's it, eh?" queried Darrow. "You never told me you'd had a run-in with him."

"Lots o' things I never told you, Prosper. Well, we're off!"

As the *Islander* headed out into the open inlet and the cold Gulf breeze, the All-Stars sought the protection of the lower deck, and presently Griggs ascended to the wheelhouse, where Darrow sat behind the skipper.

"Purple persimmons!" ejaculated the director wrathily. "Darrow, why didn't you slip me a hint? I never meant to invite any one to your place whom you didn't like——"

"What's the matter?" inquired Darrow easily. "To what do you refer?"

"Why, that chap Castine, of course! If I'd dreamed you and he weren't friends——"

"We are friends, Griggs—dearly beloved friends," asserted Darrow, with an air of profound gravity. "I'll be perfectly charmed to have him at Cypremort, and the sooner the better. How did you get the idea that we weren't friends?"

He stared at Griggs, his blue eyes guileless and wondering. The perplexed director met the look, then turned away, with a snort.

"All right—confound you! But you know what I mean."

Campbell chuckled, as the figure of Griggs disappeared.

"I always said, suh, that you should take up the profession! Yes, suh!"

The *Islander* churned on her laborious way, and far ahead of her steamed a speedy launch with a red-thatched figure at the tiller, which turned off and vanished in the mouth of the bayou that threaded among the swamps—Carencro Bayou. Darrow did not see Miss Robson again until the party disembarked at Cypremort.

Luncheon was served under the live oaks, and, immediately it was over, Griggs flung himself into the work with savage energy.

Before dark, the "set" fashioned by Lawrence was stained into a fair representation of the wainscoted interior of the house itself, and two of the

massy silver candelabra were fastened through the thin boarding; Lawrence announced that his paraphernalia was in shape for immediate work, and, under the supervision of Uncle Enos and Aunt Alice, the guests of the house were installed in their respective rooms, Flora Meigs' parrot being hung in the rear gallery to the edification of the darkies. The parrot swore in a most accomplished manner, and did it, as Lawrence privately observed to Darrow, with a Scandinavian brogue. Miss Meigs, like Captain Campbell, was a graduate of the old school.

Early next morning Darrow was wakened by Uncle Enos.

"What's on your mind?" he inquired of the old negro.

"Well, suh, boss, dere's a white man waitin' downstairs to see you-all."

"A man to see me? This time of day?" Darrow's eyes widened. "Who is it?"

"He done come in a canoe, suh, and 'lowed he wanted to borrow a launch. I done told him dat we Gremillions didn't lend our launches, but he 'lowed maybe you-all would go wid him, 'count of five white men who come down de inlet huntin' rice birds, and one of dem done shot hisself last night, and de rest ain't got no gas'line——"

"Why the devil didn't you tell me at first?" Darrow cut in and sprang out of bed. "Here, get my corduroys and flannel shirt, then open up the boathouse and see that the *Macache* is filled up with gasoline. Run!"

Three minutes later, Darrow strode out on the back gallery of the house. Awaiting him was a stranger, evidently a creole fisherman or shrimper—small, black-eyed, crafty of face.

"What's this about a party of hunters in trouble?" said Darrow crisply, in the creole French patois of the district. "I'm Mr. Darrow."

"I am Jean Grojean, m'sieu," was the answer. Cap in hand, the fisherman told of having found, before dawn, five hunters on an island four miles out toward the mouth of the inlet; one of them had been accidentally shot, the others had run out of gasoline and could get nowhere with their launch. Grojean had hurried to find assistance.

Darrow led the way swiftly toward a small creek mouth, a hundred yards to the left of the house. Uncle Enos had already opened up a long shed, where lay three launches and several canoes and rowboats, and was even then pushing out the smallest launch, the *Macache*, to the landing stage.

"All right, uncle—give me an extra ten-gallon can of gasoline!" exclaimed Darrow, stepping into the boat. "Take the tiller, Grojean. Thanks, Uncle Enos—good-by!"

The motor of the launch turned over, thrummed out, and the craft sped from shore. Darrow was busily oiling up the engine, and could not see that Jean Grojean was eying his broad shoulders with a faint grin. Neither did he see that a figure stood on the wide upper gallery of the old house, gazing out across the waters at the new-risen sun—but perhaps he would not have recognized Marian Robson at the distance.

Two minutes later, Darrow straightened up and gazed ahead, shading his eyes against the sun glare on the water. An exclamation broke from him:

"Where are you heading, Grojean?"

"For Carencro, m'sieu," and he caught the creole's chuckle behind him. "Careful, m'sieu! It would pain me inexpressibly to do you any harm——"

Darrow turned, and gazed directly into the shining muzzle of a revolver that rested on the knee of the smiling Jean Grojean.

"Very neatly done, eh, m'sieu?"



Baby Jean Frazer, Selig's three-year-old star, evidently expects to become an animal player when she grows up.

THE presence of a little child in a melancholy picture play can be likened very much to an oasis on the desert or a flower in a sick room. The vision of the sweet-faced little kiddie will erase a great amount of the unpleasantness of the subject from your mind.

It is interesting to watch the different impressions acting in the pictures produces on different children. Most of them go in for the work for the pure enjoyment of it, and are as delightfully fresh and charming as they were before they started posing. A very small percentage of them become old-fashioned and spoiled, which is a pity, for it is not the fault of the kiddies—it is the well-meaning people who spoil them. However, the great majority, possibly ninety-nine and a fraction per cent, of the youthful screen stars are best described as "simply dear."

One of the cleverest children at-

tached to the Western studios is Baby Early, who has acted under the direction of Harry Mathews for years. Early, as every one calls her, is a trifle old-fashioned, but this, if anything, makes her more lovable; she is just a natural-born actress, and acts as much off stage as on. Many are the tales I could tell of this little darling. Here is one: Some time ago her aunt, Elsie Albert, took her to the photographers to have some pictures taken. Miss Albert had previously had some taken in the clinging robes of a vampire—a character she impersonated in one of her films. Imagine her surprise when little Baby Early spoke up and said: "Now, mister, I don't want my pictures tooked in baby clothes; I want to be dwessed snaky, like Aunt Elsie was!"

Kathie Fischer, niece of Margarita Fischer, is another exceptionally clever relative of a big star. She bids fair to be as clever as her aunt in time, and, by the way, she worships said aunt

above any one else. Kathie is a comedienne to her finger tips, and is a little actress who does not need much coaching. Both at work and at play the little tomboy is up to some kind of mischief. She will jerk the tablecloth off or hit some one with an orange or apple, and the next second have the most innocent expression on her face. Where she really belongs is with Keystone.

Among Kathie's best friends are numbered the Short children, Antrim and Gertrude. They come of a theatrical family, their parents being in the profession. Both children are very clever, indeed; Antrim recently being costarred in "The Flirt," one of the Smalley's latest offerings.

Then there is Billie Jacobs, that engaging tot who did such clever work with Ford Sterling. Billie, I believe, has made more money in the last two or three years than the average film player. Just a few weeks ago he bought himself a big touring car, and also pays a French chauffeur out of his own salary. Billie is playing with Lasky at present, his latest work having been done in "The Heart of Nora Flynn" with Marie Doro. It is an open secret on the coast that Marie is falling in love with this actor, even though she just has been married a few months. Her husband doesn't appear

to be jealous, however, for you must remember that Billie is just five!

Billie Jacobs, in addition to being a player of more than usual ability, is skilled in the technical side of picture making; an unusual type of knowledge that a child would not be expected to have. He can make up perfectly and requires the assistance of no older person. During the making of a scene in which he does not appear, he will stand on the side lines in the studio, close to the director, and, with one eye aslant, study the make-up of some new player doing his first "bit" in a picture. And, before you know it, he has cuddled up close to the director and warned him of a careless or inexperienced bit of make-up, which might, in the rush, get by, and into the film, necessitating a retake later on.

Another master, or, rather, mistress of make-up is Carmen Fay Derue, one of the dearest little fairies in the profession. Carmen is one of my "bestest sweethearts," and I take a great deal of interest in her welfare. She has done some splendid work in pictures already, and I can see her as a future Mary Fuller when she grows up, unless she deserts the world of shadows. If anything ever succeeds in winning Carmen away from the movies, it will probably be a typewriting machine. This mechanism seems to possess a



Two film masters of emotion, Henry Walthall and the youthful Chandler House. Center, Kathie Fischer and the Short children between rehearsals. Althea Worthly and her loyal guardian "Wooly."

strange fascination for her, and she will spend hours pounding on the keys without uttering a sound, so engrossed does she become. She will scarcely move, even though it is necessary for her to sit on her crossed legs, Turk fashion, and, as all of us know, little legs and big legs, when sat on for hours, have a habit of going to sleep and tingling all over when you try to move them.

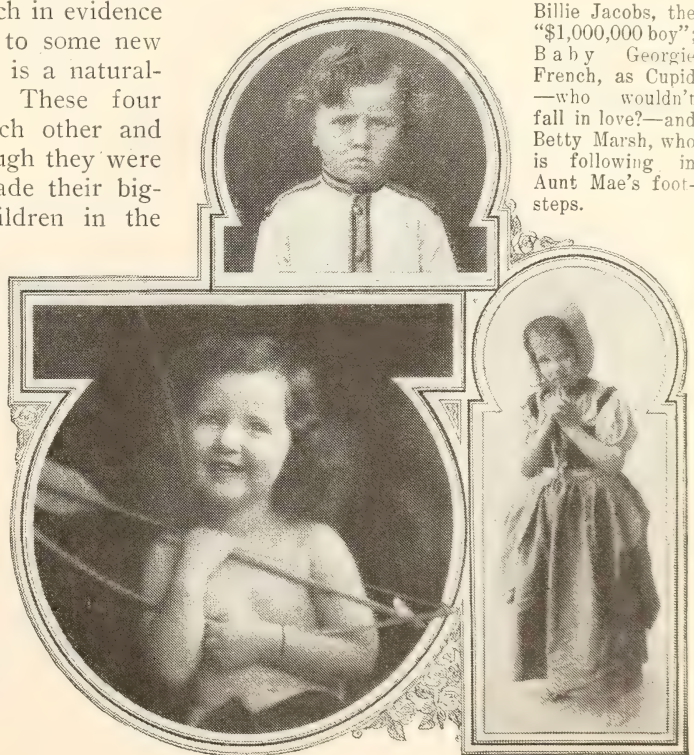
Carmen is regularly employed at the Fine Arts studio, with George Stone, Violet Radcliffe, and Francis Carpenter, all of them artists above the average. George is a little rascal, and is always very much in evidence—constantly being up to some new kind of mischief. He is a natural-born comedian, too. These four kiddies understand each other and play their parts as though they were living them. They made their biggest hit in "The Children in the House," produced by the Franklin brothers, who are the foremost directors in the country when it comes to handling children. Another youngster employed at the Griffith studios is Chandler House—a good-looking boy, who is improving steadily.

Gordon Griffith is another pal o' mine. He is one of the most manly little fellows I know, and he likes to play "heavies," if you please. Gordon is quite an old-timer now, and has worked with several companies. He is all boy, and not spoiled one bit—and it doesn't seem as though he ever will be.

Look at the picture of that petite

charmer, Georgie French, and I defy you not to say, "How sweet!" Georgie is sweet, and she is very friendly, too; she has lots of papas and mammas in the pictures, for she has a way of calling her director "Papa So-and-so," and the leading lady of the moment, "Mamma So-and-so." Possibly no one has been addressed by her in this manner more than Lois Weber.

Thelma Salter, Tom Ince's wonder child, is another who continues to smile her way into our hearts. To see Thelma at her best is to catch her at Inceville astride her pony, for she loves



Billie Jacobs, the "\$1,000,000 boy"; Baby Georgie French, as Cupid—who wouldn't fall in love?—and Betty Marsh, who is following in Aunt Mae's footsteps.

to ride, and is a picture on either a horse or a pony. Thelma has personality, and cashes it in each week, together with the rest of the Ince stars. Her one proud boast is her friendship for William S. Hart, whom she constantly tells the world is her only hero.

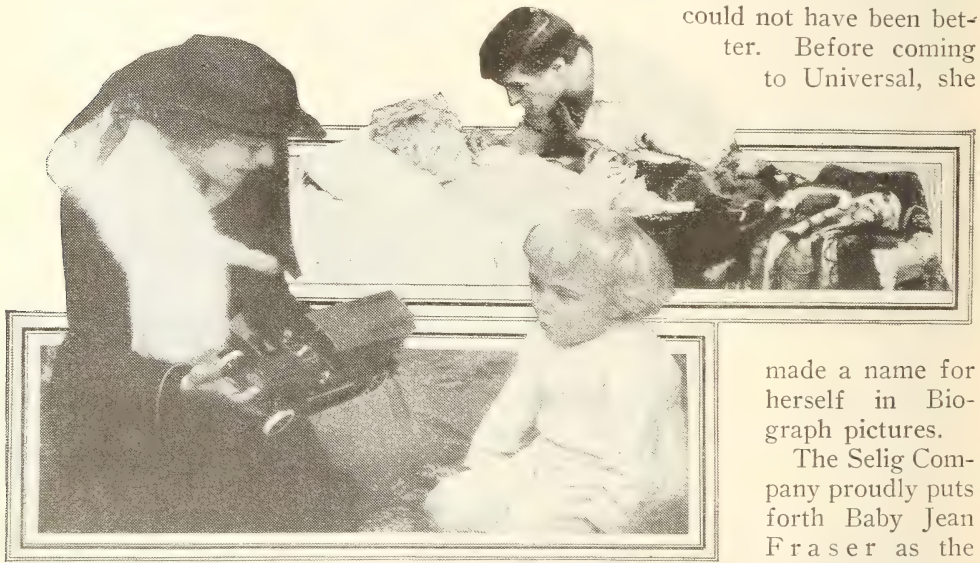
Also of Inceville is Fay Brierly, who is now going to school, and will probably not work very much for a time, but, from past performances, will continue to be popular. The daughter of Tom Brierly, who is responsible for the magnificent sets used at Inceville and Culver City, Fay took naturally to the profession, and is especially good in waif and pathetic little parts. Mr. Ince says that whenever he wants to draw tears from the "fans," and Thelma Salter is busy on another subject, he gives Fay a sympathetic rôle. It never fails to work.

Next, please look at that dainty little miss, Betty Marsh, a niece of Mae. Is she not the most "cuddlable bit of femininity" you ever saw? Betty is

one of the most lovable youngsters in the profession; and, what is more, she is a real actress, as was shown in "Little Mary Sunshine," the recent Pathé-Balboa feature, in which she played the title rôle.

Althea Worthly, of Pallas-Morosco, has already made a great name for herself. She is seen to her best advantage in George Beban's starring vehicle, "Pasquale." Althea's star is on the ascent, as is that of Buster Emmons, another film child of the golden West.

Among the many clever youngsters at Universal City, none surpasses the work of Zoe Beck. One of her recent offerings, "The Desperado," will never be forgotten. To use a timeworn saying, little Zoe ran the full gamut of emotions, and her work could not have been better. Before coming to Universal, she



Thelma Salter acting in a scene with William S. Hart, "her hero." Below, Francis Carpenter "registering" joy for the Fine Arts camera, Seena Owen, assisting.

one of the quaintest children in the game, and she is going to be as popular as auntie some day. Mack Sennett, of Keystone, is her present director.

Helen Marie Osborne, the diminutive Balboa star, a chum of Betty's, is

this child is not yet three years old. She loves the animals at the Jungle-Zoo—in fact, she loves them wisely, but not well. Upon several occasions she has been rescued from the immediate vicinity of some wild-animal cage just in time to prevent a funeral for her lov-

made a name for herself in Biograph pictures.

The Selig Company proudly puts forth Baby Jean Fraser as the youngest leading lady in Movieland, and well they might, for

ing family. Little Jean says, in her cunning way, that she is never happy unless playing with some lion, tiger, or leopard cub. Whether these cubs are also happy is another story.

The Eastern studios also have their share of clever children, whose stars

Charles Dana Gibson called the most beautiful child in the world, divides her valuable time between the Fox and the World studios. Mimi Yvonne, who made her first big hit with E. K. Lincoln in "The Littlest Rebel," is now drawing her salary from Lubin.

are daily shining brighter. Probably the most notable of these are with the Fox Company, which seems to have a monopoly on young talent. The Lee sisters, Kathie and Jane, who are appearing in Fox's "Million-dollar Picture," are probably the best known of them all. These

dear little kiddies have been gracing the shadows since before they could toddle, and their fame and popularity is world-wide. Alice Turner gained her laurels on the stage, and now is adding to them in the pictures. Like the Lee sisters, she is appearing in the big spectacle. Other Fox children who add to the interest of this concern's productions are Kittens—yes, that is her right name—Reichert, who has done a lot of work with "Big Bill" Farnum; Miriam Battista, from sunny Italy, with eyes that will haunt you like the smile of Mona Lisa; Jacqueline Morhange, the little French doll; Alma Frederick, Runa Hodges, and Ethel Kauffman, who is beginning to yearn for long dresses.

Madge Evans, the petite blonde, whom



George Stone, Carmen Derue and Violet Radcliffe get all the pleasure possible out of life.

The Vitagraph Company is particularly fortunate in having the constant services of Maurice Costello's brilliant kiddies, Helen and Dolores, and also Bobby Connelly, the cheery-faced little star. One look at Bobby's smiling countenance and you are sure to lose whatever gloomy feelings you may have. He guarantees this.

There are several other children employed more or less steadily in picture plays, and there are many mothers who are always trying to get their young hopefuls in the directors' good graces; but, after all, while the majority of them are lovable children—all kiddies are that—there are few, other than those mentioned above, who can really act naturally; the majority are too self-



Kathie and Jane Lee, who share honors with Annette Kellermann, in Fox's "Million-Dollar Picture."

youngsters with born histrionic talent, for, while they coax words of praise from the audiences by their cute actions before the camera, they are continually building up a popularity that is much more extensive than could be derived from the same work on the boards.

And there is every reason in the world why the baby actors and baby actresses of

conscious and some do not screen well. It will be most interesting to watch their artistic rise in the motion pictures, and those who see the kiddies act the children parts will no doubt be glad to compare the work of those same players when they are grown and have donned long trousers and frocks.

There are not very many popular actors and actresses on the legitimate stage who attracted the public's notice when they were children, but the screen offers much greater possibilities for the

to-day should be the shining stars of the screen of to-morrow. They are in the films when the industry is still young like themselves, and they have a chance to grow up with it. And all those mentioned here have talent—real talent for real acting, not merely looking attractive because of their chubby cheeks and kittenish ways. They deserve a "place in the sun."

We have our telescope focused on them to watch them rise to stars. Now they are "just kids"—but wait!

WHEN D. W. Griffith produced "The Birth of a Nation" this magazine published a story of how he made it—the greatest film up to that time. And every one liked the story—hundreds wrote and said so.

NOW Thomas H. Ince has produced another spectacle—another film that is going to take the world by storm. It is called "Civilization." Do you want to know how he made it—the troubles and fun that went with the filming? Do you want to know about all that took place while the raw film was being transformed into a wonder-work, and see for yourself in photographs? This great story will be

**IN THE NEXT (THE AUGUST) ISSUE OF
THIS MAGAZINE**

ON SALE EVERYWHERE JULY FIRST

Anna Little

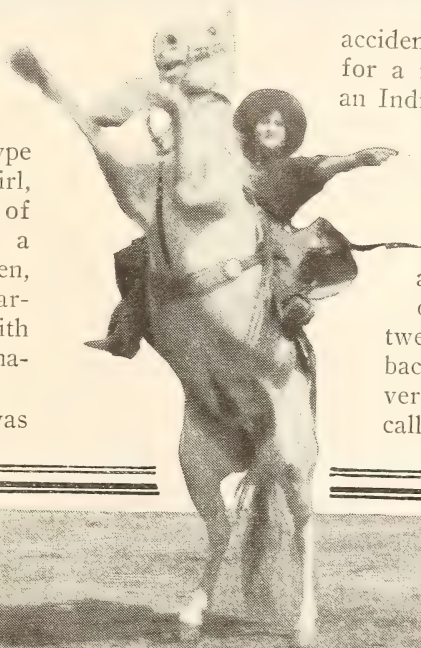
Western Girl

By Richard Willis

ANNA LITTLE is a splendid example of that fast-vanishing type—the true Western girl, literally a daughter of the plains. She is a child of the big open, who combines the fearlessness of youth with the womanliness of maturity.

As soon as I was fortunate enough to meet this winsome girl, who has endeared herself to all film-fandom, I realized at once that her great religion was the open air. Her motto, oft repeated during my visit, was "Let us go outside." The confines of four walls seem to stifle her, and, as a fish cannot live out of water, so Anna would quickly pine if confined to the house. Her mother told me that she had one experience with her daughter along these lines, and never wants another. After we had finished dinner and gone outside, in accordance with her wishes, I spoke with Miss Little concerning this.

"Mother always brings that up," commented Anna; "it was after a little



accident which kept me in bed for a month. I was enacting an Indian maiden, and was escaping from the tribe, riding horseback. I was careless, and when my pony caught a hoof in a prairie-dog hole, and stumbled, I sailed over his head for about twenty feet, and lit on my back, sustaining fractured vertebræ, or whatever you call them. Mother always says that I never stopped crying, 'Oh, gee, I want to go outside,' until she wanted to shake me.

"I can't see why any one wants to stay inside. I always feel stifled. You see, I was born in California, and have lived by the sea or in the hills the best part of my life. There was a time when we went to Chicago for a while, but the winds only served to harden me. I was glad to get back again. Native daughter? Yes, you bet I am, and proud of it, too."

"Rather enthusiastic about the West," I smiled.

"I certainly am," was her quick answer; "I was born here, and I hope to die here—only, of course," she added, "I don't want that event to happen too



quickly. Life is too good."

"It's a wonder to me," I remarked, "how a girl like you ever took up theatrical work. I'd much sooner imagine you the owner of a ranch, domineering over a group of cow-punchers, and showing them what was what. And whenever a broncho was too 'bucky' for some of your employees, you'd break him yourself. That is my idea of what Anna Little should be doing."

She smiled. "Well, when poor old daddy died, I had to do something, you know." A look of sadness came over her face as she spoke of her father. "I was just seventeen, and was considered a

rather good singer. Personally, I thought otherwise, but in times like that I always agree with the other fellow. This time, however, it happened to be a woman. She took me to see Richard Carle, who looked at me—heard me—and engaged me. It sounds rather egotistical, but that is just what happened. It all came in a breathless sort of way, and I was far too surprised to be nervous. Really, I felt like hugging Mr. Carle, but hugged my teacher, instead."

"Then?" I queried.

"After a year with Mr. Carle, I was introduced to Ferris Hartman, who had the best comic-opera company on the coast. With him it was almost the same as with

Richard Carle. After hearing my voice, which had developed a great deal, he immediately signed me to a contract, and I was with him for nearly three years. Mr. Hartman, you know, also saw the writing on the wall, and he is now in pictures, codirecting with Roscoe Arbuckle at the Keystone studios. For him I danced and sang, and at times even acted. Although I was really getting along splendidly, I never liked the stage—couldn't get used to the stuffy dressing rooms and the heat of the footlights



—and when 'Broncho Billy' Anderson suggested picture work to me, I jumped at the chance. So, when the season was over, I hied me to San Rafael, and, before the picture was a day old, I said to myself, 'Anna, old sport, this is the life.'

"You didn't stay there long, did you?"

"No, there was a fly in my joy ointment, and that was a longing for Los Angeles. Accordingly, I paid a visit to Mr. Thos. H. Ince, and rode a bucking broncho for him. He told me that if I could act as well as I could ride, I would do. I suggested he try me out. He did—and I stayed. Possibly my biggest picture with his company was 'The Battle of Gettysburg.' Later, I went to Universal, and did several features, including 'The Black Box.' Then I accepted an offer from the American—and here I am!"

"You are surely getting your full share of 'Westerns' now, aren't you?" I smiled, and she returned it.

"Yes, and I like them, especially when they give me an opportunity to really act. I love to ride, as you know, but I can do that, anyway. I'll tell you a secret if you promise not to repeat."

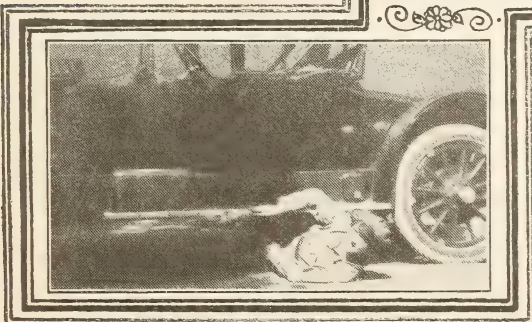
I crossed my heart.

"Way down deep in



my heart," she confided, in a stage whisper, "is a great, ever-burning desire for very, very heavy emotional drama, which will not lie dormant. I so want to play something deep. Did you see me in 'Damon and Pythias' and 'The Open Shutters'? These were parts I liked immensely."

More than once I have wondered which was the most attractive side of Miss Little's character—the boyish or the girlish side. Very often she gives you the impression of being a very handsome boy of about seventeen, dressed in girl's clothes; she rides, runs, and swims like a boy, with



the same sheer love of exercise. Her slim, straight figure suggests the boy, and she is such a good fellow with all the young actors that they gladly accept her as a companion.

Then, the next time you see Anna, she has her pretty frocks on, and is a girl. The love she has for her mother is a girl's affection, and the boys come to Anna with their troubles, and she is the sister at once, womanly, sympathetic, and, above all, sensible. It is a well-known fact that she is the best loved girl in Santa Barbara.

Another notable thing about this girl is her laugh. She never laughs out loud; her eyes and lips laugh, but no person can ever say that they heard her laugh. I questioned her about it.

"I don't know why; I did not even know my laughing abilities were silent. I suppose it is because I am laughing in my heart most of the time. I can go from tears to smiles very easily. Fortunately, I am generally feeling good, and all the world looks sunshiny and fine, but when I *do* get down, I——"

Here her mother gave a low groan,

which testified eloquently to the despairing depths that her daughter could descend when depressed.

Later that night we had a motor ride with Anna at the wheel of her big machine, an evening swim, and supper on the beach.

Then said Anna: "Go now, Mr. Man, I have to go to bed early and get a good night's sleep, for I have to ride ten miles to location in the morning."

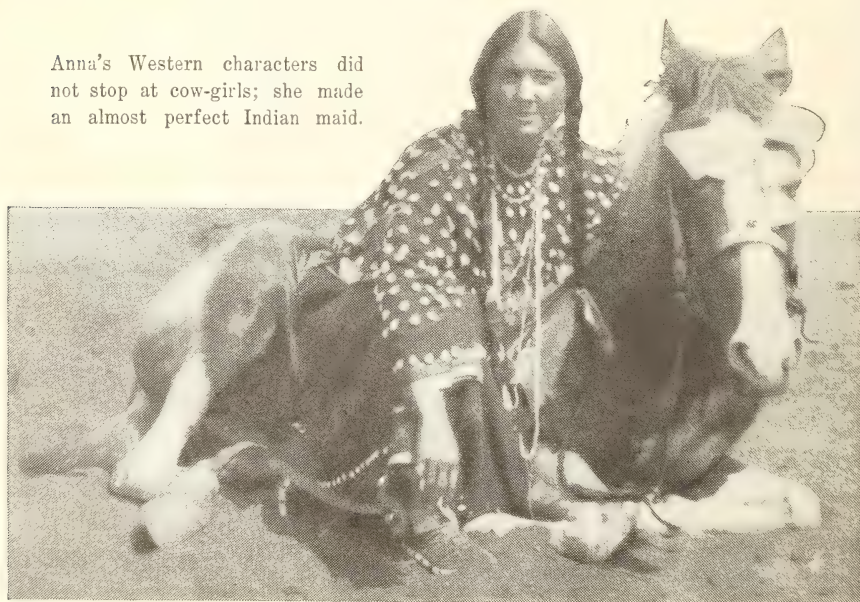
Remembering all her words in praise of the open air, I jeered at her:

"Well, well, well, so you're going inside to sleep!"

"Not a bit of it," she retorted; "my sleeping porch is open on three sides, and I might knock the other side out except for the fact that it would open the front of the house, and mother isn't good enough friends with the night air to stand for that.

"So, you see, you are wrong. They call me a Western girl, and, in order to be one truly, about the only time I can afford to be indoors is when I am in a three-sided, ceilingless room in a picture. Good night!"

Anna's Western characters did not stop at cow-girls; she made an almost perfect Indian maid.





II.

DEAREST FRANCIS: You'll pardon my writing you, I hope, when you know the distressing circumstances from which I have been suffering for several months and what a consolation it is to me to turn to you, my friend, in this hour of trial and trouble.

I trust you will not be shocked when I tell you that I am married, although a young woman—only twenty-six, and rather good looking, I'm told, and of excellent family. Yes, unfortunately, I am married, but I am separated from my husband. I had to leave him last spring; he drank so heavily, cursed and abused me so, and beat me so much that I was forced to it. Thank heavens, we had no children, or I don't know what I would have done.

I am working in this city as a cloak-and-suit model—a perfect thirty-six, they say—and I live with another model in a nice boarding house uptown. My folks live down South, you see, and though they want me to come back and stay with them, I'd rather not. I'd rather be independent up here in New York, but I would go to them quickly enough if they needed me. But they don't, you see; so I am living my own life in my own way.

I told you in the beginning of this letter that I have had trouble, and I am

writing you for consolation and advice. I notice you are so kind and helpful to other girls in the pictures, I wonder if you will help me, too. I'd like to get away from all this and join your company, if you will give me the chance. I reckon I could act; if only small parts, as I've had experience as an amateur down South; and I would be with you. Not that I am so conceited to think that you would fall in love with me. Not that exactly; but when I see you on the screen, you are such a comfort to me. I can sit in the theater for hours and study your dear countenance and follow every movement of yours, and when I go back to my room at the boarding-house I feel so consoled. Sometimes you look straight out of the pictures—at me, and then I am so happy! My roommate is so unsympathetic, she doesn't like moving pictures, and has no use for actors. She's crazy about the opera and saves up to go there. She admits you're very good looking and a dashing young fellow, but she thinks I'm a fool to carry on so about you. I don't think so. We all have our hobbies—isn't that so?—and if I choose to make you mine, that's my affair.

To-night I am going to see you in a new feature in which you are the star. I've succeeded in getting Patsy—she's my chum—to go with me by promising

her a treat to a little supper afterward. Did you ever hear of anybody falling asleep over *your* picture? Well, that's Patsy. When the music plays some operatic selection she's all ears, but when the films start flashing and flickering she's all eyes, only they're shut tight. I don't see how people can help liking the movies, especially with an Adonis like you in them (is that right—Adonis?). Jollyng? Not a bit of it! I mean it.

I suppose you don't get many long letters like this one, for if you did you would have to employ half a dozen secretaries and spend most of your time reading and answering them instead of acting. I reckon, as far as my answer is concerned, I must live in hope and die in despair. Well, I don't care, if you'll only write me a line or two and offer me a little help and encouragement.

Wouldn't I have a pleasant surprise if you really did answer this letter? With lots of love, fondly,

ELIZABETH T——.

MY DEAR MRS. T——: First of all I want to say, in reply to your letter, that I am always glad to be of service to any one, and I never object to being called upon for aid and advice in a good cause, provided it is a good cause.

But while I truly sympathize for you, I fear that I can do nothing for you. You will have to remain where you are and courageously fight your own battles, as I know you are capable of doing. It is out of the question to expect me to obtain work for you in the studio when so many experienced and competent professional players, right here on the ground, cannot secure any. Do not get the idea that it is easy to become a professional actress, for it is not. It requires the hardest kind of study and effort to attain skill and proficiency in the art of acting, and if it is exceedingly wearing on a man, what must it be on

a woman? No, Mrs. T——, I should not advise you to embark on an acting career unless you feel the call very, very strongly. Miss Julia Marlowe, who recently retired from the stage, has written a most illuminating article on this subject. I would recommend that you read it and take it to heart. Sincerely,
FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

MY DEAR MR. BUSHMAN: I have not only seen you in photo plays very often, but last summer, unknown to you, I had the pleasure of watching you act at the studio in California; therefore I feel that I know you fairly well—for a stranger. I took a party of friends out to the coast last year, and, of course, they insisted upon our visiting the studio where you were then, and, indeed, we found it amazingly interesting.

It may appear odd and rather bold of me to approach you in this fashion, but frankness sometimes is a virtue. I am a woman of fifty, too old for most men to seek as a wife except for the fact that I possess what is considered an abnormally large fortune. My money is what they are after—not me. Now I have a cold, calculating, cut-and-dried, matter-of-fact proposition to make you, my dear Mr. Bushman, and if you can accept it I shall be most pleased.

You are a single young man, I understand, and are helping to support members of your family. I also understand that you are a man of excellent habits, temperament, and personality; in short, a gentleman, who would be received in my own circle as one of them. Another thing I like about you, from what I am told—you care little or nothing for the society of frivolous women. That is a very strong point in your favor, to my mind.

Now my proposition to you is this: If you will give up your work in the pictures, settle down to home life, and enter into marriage with me, I will

share my money with you, so that you need not concern yourself with acting any longer. In fact, I would not care whether you worked or not, and I would really prefer that you devote yourself to social duties and the management of my estate. My secretaries will assist you, so that any work in this connection would be light and would not interfere with your social functions or your happiness.

You will note that I have said nothing on the sentimental side. I do not care whether you grow fond of me or not, although I really do believe, in my heart, that you will like me a little after a while. The point is, I like you very, very much; I can't truthfully say that I am in love with you, for I don't know you quite well enough for that. But I do know that your personality, your life, your appearance, your manner, your voice, your eyes, everything about you suggests the man and the gentleman; offers possibilities which I am willing to run the risk of seizing and holding by offering in return—myself!

A unique, an unusual proposition—something very extraordinary, is it not?

Now what do you say to this curious arrangement, my dear Mr. Bushman? Pray do not regard me as eccentric or worse; I assure you I am not; I am quite normal. Furthermore, as you may judge from the several photographs I am sending you, I am not bad looking for a woman of fifty—now am I? My friends say they do not flatter me; I hope they speak truthfully. Be as brutally frank as you like in your reply; yet I know you cannot be anything but gentlemanly and courteous, even though you disappoint me with a refusal.

I await your answer with all the joyous anticipation of a young girl watching and waiting for her affianced.

Cordially and sincerely,

Mrs. H. B. R.

P. S.—I have been married four times

already, but this fact need cause you no concern. Two of my husbands are dead and I have divorced the other two.

MY DEAR MRS. R—: In your letter you make me, to use your own words, "a cold, calculating, cut-and-dried, matter-of-fact proposition." My reply to your offer will be equally businesslike. I reject it. It does not interest me in the slightest.

However, I do not want to stop here, as a strict businesslike communication would, since I would not have you regard my answer as curt or abrupt. I want to amplify my reply by explaining why a true artist can never abandon his art—no, not for all the millions and the billions in the world. For art, to a real artist, is an inseparable, indissoluble part of himself. I wonder if you grasp my meaning. Perhaps I can make it clearer with illustrations.

Shelley, it is universally admitted, was an artist in lyric verse. When he wrote his "Ode to a Skylark" the verbal music flowed out of his very soul. He did not write it for pay, nor did he have any motive for writing it other than his feeling, his desire to express the emotions aroused by the singing and the soaring of the skylark. When Beethoven composed his sonatas, and Liszt his rhapsodies, they were inspired by their feeling for musical art, and by nothing else. Corot painted landscapes because his artistic eye caught their beauty and his artistic hand knew how to transmit it, in all its glories, to lifeless canvas; his money reward was small; he did it through sheer love of his art; he had to do it, because it was a part of him. Thus with the actor who is sincerely striving to be an artist. No matter how little or how large the recompense, he must be faithful to his aims and his ideals always. Longfellow advised: "Do well whatever you do, without a thought of fame." That

is the keynote of the genuine artistic temperament.

One word more, and I have finished. Aside from giving up his art or profession, can one conceive of any self-respecting American young man entering into such a compact? I fancy there are thousands of men who would jump at the chance, but I prefer not to say what I would call such creatures. If you will pardon my frankness—you said I might be "brutally frank"—don't you think you have had quite enough of marriage, after four experiences?

I have returned your photographs under separate cover.

Sincerely,

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

DEAR MR. BUSHMAN: Lawyers, as a class, are not sentimental; on the contrary, they are staid, solemn creatures whose blood runs cold and whose lives are regulated by rule and precedent. They breathe an atmosphere of tradition, and their daily abode is in the hollow shell of custom and conventionality. This generality, which is so commonly accepted as to be almost termed a platitude, applies, of course, to men lawyers. It does not apply to me, because, although I am a practicing lawyer, I am also—a woman.

It appears to me necessary to place this introduction at the top of my letter, first, because the idea of a busy woman attorney stopping in the midst of her work to write to a strange man of matters foreign to law and business may strike you as peculiar, even humorous; second, because the majority of people, and rightly, are under the impression that the emotions of a lawyer are rarely, if ever, stirred; and third, because I wanted you to know, from the very incipiency of the case, that I am a woman first and foremost, and a member of the legal profession next.

I am what people call a movie "fan." Invariably I attend the picture theater

near our home two or three times every week, and I have gone as often as every night some weeks. It is a sort of fascinating fever with me, and I don't want to be cured. For years I have been extremely fond of pictures, and I have always loved to make sketches. If I hadn't become a lawyer, I think I would have become an illustrator, perhaps some day an artist. Therefore pictures, especially animated photography, do appeal to me tremendously; and this brings me directly to the object of this letter.

You will agree with me, without a doubt, that one cannot feel, enjoy, live the pictures which one sees on the screen unless one possesses a most vivid and incisive imagination. I may go so far as to assert that the very life of a motion picture is not on the screen at all, but in the mind of the beholder. Before one flashes and dances the mere shadow of life, not life itself. It is the same on the stage, except that the illusion is greater because of the actual presence of human beings and the actual voices; yet it is not life, merely a reflection of it. Read a book, see a painting or a piece of statuary, and one with little imagination reads and sees far less than one gifted with the faculty of looking behind the semblance of a thing to discover the significance, the soul of that thing. Do you not agree with me? Is this not the true psychology of the mental effects of motion pictures?

Now, dear Mr. Bushman, what am I leading up to if not to the point which has probably already occurred to you as you have read these lines? In the course of seeing hundreds of pictures, in many of which you appeared, I was gradually struck with the important fact that, unless one exercised one's imagination to the fullest extent, the picture really did not exist for that individual; and, when I came to analyze the matter further, I found that, without

the aid of an intelligent, sympathetic, and skillful interpreter like yourself, even the most highly sensitive and gifted imagination would find the pictures little more than shadows, little more than lively magic-lantern exhibitions. When you enact the principal rôle in a picture play, you *live* the character—you *are* the character! You give the part and the play that significance, that soul of which I speak. Many other actors in screen plays are mere projections, mere shadow selves. There are few vital, breathing, living men like you in that dream world of silent faces. No music, no phonographic accessory, not a sound or a syllable is needed to add to or subtract from the splendid, harmonious whole of your art. Had the cinematograph done nothing else but preserve for posterity your mimetic skill, your singular grace and charm, your handsome and youthful features, your perfect physique, your wonderfully magnetic personality—had it done nothing else, dear Mr. Bushman, it would have justified itself to the world. Yet see how much more it has done! No wonder I am a movie “fan.” A Bushman “fan,” too be exact!

Recently I was retained in a case where a woman was suing her husband for divorce on the ground of desertion. The woman was my client. She was extremely ugly, had a shrewish temper, and was about fifteen years her husband’s senior. She had but one redeeming feature in the eyes of her young spouse: she was a woman of means. After she had told me her story, I asked to see a photograph of her husband. One glance at his pleasant, clean-cut, boyish face was sufficient. I was really sorry for my client.

“I’m afraid your case is hopeless,” I told her. “You say that your object in bringing this suit is to try to win him back. Look at that picture, then think of all the pretty young girls you

saw on your way down to my office this morning. Put youth, beauty, and health together, and the combination is irresistible. All of your wealth is of no avail against it.”

She was not convinced. She pressed the suit, and lost. I managed to avoid a jury trial, but the judge evidently lost his heart to the young man and decided against us. So there you are!

Before I close this letter, I want to say that if you ever need legal advice or assistance, if you ever feel that you would like to consult or confide in a true and loyal woman friend, please do not hesitate to come to me, to write to me, or even to telegraph or telephone. I will help you, gladly pay for the opportunity of serving you. To me, you are the daily inspiration of my profession, of my home life. I have no husband or children; unfortunately I am a spinster well along in the vale of life. But on my desk at the office, and on my dressing table at home, stand two excellent portraits of you, artist and man. I don’t know whether any one ever told you that, in looks and physical appearance, you were the incarnation of Shelley, the poet; and we all know how loving and lovable Shelley was.

Will you regard this letter as a *capias ad respondendum*, to use a legal phrase? In plain Uncle Sam, will you take this writ as the defendant and answer me, the plaintiff? I shall be delighted to hear from you, no matter what you say, for I’m sure whatever you say will be delightful. Faithfully your friend,

R. C. M.

MY DEAR MISS M—: Your letter was decidedly interesting. I was particularly interested in that portion where you speak of the psychology of the mental effects of motion pictures, and I certainly do agree with you in your conclusion that a highly active imagination is essential to the complete

comprehension and sympathetic appreciation of what the author, the actor, the director, and the producer of a photo drama are endeavoring to accomplish. This subject has been given some study by me, both in the studio and in the theater, and my observations have led to practically the same opinion as you express. I have found that the more imaginative and the more intelligent the spectators are, the less visualization is required and the easier it is to "put across" subtle shades of meaning and the finer effects.

While I appreciate all the kind things you say about my work, I feel that you rather overestimate my talent and ability. I am still a young man, and I believe my best work as an actor is yet to come. Personally I regard my work as neither better nor worse than that of the average star, but it is a pleasure to know that it is liked by so many apparently intelligent people.

Permit me to thank you for your tender of legal advice, and for your offer of friendship, which I believe to be sincere. And if it affords you any comfort to think of me as "the incarnation of Shelley," you are entirely welcome to the delusion. I must confess that is "a new one on me." I asked my secretary to get me a good portrait of the poet so that I might make comparisons, but, to tell you the truth, I couldn't see it. Still, I'm glad if you can.

Have I responded to your *capias* writ sufficiently? With best wishes, sincerely, FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

DEAREST FRANKIE BOY: I'm only a small saleslady in a big department store, but honest to goodness I'm just crazy about you, Frankie boy! I'd give up my lucrative job any time you'd ask me to. That's plain enough, isn't it? I can't help saying just what I mean—I'm Irish!

Say, Francis, I'm no good at "inditing

epistles," as they say in the novels, so you won't mind this letter, will you? My heart's in the right place, and that's what counts. Listen, I got something to tell you that will make you feel good. Honest it will! Maybe you'll laugh at me for telling you. I fell for it strong, all right.

The other day a young fellow came to my counter to try on a pair of gloves. I am usually in the ladies' glove department, but that day they were short of help and the manager sent me over there. Well, as I was showing him the gloves, I noticed something familiar about him—his face or his hair or his figure or something. I don't know exactly what it was, but I knew I had seen him before—many, many times. Then all of a sudden it came to me. Gracious, what a shock and what a pleasant surprise I had!

"Why, I know you!" I cried. "You're Francis X. Bushman, the moving-picture actor! Oh, I'm so glad—I'm so happy!" And I squeezed the hand I was trying the glove on, and he squeezed mine.

"Are you sure?" he replied, in a musical voice.

"Well, almost," I said. "If you're not Francis Bushman, you must be his twin brother. You're the perfect image of him."

Then he laughed—such a musical laugh—and showed two rows of white, even, shiny teeth. "No, I'm not Francis Bushman," he declared, "and I'm not his twin brother. I'm a cousin—a distant cousin. By the bye, there's a dandy picture of his on at the theater to-night, a big feature, and I understand he's got a corking part. You're so fond of him—suppose you go with me."

That was an invitation hard to refuse, and, as Tom Bushman—that was the name he gave me—was your cousin and seemed like a nice, refined young man, I didn't see why I should refuse.

So I met him that evening and went with him to the show. Sure enough, you were there, all right, and the picture was all right, too; but I must say your Cousin Tom is mighty bold. He asked me to go to supper with him after theater was out, but I couldn't see that—not the first day I'd met him, anyhow. He's been at my counter 'most every day now, took me to lunch a few times, but I haven't consented to the supper yet. I thought I'd write and ask you about your Cousin Tom. He swears he's in love with me, but how do I know? I don't know anything about him, except that he looks like you—that means he's handsome and refined-looking—and he talks well and dresses fine and he seems to have plenty of money. He says he's an actor, too, but on the stage, not in the pictures. But I can't see how he can be if he can go out nights—when can he act? I like him; I like him a whole lot, but I can't say that I love him. Now if that was you, Frankie, dear—well, I won't say, but you can guess, can't you? You wouldn't have to ask me more than once! Tom gets huffy every time I talk about you. He says the girls all over the country rave about you and I'm just one of thousands—that I'm wasting my thoughts on you. Well, what of it? I think the main pleasure, anyway, for a girl is in loving, not being loved. You know they say, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Doesn't that mean, "It is more blessed to give love than to receive it"?

I wish you would write me about your Cousin Tom. I thought it would make you feel glad to know he was such a friend of mine. Tom said he would write you about me. He wants me to give up my job at the store and go on the stage with him. What do you think, Francis? You see, I have

nobody to advise me, as my mother is dead and my father travels—I don't see him much.

Hoping to hear from you, dearest, real soon. Your loving little

CORDELIA.

P. S.—My last name is awfully common—but you can change it any time you want.

MY DEAR CORDELIA: When I read your letter telling me about "my Cousin Tom," who says he is an actor and wants to marry you, I did not know whether to laugh or shed a tear—whether to take you seriously or not. But after I had read it once or twice over, it seemed to me that you really were in earnest. Therefore I am going to talk to you like a big brother, little sister, and I hope you will listen and remember and not be so foolish, so very, very foolish again.

Of course, Cordelia, I have no Cousin Tom who is an actor. The man was simply taking advantage of your fondness for me and your imagining that he looked so much like me. I dare say when you think of the fellow as a fraud you will find that he bears very little resemblance to me. Be that as it may, it was very wrong of you, little girl, to go to shows and lunches with a stranger.

Now take my advice, little sister, and forget all about this would-be actor. When he comes around again to the store, tell the store detective of him and give him a good calling-down yourself. That will probably dispose of "my Cousin Tom." And do try to be more sensible. You are out in the world now, and you must learn to take it, and every one in it, at face value.

With all good wishes to my little friend, believe me, yours sincerely,

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.



AND you will always take good care of Mimi, Monsieur Ducros," said the old nun, as she helped the girl climb into the high two-wheeled cart to sit beside her new master.

Mimi, a child of yesterday, and a woman of to-day, looked with her wistful, tender eyes up at the great pile of gray convent buildings she was about to leave forever. This was the only home she had ever known, and the wrinkled nun the only mother.

"Good-by, Sister Anastasia," she said, for the sixth time.

Somehow, despite the wonderful adventure of entering upon the great, free world, Mimi felt sad.

"As sure as I am Ducros, as honest an innkeeper as there is in France—if I do say it myself—I swear to you, Sister Anastasia, I shall take care of Mimi as if she were my own."

"Your papers proclaim you a good man," the nun responded, "and your looks indicate as much. And now the child has grown up, and we must find a home for her——"

"Trust me, good sister," Ducros broke in; and, as he jerked the reins, as if for emphasis, his stout, spirited horse started off in a sudden gallop.

In a moment the cart had thundered

out of the paved courtyard of the convent. Ducros, the innkeeper, flicked the horse's back lightly and continuously with the whip, and thought what a pretty new serving maid he was taking home, while Mimi clung to the seat in the bobbing cart, and the farther they drew away from the convent, the more she began to fear the new and the unknown.

But Ducros was as good as his word, and he and his old housekeeper made life as pleasant, however toilsome, for Mimi as he had promised. Yet the common room of an inn was a strange place in those days, and in that of Ducros, Mimi had to serve all who entered and take them as they came.

Thus, one bright summer afternoon it happened that a raw, prosperous, and conceited countryman took it into his stupid head that Mimi was very pretty, and deserved to be kissed. He bawled out this conviction of his in a voice that frightened the poor girl half to death, as she fled from his approach. Down the long room he went after her. As she ran in terror, suddenly her ankle turned under her, and she dropped in a heap to the floor.

"Now, my pretty bird," said the countryman gloatingly.

He stooped, and was for taking the

frail, pretty, quivering form in his rough embrace—but he did not.

"Let the girl get up by herself!"

The words came in commanding tone from a dark corner of the room. The countryman looked in anger and amazement at the sturdy, well-dressed young man who came forward as if from nowhere.

But only for a moment was he puzzled as the countryman stared at this surprising person.

"You're waking up out of your dead sleep quite lively," he said sarcastically; "but I'm going to take up this charming fledgling in my own arms. You are late—too late."

"Am I?" demanded the stranger.

As he spoke, he planted himself solid on his feet between Mimi and the countryman. Before the latter really knew the man was there, he found himself

sitting down hard in an oak chair and felt two masculine hands twined, tough as oak, at his throat.

"Please, sir, don't hurt him—he's a good patron of the inn," Mimi pleaded, as she got to her feet.

Ducros, the honest, if most practical, proprietor, and his retinue of help, attracted by the noise of the fracas, broke in upon the scene.

"What do you mean by assailing Monsieur Rudolphe Durandin, the nephew of the great and wealthy Monsieur Durandin?" cried Ducros, as he jerked the countryman free from Rudolphe's hold and flung him to the opposite wall of the room.

"I never did attack him," the countryman gasped, catching his breath.

"It's all right, Master Ducros," interposed Rudolphe. "I didn't hurt him, nor did I mean to hurt him. I just



When bills arrived he would make a little packet of them and hand them carelessly to the artist for him to worry over.

was giving him a lesson on behavior in an inn."

And, without a word, Rudolphe Durandin hurried to the courtyard entrance of the inn of the Crown of Gold.

Mimi was running up the stairs, built

way," she said, "and I can't—I won't stand it."

"I knew that from the moment I laid eyes on you as I came into the Golden Crown. Won't you tell me your name, so I can say to Ducros——"

"My name is Mimi."

"Mimi—what?"

"Just Mimi. Monsieur Ducros took me from the sisters—from the asylum."

Rudolphe caught her hands and kissed them.

"They're cold as ice, and it's June," he said tenderly.

Her heart rose within her. The blood flushed her cheeks.

"Perhaps I ought to wear a muff even in June—if I had one," she told him, laughing sadly.

"May I warm them

again?" he asked humbly.

"They are warm as you hold them, monsieur," she answered, her face aflame with blushes.

"But just to keep them warm," he murmured softly, as he held the little, worn hand to his lips.

"Farewell for always, and thank you for always, monsieur!"

Before he had wakened from the dream spun by the touch of her hands, the longing of her eyes, and the spell of her voice, she was gone.

II.

Nevertheless, this fleeting vision of embodied love did not bother Rudolphe so much, young and ardent though he was, as he went back to the common room of the inn. The fact was that he found himself in perhaps worse plight than Mimi.



He would flaunt the bag tauntingly in the face of the landlord.

against the stone wall of the house, that led to her garret room.

"Not so fast—not so fast!" Rudolphe cried, as, in a few leaps, he caught up with her midway in her flight.

"Oh, I did forget to thank you for your kind and brave goodness to me, didn't I?"

Trembling, she looked down upon his solemn, perplexed face.

"Why, I'm not coming for your thanks," he said.

"Then—why——" She could say no more, and began to cry softly.

"And I didn't come to make you cry," he put in quickly. "I just wanted to know if you noticed how I scared that clown more even than he scared you. I thought you'd laugh if I told you that."

"But he is the third one to act that

It is sad to be an orphan, or, worse, to be the product of a children's asylum. It is much worse, he reasoned, to be the nephew of a rich uncle, who controls every franc at your disposal, especially when you can't and won't marry the rich widow Madame de Rouvre. "Marry or starve" sums up all Uncle Durandin's arguments for half a year or more. Now, while Rudolphe was determined not to marry the widow, he was not so determined that he was prepared to starve. Behold him then returned to the common room

people from Paris. He serves them fast and free, for he knows they never have money or get out to the country more than once a year.

As a kind of country gentleman, Rudolphe stands aloof. But there is no resisting these Parisians, as one of them says in loud tones manifestly meant for Rudolphe.

"Gentlemen," he observes from his distant corner, in still more distant tones, "you think I'm a countryman because you find me here. I threw out one such for insulting a good girl not



Never had the world seemed so full of sunshine as one night during the carnival of Mardi Gras.

of the Golden Crown to spend a little more of his allowance in meditation and doubt.

But the place is transformed. The offensive countryman that he had nearly choked is gone. Ducros is waiting hand and foot on some young

more than half an hour ago, and I'll throw out one or all of you——"

"But there is no girl here now," one of them vociferated, as Ducros brought in the coffee for their luncheon, "so you can't throw any one out. My name's Marcel; can you paint?"

"No," growled Rudolphe.

"Then you can't paint me out."

"Can you think?" asked another.

"Not with a wild crowd like you people," retorted Rudolphe.

"I'm a philosopher. I can think even with you here. Call me Colline," said the speaker.

The third man, who had not said a word or showed any apparent interest in the conversation, kept on whistling softly a gentle, haunting tune.

"You!" exclaimed Rudolphe, glaring at the whistler, "if you'll only give me that air a little longer, I'll put down words to it just as I sit here."

The instantaneous and tremendous impression Rudolphe expected to make by this remark did not appear precisely.

Instead, Colline, the philosopher, said:

"From your looks, except for your obvious prosperity, you are a poet, and can write words for Schaunard's music. But Paris will have to say whether it is music that Schaunard writes, or you are simply talking drivel for what you call poetry."

Rudolphe stood away from them angrily, saying:

"Did you people come down from Paris simply to make fun of the first man of intelligence you should meet? If you did——"

The menace of his manner and tone was suddenly stopped.

Humbly Ducros, the innkeeper, intervened to request that Monsieur Rudolphe retire to meet a messenger from his uncle, the rich Monsieur Durandin.

Rudolphe, on his way back to his uncle's château, read over and over again the card Schaunard, the musician, had slipped into his hand during the conversation:

Poet or not, as the event may prove, dare to show yourself if ever in Paris at 29 *rue Sainte Geneviève!*

SCHAUNARD, Your Friend.

A couple of hours later Rudolphe

returned to the inn to tell Schaunard he had finally broken with his uncle because he would not marry Madame de Rouvre.

"The little money I have saved from my allowance and the poems I have written in the last year are all I have in the world," he was prepared to tell the visitors from Paris. But they were gone.

"Only fly-by-nights — the whole flock," said Ducros. "You should have known better than to expect to see them again. Besides, a gentleman of your standing—well——"

Abruptly Ducros stopped. Whatever he had intended to say Rudolphe never learned, for at this moment the old housekeeper rushed in to tell him that Mimi had left the Golden Crown.

"What!" Rudolphe exclaimed, his face very pale. "Did she—no—no—she didn't go with those Parisians?"

"She must have gone just about the time they came," the housekeeper explained. "I wondered why she wasn't serving in the big room, but was too busy to look after her. When I did get the chance and went up to see whether she was sick, or anything, I knew, at sight of her quarters, that she had cleared out. Ungrateful puss," the housekeeper remarked, and gave Ducros the farewell note Mimi had left.

"She says it's too rough and noisy in an inn," the proprietor reflected aloud; "well, I hope she finds it quieter in Paris, where she says she's going. And to think I paid her yesterday!"

"And only to-day I met her and loved her," thought Rudolphe, as he walked away; "and now she has vanished, and I shall never see her again."

III.

Never was a man more delightfully disappointed. Hardly three days had passed since Rudolphe, after the final break with his uncle, had come to Paris, when he met Mimi in the street. She

was carrying a huge bunch of artificial roses.

"To think of seeing you in this great, big city, sir."

"Call me Rudolphe, Mimi," he whispered, as he held her hand very tight. "I am no longer 'sir' to you."

Then they walked away together, and he told her of his coming to Paris and half-starved existence there as he

Their meeting was the beginning of a long happiness, though Mimi toiled hard and long to earn a scant livelihood in making artificial flowers and Rudolphe fared worse, if possible, with his writing.

There was always that difficulty which they could not overcome—money. Mimi managed to struggle along, and was content to suffer poverty since she



Musette accepted the attentions of a young viscount, whom she met through notes sent secretly by a garçon.

tried to make a living by writing articles and poems for the newspapers.

"But I have friends," he added cheerily; "Marcel, painter, Schaunard, musician, and Colline, a philosopher, whom you shall meet and like, Mimi."

"I'm sure I shall," she said shyly. "And are there no ladies among your friends?"

"What—jealous already?" he asked chaffingly. "Yes—there's Musette. Marcel adores her, and she adores him—but not so much, I think."

had Rudolphe's love. He, on the other hand, though his poems brought him little, carried an indifferent air that was worth more to him than wealth. Living in the studio with Marcel, when bills arrived he would make a little packet of them and hand them carelessly to the artist for him to worry over. And, when his verse did bring in a few shillings, he would change them to coins of the smallest denomination, put them in a bag, and flaunt the bag tauntingly in the face of the landlord,

telling him to take them for the rent, with the same indifference of tone in which he told him at other times that he would have to wait.

Yet the days went along happily enough—in fact, so happily that Mimi sometimes feared she was living in a dream and that when she wakened it would be to sadness. But all such panic was far from her mind one night during the carnival of Mardi Gras. Never had the world seemed so full of sunshine. Never had Rudolphe seemed so lovable to her and to love her more. Yet before the dawn there came a blight that turned all this gladness to tears.

Musette, fickle as always, accepted the attentions of a rich young viscount, whom she met through notes sent secretly by a garçon. She would have had Mimi do likewise with one of the young man's friends. But Mimi had no eyes, no mind, no heart for any one except Rudolphe.

Yet the latter was led to believe that Mimi was as much a butterfly as Musette. Furious with rage and jealousy, he abandoned her—not merely for the evening, but he left her love and tried to cast her from his heart forever, going to live alone where she could not find him, nor could any one else except Musette, with whom he left his address.

Sure of her innocence, Mimi did not guess the real reason for Rudolphe's action, for had she not had a letter from Monsieur Durandin, his rich uncle, warning her that she was "ruining the young man's chances in life?" Of course it was the uncle who had forced Rudolphe to act so cruelly, to wound her within an inch of death.

Winter drew nigh, and with its coming she discovered to her horror that she had a hacking cough that no effort seemed able to cure. And then there were days when she felt sick all over—when her hands were too trembling and weak to make flowers.

She was so anxious to have him back,

and felt so sure that he would be loyal to her, that she frequently sought solace and information from Marcel. Almost every day Mimi went to the artist's studio, but he could only tell her the truth—that he did not know the whereabouts of Rudolphe, when he would come back, or if he would at all.

Her little store of savings went dwindling faster and faster day by day.

"I love him—I shall always be true to him—and I shall keep away from him lest I be a burden."

This was her talk to herself through those dark winter days when the shadows kept coming sooner at the end of each, and seemingly blacker, as well.

One evening in her room—which was still under Rudolphe's lease—a strange giddiness overcame her. Her hands were freezing cold, her head burned with fever.

"He always said he would buy a muff," she remembered, as she threw herself on the bed and pulled the threadbare counterpane round her. "He used to say my hands were so cold because my heart was so warm."

This memory echoed in her mind long after her voice was too feeble to repeat the words, and even when a great blackness came with her illness and shut out everything from her for days.

"No, it is not a dream this time," said Musette cheerily, as Mimi stared up at her in wonder.

Wan as death she looked, yet her eyes brightened as she discovered Rudolphe kneeling by the bed. Back of him stood Schaunard and Colline. Musette, when she had found Mimi alone and so sick, had brought them. Rudolphe had been the hardest to induce to come, for he was still of the idea that Mimi had been untrue for the viscount's friend—the reason he had left her. But he had finally conceded.

Marcel held Musette close to him and said:

"See, Mimi, we are all friends again. No stupid viscounts will ever again take my Musette's mind off her artist."

"Positively," affirmed Musette. "And as soon as I knew the fool I'd been, I came here to find you, Mimi, talking about cold hands and a muff."

"But I have it now," said Mimi, with

Suddenly hurried steps were heard in the hall. In came Monsieur Durandin and Madame de Rouvre.

"Rudolphe, nephew and heir," said Monsieur Durandin, "I come to make up our quarrel and forgive Mimi, for I've heard from your friends how deeply, truly she loves you."



He could only tell her the truth, that he did not know.

an attempt at laughter, "and my Rudolphe gave it, I'm sure." She stroked the white fur caressingly.

She was so happy they never told her how they had all bought the muff together. Marcel's masterpiece was in pawn. Schaunard's pipe and famous French horn were sold, and Colline pawned his few precious books.

With brave faces, they watched Mimi's frail thread of life near the breaking point. And, though they kept the tears from their eyes, their bosoms ached with anguish.

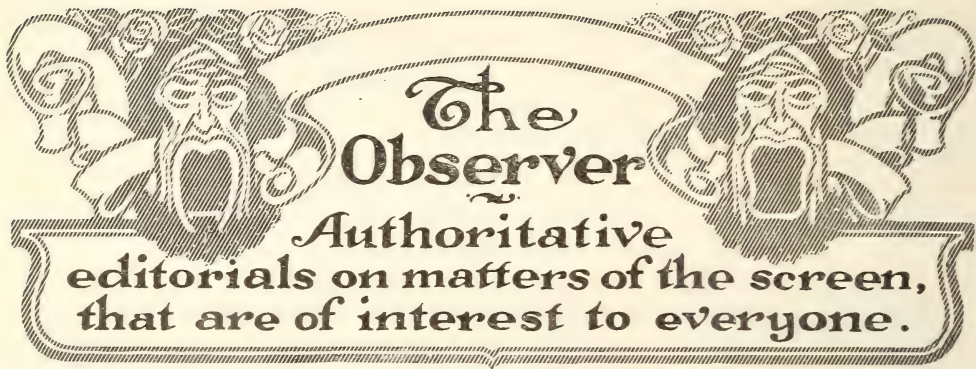
Night fell. Candles were lighted, and still they watched over Mimi.

"And I come to welcome her as your —" Madame de Rouvre was saying.

"Alas," Rudolphe broke in, "you came to bid her with us, her devoted friends, a last good-by."

His hands went out toward Mimi, and he laid his face, weeping, against the little, white muff in which reposed little, white hands that should never again "suffer cold."

"Sad as this is," said Colline, the tears streaming down his face, while he tried to talk very bravely, "yet it proves once more, as we philosophers know, that love conquers everything in life—even death."



The Observer

**Authoritative
editorials on matters of the screen,
that are of interest to everyone.**

MOTION-PICTURE theater patrons throughout the country are at present mystified over the reports of the merger in the film business. It is not to be wondered at, that the person who is interested in seeing good pictures, but who knows nothing of the inside workings of the "game," should be groping in the dark to find out what it all means. Consciously or unconsciously he wonders what the result will be to him, whether or not he will see better and more enjoyable screen productions after all has settled down to peace and quiet again.

We can assure him that there is no cause for concern on his part. At this writing the Triangle Company informs us that Famous Players, Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, and the various angles of the Triangle have combined to release their best picture plays through one general exchange stanchly supported financially by Wall Street interests. This would, if all these companies put out all their pictures together, leave but one organization, the Oliver Morosco Photo Play Company, to release through the Paramount Exchange. But this is unlikely to be the case. To us it appears that the Paramount branches, exclusive of Morosco, desired to get some of the big money that has been pouring into the Triangle purse. In order to do this, one thing, at least, was necessary—competition had to be abolished. Therefore the

merger was the natural result. If our surmise is correct, Lasky, Famous Players, and Triangle will release the best pictures through one exchange, but the Paramount will be able to supply the smaller theaters with other productions of Lasky and Famous Players—ones that do not feature the biggest stars, and, by paying better prices, can probably secure some of the more important pictures.

Whatever the exact outcome of this merger may be after everything is settled, as we have said, the motion-picture theater patron, who cares nothing about who produces a picture so long as it is good and furnishes good entertainment, need worry not at all. It is not the mergers that interest the "fan"—it is what they stand for. In this case it appears to be the symbol of better pictures with better players, and none of the competition among exchanges that supply the theaters which made it hard for the public to see exactly what it wanted at the nearest theater.

From all indications, under the new plan, there have been the greatest group possible of film stars congregated. And, it has been announced by one of the companies interested, that new studios with the best equipments will be built both in the East and West.

And, it is quite within the range of possibilities, since Triangle, with D. W. Griffith, and Famous Players, with Mary Pickford, are concerned, that the

renowned combination of former days may be again formed—in other words, that Mr. Griffith may again be director of the pictures in which “Little Mary” Pickford will be featured.

All of which should directly interest the “fan,” inasmuch as everything points to better pictures. He can lean back and watch the mergers and combinations, and, so long as his home theater does not burn down, can stoop to the vernacular enough to mumble: “I should worry!”

ON with the new—off with the old! How true this trite statement seems when applied to a certain little quarter of this big film world—the Western drama! It was not so very, very long ago that “Broncho Billy” Anderson was the idol of the public in this field. His Western “thrillers,” made at his Niles, California, studio, were released every week and were circulated to all parts of the globe. Tom Ince was making Western pictures, too, but Anderson defied him—who did Ince have to compete with “Broncho Billy”?

Ince didn't have any one at that time, but he went out and got some one, and that some one was none other than the famous stage star, W. S. Hart. Hart started meekly, in a secondary rôle. But he was easily the most interesting character in the picture, and Ince at once started to groom him for public favor in the film world. And as Hart advanced, “Broncho Billy” declined.

To-day Mr. Anderson is no longer playing before the camera, having sold his interest in the Essanay Company, while Hart is perhaps the most popular star on the program of the popular Tri-angle Company, unless Douglas Fairbanks can be considered a worthy rival.



The old and the new in the world of Western drama.

IT has always been a question in the minds of both motion-picture and dramatic critics as to just how much of an attraction a screen star is on the stage. Many players of more or less popularity have appeared behind the footlights after a successful career in shadowland, but none have registered startling successes. The late John Bunny was an example of an exceedingly popular motion-picture favorite who failed to become equally popular on the stage when he went on a tour to tell people how pictures were made and incidentally to play a part in a musical production. Bunny had appeared on the stage when younger, and was fairly successful at that time.

Two recent tests of the screen star's popularity with theater audiences were the engagements of Ruth Stonehouse and Richard C. Travers in vaudeville. Both became famous as Essanay stars, and both did "single acts," that is, acts by themselves. Their success was lukewarm.

The cases of stars of the speaking stage who have deserted the footlights for a few pictures and then returned to their first love are many, and the change seems to have little or no effect on their standing. Geraldine Farrar, Bruce McRae, John Barrymore, and many others of prominence belong to this class.

It is our opinion that the strictly screen actor or actress—who has had little or no experience on the stage before entering the studio—is as ill at ease when he or she attempts to appear before an audience as the merest amateur would be. On the other hand, if the film star has had the benefit of stage training, there is no reason why he or she should not be as popular behind the footlights during a limited engagement as when appearing on the screen in image.

ONE of the most inconceivable and petty meannesses of that great industry—the motion picture—is the miserly attitude of the film magnates toward their scenario writers.

A playwright will create a drama for the stage and receive a large initial payment, but his remuneration will not cease there. During the entire run of the play, both in the large cities and on tour, he will constantly be the recipient of royalties. On the other hand, a writer for the screen will have to be satisfied with a few dollars—possibly twenty-five a reel, sometimes more, very often less, for his brain child—and that is given him grudgingly. To suggest paying the script writer a royalty on the films he has written the stories for

would deeply insult the man with the pocketbook. He doesn't take into account the fact that scores of his films of the same subject are being exhibited in different parts of the world at the same time, while it is out of the ordinary if more than half a dozen companies are appearing in the same legitimate show at the same time. Nevertheless, the stage writer receives his royalty, but the poor photo-play author—alas and alack, he sits himself down and turns out more scenarios to keep the wolf away from the door. A few years ago, writers were being paid just a trifle less than they are to-day, and yet consider the present superiority of the plots!

It is hard to understand this "save-a-penny-spend-a-dollar" attitude of the producers. It is not that they are really mean; for they spend thousands of dollars on "sets" that are used but a few seconds in a picture; they pay salaries to stars that are entirely out of proportion; and they will take one scene of a picture play in New York and then jump to Honolulu or the Sulu Seas for the next if they think it necessary. The trouble is that the manufacturers have not yet realized the value of the photoplaywright, when in reality he is the very foundation of the whole production.

If the owners of motion-picture companies would only "loosen up," to use the vernacular, they would by far be the bigger gainers. They would not only offer the incentive and inspiration to their regular writers to turn out exceptionally clever stories—money oils the brain, you know—but the foremost stage authors of the day would turn their attention to the world of celluloid. This would insure producers getting really great and original plots, in addition to the few famous plays and novels that are now available.

We feel happy in saying that of late several of the more important com-

panies, having seen the error of their ways, are doing this by announcing they will pay really big money for really big stories by really big men. This is a sign for the better, but it is only a drop of water in the ocean in comparison to the great majority of companies that feel they are being robbed when they pay a few pitiful dollars to the men who are making their success possible. Why? We ask it, but cannot answer. Must we wait for the millennium?

VAMPIRES—why? Countless people, especially those who are notorious for their narrow-mindedness, raise their hands in horror when a “vampire” appears on the screen. Little do they seem to realize that the actress playing this part does a great deal more for the public than the sweet-faced ingénue or

the regal leading lady. Very seldom, if ever, does the screen villainess triumph in the end. And if she does, it is because some means of reclaiming her lost soul have been found. Plainly the fate of these women, and all those who come in contact with them, show that “the wages of sin is death”—or even worse. Of all the ways to teach good, there is no doubt that the best is showing the effects of bad. A baby never plays with fire after burning itself or seeing some one else burned. The same way a man will never play with human fire once he knows the effect of so doing.

Then why do some people declaim the vampires of the screen? Theda Bara, and others who play like types, are, perhaps, doing more public good than any other players.



Three famous
vampires:
Louise Glaum,
Theda Bara
and Virginia
Pearson.

DID you ever sit through a miscast picture and wondered why, oh, why the director ever assigned such and such a player to such and such a part? If you have—and we think there are few patrons of the silent drama that have not—we need not dwell upon the tediousness of the event.

The leading lady of a certain company was “fitting” across the screen, trying pathetically to impersonate a young girl, the other day, as we sat in the projection room of one of the large companies. One of the officials—not in complete charge—made a remark about said leading lady’s effort to be “girlish” that was far from official.

“Why don’t you put her in character rôles? She’s fine in them,” came from an innocent onlooker.

A grunt and a look that spoke volumes was the answer.

Being “in on the know,” it became our duty to take the innocent onlooker to one side after the picture had been run off and tell him the “whys and ifs” of the situation. It was a short story—the president of the company was firmly convinced that said leading lady was an ingénue instead of a character lead, and his word was law; therefore she plays ingénue parts, and will probably continue to do so indefinitely.

There are directors in the organization who know what the leading woman to whom we refer is best fitted to play, and we have heard the lady herself express her desire for good, strong character parts. But a one-man opinion rules the world in this case, despite the fact that it is warped.

We thank the stars there are not many such characters in the motion-picture industry, and that in most studios such a procedure would be looked upon as a joke. Nevertheless, there are a few companies whose leaders have very badly cramped ideas. The public knows these companies by their inferior grade of pictures, and they know the

other companies by their superiority. The sooner the inferior ones leave the field, the sooner motion pictures will begin to show even a more marked improvement than they have within the last two years.

WITH the coming of the summer, the exhibitor who owns a small house counts his cash on hand, looks about to see what ushers he can get along without, removes the electric-light display in front, and otherwise prepares for a financial siege. Experience has taught him that the summer months are bad ones for his business, though he has just as good pictures and tries just as hard to please his audiences.

Just why this should be the case is quite a question. We quite readily admit that a walk in a cool park is preferable to a seat in a hot theater on a warm summer evening. But we take issue with the statement that the same kind of a walk is more enjoyable than a seat in a nice, cool theater. And all exhibitors who are worthy of their name carefully arrange to have a cooling system installed in their theaters long before the sultry heat of summer arrives. The trouble often is that a person is carrying about a remembrance of a decidedly unpleasant evening spent in a motion-picture house on a summer night a couple of years ago. He refuses to take a chance of being “caught in the same fix” again, and will not go to a film theater during the hot weather. Very foolish, of course, and enough of this type prove very detrimental to the exhibitor of the neighborhood house who has given such good service all winter. Unless he receives some support during the summer, too, he may not be at the door to greet you next winter, when you start to attend the shows again. And maybe his successor won’t be able to show you just what you wanted to see as this exhibitor did during the winter season past.



SINCE the last issue of this magazine went to press, the players have been jumping about from one company to another like so many Mexican beans. Francis Ford and Grace Cunard have flown from Universal City, and, at this writing, are still carefully guarding the secret of their new connection. Harold Lockwood and May Allison have shaken the dust of the Santa Barbara studios of the American from their feet, and have already released their first Metro feature picture of five reels. Ben Tupin, fun maker supreme with the Essanay Company for a long period, is now frolicking in Vogue comedies; Florence Lawrence is through with Universal, and Ruth Stonehouse is the heroine of the new Universal serial, "Peg o' the Ring." Besides all these, a dozen or more other changes of importance have occurred within the last few weeks, and still more are about to take place, it is said.

Margarita Fischer, her talented husband, Harry Pollard, Joseph Harris, and others who deserted Equitable to form the Pollard Picture Plays Company, have all been dreadfully busy in Tijuana, Mexico, where "The Pearl of Paradise," a nine-reel feature in which

the fair Margarita is being starred, is nearing completion.

Charlie Chaplin's newest grouch destroyer, "The Floorwalker," is now on the screens of the country—this being his first picture since joining the Mutual organization; and, judging from the laughter that rocks the houses when Charlie demonstrates his suavity as a floorwalker in a big department store, it bids fair to be proclaimed the funniest film he has ever made.

Admirers of Tom Chatterton—and Lord knows there's millions of 'em—are growing more and more enthusiastic over their favorite as they watch his playing in the new American serial, "The Secret of the Submarine," in which he plays the rôle of *Lieutenant Hope, of the U. S. N.*, opposite pretty Juanita Hansen, as *Cleo Burke*. The story, as every one knows by this time, is founded on the disaster which overtook the submarine craft of the real United States navy in the harbor of Honolulu some months ago.

Vivacious Mabel Normand, who has romped through countless Keystone

comedies opposite popular "Fatty" Arbuckle, is no longer a Keystoneite. She is back in Los Angeles once more, and still with the New York Motion Picture Corporation, but this time it is under the direction of Thomas Ince,



Mabel Normand, now with Ince.

and she is to be starred in light comedies, something of the type of "Peggy," in which Ince introduced Billie Burke to the screen. Mabel's motto is now said to be "More Plots and Fewer Pies." Mabel is sure to be liked, no matter what the vehicle in which she appears, but there will be plenty of fans who will sincerely miss her from the Keystonees.

Just two pictures were made by Florence Lawrence following her return to the screen via the Universal organization, for, after completing "Elusive Isabel" and "Spring Time and Tillie Tod," the world-famous Imp star of

olden days announced that she was through, and, as no contract had yet been signed by her, President Laemmle, of Universal, found himself unable to insist upon her staying.

The house of Pathé, famous the world over for its serial productions, has a new one. This time it is "The Grip of Evil," a story by Lewis Tracy, author of "Wings of the Morning" and a number of other "best sellers," and the film version of the story features Jackie Saunders and Roland Bottomley.

Vivian Martin, who has long been a World Film star, is now in Los Angeles, at the Pallas-Morosco studios, where she went, the latter part of April, to work in big-feature productions for release on the Paramount program. Popular Pete Schmid, publicity man of the Pallas outfit, is said to have worn out several dictionaries in his hunt for new adjectives with which to describe pretty Vivian—and at that we guess he won't be far wrong, no matter what selection he finally makes, for little Miss Martin numbers her admirers by the million.

Harry Todd, known the world over as "Mustang Pete" of the Essanay Western comedies, is now a leading comedian with the Rolin Film Company, which has just moved into its big, new studios on Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles. With Todd went Bud Jamieson, who was also formerly a member of the Essanay aggregation at Niles, in the days before Broncho Billy closed down the Western plant and went East to become a real-estate operator. Oh, yes, Broncho Billy is now a full-fledged New Yorker, for he has purchased a large interest in the Longacre Theater Building.

Tom Ince's big, new spectacle, first christened "He Who Returned," and now showing in some of the larger cities of the country as a whole evening's attraction à la "The Birth of a Nation," under the title "Civilization," is even bigger than was promised, and easily entitles Producer Ince to an extra niche in the Hall of Fame. They'll have to get up early in the morning when they beat "Civilization."



Though Mary Pickford is estimated to have something like 4,684,567,420,-743,981¼ devoted admirers, that number is going to be further increased, for the Famous Players organization has sent a representative to Africa to close an arrangement whereby all the productions released by Famous Players

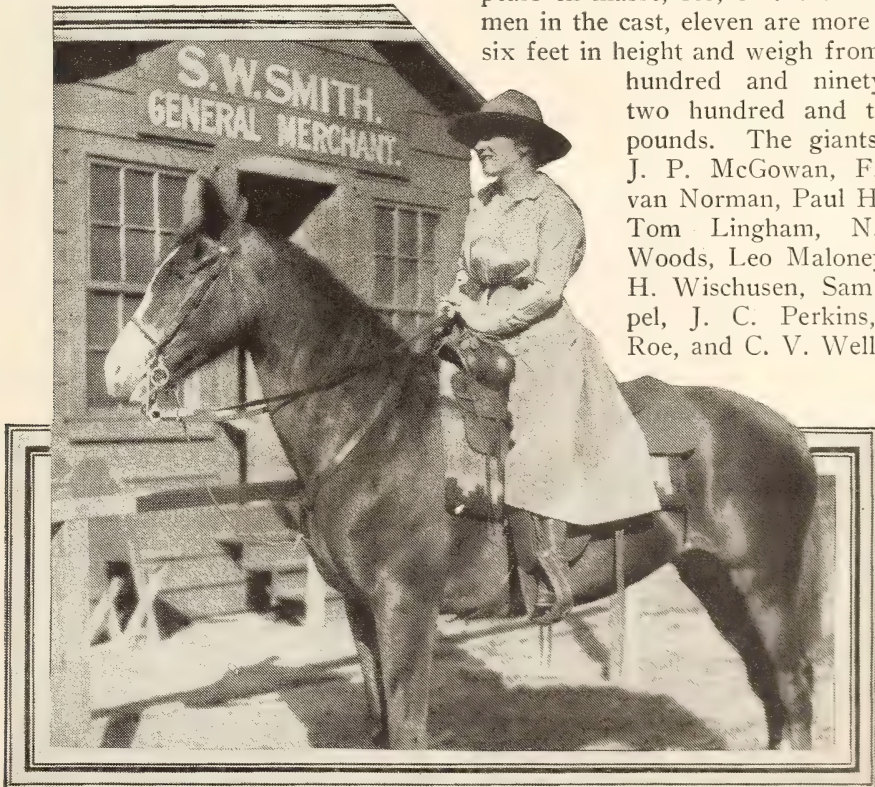
will be shown on the Dark Continent. At the showing of the Mary Pickford productions, the popular Mary received even more applause than she does in the States.



Another band of wanderers to return to the metropolis was the Gaumont and Thanouser players who have wintered in Jacksonville, Florida, and are now once again quartered in the Mutual studios at Flushing and New Rochelle.



J. P. McGowan, husband and director of pretty Helen Holmes, has assembled a company of regular giants for the "Whispering Smith" picture, in which both Miss Holmes and himself are appearing. Los Angeles is marveling at the aggregation whenever it appears en masse, for, of the seventeen men in the cast, eleven are more than six feet in height and weigh from one hundred and ninety to two hundred and thirty pounds. The giants are J. P. McGowan, F. M. van Norman, Paul Hurst, Tom Lingham, N. Z. Woods, Leo Maloney, C. H. Wischusen, Sam Appel, J. C. Perkins, Ed Roe, and C. V. Wells.



Helen Holmes as she will appear in "Whispering Smith."

Margaret Green has been chosen from among twenty leading ladies of the stage to play opposite Nat Goodwin in the production he is making for the Mirror Company. She is a Broadway favorite of long standing, having appeared in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "Broadway Jones," and "Ready Money."



There seems to be no end to the serials. One of the latest and best is "The Mysteries of Myra," produced by the International Film Service, of which William Randolph Hearst, the newspaper man, is head. Howard Esterbrook and Jean Sothern are costarring in this serial, which is being directed by the Whartons—Theodore and Leopold.



Earle Williams and Wally Van, those famous Vitagraphers, don't give a snap of their fingers for superstition—at least, that is the case if one can judge by the fact that one is starring in and the other producing a new Vitagraph serial in thirteen chapters. Earle ap-

pears as a hero of the speedways, being a famous motor driver and dare-devil. In fact, the new serial runs the gamut of human emotions, is fraught with a thousand thrills, and, in spite of the fact that much of the production was made during the winter months, it has a bewildering variety of outdoor settings. A notable cast of Vitagraphers

appears in support of Williams, and Wally, who is the director of the production, declares it is the supreme effort of his career.



Joseph Kaufman, who has many Lubin productions of note to his credit, besides any number of stage successes, is now in the Famous Players fold, and hard at work on an adaptation of E. Phillips Oppenheim's story, "The Great Gamble," in which Pauline Frederick is being starred. Previous to



Howard Esterbrook in "The Mysteries of Myra."

his picture work, Mr. Kaufman spent seven years in association with Charles Frohman, during which time he was stage manager for Maude Adams, William Collier, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Virginia Harned, and Marie Doro.

William S. Hart has a worthy rival for Western honors in Douglas Fairbanks, the hundred-thousand-dollar star with the million-dollar smile. Lovable Bessie Love is playing opposite "Doug" in these "wild-and-wooly" pictures, and Allan Dwan is directing them, under the supervision of D. W. Griffith. Triangle releases them—this makes an unbeatable combination.



One of the biggest surprises of recent occurrence is the switch of Marc McDermott from the Edison studios over to the Vitagraph plant, for Mr. McDermott has been an Edisonite so



Marc McDermott who has joined Vitagraph.

long that his mere appearance on the screen indicated that it was an Edison production. His first picture with Vitagraph is to be a five-reel Blue Ribbon feature, the title of which is still a deep, dark secret.



Gus Leonard, veteran of the vaudeville stage, is now a member of the Kalem comedy company in Los Angeles, and will play with Ethel Teare and Jack MacDermott.



Theaters all over the country are running the new Billie Burke picture, "Gloria's Romance," made at the George Kleine studios in New York, and based upon the novel and scenario by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes. In this new production, which is a serial in twenty feature chapters, Miss Burke appears as *Gloria Stafford*, a young

society girl, and is scoring an even greater success than in "Peggy," her first appearance. Feminine fans in particular are finding much to interest them in "Gloria's Romance,"



Billie Burke, star of "Gloria's Romance" serial.

on account of the wonderful Lucile, Henri Bendel, and Balcom frocks worn by Miss Burke. In this respect the film is growing a veritable fashion bazaar.



Remember Arline Pretty, who used to be King Baggott's leading woman? She's been with Vitagraph for a long time, but it has only just been announced that she is the heroine of the new Vitagraph serial, "The Secret Kingdom," to be released through the V. L. S. E. exchanges. Most of the scenes of the new serial were snapped in and around San Antonio, Texas, under the direction of Theodore Marston. Charles Richman has the leading male rôle, opposite Miss Pretty, and others in the cast are Dorothy Kelly, Joseph Kilgour, Ned Finley, Robert Whitworth, and William E. Dunn. While taking the picture, the company found themselves in the midst of the army encamped along the border, and Miss Pretty, who is a former Washington belle, found many of her



Arline Pretty, starring in the serial "The Secret Kingdom."

Washington belle, found many of her

old friends among the officers and their wives. She was several times entertained at the home of General and Mrs. Funston, in Fort Sam Houston.



Violet Horner, the Fox star, recently returned from the West Indies, where she had been appearing in feature films, with an ape for a pet. Violet has the

place in which to spend the winter months, little old New York looked mighty good to them.



Bag and baggage, the Ince business, scenario, and publicity departments moved from Inceville to Culver City, the big, new plant of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, the latter



Gossipers say that Violet Horner is in love with her new chauffeur.

pesky little creature so well trained now that he even helps her drive her motor at times—"it is said."



Though there have been a number of companies which ceased activities in New York studios on account of the recent curtailment in production, some of these gaps in the acting ranks have been offset by the return of the Fox Company, under Oscar Apfel, which has occupied the Selig plant, in Los Angeles, all winter. William Farnum, Dorothy Bernard, and the other members of the Apfel company, declared that though Los Angeles was a glorious

part of April. The migration leaves a very small staff at the old Santa Monica plant, but a few are being maintained there to look after the Western and mountain-country pictures which will still be produced at that studio.



David Horsley has secured the services of Director Charles Swickard, long affiliated with the New York Motion Picture Corporation at Inceville, California. A company playing two-reel dramas, with the famous Bostock animals as "atmosphere" in most of the productions, will be under the supervision of Director Swickard.

Though the first five chapters of the Universal serial, "Peg o' the Ring," show Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in the leading rôles, and were made under Mr. Ford's personal direction, Chapter VI. will introduce dainty Ruth Stonehouse as the heroine in place of Miss Cunard, and all the future installments of the serial will be made under the supervision of Jaques Jaccard. The former Essanay star, it is expected, will find unusual opportunities for her ability in the new serial, and will probably add still further laurels to her brow.

Once more Director Calvert, of the Essanay forces, and a large company of players have descended upon Chattanooga, Tennessee, for picture-making purposes. Mr. Calvert spent many weeks last summer on Signal Mountain, which is in the vicinity of Chattanooga, and, while there, won many warm friends, for it was like a homecoming for him to again visit the Tennessee metropolis. Included in the company working under Director Calvert's supervision are Margaret Clayton, Louise Annie Walthall, Lewis Stone, and A. H. Davis.

Pearl White, famous Pathé star, and more recently the heroine of the serial "The Iron Claw," was highly indignant when the story that she was secretly married to Frank Moran, the heavy-weight pugilist, gained considerable circulation in the East. She emphatically denies the story, and asserts that she is not contemplating matrimony with any one, being wedded to her art.

Douglas Gerrard, of the Universal forces, is proudly displaying to his friends a book he has just received from Sir Henry Beerbohm Tree, the

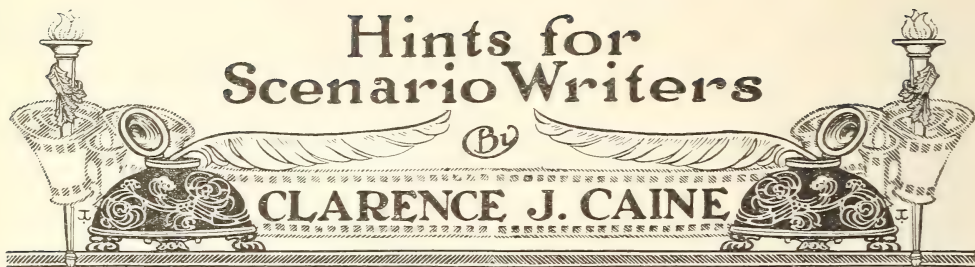
eminent English actor-manager, in whose London company Gerrard used to play juvenile parts. The book is entitled "Thoughts and Afterthoughts," and the author is Sir Herbert himself.

Augustus Thomas' latest stage play, "Rio Grande," has been scoring such a tremendous success on the road and in the larger cities of the country, where it has enjoyed long runs, that it is now to be filmed. The Raver Film Corporation is the organization which will undertake the putting of "Rio Grande" into celluloid.

The Metro press agent calls attention to the fact that Viola Dana is an expert boxer, and can also walk on her hands. Well, well, we should never have suspected it to see Viola on the screen, but then, if her popularity ever wanes with the film fans—but it never will—she can perhaps land a job with Ringling Brothers.

"Smiling Billy" Mason, who used to be an Essanay comedian, and of late has twinkled at the Keystone studio, is now with Universal, and is to direct and play leads in his own company. A series of Billy pictures is being considered, in which the Smiling Billy can disport himself through a long series of adventures, each complete in itself.

Lionel Barrymore, star of the Rolfe aggregation, who has been photographed millions and millions of times in the studio, it is positively asserted posed for his first regular photograph in more than five years in the studio of a New York photographer the other day. Gosh, how Lionel's pulse must have fluttered!



Hints for Scenario Writers

By
CLARENCE J. CAINE

BREAKING IN.

ONE of our readers recently wrote us that he had determined to break into the scenario game, but that he had no idea of just how he was going to do it. He had, however, spent many months in the picture theaters, watching the screen closely, and had studied our articles on the work, so that he had a fairly good knowledge of just how to write a script. What he wanted to know was if it would be best to resign his position, come to New York, and try to secure a place with some company, or if it would be better to remain at his place and write a few scripts first.

The case is typical of hundreds who wish to break into the game but who do not know just how to go about it. This man had the right "hunch," to a certain extent. He allowed himself to become fully acquainted with the work on the screen, and also studied the construction end of the art before even beginning to write. What he lacked in this preparatory work was ideas. He should have started to gather them at the same time he started to study photo-playwriting. Also he lacked the right idea on how to "break in," for that cannot be done by coming to New York and asking for a position or by writing a few scripts before coming.

The way to break in is to work. Hard, brainy, conscientious work; work that calls forth every resource of the writer, and that may bear no fruit at first, is the thing that trains him for future activities.

This gives him that ability to turn out acceptable work that comes only in this way and that is absolutely necessary to a man who seeks a position as staff writer. All of the big scenario writers of the present day have started where the beginners of to-day are starting now. They have had to work their way up the ladder, and the fact that they have reached the top shows that they have not shirked their work. It is a grind at times, to be sure, but it is also a pleasure to create material that one knows will serve to entertain the whole world.

We believe that a writer should think the matter over carefully and fully decide in his own mind that scenario writing is the game he wishes to follow. Then he must go into it with his whole heart and be prepared to fight the long battle against discouragement that will mean so much to him if he wins. As we have said before, the man who fights on and on, refusing to let anything interfere with his work, will be the man who wins; and the one who fights for a while and then allows his ambitions and determinations to be crushed by adversities is the one who loses. The man who enters the game in an indifferent way and cares but little about work, and who always looks forward to the check, is the one who drops out of the game very soon. He loses his time, but that is about all, for he has not given over his whole heart to the work, and success or failure means little or nothing to him.

STUDY.

We have often advised our readers to study the screen, and to explain what we meant we have said to go to a theater and select some certain play, and then see just exactly what it was made of and how it was put together. We know that is a rather difficult task, at first, but by concentration the mind can be trained to absorb all the points necessary for study purposes by seeing the picture once.

We think the best system for a beginner is to first watch the plots of produced pictures. See the pictures on the screen, and then come home and write out a brief synopsis of each. Take these synopses and study them carefully. Imagine you are the one who has written the play. See what the main idea is, and how the plot is formed around it. Try to better the plot skeleton itself. Then see how the incidents are arranged, and try to better their handling. Look over the characters, and learn why each was given its place in the story. Then try to shape the characters' actions a little differently, so that the plot interest will be benefited. Study the crises and the big climax, and see just how they are worked up. And, above all, study the ideas that are incorporated in the story itself. They may be new or old, but be sure to satisfy yourself as to their worth before you leave them.

As you progress in your work, and can conscientiously say that studying the plots of all the pictures you see has almost become second nature, then begin to study the so-called screen technique. Watch the methods used by the different companies in working out their productions, and you will soon learn that style that is characteristic of each. For instance, one company is given over to a great many close-up scenes and an almost equal number of stupendous long "shots." Another com-

pany believes in having all its film made at about the same distance from the camera—say the fifteen-foot line—which shows the entire person on the screen. Learn also just what is done when an automobile or some other vehicle is dashed over a cliff. Study how a sudden flash scene of the auto dropping down the cliff follows the close-up scene where the auto is seen to dash over the edge, and which is taken from the top.

These are but a few of the things which must be noted. The way to study the minute details of the technical arrangement is to consider each scene as entirely separate. This requires quick thinking, for some scenes last only a few seconds, and the longest will seldom last more than a minute. It means that the mind must analyze the scene and estimate its worth to the production the instant the action within it occurs. Then the mind must be ready to do the same to the next scene as it flits by.

A beginner cannot go into a theater to study the screen, for the first time, and expect to absorb all the salient points at once. He must train himself to this, just as he must train himself to many other things, in order to become a successful writer. It is a source of genuine pleasure to most professionals, however, to go to a theater and study the screen with a mind which is trained to absorb and analyze all it sees. When they do their own work, then they are just so much more certain of themselves.

PLAYS OF PURPOSE.

Louis Reeves Harrison, writing for *The Moving Picture World*, one of the trade papers, recently touched upon a subject of far greater importance than has, as yet, been recognized by the motion-picture industry—the production of plays of purpose. Mr. Harrison says:

"The author ceases to be a true artist

the moment he is so devoted to structural form, preparation, exposition, and climax, that he becomes detached from the people and events encountered in daily existence. Without purpose, and sincerity of purpose, not in close touch with his times, unaffected by the significance of what is going on in the world, he will rarely sound notes which awaken response. He may even be lost in the clouds of self-sufficiency, where the light of human sympathy cannot be expected to penetrate. It is all right to be conversant with fundamental conditions in order to reach an audience with the story he has to tell, with the punch he hopes to deliver, but the way to success will be clearer when he considers the story as merely an entertaining medium for the solution of a perplexing problem or to popularize some phase of modern thought.

"It is natural to suppose that new ideas, and fresh methods of presenting them, may interest an audience; they at least provide a refreshing change from what we have been getting. Yet that is no reason why an author should not infuse new vigor in an old play, if it is within his power to do so; but he need not expect to succeed even as a corpse reviver unless there is an underlying sincerity of purpose in his work. The fresh blood used to revitalize an old drama must come almost entirely from the author of the screen version, and that fact is more generally than openly recognized. The new sap is drawn from the depths of human nature as it exists, as the audience recognizes it, and from the social environment in which we all exist.

"When a screen play of purpose holds an audience, it is because of all engaged in its production, an art in itself, not a reflex of some other similar art. When this is fully recognized, the rewards and credit will not go to those who contribute nothing to the transformation from raw material—some of it is very raw—

to the finished product, but to those whose ability made possible the successful transformation. The high element in every successful screen play is that emanating from the capable forces contributing to its artistic and scientific production. What is used of the older form is only raw material. The poorer the raw material, the more creditable its successful use.

"It is inevitable that plays of purpose, entertainingly produced, will take high rank, and the sooner this is grasped by men engaged in creating photo dramas, the better for all who cherish the ultimate power of this new art. If we are to hold public respect and interest, we must take higher ground than that of imitating others. We must stand on our own ground. We have our own medium and our own methods of visualizing the unseen world of passion and thought. This art has an individuality all its own. The more strongly this individuality enters into the interpretations, the more real the interpretation becomes, the more satisfying, the more convincing, the more true."

DETAILS.

In a recent issue of *The Editor*, Hapsburg Liebe, a short-story writer, set down several pointed remarks about the lack of care in details in the average motion-picture production. Following is his article:

"Some of them are, I know, but these are too few. The magazines can't put such glaring wrongnesses across. Are the 'moviegoers' any less intelligent, as a class, than the magazine readers? I think not. The dear public notices these wrongnesses in the pictures. You'll hear of it frequently in the little dark theaters. Why not make the pictures true to life, and have a still greater following? I am speaking for myself, if you please, John Alden. I don't write scenarios—I write stories—but I like to

see the pictures, and I don't like to be disgusted, even in a little way.

"Yesterday I paid a special price to see a special feature. A Mexican army spy enlisted in the United States army, and was promoted from the ranks to second lieutenant in an amazingly short time because the colonel liked him. He wore a captain's shoulder bars. A captain in the same regiment wore a star on his shoulder straps. It was supposed to be a story of the present, and yet the soldiers carried a rifle that was discarded so long ago that even the militia of the States do not use it. If it was a story of the past, of course the old Springfield was all right. But if it was a story of the past, that regiment should have been a negro regiment, according to its number.

"I have seen a millionaire go hunting with a three-dollar one-eyed shotgun. When he came back home he shot at a mark—with a shotgun!—on a barn door fully seventy-five yards off. It was bird shot—for he had been bird hunting—and yet the millionaire accidentally killed a man who was hiding behind the barn door. The door was an inch thick. I saw it. Bird shot would scarcely penetrate a man's clothing at that distance. I have seen a man husking corn at a moonshine still that was high and dry on a mountaintop. They don't make whisky of whole corn—they use it in the form of coarse meal—and a still must be where there's water, running water, or it can't 'still.' I have seen a woman in a before-the-war picture reading a modern magazine. I have seen a man in a before-the-war picture wearing a hat of the vintage of the present. I have seen—— But that's enough.

"Yes, the dear public notices that which isn't right. It makes them believe that 'It never really happened.' The moviegoers are as intelligent, as a class, as the people who read the magazines."

THE CUT-BACK SYSTEM.

Skillful handling of the cut-back system of developing the plot of a scenario is an art all by itself. It is not a new proposition to those who have been writing for any length of time, but it is one of the things which a beginner finds very hard to understand. Its advantage is to heighten suspense, and its danger is to chop a story up so that one will not be able to recognize it. Every situation worked out by means of the cut-back system is a problem all by itself, and no general rule can be applied. It is one of those things which the writer must figure out for himself wherever he comes upon it, applying such knowledge as he has gained via the printed page or spoken word from a more experienced writer.

Rather than try to explain the theory of the cut-back, we believe it would be well to take a certain situation and develop it both with and without this system. If our readers will study the difference between the two closely, they will be able to get the idea which would probably require a full printed page to describe.

For the situation, let us take that of a man discovering his wife, who is false to him, in the arms of a former suitor. The action may take place in the parlor of the man's home, and he may be returning from a business trip. Without the cut-back system, the action would probably be worked out something like this:

SCENE 44.—Parlor of Man's Home.—Wife and suitor discovered on settee. Suitor is making love to her. She does not repel his advances.

SCENE 45.—Exterior of Man's Home.—He drives up in taxi—leaves it and enters house.

SCENE 46.—Back to Scene 44.—Wife and suitor still in love scene—husband enters at rear of room—sees them—stops in horror—advances—registers

anger—upbraids them, et cetera. The scene would be played out from here according to the plot.

Taking the same situation exactly, and applying the cut-back system, we would be able to tighten up the suspense greatly. It would work out something like this:

SCENE 44.—Exterior of Railroad Station.—Man comes from within, bag in hand—just off train—enters taxi and drives off toward home.

SCENE 45.—Parlor of Man's Home.—Man's wife and suitor discovered in love scene—she encourages his advances—then rises and says he had better go—fears that husband will come. Sutor remonstrates, then agrees to go—starts to leave—cut.

SCENE 46.—Close-up flash of taxicab.—Husband on way home—relaxed attitude.

SCENE 47.—Back to Scene 45.—Sutor starts to go again—stops and kisses man's wife—they have a love scene—cut.

SCENE 48.—Exterior of Man's Home.—Man drives up in taxi—leaves it and enters house.

SCENE 49.—Back to Scene 47.—Man's wife and suitor hear him coming—fear—wife hides suitor behind curtains—looks hurriedly about to see no evidence remains—turns to greet man. Man enters—kisses wife—removes overcoat—talks—walks toward curtains—cut.

SCENE 50.—Close-up of suitor behind curtains—he shrinks in fear as he sees man approach—register expression on face.

SCENE 51.—Back to Scene 49.—Man does not notice suitor behind curtains—turns from them and goes to wife again—registers he is glad to be back with her—suddenly sees glove which suitor dropped near curtain—registers surprise—picks it up—wife in terror. Sutor behind curtain moves. Man sees curtain move—looks at wife

questioningly, then at curtain—walks slowly to curtain and jerks it down quickly. Sutor disclosed. Man shows intense anger—seizes suitor—shakes and strangles him—then releases him—upbraids wife and suitor, et cetera. The scene would be played out in the same way as the other.

The difference is obvious. One style requires three scenes, while the other requires eight. One goes straight to the point, while the other circles about the mark before striking, and gives suspense to the situation. One is just as valuable as the other, in its proper place—the proper place to be determined by the importance of the situation to the plot. If it is of value to make a great deal of the situation which is under treatment, the cut-back system should be used; but if the situation is in reality incidental to some other big action in the plot, then it should be handled as easily as possible and in as little amount of action as will cover it. This treatment corresponds to the light-and-shade effect of painting, and it is according to the ability of a writer to handle it effectively that his worth as an artist may be judged. We believe that the cut-back system is one of the things which is worthy of careful study and much painstaking practice, but a writer should be sure that he has a general idea of what is required before starting. A thoughtful study of the foregoing matter should supply this.

ANSWERS TO READERS.

H. E. DICKINSON.—About the only way a writer can discern the number of reels that his scenario will require is by the action in his story. Watch the pictures on the screen closely and see the intricacy of the plot and the action that is required to tell it. This should help you greatly. If, when you send a script to a producer, you divide it into reels, either time the action by your own brain or do it by watching pictures

that have been produced. A reel takes sixteen minutes to be run, so sixteen minutes of action, or thereabouts, will show you your dividing point.

J. B. WIEBE.—The companies that have Japanese actors in their employ at present, and who will consider your scripts, are The Lasky Feature Play Company, Hollywood, California; Centaur Film Company, Los Angeles, California, and Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Universal City, California. Other producers who are buying may be found in our market booklet which will be sent you on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

HARRY LE VINE.—There is no set number of words for a synopsis; its length depends entirely on the action. If you are submitting only synopsis and no scenario, it is best to make it around twelve hundred words long, in order to give the detailed incidents. If you are submitting a scenario, give the outline of the plot. The best rule to follow is to tell the body of the story in just as few words as possible.

JOHN DALY.—We do not know of any scenario writer who prepares scripts from other people's ideas, but there are several companies with whom you might deal with your synopses. Famous Players Film Company, No. 130 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York City, and Metro Pictures Corporation, Longacre Building, New York City, are looking for good five-reel synopses. Famous Players stories should feature women.

J. E. ORMSBY.—See answer to H. E. Dickinson.

S. L. MARTIN.—Long explanatory leaders are bad. Play up your action so that it is descriptive and use leaders only when they are essential to convey something of importance. Make them as short as possible.

ROBERT EDMUNDS.—Being one of the judges in the contest, I am able to as-

sure you that just as soon as is possible you will be informed of the decision. We receive such a great amount of stories that it is necessary to retain the manuscripts for some time.

L. M. TURNER.—Cause and effect are two component parts of a plot. In the ordinary story, the cause becomes known to the audience before the effect. Detective stories are an exception to this, however, and in some cases, for the sake of dramatic possibilities, the order is reversed. It is best, though, to work incidents in the proper sequence.

T. G. McINTOSH.—See answer to John Daly.

D. A. JEFFERSON.—Our market booklet, which will be sent to you on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope, gives all the possible markets for scripts and the producer's address. It will answer your questions fully.

LIVE-WIRE MARKET HINTS.

Harry O. Hoyt, scenario editor for the Metro Pictures Corporation, who may be addressed in care of the Rolfe Studio, No. 3 West Sixty-first Street, New York City, informs us that he is looking for plots that will fit any Metro stars except those with the Popular Plays and Players Company. He will be glad to consider synopses only for dramatic pictures. Five reels is the length of the plays he desires. Mr. Hoyt is also on the alert for good, polite scenarios—emphasis on the polite, which means *no* slapstick—for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. Metro pays one hundred to three hundred dollars per reel for good scripts.

Thomas A. Edison, Incorporated, Bedford Park, New York City, is on the market for good one and two-reel dramas. This is a fresh market, as Edison has lately rejoined the General Film Company, which will again handle its releases.



Forrest Stanley doing some "water stuff" after hours in the tank of the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

FORREST STANLEY, the dashing film hero, was once employed in the prosaic business of building contractor! However, his fellow workers—not to mention countless girls!—kept informing him for so long how really handsome he was, that he decided there must be a premium on good looks.

Accordingly, he quite naturally turned to the stage, and was soon the bright shining light of the Morosco Stock Company at the Burbank Theater, Los Angeles. In the course of events, the motion pictures came next, and while still playing for the same manager, Oliver Morosco, it is now his celluloid self that greets the theatergoers.

Of all Stanley's accomplishments, possibly the most interesting is his athletic prowess. Had he continued his early career as a building contractor, this fact would hardly have had any effect upon his present athletic inclinations. For, always a lover of physical

sports, he would most likely have been the all-around athlete he is to-day regardless of what vocation he might have permanently selected. The swimming tank, the handball court, or the golf links would probably have received just as much attention as far as Stanley is concerned, were he at present a mogul in the building industry or the captain of an ocean liner.

However, now that he is a motion-picture actor—and particularly a motion-picture hero—his athletic ability proves itself to be more than a desirable accomplishment; it is a most valuable asset. What modern profession demands more of its follower in the way of a good right arm, a sound body with the agility of a panther, and a steady nerve than the silent drama does of its ideal hero? When he is called upon to face overwhelming foes in a combat that often proves only too realistic, when the scenario demands that he leap from a high cliff on the back of a horse into the swirling waters

below, to rush into a building that is really on fire, or to risk any one of the many actual dangers with which he is confronted, the film hero of the realistic-demanding producer of to-day primarily has to be at least physically capable in appearance. If he is physically capable in reality, his worries are placed at a minimum.

In Forrest Stanley we have a film hero who, besides possessing rare talent as an actor, commands the respect of many gymnastic authorities. A prominent and loyal member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, the handsome Morosco leading man is always in splendid condition. His severest dissipation is an occasional puff at an old jimmy pipe when at home or on a hunting trip. It is true that the camera catches him with a cigar or a cigarette between his teeth once in a while, but this is only when the director requests it.

In his private life, Stanley is far from the debonair manikin of the flicker world. Lest you mistake my meaning, I will explain. The greater part of the time he is appearing before you in the shadows, he is clothed in the garments of formality. Away from the glitter of the Land of Make-Believe, nothing pleases this red-blooded youth more than to don a rough-and-ready woodman's suit, put a tweed cap on where it feels most comfortable, and tramp the woods in search of big game. Occasionally he gathers a group of old friends together, and, forgetting all the trials and tribulations of artificial city life,

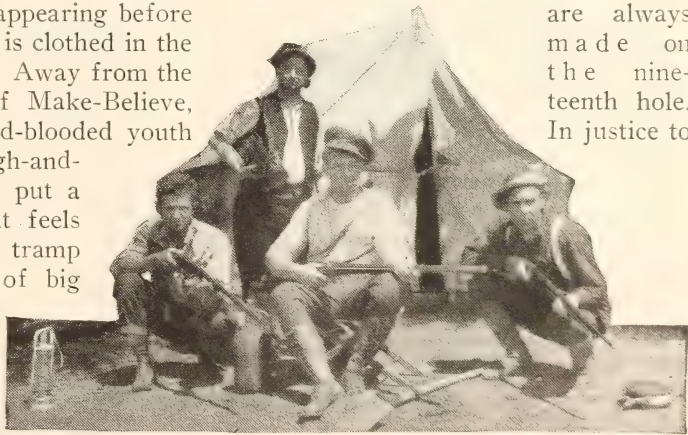
spends a week or two, as time allows, amid the glory of the California woods. His bungalow in Los Angeles contains many trophies of these golden days, and he is continually adding to them.

Another one of his wild dissipations

—so-called—is farming. In the back of his bungalow he has laid out a miniature model farm, and it is the delight of both he and his friends. When any one at the Morosco Studios is particularly desirous of obtaining vegetables that they want to be sure are fresh, they are sure to take their troubles to Forrest, and next morning, bright and early, he appears at the studio looking more like a farmer than an actor. In a recent picture, "He Fell in Love with His Wife," many of his admirers were astonished to see him handle a farm plow behind a pair of monstrous horses with the ability of an adept. Now you know the reason, and another mystery of this great world has been solved!

The rest of his leisure time—oh, yes, his directors are kind at times—this man who never tires takes a club in his hand and knocks a poor little, defenseless ball all over California. Golf is the name of this game—probably you are a victim yourself. Young Stanley is a rather proficient player, but his

best scores are always made on the nineteenth hole. In justice to



On one of these trips he'd shoot a "movie" camera man at sight.

him, though, the writer must admit that it is the same with him; in fact, all golfers claim the same honor.

In town our film hero will be found on the gym floor or in the pool during many of his spare moments—does the

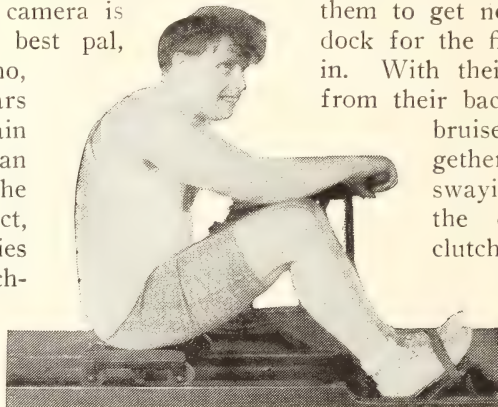
man never work? Each morning before breakfast a game of handball and an ice-cold—br-r-r—shower is in order. A turn at the rowing machine is also included to stimulate a hearty appetite for the morning meal, which sometimes, however, he fails to find time to indulge in, for Stanley makes it a point to be in his dressing room as the town clock is striking nine. On a day when he is not required at the studios, and he doesn't feel like hunting or handling a plow, he rubs the dust off his trusty bicycle and spins all over the city. Many are the quips poked at the handsome one by his friends because of his great love for the "workingman's steed," but these fail to affect the pleasure he derives from his two-wheeler. A story—not yet verified—says that the wheel Forrest uses is the one Abe Lincoln used to go to school on years ago. Personally, I think this is untrue, for in tales of Lincoln we learned that he obtained his education at home.

A strange coincidence in connection with all of Forrest Stanley's athletic inclinations and his work before the motion-picture camera is the fact that his best pal, Howard Davies, who, on the screen, appears opposite him in villain characters, is also an ardent member of the Athletic Club. In fact, Stanley and Davies are constantly matching their skill in various sports on the gym floor in boxing, wrestling, handball, et cetera. In justice to both it must be said that they are evenly matched. Both of practically the same build, these two friends are always pitted against each other on the screen when the story calls for a scuffle be-

tween the hero and the villain. The net result is a corking good fight until the director gives Davies the word to let up and give in to the hero. That the director has a difficult time of it trying to get Davies to give in—especially when the latter feels that he is putting in some good licks—can well be appreciated.

Probably the only sport in which the hero is more than a match for the villain is swimming. In fact, there is no comparison here because of the fact that Davies cannot swim a stroke, while Stanley is an aquatic expert. While engaging in a most realistic fight in a recent photo play the story demanded that both fall into the river from the end of a high dock. Although not being able to swim, Davies agreed to take the ducking, feeling safe in the fact that his pal—the hero—would also fall in with him and keep his head above water until they could be pulled out. The fight started between the two as usual and the camera man commenced to grind. After a lively combat for a few minutes, the director yelled for them to get near the edge of the dock for the final plunge and fall in. With their clothes half torn from their backs and several real

bruises, the two came together once more, and, swaying near the edge of the dock, fell over, clutched in each other's arms. In falling, Stanley's head hit a projecting plank which rendered him unconscious, with the result that both



And Forrest loves athletics enough even to row one of those things that don't get you anywhere.

were swallowed by the muggy river. For a few seconds that felt like hours to those on the dock, no sign was evident of the actors, and when they finally bobbed to the surface, it was Davies



who reached out for a life preserver, and was dragged to shore clutching his companion. After a little working over Stanley, he was brought to and a rather ugly-looking wound dressed. Ever since the players josh Stanley over the fact that the expert was saved by one who could not swim instead of vice versa.

Forrest Stanley's success the past four seasons as head of the Morosco-Burbank Theater Stock Company has become one of this well-known organization's traditions. Immensely popular and an artist of the greatest diligence, his withdrawal was the occasion for many expressions of genuine regret. However, what the stage has lost the screen has gained, and that this talented

young actor is rapidly becoming one of the most popular picture players is readily conceded. Among recent films in which he has been featured are "Madame la Presidente," opposite Anna Held, of the misbehaving eyes, and "The Heart of Paula," playing with Lenore Ulrich, the dark-haired beauty.

Forrest Stanley presents the ideal leading man of the film drama—and the genuine athletic screen hero.

"The Early Days of Henry B. Walthall," written by a boyhood chum of the world's greatest screen actor, and telling many of the things that took place with Walthall in the leading rôle before motion-picture cameras were invented, with interesting photographs to illustrate, will appear in the August issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, on sale July 1st.



This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

ABBIE.—Well, you are the favored one this month, and I will start with your questions. You want to know what kind of cigarettes Harry Spingler smokes, eh? I hate to give any company free advertising space, but I must always speak the truth. Harry is partial to Pall Mall. Rather extravagant taste, don't you think? Address him at the Screen Club, where he has been receiving his mail for three of his twenty-seven years. Certainly I think Theda Bara is a great actress, don't you? Address Charlie Ray, care of Ince Studios, Culver City, California; Billy Garwood, Universal Film Company, New York City; Wallie Reid, Lasky Feature Play Company, Hollywood, California; Crane Wilbur, Centaur Film Company, Los Angeles, California; Robert Warwick, World Film Corporation, New York City; William Farnum, Fox Film Corporation, Los Angeles, California; Henry Walthall, Essanay Film Company, Chicago, Illinois. Yes, I imagine these heroes of the celluloid would oblige with photographs, especially if you inclose a quarter to cover cost of mailing, et cetera.

CLEO.—Ah, you are near the top this month! Some of these days you will be first, and then you will be happy, I suppose.

B. F. F.—Yes, it was Theda Bara who starred in "The Serpent", (Fox). George

Walsh played opposite, and his brother Raoul directed the production. The story was written jointly by George and Raoul.

F. W.—You are right about Bill Farnum being patriotic. But why shouldn't he be? He was born on the fourth of July, 1876—just one hundred years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Three cheers!

J. A. Y.—Mary Pickford's two latest pictures are "The Eternal Grind" and "Hulda from Holland," both Famous Players productions. Yes, "Little Mary" generally sends pictures of herself. Marguerite Clark is still with Famous Players. The studio address is 130 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York City.

VERA S.—Even though you may be a successful actress in your home town, that doesn't say that you would make a screen star. I judge from your letter that you are a very young girlie, so don't be discouraged when I tell you to stay at home for the present, at least, even though you asked me not to say so.

KATHLEEN.—Clara Kimball Young's latest picture is "The Feast of Life" (World). Yes, Paul Capellani is appearing in World Features. Your other questions answered above. Thanks very much for your courteous letter.

QUESTION MARK.—Bessie Barriscale is the greatest actress appearing in films, and Henry Walthall the greatest actor. In Western rôles William S. Hart stands alone. You are right in saying that he made people forget "Broncho Billy" was ever in existence.

H. I. K.—May Allison was born in Georgia in 1895. She is now with Metro.

G. N. W.—Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati on Washington's birthday, 1887. She went on the stage in 1889 with De Wolf Hopper, and remained a theatrical leading lady until the Famous Players signed her. I believe that if you write to the publicity department of the Famous Players, New York City, you may be able to purchase stills from them.

G. E.—You seemed rather timid—never be afraid to ask me questions. "The Fox Woman" was produced by the Reliance-Majestic Company, and starred Teddy Sampson as *the Japanese girl* and Seena Owen as *the woman*. Seena Owen is with the Triangle Company, and Miss Sampson is now taking life easy. However, she tells me that she will soon be playing again.

B. B. K.—Louise Glaum is the "official vampire" of the Ince-Triangle Company. Her portrayals are really excellent.

MARGARET.—A feature film is one that runs three thousand feet—three reels—or over. If I took a dozen pages to explain the matter, I couldn't do it more thoroughly than I have in that one sentence. Come again—the lathstring is out.

DIPPY DICKY.—I certainly enjoyed your letter, even though your name doesn't suit you. Dippy? My word! Everything but that. No, Mary Pickford and her "hubby" do not play for the same company. Mary is with the Famous Players, New York City, and Owen Moore plays for Fine Arts-Triangle, Los Angeles. Anita Stewart is still with Vitagraph. Theda Bara's latest "vamp" film is "The Eternal Sapho" (Fox). If you are a scenario writer, why not enter the contest we are running? It's rather late now, but you may still have time to win the coveted prize. See the full details on another page.

ALL CHAPLIN QUESTIONS.—Yes, Charlie Chaplin is with the Mutual Company. His first picture for them was "The Floor-walker." Naturally, it was a scream. His studio is located in Los Angeles. His leading lady is still Edna Purviance, who used to cavort with him during his reign at Essanay. His salary is \$520,000 a year in

real money, and in addition he received a bonus of \$150,000—also real money—for signing. People like to believe that this salary is "press-agent money," but in a recent court affidavit this was the amount mentioned. You have to tell the truth in court.

S. A. Y.—Charles Clary is now with the Fox Film Corporation at their Pacific coast studios—likewise Wheeler Oakman, who had the title rôle in "The Ne'er-do-well" (Selig).

M. T.—My dear little girlie, I am sorry to have to discourage you, but there is no chance in the world that I can see of you becoming a film player. Better get the idea out of your head, and you'll be much happier.

SAL.—Yes, I have said a dozen times before, it's an even race between Wally Reid and Carlyle Blackwell as to which one is the more handsome. Both are heart-breakers of the first water.

G. G. G.—Princess Mona Darkfeather was born in Los Angeles in 1889. Arline Pretty first saw the light of day in Washington, District of Columbia, twenty-two years ago. Pearl White had the same thing happen to her in Greenridge, Missouri the same year Princess Mona was born. Hobart Bosworth played the title rôle in "The Sea Wolf" (Bosworth).

S. A. C.—House Peters, who has been likened to a Rex Beach hero in the flesh, lives in New York City. He is appearing in productions of the World Film Corporation, his latest being "The Closed Road," in which he is costarred with Barbara Tennant.

H. G. E. or H. G. C.—I've just had a busy ten minutes trying to decipher your initials. Have a little pity on me, won't you please? Remember I get so many letters, and when they are badly written it takes up valuable time reading them—oh, all right, thank you verrah much! Henry Walthall was the *Little Colonel* in "The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith). May Miles Minter, according to the Metro publicity department, was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, April 1, 1902. Familiar date, isn't it? I didn't see all the episodes of "The Goddess" (Vitagraph), but those I did were very good. Yes, I saw "Where the Heather Blooms," with Eddie Lyons and Betty Compson. Very droll, I thought. Nestor-Universal produced it, and Eddie is still with them. We will have all your favorites in the gallery in time.

ANXIOUS.—I, too, became anxious when I saw the list of questions you had prepared

for me. Helen Holmes is with Mutual and Helen Gibson plays for the Kalem Company. They are two entirely different girls. Harold Lockwood is twenty-eight and May Allison twenty-one. They are now costarring for the Metro Company. William Russell's leading lady is Charlotte Burton. Roy Stewart was *Detective Blake* in "The Diamond from the Sky" (American-Mutual). No, W. J. Tedmarsh is not a hunchback, although he gave an extremely clever impersonation of one in the above-mentioned serial. Yes, Mary and Lottie Pickford are sisters, and Jack is their brother. Orral Humphrey's whiskers are only for picture purposes. Off stage he is always clean shaven. No, they didn't make "Big Bill" Russell drink real whisky in "The Craven" (American). That's all—at last the end has been reached!

L. M. L.—Thank you very much for your interesting letter. We always appreciate letters such as you wrote. George de Beck played *Brewster Bradford* in "The Cave Man" (Vitagraph). At the present moment Maurice Costello is taking a vacation. He certainly deserves one, considering the way he has worked all these years. Yes, your favorites' pictures will be printed ere long.

BEE.—Yes, Anna Luther would answer a letter from you, I am sure. Address her care of the Keystone Company, Los Angeles. Evart Overton was the heroine's brother in "The Battle Cry of Peace" (Vitagraph).

ALL "TEMPTATION" QUESTIONS.—It seems that a million and one fans have asked who played one rôle or another in "Temptation" (Lasky). The complete cast of principals is: *Renne Dupree*, Geraldine Farrar; *Julian*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Otto Muller*, Theodore Roberts; *Madame Maroff*, Elsie Jane Wilson; *Baron Chevrial*, Raymond Hatton.

IVAN W. DICKSON.—Your letters are both kind and interesting. Send mail for Alice Joyce care of Tom Moore, Pathé Frères, New York City. You ask me what photo play is the best, and then tell me not to say "The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith). Why, man alive, this picture is so far ahead of all the others that you cannot even speak of it in the same breath! "The Battle Cry of Peace" (Vitagraph) is a pretty good picture, of course, but for goodness' sake, don't class it with "The Birth of a Nation!" No, Adele Lane is no longer with Universal, and as far as I can learn she is not working at present. Clara Kimball Young leaves the World on July 15th to head her own com-

pany, as Margarita Fischer has already done. Muriel Ostriche is still under contract with World. Am sorry, but can say nothing regarding the other magazine you mentioned. Yes, Vitagraph and Lubin will be included in the studios visited. Regarding fees and presents, I take this opportunity to tell you and all my other friends that accepting them is not in my line. Yes, I understand that other motion-picture publications do it, but that is their business. I receive a salary for answering queries, and I certainly do not wish to be paid twice for the same thing. Thank you just the same, though. "The Adopted Child" (Pathé) was released several years ago, and I have no record of it—sorry. I don't know why the World Film exchanges refuse to sell pictures of their players. The safest way to get photographs is to write the stars and inclose twenty-five cents to cover expenses. Some players send in their pictures regularly to the magazines, and in other cases the company they work for does. Yes, we have several pictures of Octavia Handworth in our files. I agree with you regarding what you say of magazine covers. The cast of principals in "In the Aisles of the Wild" (Biograph reissue) are: *The hunter*, Henry Walthall; *his friend*, Harry Carey; *the sisters*, Lillian Gish and Claire McDowell. For years Biograph refused to give the casts of their pictures, as they wished the company name to become famous rather than the players themselves. None of the big producing companies in Los Angeles intend moving to San Francisco. Violet Horner's studio address is the Fox Film Company, New York City. Florence Turner is working in England at present. The Universal Company, New York City, recently released one of her features, and they most probably would forward a letter to her. The entire Biograph Company was disbanded recently, and many of the players have not as yet signed with other companies. Yes, the Vitagraph films are possibly the best released through V. L. S. E. Myrtle Gonzalez is still with Universal. Address Barbara Tennant care of the World Film Company, New York City. The old Eclair Company was absorbed by the World. Ormi Hawley is now with Fox. Her World picture, "The Social Highwayman" has already been released. The old Excelsior Company just died a natural death. Mary Pickford is still in New York City. Well, I have been at your questions a long time. Be more considerate in the future, won't you, please? You know there are so many questions and so few pages.

BUSHMAN'S ADMIRER.—Glad you are back, Helen. Yes, Anna Luther is considered a very clever comedienne. She is with Keystone-Triangle. Tyrone Powers is with Universal, and is an exceedingly able actor. He is not to be classed with Walthall, though. Edna Goodrich is with Lasky again. She did better work on the stage than in the films, but at that she is a popular picture player. Marin Sais is with Kalem, costarring with Ollie Kirby in "Social Pirates." Personally, I think Bill Farnum is a much better actor than his brother Dustin. Both are very clever, though. Yes, David W. Griffith is acknowledged to be the world's foremost director. Following him come Tom Ince and Colin Campbell. The picture of a pretty actress seems to be more popular than that of an actor, so accordingly they get the covers—see? It's a toss-up between Jackie Saunders and Ruth Roland both as to beauty and ability. So you like Kathlyn Williams better than Bessie Barriscale. Well, every one to his or her taste, but Bessie is known to be the peer of any celluloid actress. Yes, Bushman is a very good actor, but of course doesn't compare with the one and only Walthall. He is also good looking, but how about Wally Reid and Carlyle Blackwell? Although Fannie Ward looks sixteen, she admits that forty-one summers have passed. Isn't she wonderful? She went on the stage in 1890 and played both here and in Europe until she signed with the Lasky Company last year. By-by!

B. R.—Several companies will produce films on the New England coast this summer, as usual. At this writing, however, it is not known which companies intend doing this. Theda Bara's latest picture is "The Eternal Sapho" (Fox). Earle Fox played *Dave* in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" (Lasky).

LESLIE H. VAZ.—Vivian Rich is still with American, playing opposite Alfred Vosburgh. Yes, Mr. Bushman answers letters. Address him care of the Metro Film Company, New York City. There is no standard rate paid for stories by magazines. It all depends on the subject. Very glad this publication is so well liked in Panama.

ALL THEDA BARA QUESTIONS.—To save space I will answer all questions regarding Miss Bara here. She is twenty-five years old, and was born on the Sahara Desert. Her mother was French and her father Italian. Question—what is Theda's nationality? Her first picture was "A Fool There Was" (Fox), for which subject she was recruited from the Paris stage. Her latest

picture is "The Eternal Sapho" (Fox) and was produced by Bert Bracken. Her mail should be addressed care of the Fox Film Corporation, 126-130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City. Yes, she stands without an equal as a player of vampire rôles.

J. H. P.—Send your address to Miss Olive M. Harris, Box No. 750, Texarkana, Texas, for she has very kindly offered to send you the translation of the Toreador song from "Carmen."

OLIVE M. HARRIS.—Thank you very much for your offer. See answer just above.

DOT.—Address Warren Kerrigan care of Universal, Universal City, California; Florence Lawrence, Universal Film Company, New York City; Geraldine Farrar, Lasky Feature Play Company, New York City.

W. A. S. H. E. M.—Quite a bunch of initials, my boy. Where did you get them all? Yes, Viola Dana starred in "The Innocence of Ruth" (Edison). At present she is with Metro and should be addressed care of their offices, New York City.

R. R. K.—Yes, Rudolph, Billy Garwood is a very good actor. I am sure he would send his photograph, especially if you inclosed a quarter. Address him care of Universal Film Company, New York City. Wallace Reid played in "The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith), although his part was cut out in several sections of the country. It was too rough for the finicky board of censors. Address Wally care of Lasky Feature Play Company, Hollywood, California.

TO ALL WHO WANT PICTURES OF PLAYERS.—Yes, the great majority of actors and actresses are very glad to present their pictures to admirers. In all cases, however, it is best to inclose twenty-five cents to cover cost of mailing, et cetera. Many of the players will return your money, but it is better to be on the safe side.

E. M.—Address Marguerite Clark care of Famous Players Film Company, New York City.

MARIA.—Your letter was very kind and refreshing—thanks. Address Thomas Meighan, care of Lasky Feature Play Company, Hollywood, California. So he is rather popular in Paterson, eh? It seems so all over.

LADY FITZNOODLE.—Well, look who's here! This magazine seems to be gaining favor among the royalty. For your marriage questions read "Romances of the Studios" in this issue. A great number of secrets are exposed. Address Francis X. Bushman and

Olga Petrova, care of Metro Film Company, New York City. Lillian Gish may be reached care of Fine Arts Studio, Los Angeles, California. Fritz de Lint played with Petrova in "What Will People Say?" (Metro). Henry Walthall is on the very tiptop of the world of shadows, but I certainly cannot say the same for Marguerite Clark. Some people like her, though. Come again, Lady.

OLA LUETTA.—Marguerite Clark will probably be interviewed in time. Personally I do not approve of her actions. She is making her living with the aid of motion pictures, and yet she spends all her spare time "knocking" them. It seems a rather poor policy. She is supposed to be twenty-nine years old, but when I was a little kid she was playing leads on the stage! Maurice Costello is resting at present. Please don't send the dynamite!

RUTH.—Address the Fairbanks Twins care of Thanhouser Company, New Rochelle, New York. I'm sure they would write you. Yes, there are countless clever kiddies in pictures. Read the article in this issue, "Just Kids."

SHORTY.—No, Mabel Normand is not "died." One person can play two parts in the same film by means of double exposure.

R. E. R.—Address Jimmy Cruze, care of Metro Film Company, New York City. Other address given several places above.

COLEMAN.—My dear girl, don't be disappointed when I tell you that it is almost as easy to live without eating as it is to become a photo player. Crane Wilbur, the curly-headed hero, is twenty-six. Address him care of the Centaur Film Company, Los Angeles, California. Address Edna Mayo, care of Essanay Film Company, Chicago. "The Beloved Vagabond" (Pathé) was staged in suburban New Jersey. Address Mary Fuller, care of Universal Film Company, New York City.

BELASCO'S ADMIRER.—Mr. Belasco's address is 115 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

A BLONDE, ENGLISH.—See answer to Coleman above. Sorry I cannot help you more.

WALTER WILKIN.—Sure, Marshall Neilan is a fine-looking chap. See his picture in our "Romances of the Studios," this issue. His latest picture was "The Cycle of Fate" (Selig), which he wrote, directed, and also played in. Address him care of Selig Polyscope Company, Chicago, Illinois.

A. G. G.—Read about Mary Pickford's marriage in "Romances of the Studios," this issue. Billie Burke's real name is Mrs. Florence Ziegfeld. She was born in Washington thirty years ago. Her latest work is in "Gloria's Romance" (Kliene). Address her care of George Kliene Studios, 807 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City. Dusty Farnum is forty.

TEDDY.—Any relation to Colonel Roosevelt? Frank and Edna Mayo are not related. Robert Warwick was born in 1881. "The Strange Case of Mary Page" (Essanay) is certainly not a suitable vehicle for the great and only Walthall.

DOLLY.—Yes, Louise Glaum formerly played in comedies for Universal. Ella Hall is nineteen, and, as you say, is verrah sweet. No, I don't think Grace Cunard was foolish in "Lucile Love" (Universal); in fact, she portrayed some exceptional clever comedy in it. The series by Gail Kane, which you speak of, is running in hundreds of papers throughout the country. No, that wasn't a real mustache you saw on Francis Ford. It was a picture one.

FLO B.—Harold Lockwood and May Allison present one of the most attractive couples in filmdom. May is a blonde, and Harold's hair is brown. Pearl White's hair is blonde. Morris Foster's hair is very dark. Harris Gordon and E. Forrest Taylor are two entirely different players.

ANNA KOLBECK.—Forrest Stanley played opposite Lenore Ulrich in "The Heart of Paula," and Harold Lockwood opposite Marguerite Clark in "Wildflower" (F. P.).

DAPHNE BELL.—Personally, I think the Fox films are superior to Metro's. No, Mary Miles Minter cannot very well be called a rival of Mary Pickford. Don't be impatient if you don't hear from the players shortly after they receive your letters. You know their time is taken up with so many things.

A C. M.—Pauline Bush is not playing in pictures at present.

M. D.—Your letter was very interesting. Marshall Farnum is a brother of Bill and Dusty. Keystone releases through Triangle, not Mutual. William S. Hart played on the stage for several years before he became a screen actor, appearing in countless productions. Franklin Ritchie plays leads for the American Company. No, he is not related to Billie of the same name. Yes, for the thousandth and first time, Theda Bara *did* write the story of her life for this magazine.

JANE.—Yes, girlie, I certainly agree with you when you say that Bessie Barriscale is the world's greatest screen player. Nearly every one thinks so, too.

PETE.—William S. Hart played the title rôle in "The Aryan" (Ince-Triangle). Bessie Love was the sweet little girl, a very appropriate name, too, and Louise Glaum was the bold, bad girl. This was a wonderful cast, as Hart is certainly the greatest Western player in filmdom; Louise Glaum ranks next to the incomparable Theda Bara as a vampire, and Bessie Love is just the sweetest little girlie in all the world.

R. E. M.—Yes, of course, Walthall is my favorite, but Robert Warwick is a great actor also. Warwick was born in Sacramento, California, in 1881. He was educated in Europe, and also studied music there. Losing his voice—or rather his singing voice—he returned to America and went on the stage, where he played for Belasco and Brady. His greatest stage play was "The Dollar Mark," and in film form it also served as his greatest screen vehicle.

TOMMY.—Yes, my boy, I certainly do consider William S. Hart a much finer actor than "Broncho Billy" ever was—or could be. Hart's film portrayals are absolutely perfect.

MRS. F. H. G.—So Harry Lonsdale is an old friend of yours? Well, isn't that nice? One of his latest big pictures was Selig's stupendous production, "The Ne'er-do-well." You may address him care of that company, Chicago.

MOORE FAN.—Tom Moore is now appearing opposite beautiful Anna Q. Nilsson in a Pathé serial, "Who's Guilty?"

R. H.—The cast of principals in "April" (American) is as follows: *April*, Helene Rosson; *Jeffery Gordon*, E. Forrest Taylor; *Tim Fagan*, Harry von Meter; *Martha Fagan*, Louise Lester.

H. I. G.—Address Marcia Moore care of Universal Film Company, Universal City, California.

CLIFF.—William Clifford as *Captain Morey*, and Margaret Gibson as *Nadje*, were the leading players in "The Leopard's Bride" (Centaur).

A. S. T.—Address Herbert Rawlinson care of Universal Film Company, Universal City, California. The same address goes for Mina Cunard, Ruth Stonehouse, Eddie Polo, Marc Fenton, and Lois Wilson.

HAL.—Harold Lockwood and May Allison were costars in "Life's Blind Alley" (American).

LOS BANOS FAN.—Marshall Neilan played opposite Mary Pickford in "Rags" (F. P.). Claire Whitney had the female lead in "The Idlers" (Fox), and not Kathlyn Williams. Cleo Ridgely was *Mary Denby* in "The Golden Chance" (Lasky).

M. E. S.—Robert Edeson was the star in "Big Jim Garrity" (Pathé), with Eleanor Woodruff playing opposite him.

PEGGY AND BETTY.—I hate trouble, so I can't answer whether Mary Pickford or Theda Bara has the sweetest disposition. I know, of course, but—safety first! Warren Kerrigan is twenty-seven. His present leading lady is Lois Wilson, who was one of the winners of the Universal beauty contest. King Baggot is thirty-seven. His eyes are blue, his hair is brown, with a streak of gray, and his height is just six feet—withal a handsome man. Mae Marsh has red hair, a few freckles, and yet she is a very pretty girl.

BIO.—The cast of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" (Biograph) is as follows: *Betty*, Gertrude Bambrick; *Jack*, Reggie Morris; *Aunt Mary*, Kate Toncroy. It is a three-reel production.

JACK.—Arthur Maude was starred in "Powder," the American war picture, and William Russell in "The Bruiser," produced by the same company.

HART ADMIRER.—William S. Hart was born in Newburgh, New York, but when a baby his family moved to Dakota, where Bill grew up among the Indians. This is one of the reasons he is so capable in Western rôles.

CLAUDE CAWTHORNE.—Alice Brady, Clara Kimball Young, and Gail Kane all appear in World films. Marguerite Clark is twenty-nine, and Francis X. Bushman is two years older. All other questions answered elsewhere in this department.

N. M. E.—Charles Mailles was the *curio seller* in "The Avenging Shot" (Biograph).

MINNIE.—Mae Marsh, who, as you say, was one of the brightest lights in "The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith) was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. Rather young to be such a clever star, and that is her right age, too.

K. K.—True Boardman was the star in "Stingaree," the Kalem series. The two leading women were Ollie Kirby and Marin Sais. Yes, Ollie Kirby is a sister of Mona Thomas, of the Ince studio. Helen Gibson has been playing the leads in "The Hazards of Helen" ever since Helen Holmes deserted that or-

ganization for Mutual. These pictures are being produced by James Davis. Harry Millarde wrote and played the lead in "The Money Gulf" (Kalem), with Alice Hollister as his sweetheart. Ethel Teare and Bud Duncan were the leading players in "Minnie, the Tiger" (Kalem). Inez Bauer was starred in "The Glory of Youth" (Kalem), and the supporting cast was headed by Robert Ellis, who also directed the production. My goodness, man, don't they show any other pictures in your town than the Kalem films?

JENNIE.—What, another Kalem letter! The complete cast of principals in "The Bandits of Macaroni Mountains" (Kalem)—*some* name, by the way, is *Troatore*, Bud Duncan; *Concha*, Ethel Teare; *Doughbags*, Jack MacDermott; and *Mrs. Doughbags*, Myrta Sterling.

W. S. T.—Yes, Lillian Gish is considered by many to be the most beautiful actress in the world of celluloid.

EMAN.—The companies releasing through the Triangle Film Corporation are Fine Arts, headed by D. W. Griffith; Kay Bee, of which Thomas H. Ince is director general; and last, but not least, Keystone, which put out those screamingly funny comedies produced by Mack Sennett and his corps of funny fellows. Triangle releases the best films produced.

GISH ADMIRER.—It was Lillian Gish who played *Elsie Stoneman* in "The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith) and not her cunning little sister, Dorothy. Dot wasn't in the picture.

PICKFORD THE SECOND.—Edward Martin-dale played opposite "Little Mary" in "The Foundling" (F. P.). He is no longer with the Famous Players, but draws his salary from Metro.

CRAZY CID.—Where did you get that name? Robert Mantell and Genevieve Hamper were costars in "A Wife's Sacrifice" (Fox). Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman had the leading rôles in "The Wall Between" (Metro). Charming Cleo Ridgely and that prince of good lookers, Wally Reid, were the players in Lasky's production of "The Golden Chance."

HARRY.—Sure that was Douglas Fairbanks in "His Picture in the Papers" (Fine Arts-Triangle). Who did you think it was? Loretta Blake played opposite.

SONNY.—Three cheers, you hit it the first time! Charlie Chaplin the Great was born

in France of English parents. His first Mutual release is "The Floorwalker."

REBEL.—Mimmi Yvonne played the title rôle in "The Littlest Rebel" in pictures, and Mary Miles Minter in the stage production. Yes, I am sorry to say that "Pop" Manley and Arthur Johnson are both dead. But, believe me, they are not forgotten.

CUNARD FAN.—At this writing, neither of your favorites, Francis Ford or Grace Cunard, are with Universal. They left this company nearly two months ago, and so far have announced no new connections.

B. A.—Enid Markey played the part of *Kalaniiweo* opposite Willard Mack in Ince-Triangle's superb production of "Aloha Oe." This film was directed by Richard Stanton, who later played in and produced "Graft," Universal's highly successful serial.

CHAPPIE.—What size shoe does Charlie Chaplin wear, you ask! Why, my dear fellow, there isn't space enough in this magazine to put down all the figures of the size. It starts 999,999, and continues till the cows come home!

FATY.—Yes, Roscoe Arbuckle, that very funny Keystone fat man, is Al St. John's "the bounding boy of filmdom's" uncle, and Minta Durfee is his aunt by marriage. What relationship exists between Minta and Roscoe? If you can't tell, down to the foot of the class you go—so there!

TO THE MANY, MANY BOYS, GIRLS, MEN AND WOMEN WHO WANT TO BECOME PICTURE PLAYERS.—For the benefit of this multitude, which increases daily, I will repeat an answer published in this department some time ago. Clean your glasses, summon up your courage, and read! More than sorry, but I haven't the slightest idea how you could become a screen player. As I have said time and again before, the field is more than overcrowded. If you could only have the opportunity of walking down Broadway, New York City, you would see scores—yes, hundreds, of capable players "at leisure." "At leisure," in plain English, means "out of a job!"

RACHELLE.—Charlie Ray played the title rôle in "The Coward" (Ince-Triangle), and it was considered his greatest work.

J. J. W.—So you want my candid opinion of Louise Glau as an actress? She ranks next to Theda Bara as a player of "vamp" parts, and is also a very clever comedienne, as was shown during her engagement with "Universal Ike," formerly "Alaki Ike." Furthermore, she also played straight parts



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with Carlyle Blackwell in Kalem pictures of a couple of years ago. Yes, she surely is versatile.

JACQUE.—Betty Marsh, the Keystone kiddie, is not Mae Marsh's sister. She is her niece. Mae's sisters are Mildred and Marguerite, also known as Lovey. The three sisters all play for Griffith.

TONY.—No, Douglas Fairbanks is not the father of Thanouser's Fairbank's twins.

K. I. G.—No, my boy, "Fatty" Arbuckle does not wear pillows inside his clothes when he does those bone-breaking stunts. He's so fat that he can't be hurt! The name of the dog that plays in so many of his pictures is "Tige."

I. L. K.—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew release their films through Metro, having left the Vitagraph Company several months ago. They turn out the best polite comedies filmed.

MAIN STREET.—Not only the inhabitants, but even the streets and avenues of the different cities and towns write in to this "gold mine of film information"! That's nice. Address Olga Petrova care of Metro Film Company. Also Harold Lockwood, May Allison, Viola Dana, Arthur Hoops, Edmund Breese, and Fritz de Lint. Metro's address is Broadway and Forty-second Street, New York City.

F. T.—Bobby Harron had the leading rôle opposite Mae Marsh in "Hoodoo Ann" (Fine Arts-Triangle). Dorothy Gish and Owen Moore were costarred in "Little Meena's Romance," produced by the same company.

CHOLLY.—William Farnum and Dorothy Bernard were the leading players in "The Bondman" (Fox).

LIZETTE.—So you are as big as Arbuckle and want to play with him in comedies? The only thing I can tell you to do is to write and ask him. You certainly would make a great pair!

JIMMY.—Barbara Gilroy was the girl in "Bill Bunks, the Bandit" (Falstaff).

GIRLIE.—Awfully glad you like the magazine so much. That's what they all say, and I naturally agree.

M. A. R.—Raoul Walsh, who is now the best director working for Fox, played Booth in "The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith). Henry Walthall was the "Little Colonel," and Mae Marsh his youngest sister. Yes, as I have always said, this is the most marvelous feature picture ever conceived. It stands without a rival.

V. E. T.—Francis X. Bushman was born in Norfolk, Virginia, 1885; Mary Fuller in Washington, District of Columbia, 1893; Mary Pickford in Toronto, Canada, 1893; Earl Williams in Sacramento, California, 1880. I forget when and where this little thing happened to me, so, of course, cannot tell you.

G. L.—The cast of "An Adventure in the Autumn Woods," produced in one reel several years ago by D. W. Griffith, follows: *The girl*, Mae Marsh; *her father*, Lionel Barrymore; *her grand-*

father, W. Chrystie Miller; *her lover*, Walter Miller; *the bad men*, Harry Carey and Charles H. Mailles. It was a wonderful picture in its day and still is.

JOHN.—The three greatest directors in order? I know you will agree with me when I say, D. W. Griffith, Thomas H. Ince, and Colin Campbell.

H. J. L.—Kathlyn Williams and Wheeler Oakman were costarred in "The Ne'er-do-well" (Selig). It was produced in Panama by Colin Campbell from the novel by Rex Beach.

J. Q.—Nance O'Neill had the title rôle in Fox's production of "The Witch."

W. R. J.—William S. Hart directs the pictures he stars in, and also suggests scenario subjects.

CHAPLIN FAN.—Yes, the latest Chaplin-Essanay release is "Charlie Chaplin's burlesque on Carmen," in four acts. It is not as good as the average Chaplin release, as he is not in the picture enough. He cut it for a two-reel film, and after he left, the Essanay Company put through an additional two reels piecemeal. It has raised all sorts of trouble, too. Charlie is suing them because the picture is not funny enough, and they in turn are suing him because he broke his contract. All Essanay wants is half a million dollars—that's all. Oh, the joys and peace of poverty!

A. T.—Olga Petrova is starred in "Playing with Fire" (Metro), and she is supported by an all-star cast including Arthur Hoops and Al Thomas.

MACKIE.—Yes, it was the same Willard Mack who wrote "The Lost Bridegroom" (F. P.) and played in "Aloha Oe" (Ince-Triangle). Of all the Barrymores, I prefer Lionel's work on the screen—and of the Drews, S. Rankin.

W. T. H.—No, I cannot say that I cared for the work of Constance Collier in "The Code of Marcia Gray."

T. S.—The cast of "The Little Samaritan" (Essanay) is as follows: *Joyce*, Joyce Fair; *her grandfather*, Thomas Commerford; *her father*, Fred Malatesta; *her mother*, Frances Raymond. The cast of "In the Moon's Ray" (Essanay): *Richard Neal*, Francis X. Bushman; *Meredith Blake*, E. H. Calvert; *"Spider"*, Bryant Washburn; *Judith Hamilton*, Gerda Holmes. This was produced several years ago, and has just recently been reissued.

PAUL.—It required a period of more than eight months to film "The Birth of a Nation" (Griffith). Foremost in the cast were Henry Walthall, Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper, Elmer Clifton, Walter Long, Ralph Lewis, Bobby Harron, and George Seigman. In fact, nearly every member of Griffith's all-star company played in this spectacle.

ART.—Gladys Brockwell, now playing leads for William Fox, was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1894. She went on the stage when a child, and then when pictures became prominent she

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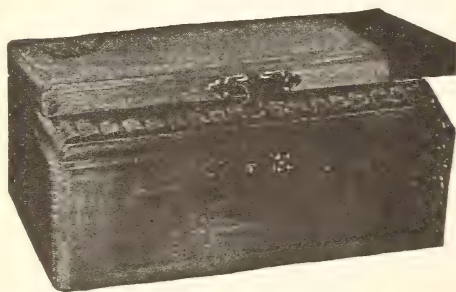
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joined the Lubin Company. From there she went with Thomas H. Ince, then to Griffith, and Universal was her next salary station. Finally came a splendid offer from Fox, and Gladys accepted.

L. K. E.—J. Raymond Nye, formerly with Biograph, is now a Universalite. He was born in Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, 1889.

PARK.—Francis X. Bushman plays opposite Beverly Bayne in Metro pictures.

J.—Katherine Franek, who played one of the spies in "The Battle Cry of Peace" (Vitagraph), was not born in Germany, as you intimate, but in De Land, Florida.

GEORGE T.—Address Mary Miles Minter, care of American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California; Bushman, Bayne, and Lockwood, care of Metro, Broadway and Forty-second Street, New York City; Ella Hall and Bob Leonard, Universal Film Company, Universal City, California.

GLADYS.—Again I say it—Bessie Barriscale is the greatest screen player, living or dead!

L. B.—Ruth Blair was born in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, twenty-three years ago.

J. A. A.—Wheeler Oakman, who did such splendid work with William Farnum in "The Spoilers" (Selig), is again playing with Bill, this time in Fox pictures.

T. C. C.—H. Cooper-Cliffe played opposite Theda Bara in "Gold and the Woman" (Fox).

T. R. B.—The complete cast of "A Life Chase" (Biograph) follows: *Bouval*, Jack Drumier; *his wife*, Louise Vale; *Vaubert*, José Ruben; *Alvimar*, Franklin Ritchie; *Meloit*, Gus Pixley; *Grenier*, Herbert Barrington. This film was released January 19th.

THOMAS.—Yes, Crane Wilbur still is one of the Centaur studio stars. Read about him in "The Centaur Studio" article in this issue. It shows Wilbur in a new light.

DIXIE.—Your long letter was very sensible and also of great interest. I rather think you are wrong, though, in speaking of the "masses" going to picture plays. Of course they do, but likewise the "classes." In fact, from kings and presidents down to day laborers you will find ardent admirers and pupils of the great art of the cinema. As you say, the films are vastly more important in showing the ins and outs of life than all the lecturers in the country. "Ramona" (Clune) was produced under the direction of Donald Crisp, who received practically all his film training from David W. Griffith. I understand that it is the intention of the company exploiting this feature to show it all over the United States and Europe in time, exactly similar to the way it was presented in New York and Los Angeles. Yes, it is too bad that all motion-picture companies do not cast their players on the screen, but they are slowly turning in that direction. Yes, Marguerite Clark is a good actress, but she will grow unpopular with the "fans" if she continues to "knock" the photo-play industry every opportunity she finds.



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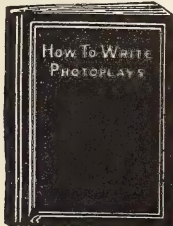


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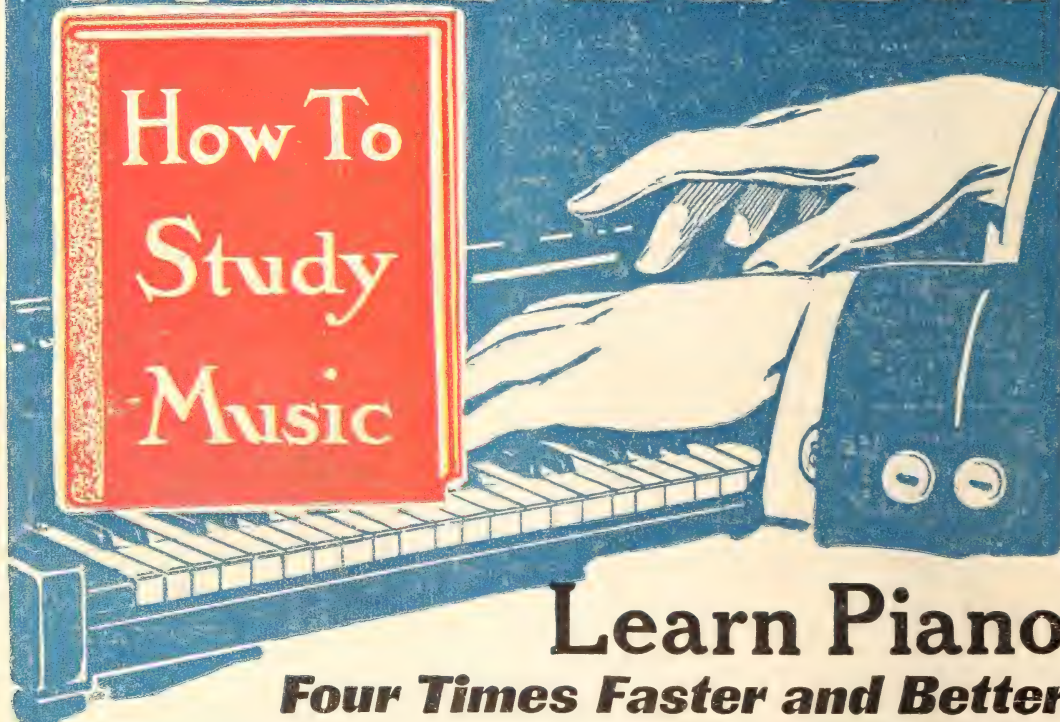
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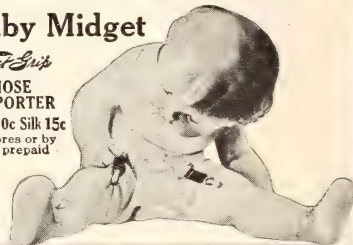
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VIOLA DANA

was but eleven years old when she first appeared on the stage in "Rip van Winkle." Since then she has made an enviable reputation for herself by the excellent work she has done before the foot-lights in "The Little Rebel," "The Model," and "The Poor Little Rich Girl." She was born in Brooklyn just eighteen years ago, and attended school in New York, where she received her early training. Miss Dana has been with the Edison Company since deserting the stage for the screen.



EARLE WILLIAMS

went on the stage for the first time in 1901, with the Baldwin-Melville Stock Company at New Orleans. This marked the beginning of a long series of engagements, which was culminated by his appearances with Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," with Helen Ware in "The Third Degree," and with George Beban in "The Sign of the Rose." When he left the stage, it was to join the Vitagraph Company, with which he has been since.



JUANITA HANSEN

has never appeared on the stage. Born in Des Moines, Iowa, she went to the Pacific coast when she was but seven years old. She started to play as an extra girl with Bosworth while at high school; and soon after graduating she joined that company. She then went to the Famous Players and the Keystone Companies, and is at present starring in Mutual's latest serial "The Secret of the Submarine."



ANNA Q. NILSSON

was born at Ystad, Sweden, and started her stage career in that country. She obtained her first engagement when still a small girl. Her beauty, of a rare type, and the latent talent she then possessed, helped her to forge ahead; and from that time she has continued to climb until she attained the high place in the foremost ranks of the screen's stars she now holds. She came to America in 1907, and played before the footlights until 1911, when she joined the Kalem Company. Here she played leads with Guy Coombs, and then became affiliated respectively with the Fox and Pathe-Arrow concerns. She is now doing the greatest work of her career in Pathe's latest serial, "Who's Guilty?"



MAE MARSH

began her meteoric career with D. W. Griffith at the Biograph Company's studio, a short time before Mr. Griffith left that company to take up his work with the Reliance-Majestic concern. Miss Marsh remained under his directorship when the change was made and later followed him to Triangle. She was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897, and received her education at various convent schools in California. Her sister was playing with the Biograph Company about two years ago, and Mae was strictly forbidden to go to the studio. But she did go, and the discerning eye of Director Griffith was quick to recognize the ability she possessed.



PEGGY HYLAND

has just come to America from England with a reputation that promises another screen favorite for you. She has appeared abroad in musical comedy and with Cyril Maude and George Edwardes, as well as in some successful English films. Half of Peggy Hyland is her smile, and she has just finished using it impressively in "Saints and Sinners," the Famous Players picture, in which she makes her bow to the American public.



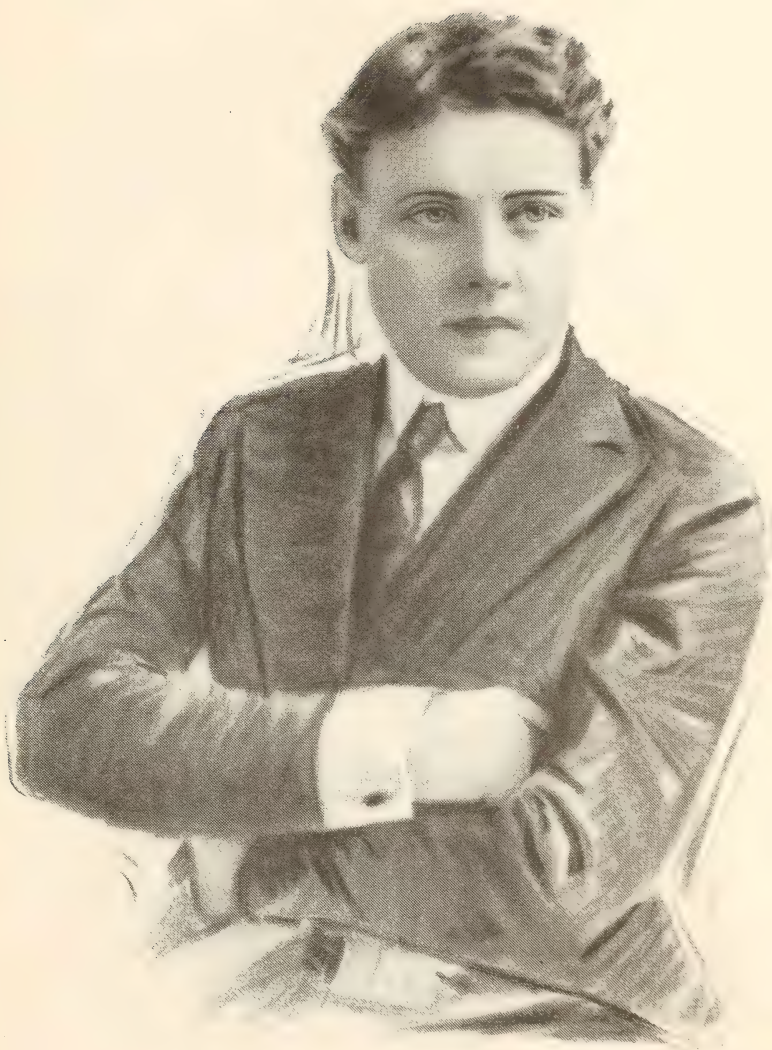
HOWARD ESTABROOK

has not always been an actor. His early career, after he completed his education at the Central High School, of Detroit, the city in which he was born, was taken up with a strictly business occupation. In the early days of his stage life, he played opposite Elsie Janis in "Misinformation." Having been starred with various film companies, he is now playing the lead in the International Film serial, "The Mysteries of Myra."



CLARA WILLIAMS

is a native of the West. Born in Seattle, Washington, she received her education in Los Angeles. An engagement with Richard Jose in "Don't Tell My Wife" marked the beginning of her stage career. She went on tour in vaudeville, and took up her work before the camera with Essanay. The Lubin Company also starred her, but her talents are at present devoted to productions of the New York Motion Picture Corporation.



FORREST STANLEY

undertook to learn the theatrical business thoroughly. He first was an apprentice to a stage carpenter and scene painter; and after becoming proficient, he managed a company of his own. At the Burbank Theater, in Los Angeles, he attained a wide reputation by his acting, which was done under Oliver Morosco's direction. When the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company was organized, Forrest Stanley joined it, and has been connected with its productions ever since.



EDNA PURVIANCE

has been playing leads with Charlie Chaplin in that famous comedian's most recent productions. She was "discovered" by Chaplin, then with Essanay, while playing in an amateur performance in San Francisco, and was immediately engaged. Miss Purviance was born in Paradise Valley, Nevada, in 1894, and was a student at Vassar when she entered upon her theatrical career in 1915. When Chaplin left Keystone he looked for a good leading lady. Miss Purviance filled the bill in every respect, and she is now playing opposite Charlie in his Mutual productions.



DONALD CRISP

prepared for his career with a course at the famous English college, Eton. He saw service in the Boer War, and was wounded three times. He was heard singing at a benefit in New York by John C. Fisher, and was engaged for a part in "Floradora." He remained with the company for a year, and later played with George M. Cohan and others in numerous popular successes. Mr. Crisp first appeared on the screen under D. W. Griffith's direction. His latest accomplishment, which does him honor, is the production of the spectacle "Ramona."



GAIL KANE

is at present starring with the Equitable Company. "Seven Keys to Baldpate," "The Miracle Man," and "The Hyphen" represent some of the plays in which she has had a prominent part. Philadelphia, is her birth place, and her education was acquired at Newburg. Her screen career has been divided between the All-Star, Metro, World, Pathe, and Equitable Companies



CHARLES CLARY

of the Fox Film Corporation, entered the motion-picture acting game in 1910, with the Selig Company. He has been engaged by Reliance-Majestic and Fine Art Films at various times. Mr. Clary was born in Charleston, Illinois, in 1892. He entered upon a stage career in a stock company, and has appeared in "The Road to Yesterday," "Glorious Betsey," and "Vasta Horne."



MARGARET GIBSON

began her stage life at twelve years of age, with a Western road company. After extended tours throughout the important cities of the West and Middle West, she entered upon a two-year engagement with the Lorch Stock Company, of Denver, Colorado. When this was terminated she took up work for the screen. Her career from that time has been as varied as it has been successful. Her initial bow to the film public was made with the Vitagraph Company, in the well-known production, "The Call of the North." She has since played for several concerns, including N. Y. M. P., Universal, and Horsley, with which she is now connected. She was born at Colorado Springs, September 14, 1896.



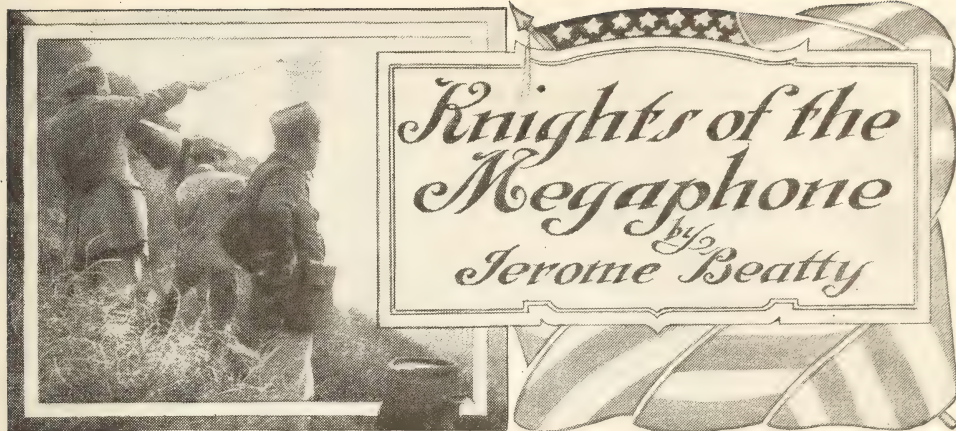
MARGARET CULLEN LANDIS

unlike the majority of screen actresses, has had no stage experience. She enlisted in the ranks of the Balboa Company's army of players a little over a year ago, appearing before the camera as a fancy dancer; but her studies, which she had been taking with Mrs. Scovall in Los Angeles, made it possible for her soon to advance to taking "parts" in various picture plays, and she is now appearing as ingenue in Balboa productions. It was in Nashville, Tennessee, that she first saw light in this world on August 31, 1896. Playing in pictures is about the most strenuous thing she does, as most of her time is spent in reading—and, of course, dancing.



TWO STARS AND A COMER

"Young and promising." That is what Marion Warner and Vivian Reed, two popular Selig stars, say of the actor they are trying to develop. The young and promising one is the baby camel that they are petting in this picture. Isn't it strange that these actresses should pick out an animal, when there are so many young men in this country who would love to be made actors—by Marion and Vivian?



Director Taylor, of Morosco, commanding an army of actors. George Beban is at his right.

WHATEVER the motion picture is—I shall not pause to decide on that matter now—the director is the cause. If it is the acme of all means of dramatic expression, if it is a plaything for children and ignoramuses, or if it is neither—the director, the chap who stands behind the camera man and calls for tears or train wrecks, and yells offensively until he gets them, is the man responsible.

Motion-picture actors will prattle of their “art,” scenario writers will rant about their “message”—praises be, most of them have their tongues in their cheeks when they do it!—but boiled down, it is the knight of the megaphone who has made them what they are or what they are not.

The actor is the fowl, the scenario writer furnishes the recipe, but the director is the chef. Like all chefs, he seldom follows the letter of the recipe.

Many a good photo play has been ruined by incompetent direction, scores of bad ones have been made passable by clever handling.

The actor obeys orders and seldom knows what the picture is all about until he sees it in the projecting room.

“I don’t let an actor move a finger unless I order it,” says Maurice Tourneur, the Paragon-World director, who

now is handling Gail Kane and House Peters. “I can put a company through a picture, and until they see it they will not know whether it is a comedy or a tragedy.”

A director may take a close-up of a star looking off to the right and laughing heartily. When the picture is assembled the star may be horrified to see that the film is so arranged that he is presented as being highly amused at the spectacle of a pirate cutting off the ears of little children.

Out in Los Angeles a certain director is in bad standing with the proprietor of a billiard room, because he took what seemed to be an innocent picture of a young man speaking pleasantly with the proprietor and a number of his friends.

“Hand him money and tell him to go out and buy a box of cigars,” the director ordered. The proprietor was glad of the opportunity to appear as a picture actor.

But the proprietor, a citizen respected in the community, when he went home one evening, some time later, was told by his wife that she had seen him in a moving picture that showed him paying a gunman to go out and kill the chief of police!

Directors vary in their methods. D. W. Griffith and the Griffith school of

directors usually call for every move an actor makes before the camera. Frank Lloyd, of the Morosco forces, Bertram Bracken, who now directs Theda Bara, and J. Charles Haydon, who directed Henry B. Walthall and

picture. What flashes past your eyes in thirty seconds may have taken eight hours to make.

Some directors lack perfect poise. A big company in California recently employed a dramatic actress for a feature.



Theda Bara usually has the upper hand in her pictures, but at the studio she sits quietly and takes

instructions from Bertram Bracken. He is seen here very much occupied in telling her "how and when."

Edna Mayo in "The Strange Case of Mary Page," are among the many men who believe in telling their players all about the story, suggesting the action and letting them express themselves as much as they see fit. At least, the orders are so delicately put that the actors think they are doing their own interpreting.

A director must have the patience of an army of Jobs and the diplomacy of the leader of a political party. He works all day and produces, on the average, between two hundred and three hundred feet of usable film. Perhaps half of it will get into the finished

It was her first screen experience, and she did not understand directors nor how they handled players.

She had worked but a few hours when she burst wildly into the office of the general manager of the company. She was sobbing.

"Mr. Blank, Mr. Blank," she cried. "I cannot go on. You know that I am an artist, don't you?"

The general manager said he did.

"I was in the midst of a big moment. My soul was pouring out my sorrow at the death of my baby. I was living it all. I heard some one cry, 'Stop, stop!' I gave no heed. Then

the director seized me roughly by the shoulder. 'Didn't you hear me tell you to stop?' he asked me. I looked up at him, bewildered. 'What's the matter?' I asked. Then he said—he said—oh, I can't tell you!"

"What was it he said?" asked the general manager soothingly.

The sobbing actress finally found her voice. "He said to me, 'Suffering cats, you're rotten!' 'Suffering cats, you're rotten!' 'Suffering cats, you're rotten!'"

And crying out that terrible line, she rushed from the office and to her dressing room. The next day a more patient director was provided for her.

No directors ever try very hard to keep down the expense of a picture, which often makes them unpopular with the general manager. Thomas Ricketts, American-Mutual director, once thought he could enliven a picture with a train wreck, so he bought eight freight cars and an engine and ran them off an embankment. Then he told the general manager about it.

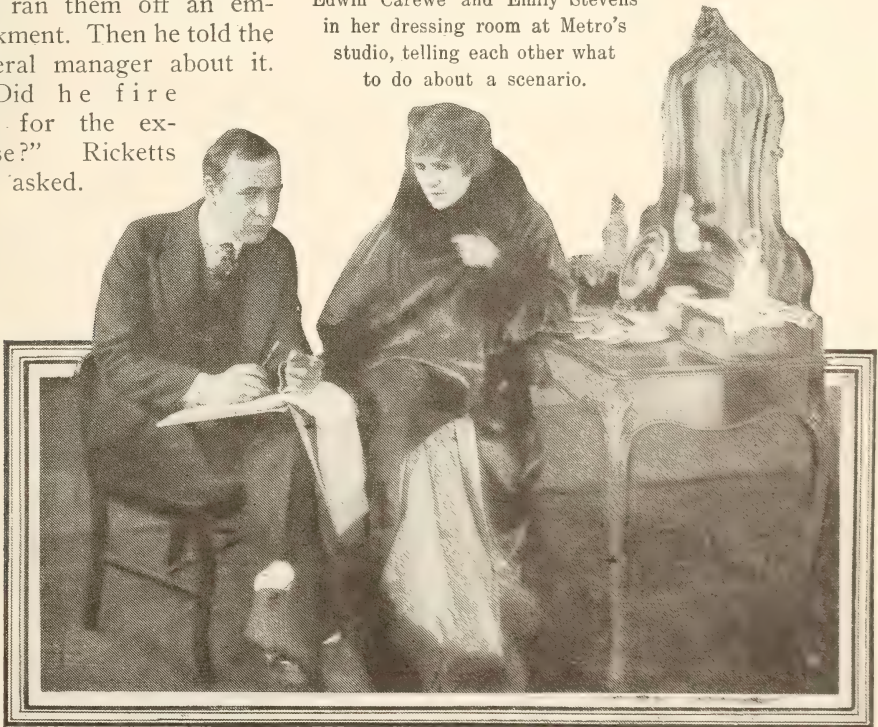
"Did he fire you for the expense?" Ricketts was asked.

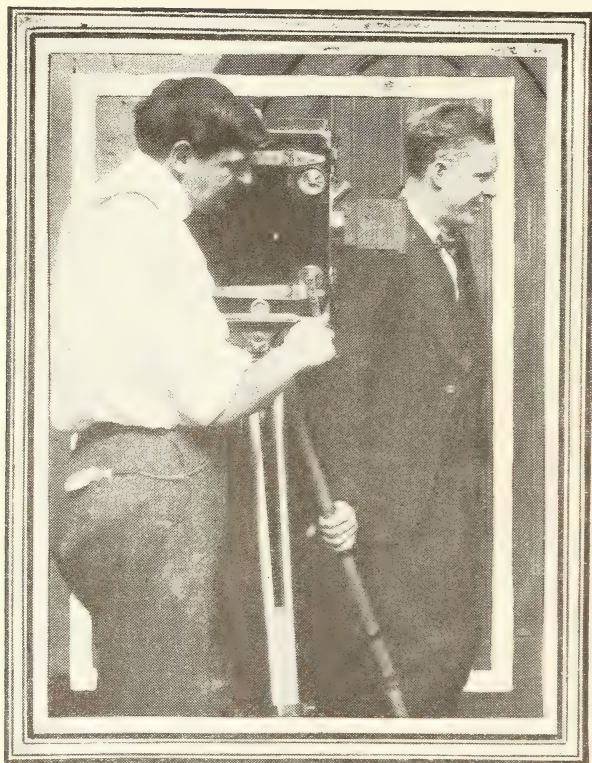
"No, he died of heart failure," Ricketts answered, "before he could issue the order."

It isn't always the actor alone who takes the risks. Edwin Middleton, Gaumont director, once put a powder keg and two actors in a building and set it on fire. He ordered his camera to start and yelled for the actors to come out. They did not appear. Mr. Middleton needed those two actors, and went into the burning building and found they were unconscious from smoke. Just as he was dragging the second one out the powder exploded, burning Mr. Middleton quite badly. He was very angry, for he had to take the scene all over again.

When Hugh Ford and E. S. Porter made "The Eternal City," in Rome, they used two scenarios. One was the plot of a tale about a lost girl being redeemed by the church. The other was the real scenario. The first was shown

Edwin Carewe and Emily Stevens in her dressing room at Metro's studio, telling each other what to do about a scenario.





Ralph Ince, Vitagraph director, smiling—no, not at a pretty actress, but at a good actor.

to all inquirers, for the Swiss Guards would have objected to the filming of "The Eternal City," but they allowed scenes to be taken around the Vatican and St. Peter's for what they thought was a "lost-girl" tale.

Desirous of finding out more about

the life of the knight of the megaphone, I asked one who is now working with a big star in the East:

"How do you start your day?"

"Well," he drawled good-humoredly. "I arrive at the studio about ten o'clock."

"Then?"

"Then I ask if Miss —, the star, has arrived."

"Next?"

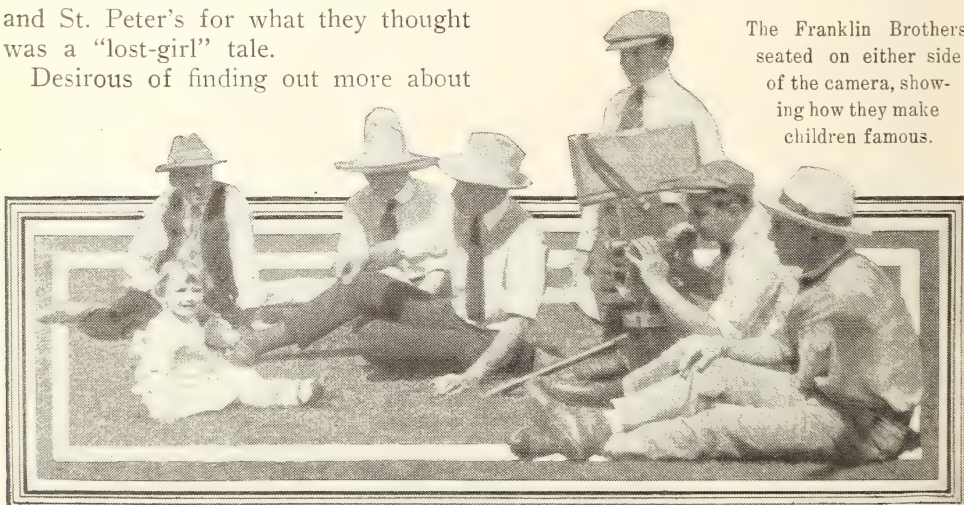
"I sit down and wait for her to get here."

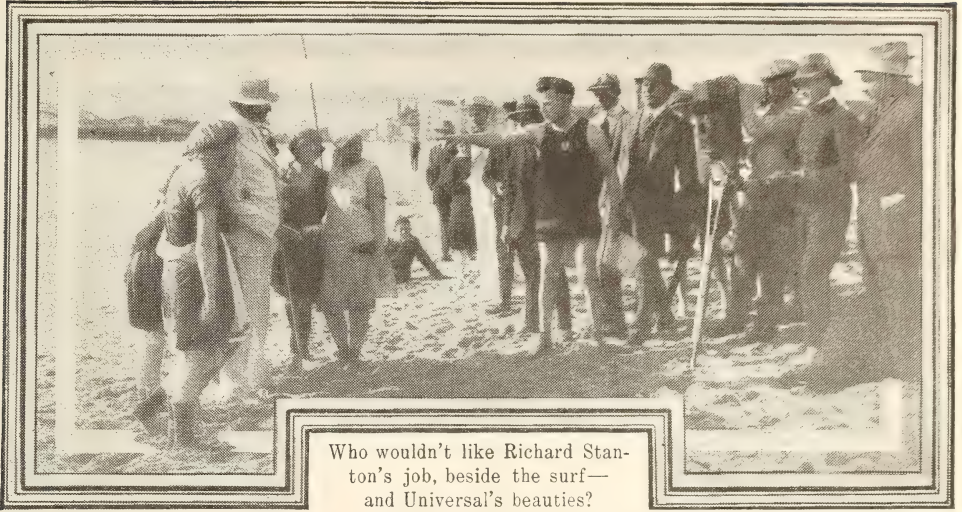
As a matter of fact, a director does little sitting down. Taking a scene is only part of his work. He and his assistant must give orders for work to come. Sets must be built, extras must be ordered from the casting director, property lists have to be made out. Film already printed must be approved and perhaps re-taken.

And the scenario must be reconstructed. "Mutilated" is what the scenario writer calls it.

The retaking, or filming over of

The Franklin Brothers, seated on either side of the camera, showing how they make children famous.





Who wouldn't like Richard Stanton's job, beside the surf—and Universal's beauties?

scenes, is one of the hardest things with which a director has to contend, for there are many causes which might make it necessary. It all means time; and time, to a producer who is paying big salaries, means money.

Not long ago, at the Morosco plant, in California, Constance Collier was engaged for one picture at a fabulous outlay. In order to make the film appropriately elaborate, expensive scenes were used, and one interior in particular cost one thousand dollars. Five days were spent on the action in this alone. After the director had taken and retaken to his satisfaction all the scenes, the "set" was taken down and most of it, which had been hired from Los Angeles, returned. Although the expenditure was heavy, the company felt repaid, inasmuch as the results promised to be worth all that had been spent.

But when the film was developed, it was found that the camera man—who, by the way, is one of the most important accessories to a studio—had focused poorly. The consequence was that the pictures were blurred in parts, and those parts that were not blurred did not develop at all. By the time this

was discovered, Miss Collier had left, and it was necessary to pay a goodly amount to have her return, as well as to again hire all the scenery, once more erect the costly set, and do all the work over. The next time the scenes were taken, they came out well—and one camera man, in attempting to find a new position, didn't dare to mention a certain Morosco director as reference.

A director's work is about the hardest of any one in a studio. He has to visualize all the action, explain it to the players, and then see that they do it to properly coincide with his ideas. Here's about the way the director's orders go as he photographs his action. He has already rehearsed his players, probably acting himself to show how he wants it done. The actors who are "discovered" as the scene opens are in their places, those who are to enter later are standing out of the field of the camera.

"Go!" says the director. "All right, Charley, come in. Hand him the telegram. Sneer, George. It's the one you're expecting. It tells that your rival has been killed by your gang. Exit, Charley. Tear it open. Carelessly. Confidence. Turn to the right



Bob Ellis instructing Kalem players in the art of dying. He finds it difficult work, but has his revenge by making them do it four or five times before allowing the camera man to grind.

a little. *Now! Look at it! It's all wrong. They've bungled! The police are after you!* Up to your feet! Quick, toward the door! Stop! Good! Return! Hand to forehead! What'll you do? To the telephone! Hand trembles a little. Not too much. Call the number. Calm a little! Calm! You're ruining it! Cut! We've got to do it over again."

And after they've worked on the scene for, perhaps, two hours they finish it to the director's satisfaction. But when the negative is developed, perhaps they find the photography was bad and it has to be retaken.

"Such is life," says the director philosophically, and tries again.

One can be quite philosophical on a salary of three hundred dollars a week.

MAGIC

THE waves break soft on a sun-kissed beach;
 A ship sets sail; and round about
 The sea birds wheel, and a thrill you feel—
 Then somebody hollers: "This way out."

EVERETT LEIGHTON.



Making An Eighth Wonder ~

*By Kenneth O'Hara ~
How Ince's great spectacle
"Civilization" was filmed ~*

LONG after twelve on a typical California night in the early spring of 1915, a man still sat in the study of his beautiful California villa, where he had gone as dusk began to fall. A gigantic intellect was contemplating a colossal thought; a genius was piecing together the loose ends of a stupendous conception. When he arose, amid the smoke lazily curling from the last cigarette consumed, a mighty determination was formed; a determination that was to arouse a nation — Thomas H. Ince had decided to produce "Civilization."

In order to portray properly glimpses of a nation at peace; the horrifying effect upon both aristocrat and plebeian of the dread news that war had broken out; graphic scenes of

land and naval encounters brim full of action; and, finally, a picture of the truth that civilization has failed to accept the teachings of Christianity, it has been necessary for Mr. Ince and his vast army of assistants and coworkers to spend months in tedious labor, and to keep thousands of hands at work for the greater part of a year.

Ince's first move, upon deciding to



C. Gardner Sullivan, the author of "Civilization," dictating scenes during the writing of the production.

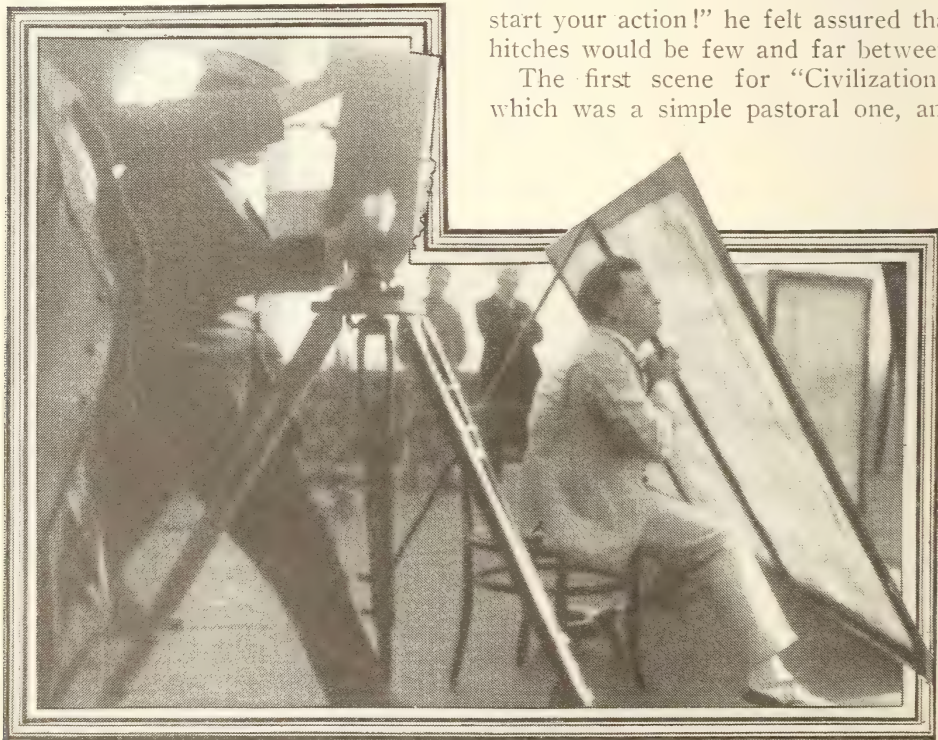
produce that which is now the film spectacle, "Civilization," was to confer with that high-powered literary dynamo, C. Gardner Sullivan, his wizard of photo-dramatic construction. This conference was held the day following Ince's nocturnal meditation, and lasted throughout six successive hours, during which time these two thinkers did more profound thinking, perhaps, than at any other period in their respective careers.

Then Sullivan went to work. The papers on his desk containing notes and memoranda relative to the great undertaking, proverbially—and at times literally—flew; swift, nimble fingers began pounding typewriter keys. Each day the master scenario builder constructed an addition to his verbal Olympus, and each day he exhibited the literary structure to his chief.

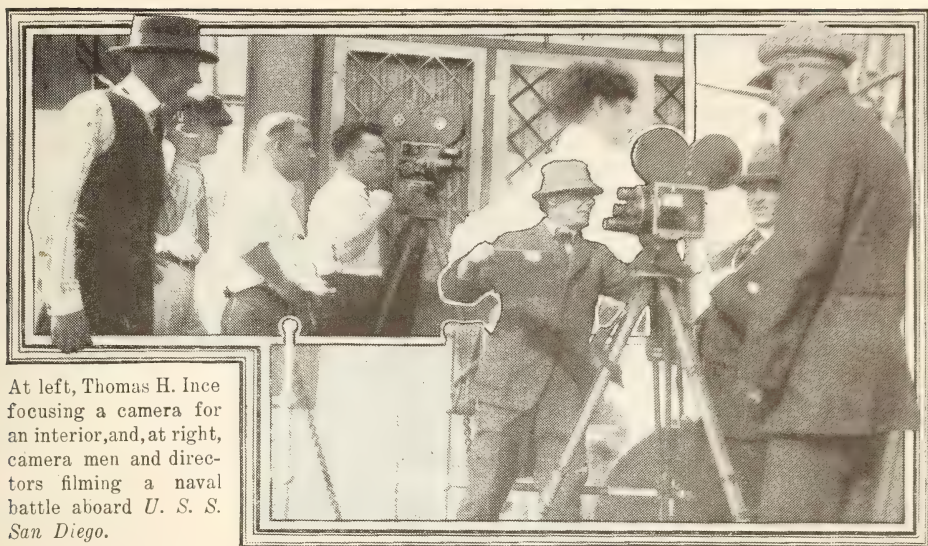
Finally came the day when Ince pronounced the manuscript ready for production. Assembling his staff of departmental heads about him, the "Little Napoleon" took them behind closed doors, where undesirables are not wont to congregate, and outlined to them the task that lay before the organization. Perspiration, not inspiration, was the keynote of the meeting; for, when they emerged, their brows glistened with fluid beads. And each man, from that day on, was "of, by, and for" "Civilization" with everything that was in him.

For weeks and weeks the work of preparation continued. Yet, not a camera crank was turned. The making of costumes, the search for locations, the accumulation of properties, and, above all, the construction of "sets," occupied the time, so that when Ince was ready to shout for the first time: "Camera, start your action!" he felt assured that hitches would be few and far between.

The first scene for "Civilization," which was a simple pastoral one, and



Tom Ince, when directing a scene from his chair by the camera, acts the part of the hero, the villain and the lovers.



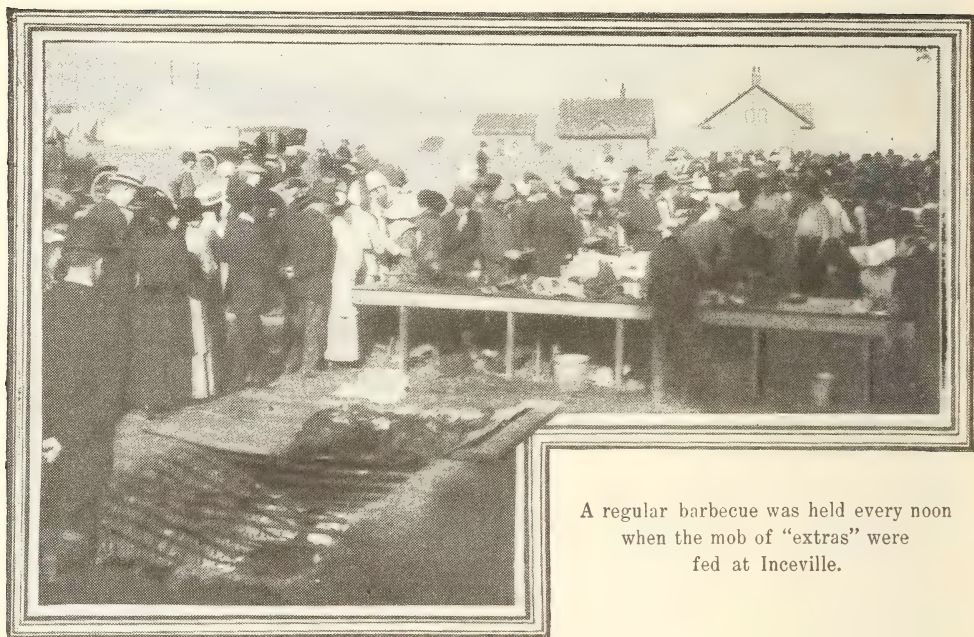
At left, Thomas H. Ince focusing a camera for an interior, and, at right, camera men and directors filming a naval battle aboard *U. S. S. San Diego*.

which, strangely enough, was eventually chosen for the opening picture of the spectacle, was photographed on June 6, 1915. Children abounded in it, and proud mothers looked on in rapture as Ince, gently cajoling the youngsters, brought out their natural dramatic instincts. Under his direction they worked like beavers, thoroughly delighted with the fun it was for them, and enjoying their activities to the full.

By the end of June, the battery of cameras employed in the filming of the picture had exposed some twenty thousand feet of negative, which represented approximately one-sixth of the entire amount to be taken, but which actually is just twice the number of feet of celluloid in the finished production.

During that month a noteworthy incident occurred, one that will long be remembered by those who witnessed it. "The old man," as some of his friends affectionately call Tom Ince, was on one of the seven hills just outside of Inceville, looking over the construction work that was being done on a portion of what is known in photo-play circles

as "Ince's big set"—the elaborate "palace," occupied by the king in "Civilization," where the interior decorations and fittings were true to a kingly abode in each elaborate detail—a cost almost as much as a monarch's—when he received word that a small fire had broken out, threatening to cause serious trouble, as the building containing the costly costumes, which had consumed months of work to make, were in imminent danger. Ince glanced about hastily, to find a means of transportation, in order to get to the seat of the trouble, for he had directed that his own car should not call for him until two hours later. Catching sight of a motor cycle, he jumped onto the saddle, and had just started downhill, toward Inceville, at a mad pace, when his rear tire blew out. The force of the explosion was so great that the motor cycle veered to one side with a jolt too sudden to be mastered at the moment. The driver was hurled into a ditch, and landed, fortunately, on a heap of dried weeds which had been cut from the side of the roadway, and which were waiting to be burned. He escaped with a few bruises and a severe



A regular barbecue was held every noon when the mob of "extras" were fed at Inceville.

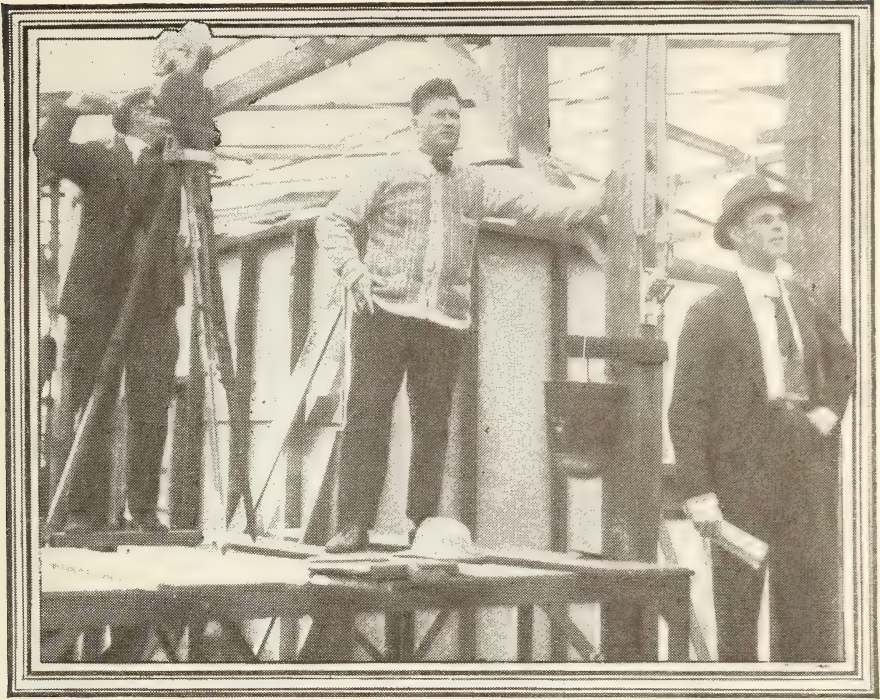
shaking up, and was picked up by an automobile before he reached the village. He was whirled to the scene of the conflagration, only to find that it had been put out before it had had a chance to do any serious damage.

The entire month of July was devoted to the filming of the naval warfare, which is one of the most graphic depictions in the spectacle. To photograph the scenes didn't require a whole month, but there is a lot more to obtaining realistic scenes of sea battles than simply going out and "shooting" a panorama of the United States fleet. Washington had to be consulted. Wires raced back and forth across the continent, and finally permission was given Ince to focus on that part of the Pacific coast squadron, which, at the time, was lying in San Diego harbor. A few hours after receipt of the permission, nearly a hundred men—sturdy sons of Inceville—were on their way to San Diego, singing, as they went, to the tune of "John Brown's Body:"

"Tom Ince's sailor boys are on their way to war,
Tom Ince's sailor boys are on their way to war,
Tom Ince's sailor boys are on their way to war,
To fight with shot and shell!"

Such was the good-natured spirit in which the "regulars" of Ince's "little army" entered into their work—work that meant hazards.

Arriving in San Diego, the men were divided into groups, each of which was assigned to certain duties, and each under a subordinate director. Day after day, for nearly two weeks, the company sailed out from the harbor and engaged with the "jackies" of Uncle Sam's vessels in the mimic warfare. And during each noon hour the actors mingled with the jackies and explained to them some of the fascinations of studio work, with the result that Ince actually was besieged by the uniformed boys with requests for employment upon termination of government service.



Thomas H. Ince and one of his camera men at work on the "directors' platform," from which large exteriors are taken. Reginald Barker, Ince's right-hand man, is at the right.

The most memorable event of the San Diego trip was the sinking of the famous old whaling bark *Bowhead*. This historic vessel was purchased and converted into a warship of the *Blücher* type. The *Bowhead* was towed out to sea, and two torpedo-boat destroyers took up their respective positions as her protectors. At a word from the commander of the fleet that everything was in readiness, Ince belloyed out his order for action; and the *San Diego*, her decks cleared, began firing on the *Bowhead* with the eight-inch guns.

The first salvo from the turret guns struck the after mast and fore funnel of the *Bowhead*, smashing them into kindling wood and hurling the splintered mass a distance of two hundred feet into the sea. Closing in at top speed, the *San Diego* then began firing her eight and six-inch batteries simul-

taneously, and shortly thereafter the *Bowhead* became a battered, helpless derelict. Fires started both fore and aft and continued with unabated fury until the only mark the gunners on the *San Diego* had to aim at was the column of smoke pouring from the charred and blackened hull. Although filled with several hundred tons of rock and sand, the famous old whaler did not sink until a volley of eight-inch projectiles, fired at close range, ripped open the hull. The craft then sank, stern first, in fifteen fathoms of water.

During the engagement, a small craft, in which were several of the actresses from the Ince studio, ventured too near the "firing line." When the first shot was fired, it came so unexpectedly to the occupants of the boat that a general shudder of alarm resulted. Three or four of the girls nervously

jumped to their feet, in a mad endeavor to embrace one another until they should overcome the momentary excitement. The consequence was that, when the weight was shifted to one side, the craft capsized, plunging its burden of screaming, terrified femininity into the foaming waters. When a quick rescue had been made by the occupants of several near-by boats, it was discovered that no one was any worse from the mishap.

With the naval warfare over, Ince gave his attention exclusively to the land engagements. And it was the filming of this part of the production that kept residents of Santa Monica and other outlying districts "on pins and needles" for many days. Rumbling of heavy cannon, whining of shells, and the staccato crack of rifles brought hundreds of inquisitive visitors to the picturesque Inceville domain, in the hope that they could catch a glimpse of the terrific encounters being waged. But Ince was making pictures, not operating an amusement attraction, so the tourists were compelled to return, disappointed, to their homes.

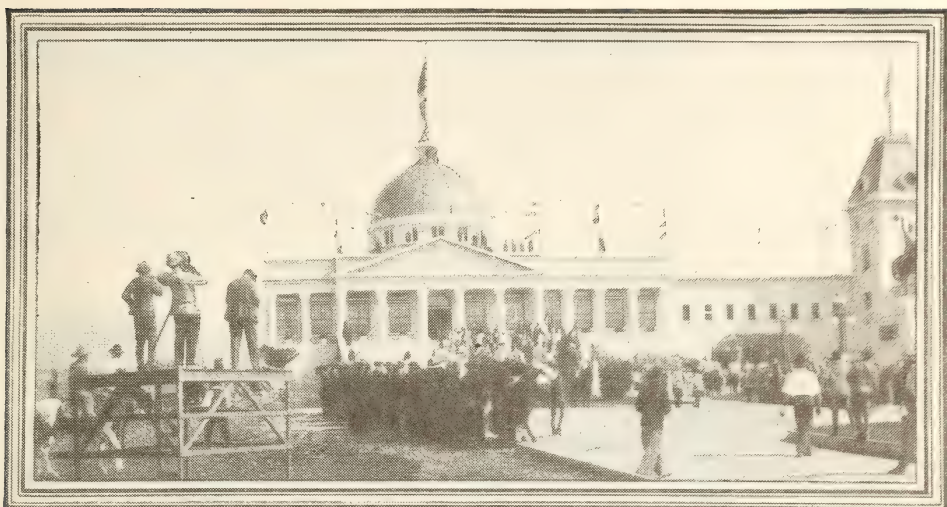
The infantry and cavalry charges staged on the spacious plateau at Inceville were, perhaps, the most thrilling events of the entire production. At times there were as many as five thousand men working before the lens, yet, in spite of the congestion, in spite of the rearing horses, in spite of bursting bombs and flying timbers, not one life was sacrificed. Many, it is true, were injured, yet the sight of an ambulance doing actual duty did not in the least dampen the enthusiasm of the opposing armies on the field.

In taking the picture of a small skirmish, real bullets, which are not customarily used, except, as in this case, for effect, as they "bite" the earth where they hit, were brought into service. The bullets were to be seen hitting the breastworks of the forces from

whose lines the picture was to have been taken. Just as the firing was at its height, an assistant on the directors' platform noticed an old soldier throw one of his legs over the pile of sand-bags. "Cut!" he shouted. "Stop the picture! That man will get hit, sure!" The camera stopped clicking, the firing ceased, and from the distant trench came the words: "It's all right, lads; it's only a wooden one."

Los Angeles found occasion to rejoice over the making of Ince's battle scenes, for it was relieved, temporarily, of the responsibility of caring for its unemployed. Each morning, at sunrise, fifteen mammoth motor trucks, filled to capacity with the unfortunate jobless ones, thundered from the city to Inceville, and unloaded, to return for more. And thus were several thousand worthy men prevented from going hungry for nearly three weeks. Young and old, lean and fat, alike entered into the work vigorously, and, in the face of bruises, scratches, and powder stains, indicated dejection when they learned they would be needed no longer.

As the days of summer wore on, and fall appeared, the work upon the big set drew near completion. The construction of this set had been going on for months, and, from day to day, towers and domes had arisen majestically. The setting represents, besides the palace before referred to, the house of parliament, prison, royal court, and adjacent buildings in a mythical kingdom, which is the locale of the picture. Its construction entailed in all an enormous expenditure. Thirty carloads, or approximately six hundred thousand feet, of lumber were used, while glass valued at four thousand dollars, and tons upon tons of cement and plaster were some of the other principal materials employed. The sidewalks about the set, with their curbings, measured some twelve thousand feet, and trees, shrubbery, and lamp-posts adorned



Transferring the costly "set" and an army of actors to celluloid, that they might be seen by the world.

various places within their boundaries. The entire setting covered an area of six and a half acres. The interior scenes necessitated an elaborate outlay, as well as months of untiring effort in order to perfect them according to the Ince standard of excellence, which signifies nothing but the best.

The big set was used for the last time early in November, and from then on Ince occupied his time in making the numerous other scenes, which, though lacking the element of spectacle, are highly material to the story. He worked by day and planned by night, and so systematically swift were his labors that he was able to call his production finished before Christmas. A brief rest prepared him for the tedious

task of cutting and assembling the film, which is said to have measured, prior to this process, more than one hundred and twenty thousand feet. The cutting reduced the actual picture, as the public will see it, to ten thousand feet, or ten reels.

Such is the story of a tremendous work. Yet, the world can never learn from the printed page how Thomas H. Ince toiled to accomplish it. He says its mission is to graphically depict "the screaming of shells, the crashing of monstrous guns, all the ghastly symphony of the reddest war mankind has ever known," that "a shocked and appalled world may henceforth devote itself more earnestly to the cause of peace and a better 'civilization.'"



HEROES

GIVE me no drawing-room dude turtle-dove,
Whose living is earned by the way he makes love;
But a two-fisted hero—a man despite art;
My vote every time goes to William S. Hart.

ROBERT FOSTER.



IF, to-morrow, the dishonorable Mr. Satan should go out of business, the prime asset of many of our stage luminaries would be lost to them. He is such a handy fellow to have about the house; he looks so well in print; and you can trust him to get attention where milder methods of attraction fail utterly.

The stage adventuress uses him to enhance her prestige, by boasting a close intimacy with his various, diabolical weaknesses. The stage ingénue employs the glamour of his name by loudly denouncing him and by "shrinking into herself"—whatever that may mean—whenever he answers the roll call.

As for me—well, the cloven-hoofed rascal and I have been linked in so many bits of gossip—that I should feel justified in abbreviating his first name and chucking him under the chin, should I ever come face to face with him, going through the Stygian gates, on my way to Hades Boulevard.

Artists the world over have made a grave mistake. If they started out to create a fear and abhorrence of crimson-coated Old Nick, they have failed utterly—because in all his portraits he is whimsical. Now, no matter what a

person's wickedness may be—a whimsical up-twist to his mouth corner or a mischievous, trick eyebrow softens his criminal expression. One is apt to meditate: "Oh, yes, he's a bad un, all right—but a fascinating bad un, at that!"

That's why I've never taken the poor dear seriously. From a professional and financial standpoint, he has been a life-saver to me. But, really and truly, when I get him behind closed doors, I snap disparaging fingers under his aquiline nose and set him dead to rights.

You know, I didn't really pick him as a *camarade de combat*—he was wished on me. Because I am tall, svelte, wear gowns as well as can be expected, and have a certain kind of eye, the first manager who passed upon my possibilities as a stage star set the pace by billing me, not quite as "a daughter of Satan," but as some more distant relation of his overlarge family.

My own family tree has sunk into insignificance. I am ticketed and filed away on a branch along with a lot of other Satans and Satanettes—and every time they get out a new poster to announce my act they have the artist work in a Satanic emblem, in a quiet, unobtrusive way. The only thing that re-

mains is to use the cloven hoof and forked tail as units in a conventional border, instead of the overworked egg-and-dart design of the ancient Greeks.

Often, friends of mine, possessed of more sensitive natures than I have the good fortune not to possess, ask me why I don't rebel. They assert forcibly that I have sufficient standing, box-

office value, and general professional reputation to put my foot down, once and for all, on old Satan as a sparring partner.

Why? Long, long ago, before he and I shared the headline position in life's bill, I read about the old goose who laid the golden eggs. And it made a greater impression on me than "Cin-

My public mur-
murs,
"A true
satellite of
Satan!"



derella" or "Snow White" or any of the impossibly saccharine tales upon which they bring up nice little girls.

I made up my mind right there that, no matter how mangy looking or *déclassé* my goose turned out to be, I'd feed him well and wait on him, hand and foot, as long as he didn't lie down on his job. Well, as matters now stand—and have stood, since the beginning—it seems as though his satanic majesty were the only goose I'll ever have, and I'm bound to treat him well—in public.

If I swathe myself in barbaric combinations of vivid scarlet and royal purple, my public murmurs: "A true satellite of Satan!" If I put on a *débutante* costume of white tulle and pearls they accuse: "An infidel in the garb of an innocent!" Should I don a bathing suit they expect to hear the waves sizzle as I step into them. All this is what Satan, Suratt & Co. has done for me. Yet I do not complain. In his "Handbook to Home Wreckers," the subterranean G. B. S. decrees that gorgeous raiment is the surest means to the end. Therefore my modiste bills are colossal. "The devilish tilt of a hat has often proved the undoing of a Galahad"—I am still quoting from the handbook—therefore my milliner can dine on Astrakhan caviar and diamond-backed terrapin, on the net profits from my monthly purchases. The author also recommends slim

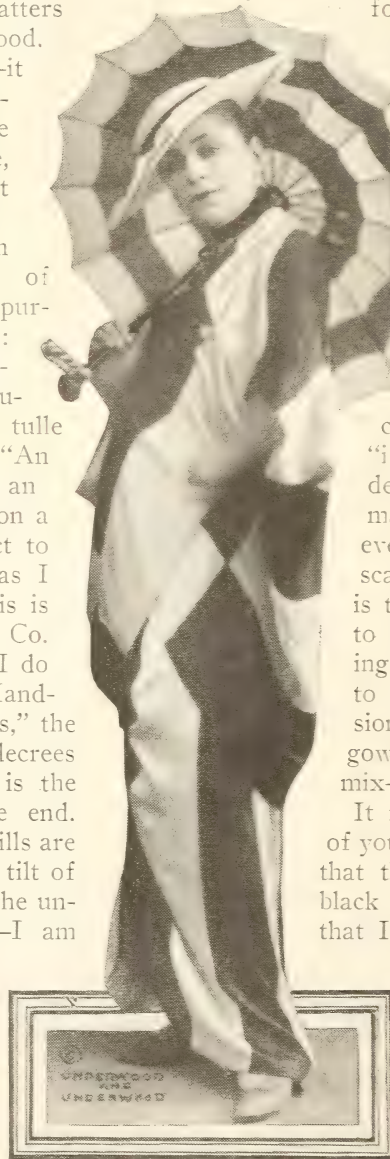
ankles, silk-sheathed, and trim feet, slickly shod, as actions that speak louder than words. My hosiery bill reads like a banker's income-tax statement.

As to Satanic magic and all that sort of thing, you understand, of course, that it would be hardly ethical to give the old chap away after all he has done for me. I should have mentioned before that our friendship is purely Platonic, but even on a philosophic basis a trust is sacred—if you know what I mean. Yet there is no harm in elucidating a few minor points.

"Valeska," he confided to me one day, "if you want to be real devilish, wear red. Not maroon, you know, not even crimson, but flaming scarlet—red, red, red! It is the charm diabolic. Try to imagine Priscilla throwing off her drab-gray smock to slip into a raving, passionately scarlet evening gown. Red and virtue never mix—remember that."

It is conceivable that some of you wise ones, remembering that the screen registers only black and white, will imagine that I had to discard this ad-

vice when I went into pictures. Not at all. I have played opposite at least one masculine star—not to mention any names—who seemed to think I was a sweet girl graduate. He made love to me—



There is just one peculiarity about my clothes—only Valeska Suratt can wear them.

me, understand, the "Daughter of Satan"—he made love to me! I could never permit that. If there is any love-making to be done, I do it. How could I be a true daughter of Satan unless I were responsible for the necessary tragedies? I wore a black dress in rehearsals, but when the picture was made I appeared in a gown so fiercely red that he curled like a scorched moth. He was supposed to register fear, fascination, horror. He did.

You see, I am an apt and willing pupil. I do as I'm told, and do not criticize my instructor's method. He is responsible when I am dubbed "a freak" on account of my clothes. In the beginning, I rebelled at getting myself up in some of the weird costumes he designated. But he deliberately misquoted and warned me, "Blow your own horn—be it ever so queerly—lest it be not blown at all. If your gowns look like a designer's brain storm or a pousse café, the public is bound to talk about you. And, after you have them talking, you can wear anything you please." And it has worked out beautifully. There is only one peculiarity about the clothes I wear on the stage and screen nowadays, and that peculiarity is—only Valeska Suratt can wear them.

When Mr. William Fox offered to make me a screen star, I wondered whether Old Nick, my Siamese twin, was going to be left out of the bargain. Not so. "The Soul of Broadway," my first feature picture, gave him a star part, and he was holding my hand tightly all the time. The picture was a success. So now, I'm in fear and trembling lest they give me a story that hasn't a big enough part for the fire-



'Am I not Satan's ward, in the eyes of my audiences?

and-brimstone pet, and he'll get temperamental and quit. If ever there was a Waterloo—that will be mine—when Satan, my patron fiend, my mascot, and my trade-mark, and I part company. I'm knocking on wood while I write it.

But now I'm going to let those of you who have suffered to read so far into a secret. All this kotowing to Old Stick in the Mud is done in my professional life only. The minute I leave the stage—or the studio, when I'm in pictures—Nick gets the gate—he is *persona non grata* in my home.

The huge, comfy chairs I sit in have never borne his sulphurous weight; the mirrors I look into do not reflect his swarthy face over my shoulder; and I don't have to pour his coffee in the morning. In other words, when I'm at home I scorn him and all that he stands for.

But when I start out on my working day and meet him at the curb, as I get into my motor, my neck slips under his yoke as naturally and automatically as a small child slips her hand into her mother's when she crosses a crowded street.

I have often thought of going into trade when I tire of the stage and screen. My tutelage under Satanic inspiration, in *désignant*, has fitted me to be *coutrière* to the *élite*—and I would

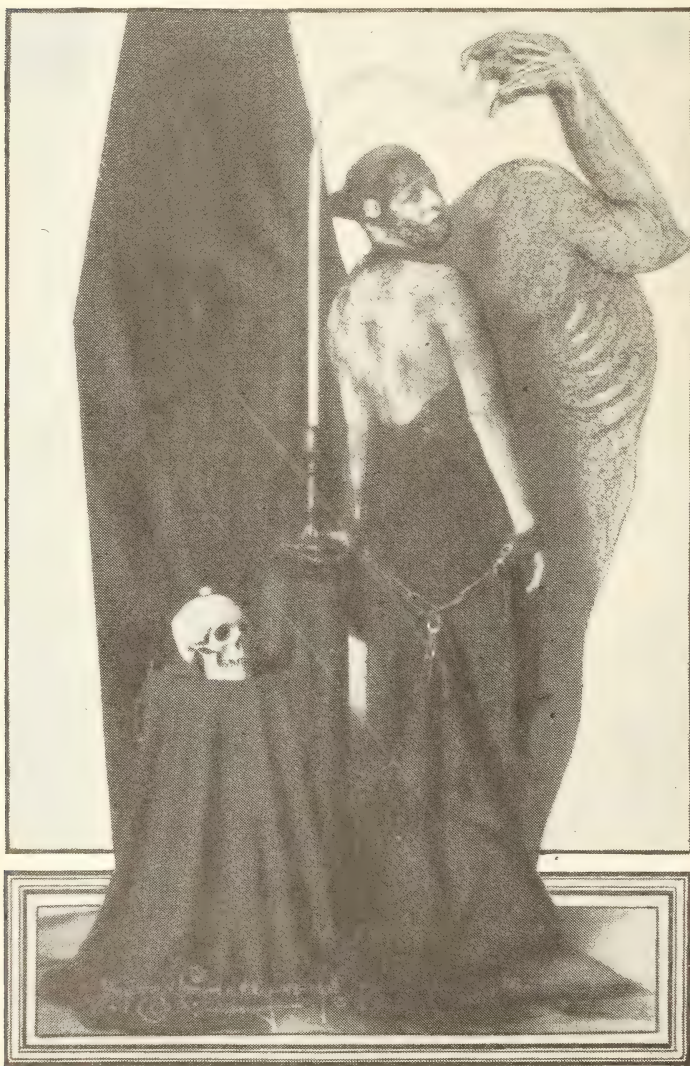
enjoy making soul gowns—I believe that's the sort you get the biggest money for—for the various leaders of our social sets. But what troubles me is the wording of the bronze shingle I will have to put over the door. I can hardly acknowledge the Old Boy as a factor in the concern—and I'm sure he'd kick strenuously at being a silent partner. Almost anything in fashion goes, here in America, if the French twist is given it—so I guess the logical

firm name will be "Diable, Suratt, Ltd." And I'd get away with it, at that!

One day, when I was playing in vaudeville, in one of the larger cities of the Middle West, there was a crowd of *matinée* girls and boys waiting at the stage entrance of the theater to see me as I came out.

That sort of thing is rather unpleasant in New York, because the youngsters are so insistent in their demands for photographs or souvenirs. But out West they are content to stand quietly and see their stage idol of the moment get into her car and whisk away.

So I was really taken by surprise this day, after the *matinée*, when a pretty young girl of perhaps seventeen rushed from the crowd and seized my hand.



They have the artist work in a Satanic emblem, in a quiet, unobtrusive way.

"Oh, Miss Suratt," she exclaimed earnestly, "I don't believe you're a daughter of Satan at all! I don't think you have anything to do with him. Do you?"

On the impulse of the moment I answered: "Don't even know him by sight."

"I thought so! I knew it!" she went on, still clinging to my hand. "I think they're awfully mean when they keep on talking as though he were your best friend. I think you're lovely."

By that stage of the game I had managed to get into my car. The chauffeur started her up and I rolled off and left her. But so deeply is a certain superstition concerning Old Nick ingrained in me that, at the night performance, I looked for something either unpleasant or unfortunate to happen—simply because I had disavowed him in public. Needless to say, it didn't—but the fear was there just the same.

On the screen they've got—well, I was going to say a speaking likeness of old Satan—but that wouldn't be it, either. But they have a way of introducing him as a character or an influence that conveys all his sinister qualities as well as his lighter moments of diablerie. With fade-ins and fade-outs,



And after you have them talking, you can wear anything you please

he pervades a picture as a spirit. On the speaking stage, he is such an obvious thing, usually bathed in a fiery glow at his every entrance or else announced by a blare of trumpets.

And that's not how Mr. Satan works at all. He's insidious. I ought to know. Am I not his ward, in the eyes of my audiences? Yes. The movies have done much for this, our most disgraceful citizen. They have made it possible for him to intrude in places where he has been barred. They have given him a new *raison d'être*.

In the old days, the most adept impersonation was that of the usually obese *Mephistopheles*. Oh, what a libel on the sleek-footed, slippery-tongued ruler of the inferno! Poor old *Mephistopheles* is more like a modern ad for a fire extinguisher, even though he got the renowned *Faust* to sell him his soul for a natural blonde with a violet eye.

But now it's all off. The new school of publicity agents succeeding Messrs. Goethe and Shaw have dyed the devil his proper hue. The movies have got Mr. Satan—or he has the movies—and he'll soon be as well advertised as Charlie Chaplin or Pears' Soap. All of which puts ducats into the coffers of Valeska Suratt & Co.!

THE CONQUERING HERO

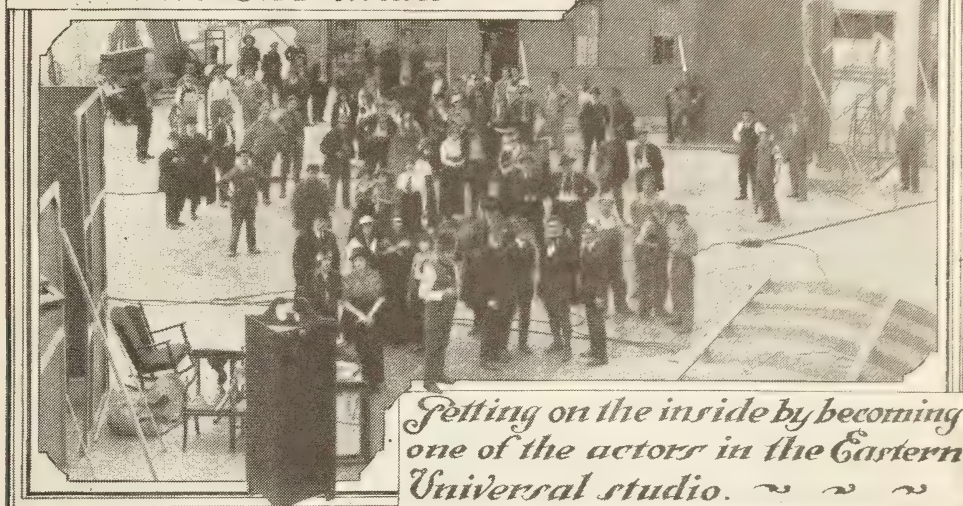


Doug Fairbanks doesn't always do as his director says. Even when not working, W. Christie Cabanne, who puts on the Fairbanks pictures, has to fight to keep him away from the girls. Here's a play in two pictures that was produced between scenes. And Doug is again the victorious lover.



Universal City Junior

by
Robert C. Duncan



Getting on the inside by becoming one of the actors in the Eastern Universal studio. ~ ~ ~

Players on the studio stage getting ready for work in the morning.

I WAS simply tired of writing about a studio through a tour of the place. These tours are so cut and dried. The studio press agent takes you by the arm and shows you the very same objects of interest the S. P. A. of the last studio you visited did, and spiels about 'em in the very same way:

"That is Mr. Bignoodle, there to your right, taking an underworld scene; in the set next to his, Mr. Highfalute is finishing his Mary Doughbags feature; these are the camera men's rooms to your left—very model, don't you think? The prison set going up is for——"

And so the tale goes on, studio after studio. The boys don't mean to repeat, but I suppose they do it because the interesting points of moving-picture studios are all about the same. Acquit the S. P. A.!

So when the time came for me to visit the Universal Eastern studio, I decided to do it on a new tack. I crossed from New York City to Fort Lee on a ferryboat loaded with movie actors'

automobiles, then trolleyed to Universal Heights. The Universal Eastern studio boasts a main entrance that would do credit to a government institution. Indeed, it forces you to sense that here is an institution! But the magnificent main entrance was not for me. The seeker after work must apply at a side entrance—there are so many of said seekers that there must be a special entrance for them! I was told to ask for Mr. Adler.

Mr. Adler proved to be none other than the once celebrated—maybe still—Bert Adler, who first put punch and system into film selling and advertising. For the last three years he had been devoting himself to the studio end of the business, leaving the management of the old Jersey studio at Coyotesville, when that place closed down, to become cast director and interview man at Universal Heights under Manager Julius Stern. I didn't have to wait long for him, as he seemed to possess a knack at speedily examining applicants, and



The Universal Eastern studio as it appears from the street. The glass stages are at the rear.

he appeared to note my youth and clothes—which luckily were neatly pressed—with some degree of enthusiasm. As he spoke to me, I could tell that there was work of some sort awaiting men of my type. Finally—

“What is your experience?” was asked.

I could see that the questioner’s enthusiasm took a slight drop when I admitted to no acting experience whatsoever.

“However,” Mr. Adler said, “I might put you in a dress suit and place you with Director Hill to-day. You look as if you could wear clothes. The scene

is for this afternoon. Could you go home and get your dress suit and be back here by, say, one-thirty?”

I assured him I could, and made good on the assurance. At one-forty-five I was one of a slumming party setting out to visit the basement settlement in “Temptation and the Man.” We were calling on Sydell Dowling there. She was a wealthy girl who had founded the settlement. (Notwithstanding, I heard her admitting to Hobart Henley later that she never spent more than thirty-five cents a day for her lunch!) Hobart Henley was playing a tough who had been won back to



The closed stages, in which the pictures are taken.

good works by the wealthy girl—he was managing the settlement for her. With so fair a coworker as Miss Dowling, who was always smiling sweetly at him in the scene, he was to be *envied* for giving up the life of a tough. All the toughs of New York would be managing settlements if there were Miss Dowlings around to keep them company!

Well, we came autocratically down the basement steps, congratulated Miss Dowling on her success with the settlement, looked sympathetically at Henley (!), and told Miss D. we were sure the poor fellow would yet die happy. Then we coddled a lot of poor children that came into the settlement. One of the poor kids was the daughter of an actor that gets three hundred and fifty dollars a week the year round. Finally, having given Miss Dowling one last expression of approval, and Henley one last look of sympathy, we passed up the steps and out.

Now was my chance to examine a studio from the new angle. Lucky for me that I was rigged out in full dress, proving that I was “working.” Curiosity seekers are not allowed on studio stages—you’ve got to prove you’re “working”—and the full dress proved it for me. I sauntered the length of that stage floor without interference. Indeed, I covered the whole building without interference. That dress suit was my badge. I found the Universal Heights studio made up of two separate buildings. The entire producing department was in the structure where I had worked: two stories high, and I should say one hundred and thirty by one hundred and sixty feet in dimension. A

full minute’s walk in the rear is the laboratory building. The idea of separating the two is that in case of fire—movie fires, it appears, usually start in the laboratory—no damage will be done to the producing department, no halt caused in the producing work, be the blaze ever so fierce. Hardly any film stock is kept in Universal Heights studio overnight, and the chances of fire are almost nothing. Nevertheless,



Jack Cohn, editor of the *Universal Animated Weekly*,
at his desk.

the Universal heads had “fire walls” placed in the interior partitions, the openings of which are protected by automatic-shutting “fire doors.” A sprinkler system covers the entire studio. Personally, I’d venture to sleep at Universal Heights studio even if there was a feller with a lighted cigarette and a tank of gasoline in the adjoining room.

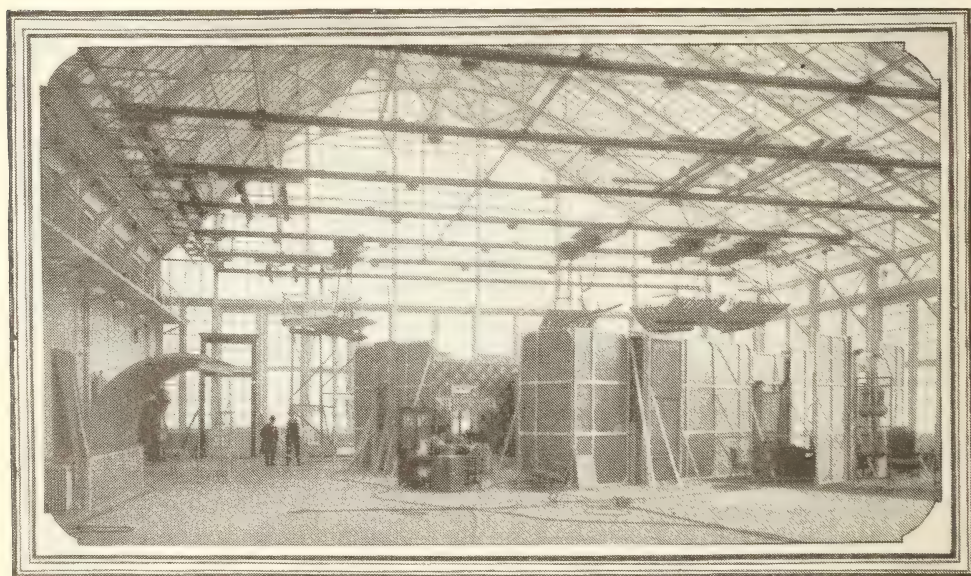
Perhaps the officials have been guided in their making the place so *gosh-aw-fully* fireproof by the fire-insurance rates. That's the only explanation I can offer. And I respectfully hold it forth because I hear that no manufacturing plant of its size *in any line* has a lower rate. You see, I fear the officials are what Colonel Roosevelt would call "practical men."

The stage on which I had been slumming is on the second floor of the structure. On the first floor, coming down from the stage, you find the dressing rooms, directors' offices, scenario department, manager's office, main entrance—from which I had been shooed originally—cutting room, and restaurant, in just that order. The restaurant was a model of neatness, and the one, no doubt, where the wealthy founder of basement settlements lunched daily for thirty-five cents.

And then I was discovered! King Baggot, whom I had interviewed some time before, came out of the lunch room and straight toward me with a

cheery greeting. I asked him to speak in whispers—just like a stage villain—and explained what the disguise was all about. King immediately pledged himself to secrecy and led me back to his dressing room so that we could chat without fear of—I almost wrote arrest! Getting the story from the new angle was really exciting! I began to feel like a war correspondent from London seeking for news in Berlin.

The "King of the Movies"—ask the Universal advertising department—told me he had just gotten back from Savannah, Georgia, where his director had been taking some exterior scenes, that it had been very warm in Savannah, and that he had been very glad to get back to his cool dressing room at Universal Heights. Baggot's dressing room—indeed, the majority of the dressing rooms here—opened right onto a vast court. There are sixty-four dressing rooms at Universal Heights for regular members of the stock company, and four rooms of extra size for "extra people." These "extra people's" rooms



The large stage from the inside. The "set" in the center shows how scenes in rooms are made. The lighting system is also shown above the "set."

have all the advantages of the stock members' rooms except privacy. When I "made up" for the slumming scene, I was surprised what a gentlemanly lot the "extra men" working that day were—courteous and anxious to assist each other. Small wonder that the "extra" room is so often productive of movie

ladies' side Violet Mersereau's adjoins Mary Fuller's, implying that birds of a feather flock together—and he was on his way to it to puzzle out how one of his pictures, just completed, could be reduced one reel. Baggot told me all about the Wilson trouble later. The film was entitled "The Gentle Volun-



Ben Wilson and Dorothy Phillips looking over a scenario before filming a scene at Universal Heights.

stars. The answer is that unless an actor has great reputation, he has little chance of getting into regular movie "stock." Therefore it's "extra" work for him until appearance in a number of pictures has proven he has the necessary screen qualifications. And then, like as not, it's a small salary he gets until the girls start writing him admiring letters and the critics of the trade press admit he's great. Baggot told me he started at—well, an exact sixth of his present salary.

As I left the Baggot throne room, Ben Wilson passed by in a quandary. His room adjoins Baggot's—just as on the

teer," and had been made in four reels. It seemed that an order went out to the directors at Universal Heights that they skip four-reel productions, because the "market" didn't want them. Ben's notice on this got mixed up somewhere, and the first he knew of the rule was when Manager Julius Stern told him of it and gave him back "The Gentle Volunteer" to "cut." As he had started a new picture, the instructions to "cut" came at an inopportune time. But, as Benjamin Franklin Wilson is esteemed a "good cutter" in the studio, and has an assistant who is clever at the same line of work, we doubt not

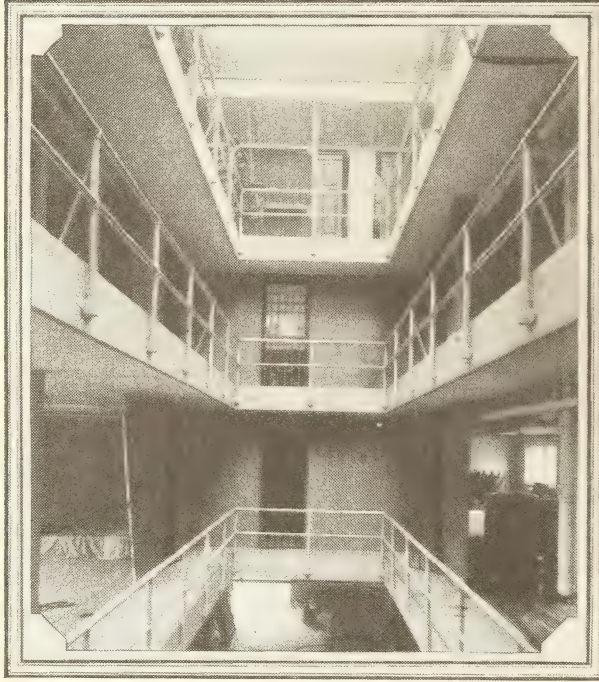
that he got through with his extra labors eventually. You see, movie directors don't always have pleasant out-of-town trips and nothing to do till tomorrow!

There was a Moore trouble present also. Matt had been making a comedy on the stage next to Mr. Hill's, in which Jane Gail and an expensive cast were employed—including a particular type

a goat story. There was that expensive cast to consider. Matt was so excited about it that I am sure if he had known ahead the animal would die in the middle of a scene, he would for revenge have shot her first himself.

I was rather unlucky in securing work in the afternoon rather than in the morning. Most of the directors—there are ten at Universal Heights—

had finished their interior sets in the a. m., and were working outside now. This was the case, for example, with Mary Fuller's director, Edna Hunter's, Edith Robert's—but *not*, praises be, with Violet Mersereau's! One Universal lady star was within! There was beautiful Violet, eluding a vile-appearing Oriental in a Chinese joss-house set. The scene over, Violet dropped into an easy-chair at the side of the set and became engrossed in deep thought. What was she thinking of, this wondrous blond beauty? Of a man—a prospective husband? *Yes!* I'll tell you about it in a minute, after I have made you read of the studio lighting system, a part of my word picture that maybe *you'd* "cut" if I didn't place it before my exposure



The "prop rooms," where ten thousand and one articles are kept handy, is built to represent a prison so that it can be used in films.

of goat. The P. T. of goat had died—maybe it was my work in the slumming scene alongside that did it—in the middle of his scene, and Matt Moore was wild with—no, *not* grief—he was boiling angry at that goat for dying before the picture was finished. As I said above, it was a particular type of goat. Unless his double could be procured, this day and several preceding days' work would have to be thrown into the ash can. We must write "ash can" into

of Violet's thoughts!

The overhead lighting equipment here is arranged on a trolley system that enables the studio electrician to "flood" any foot of stage desired fifty seconds after the director gives the order. That is fast work! When Director Hill wanted the lights for *my* set—said like a star!—they were all overhead a "dead" set at the farthest corner of the studio where Harry Benham had been working. "Lights!" shouted Mr. Hill

to Electrician Kelly, and *whiz* came those lights down the trolley and over our set.

Continuing technical, as it were, I might write that I found the carpenter shop, scenic department, and property room fronting immediately on the stage, and all of them as full of daylight as the stage itself. Speaking of the wardrobe room, which is below the stage—

Violet Mersereau's thoughts? They were: Ought she, or oughtn't she? Sacrifice herself to the publicity gods, or nay? The company was exploiting a "Handsomest Man in America" contest, and the publicity department, to add zest to the affair, wanted to know if they could promise Violet and her salary to the winner, provided he was unmarried. There was no doubt this would improve the interest in the contest one hundred per cent, one publicity shark told her. Now, then, *would* she? Just like that!

But to Violet, who has her share of nice, admiring beaux, the question was: *Ought* she? She was sure, of course, that the press agent, *mad* about publicity as he undoubtedly was, would somehow, somewhere, some way, save her from actual marriage! The judges would mayhap be kind and pick a mar-

ried man. That didn't worry sweet Violet, sitting there in Chinese garb and deep thought. *What would her beaux think? That* was the trouble! *They* would never understand publicity-department methods, quiet business men, most of them, who knew naught of the wild ways of the modern publicity promoter.

How did I, aimless actor, know all this? Because "Billy" Garwood walked over to the reflecting girl just then. And Violet spoke to Billy—they play together now, and often exchange advice—and what Billy replied to her seemed to cheer her greatly.

And Billy, to whom I disclosed my identity for the sake of the story, gave me the entire tale going back to New York on the ferryboat that was full of movie actors' automobiles. Violet had cheered up because Billy solved the great problem by promising to run into each of the beaux and explain that publicity matter beforehand!

I met him later, about four days afterward, as he was hurrying along Broadway, and he told me that he hadn't realized what a job he had undertaken, for he had been busy ever since he had made the promise—but still had a long list of young men to see.

THE MAN WITH MANY LIVES

LAST night I watched a strong man die:
 Caught in the whirlpool of events
 In Mexico, while I stood by,
 He bowed his head—without a cry
 Received a rifle's grim contents.

Behold a miracle! To-day
 I saw the strong man stricken dead.
 "A fake!" I thundered in dismay.
 "That fellow got *his* yesterday!"
 "He dies a thousand deaths," they said.

MARTIN C. NEWMAN.



Sidney Drew has to autograph his own pictures—because a wife or private secretary can't do it for him.

BEING funny is no laughing matter. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew would like to have that understood before we go any farther. Mr. Drew, especially, wants it known that, contrary to the general idea, his life is not one grand, glittering, and gorgeous jest. As a general thing, his soul is soggy with sorrow.

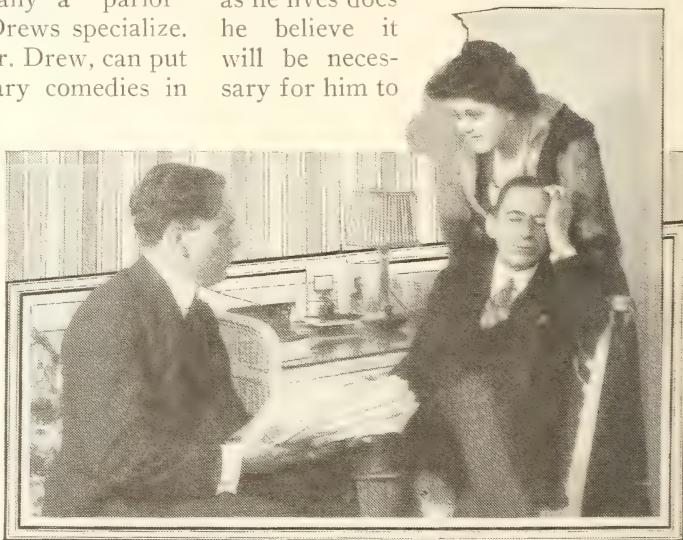
It's hard work to make a laughable moving picture, especially a "parlor" comedy, in which the Drews specialize. Almost any one, says Mr. Drew, can put on one of these ordinary comedies in which young men slap young women with blackberry pies and in which four grotesque policemen are drowned merrily in every hundred feet of film.

Let it be herewith stated that Mr. Drew admits brazenly that he never—in the pictures or out—has hit his wife on the nose with a blackberry pie. No, not with a blackberry—never. He

never has tossed her over a cliff or into a flour barrel. The Drews have to make one comedy a week, and he doesn't want her all broken up.

It is not on record that Sidney Drew ever grasped a couple of revolvers and chased Mrs. Drew through the house, firing at her heels.

Mr. Drew finds that a wife appreciates kind treatment, and never as long as he lives does he believe it will be necessary for him to



Mr. Drew insists that he is, besides being a comedian, a complete scenario department.

Confessions of a Comedian and a Comedienne 47

earn his living by dropping a hod of bricks on Mrs. Drew's head.

"Our home is an ideally happy one," says Mr. Drew, who is fifty-one years old. Mrs. Drew is twenty-six. "I have my wife under perfect control. I direct our pictures. As her director, I can order her to act any scene I may designate. If at home she fails to sew the buttons on my pajamas, for instance, the next day I can write into a comedy a part for her in which she will have to lie down on the street and let a motor car run over her. I, therefore, never have buttonless pajamas."

Mr. Drew wasn't known as a first-rate comedian until he became stoop-shouldered and furrows filled his brows. As a youth he was cheerful and full of antics, so his parents knew that he would become a famous tragedian. He didn't do well in tragedy, and his failure so sorrowed him that he was immediately turned into a comedian.

Mr. Drew confesses that he doesn't know what makes people laugh. He admits that sometimes he works up a scene that ought to rock the house, and

when it appears on the screen before a big crowd it

falls flat, and the house rocking will be done by some bit of business that never was expected to attract undue attention.

"People seem to like to see me in unfortunate predicaments," he says. "They laugh at my troubles. The more I worry the worse my disposition gets, and many is the time I have grouched my way through what turned out to be a good comedy."

Mrs. Drew—Shh! Come over here in the corner where Mr. Drew can't hear and she'll whisper it to you—thinks her husband is the greatest actor the world ever saw.

Their friends will tell you that she is the balance wheel. She it is who pats her husband on the back and tells him cheerily that he has been doing fine work and that he had better make one more scene—even if he is tired out—before he quits for the day.

It is Mrs. Drew who coaxes the carpenters to stop their pounding when Mr. Drew is nervous and is fighting his way through a hard scene, and it is she who stands by the camera and tells him how it looks when he is working in the scene alone.

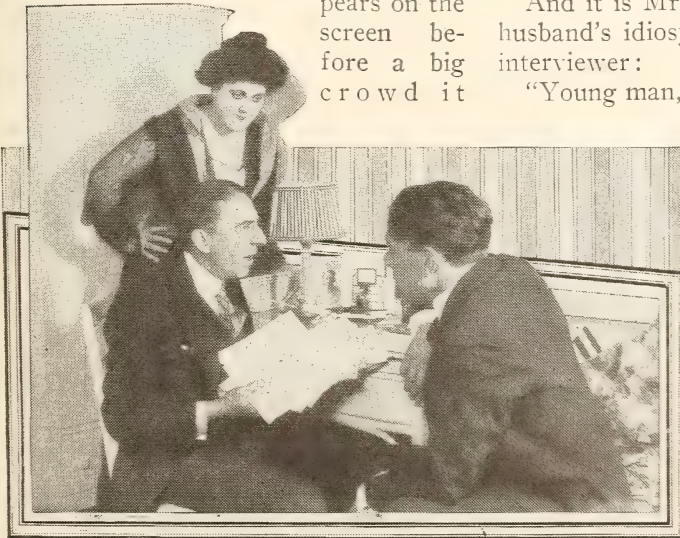
And it is Mrs. Drew who knows her husband's idiosyncrasies and warns the interviewer:

"Young man, do you value your life?

Then don't say to my husband, 'It must be cheerful work, being a comedian!'"

So the interviewer asks Mr. Drew what he thinks of a comedian's life.

"Comedian!" he replies—at least, he replied so this one time. "Every one knows me as a comedian. That's only part of my profession. I'm a scenario department, director, expert autog-



After reading the scenarios, Mr. Drew asks to be introduced to the authors—with malice aforethought.

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rapher of my own pictures, and wonderful little soother to tell my wife I like her cooking when it's good—or otherwise.

"So far as my scenario work goes, Maxwell Karger, the studio manager, takes great delight in picking out days when everything is gloomy and march-

sire is to murder every scenario author in the world."

One thing that makes Mr. Drew's soul so briny is that he can't take part in a sensible discussion without being laughed at. Everybody expects him to be funny.

Once he was carving a roast and the

knife slipped and cut one of his fingers, and his guests laughed so heartily that their appetites were doubled, and they ate twice as much as the Drews had counted upon.

"It drives me wild," he said the other day. "Everything I say people think is funny. Watch."

He strolled over to a corner of the studio where several persons were standing.

"This war is a terrible thing," he affirmed.

"Which war?" said a camera man. "Mexico or Europe?"

"Both," said Sidney Drew.

"No doubt of it," said the camera man, and the others nodded solemnly. Nobody laughed.

Mr. Drew wheeled. The interviewer laughed and fled.



Mr. Drew says that he differs from most men by being jolly at breakfast—cooked by the better half. He does if he is!

ing up to me with a vast batch of scripts. He says, 'Use the one you like best,' and then I go home to read them. After going over three or four, as a rule, I ask to be introduced to the writers—with malice aforethought. My sole de-

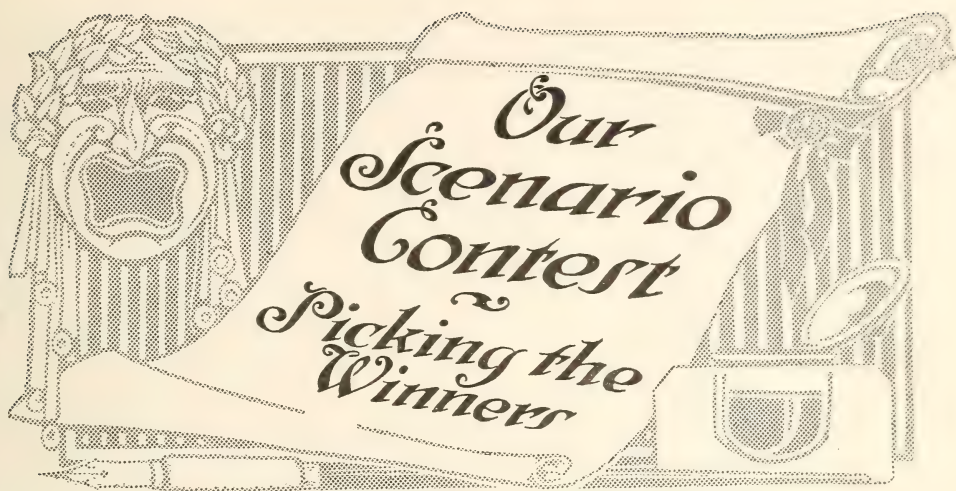


SHELVED

I WAS your "reel" and *only* love,
At least, you *told* me so;
And, now, I am a cast-off glove,
A faded "film," you used to "show."

On Cupid's screen you wrote "surcease."
So I am "on the road"
Featuring your last "release:"
Beginning with an episode!

DOROTHY HARPUR O'NEILL.



AND now it's all over but the work —and glory.

When the three persons who are to decide on the winners of our scenario contest agreed to act as judges they did not realize the work that they were putting on their shoulders. In the last two months manuscripts have been pouring in so heavily that by the time they had finished reading a promising script there were a hundred others on their desks waiting for consideration.

By now, however, most of the stories that are not possible have been sorted out, and Miss Fuller, Mr. Caine, and Mr. Brandt are busy on those that must be dealt with carefully in order to give each the consideration of which it is worthy. The number of synopses that are really good has surpassed all expectations. The plots range greatly in variety, and Miss Fuller has several times told how glad she is of this fact, for she can now act in a picture that exactly fits her type and feels that the winner of the contest is not the only one who is going to profit, for she will be able to select a plot that offers every opportunity for her to portray a character which is in accord with her own views.

Many names prominent in the mo-

tion-picture industry and in the fiction field have been recognized among the entries of many thousands of unknowns, and it will no doubt interest those in the latter class who have sent in stories to know that theirs are being read just as carefully as would one of Shakespeare's were he alive to submit.

Eleven actresses of note and nine actors whose names make money for exhibitors and producers have mailed us stories. Almost all of them told us to conceal their names—unless they won—for fear that their own companies would wonder why they had not handed the plot to their directors. One of them admitted that her story had been turned down by her scenario department, and she was sending it in hopes that it would be chosen winner so that she could prove the inefficiency of her editor. Another girl wrote in that she was doing "extra" parts and "bits" for a company in Los Angeles, and that she had written the story because she knew that, if it won, the publicity that she would derive would help her greatly. We are sorry that we cannot help them all out.

Perhaps the most amusing incident that has occurred during the contest took place the other day. Bert Adler, assistant studio manager at the plant

50 Our Scenario Contest—Picking the Winners

where Miss Fuller is working, was in a happy mood and secured a scenario of a picture that Miss Fuller played in nearly a year ago. He sat down and wrote a synopsis of it and entered it in the contest—under an assumed name. A few days later, he went into the judges' office and rummaged around until he discovered the script in the return box—started to laugh—and told the history of the plot. It had been turned down, and Miss Fuller had not recognized the plot at all, probably because of the many pictures she has put on since. None of the judges could see much fun in the joke, and Bert, edging to the door, remarked: "I just wanted to see how good a story had to be in order to be accepted—and incidentally to find out what Miss Fuller thought of her pictures of a year ago. But then I suppose she could make almost any plot good by her acting." He went out smiling, and Joe Brandt's face lit up in a grin that promised something when the door had closed. That was on a Friday evening. On Saturday Bert Adler dashed into the office all excitement and minus every symptom of fun and good humor. Joe Brandt proved to be the object of his coming, and he stood beside the general manager's chair waving a little slip of paper in his hand—the little slip was—blue.

"What's the idea—why——" Bert stammered. "Say, who fired me, anyway?"

"I did!" Joe answered, without looking up. "For wasting the studio's time writing synopses for pictures!"

And then he got up, smiled, took the blue slip from Bert's hand, and tore it up.

But you who are waiting to hear what has to be said about the scripts that they have sent in are not much interested in the little things that have come up during the contest that do not bear directly on the result. Here are the things you want to know:

The name of the winner, his or her picture, and the synopsis of the plot that won the contest will be published in next month's PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. The names, and perhaps the pictures, of all the others whose stories are purchased because they appeal to the Universal Company will also be printed.

By the time the next issue is on the stands it is expected that the filming of the winning story will be well under way. The taking will require about four weeks; but, as the picture will be commenced as soon as the judges have decided on the best scenario, it will be shown as a feature at the theaters before very long. In other words, just as soon as it is possible the film will be exhibited throughout the United States and Canada. If you want to see a good picture—a picture that has been chosen for a star by the star herself and that is considered the best of hundreds of thousands, see the one that wins our scenario contest. And get the next issue.

Oh—we almost forgot something. The money. When the decisions have been made and the judges have set the number of reels to which the film will run, a check for forty dollars for each reel will be sent to—but we can't tell until next month. And, moreover, a check for fifty dollars—PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE's special prize—will be forwarded to the same person.

That is only for the winner. Beside him—or her—those whose scripts please for production will also be paid at Universal's regular rates.

Those of you who inclosed postage in your manuscripts will have your story back just as soon as we can so convenience you. If it doesn't arrive, just drop a line and we'll look for it—or tell you at what theater you may look for it—all acted out and made into a wonderful tale in celluloid.



PIFFLE calls it a mere episode in his life. But Piffle is a clown; his business is to jest. An episode of this sort—it lasted for five years—would have seared the soul of any ordinary man; but Piffle is extraordinary—extraordinary among the merry makers of the Colossal Consolidated Circus, and extraordinary in the larger life outside the “big top,” where Fate is the jester and sensitive men and women the victims.

The episode began on the opening night of the Consolidated at Los Angeles—began with the ecstatic yell, “Oh, you Piffle!” hurled across the tanbark by a grinning boy who sat in a box at the ringside.

Piffle heard the delighted yell and waved a hand that looked as big as a ham. Talk about getting close to the people! Nobody was ever as close to the people as Piffle. He took them completely into his confidence and shot out many a good-natured rally at the individuals who made up his vast audiences. That friendly wave of the hand sent

the boy into fresh explosions of mirth. A lame boy he was, but he forgot the crutch that lay beside his chair; forgot everything but the tremendous fact that Piffle had waved to him.

“He’s *some* clown, Jackie!” pronounced the dignified gentleman who sat in the adjoining chair—his father, the distinguished Judge Leroy, who temporarily had forgotten his dignity and unconsciously descended to the argot of the circus.

The great chariot race was in progress, but it divided interest with the frolics of Piffle, who, in the center of the big ring, was declaiming from a book labeled conspicuously, “Shakespeare’s Plays”—which he held upside down! To Jackie, Shakespeare had never sounded so fascinating; but the immortal bard of Avon would have shuddered had he heard the Piffle paraphrase of *Hamlet’s* soliloquy, for instance, put into the lips of a suffragette and beginning:

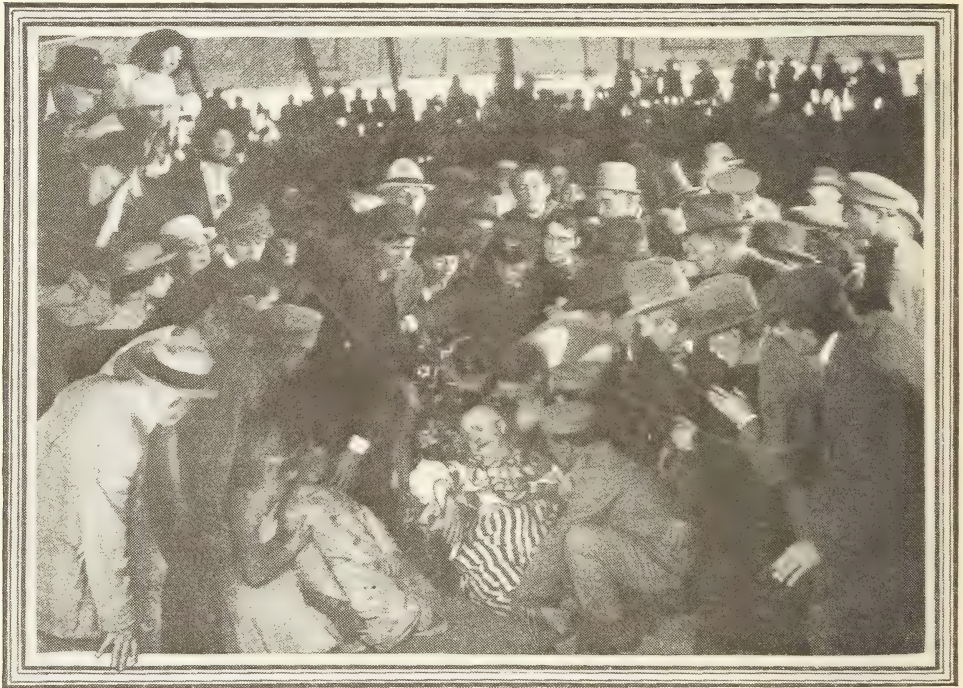
“To vote or not to vote; that is the question.”

A side glance Jackie gave to the careening horses, but he was rocking with laughter as snatches of the revised "Hamlet" came to his ears. Then he heard an ominous groaning of timbers; there was a crash behind him; the floor sagged and swayed; shouts and screams made a clamor that was deafening. A crowded bank of seats had given way, and the audience was in panic! Men and women swarmed over the seats away from the danger zone, hugging

for the track. The horses were frightened by the tumult; they could not be stopped. There was only one thing for Piffle to do. He did it—catapulted himself on top of the boy while the maddened animals crashed over him.

There were many injured in the stands, but the hearts of the multitude stood still at the horrid thought that Piffle was dead—Piffle, the beloved of the children.

But Piffle was not dead—"just a



"It's not the kid we're thinking about; it's good old Piffle."

children to their breasts, moaning, crying, cursing, and praying. They plunged into the boxes. Judge Leroy interposed his big body between the frightened people and his son. He was flung aside, knocked down, and in the mad scramble for safety Jackie was hurled over the frail box rail and fell directly in the path of the flying horses.

A cry of agony came from the boy's lips. Piffle heard it, and, flinging away his make-believe Shakespeare, he raced

skinned heel, a smashed elbow, two or three ribs broken, and a fractured skull; otherwise all right," was the pleasant way he put it when some one asked him about it later.

Judge Leroy pushed his way through the crowd that gathered around Jackie and the clown.

"My boy!" he groaned. "Oh, tell me! Is he dead?"

"The kid's all right," some one answered gruffly. "He's yelling for some

guy to bring him his crutch. It's not the kid we're thinking about; it's good old Piffle."

The circus ambulance corps administered first aid, but the judge insisted on taking Piffle to his splendid home. Here the circus clown had the care of the best physicians in the city, and within a fortnight he was moving about, well on the way to health.

Expressions of regret and sympathy poured in on Piffle; they came from young and old and from all sorts and conditions of people. But there was one boy who had no regrets. This was Jackie Leroy, whose delight at being under the same roof with the famous clown knew no bounds. That Piffle should have risked his life to save a lame boy was too big a thought for Jackie to grasp, but he was profoundly grateful. It was a task for the nurse to keep him out of Piffle's room, and, to complicate matters, the child-loving clown was party to the boy's desire to "visit." Between the two the nurse had to capitulate.

Jackie and the circus favorite became excellent friends, and during his convalescence Piffle and he were seldom apart.

But Jackie did not have him all to himself. He had a sister who, Piffle decided, needed cheering quite as much as Jackie. Millicent Leroy was nineteen, sturdy, well developed, and pretty. She should have been a tomboy, Piffle thought, but instead she was reserved, a bit wistful of face—and the clown felt it was his duty to chase the wistfulness and conjure a smile to the lovely lips.

He had some of his "properties" sent over from the circus, and, with Millicent and Jackie as his audience, he "did stunts for them."

When he gave them an imitation of the Russian Charlie Chaplin, Jackie shrieked with laughter; but, though Millicent smiled, there was still a haunt-

ing sadness in her eyes that troubled the anxious entertainer.

"What's on your mind, Miss Millicent?" he said bluntly to her one day, adding apologetically: "Though, bein' a clown, I guess I've got no right to ask."

"I—I don't understand," she answered. They had the parlor to themselves, and Millicent was dreaming over the piano keys while Piffle sat, propped up with pillows, in an extension chair.

"Don't stall—I mean don't pretend you don't know what I mean," he went on. "I'm some bright little student of human nature, Miss Millicent—that's part of my job as circus clown. You've got something on your mind, as I say. Come on and tell me about it and let's laugh it away. I'm not old enough to be your father, but I'm old enough to be your older brother, so—come on!"

She shook her head. "It's nothing, Piffle. You're just thinking things."

"Sure I'm thinkin' things. Now listen. You remember I jumped in when Jackie's life was in danger, and I'm not sayin' I wouldn't do the same and take a bigger risk if Jackie's sister was in danger. At any rate, I want to see that stony look hustled out of your eyes."

"You're not trying to be funny, Piffle?" There was momentary merriment in her eyes, and Piffle smiled in concert.

"That's the stuff," he encouraged. "A little more of that and I'll be as tickled as a nigger kid in a melon patch. You know that old one about 'Laugh and the world laughs with you?' Now come on, lay the cards on the table, and let's give 'em the ha-ha. What's the trouble?"

"It's nothing, really, Piffle—that is, nothing that I could tell you."

"Some day, little girl, you're goin' to come to me and say: 'I'm sorry, Piffle, I didn't take you up on that proposition.'"

"Some day—perhaps. It's good of



He gave them an imitation of the Russian Charlie Chaplin.

you, Piffle," she said gratefully. And then her hands crashed on the keyboard of the piano, for Jackie had come back from school, and there could be no further confidences even if she had wished to continue them.

As the days went by, Piffle found his thoughts more and more occupied with Millicent. He was beginning to dream possibilities that were, on the face of it, impossible. Nigh thirty years he had lived in the atmosphere of the circus. Life had been for him nothing but a jest. Man, woman, and child, he linked them together—metaphorically put his arms around them, bade them smile, lived to please them without much thought of himself. And now this wistful-eyed girl had awoke something within him that he had never known before. The circus clown was in love with the daughter of Judge Leroy!

The astonishing realization came to

him one night after the lights had gone out in the big mansion, and he was sitting at the open window in his room, smoking a last pipe in the darkness.

"Piffle, old son," he upbraided himself, "this won't do. You got to cut it out. The soft stuff ain't your line. You're a clown—get me? Your job's to be funny, not sentimental. Here you're lettin' crazy ideas run you off your feet. This little girl's a humdinger, but she's booked to tie up with some wealthy guy who's got eddication and an accent. She's just pleasant and chatty with you, Piffle, because you did a movie stunt and saved her kid brother. Otherwise and apart from that, you're no more to her than the dust on her little shoes. Remember that, Piffle—no more to her than the dust on her little shoes! You go back to the big top tomorrow. S'long, Millicent. Get me?"

His pipe had gone out. He put it on the table and leaned out over the

window sill to draw in a long breath of the fragrant night air and exhale it in a sigh.

Overhead, a wisp of moon sailed, its rays dancing on the tree-lined lake where Millicent and he and the irrepressible Jackie had spent many golden hours.

As he looked, a deeper shadow appeared on the margin of the lake. It caught his attention; he wondered at it vaguely. Then the shadow moved forward; he heard a splash; a faint cry came to his ears. Stunned for a moment, he stared into the semigloom; then, scrambling through the window onto the roof of the rear porch, he slid down the low awning, dropped to the ground, and raced for the lake.

A moment a white face gleamed above the water, then it disappeared. Piffle plunged into the lake. His hand came in contact with a woman's skirt; a woman's unbound hair floated in his face. He grasped the limp body and swam with it to the beach. There, laying his burden down, he felt the world reeling about him. The moonlight fell on the one face of all others that he loved.

"Millicent!" he breathed, staring incredulously.

He set to work to bring the girl back to consciousness. His methods of resuscitation were rough, but effective. The wet eyelids opened.

"Why didn't you let me die?" she moaned.

He put his arms around her and raised her. "It couldn't be done, Millicent—not if I was around."

"I wish you hadn't interfered, Piffle." She was crying against his shoulder.

"That's all right, little girl. I'm always buttin' in. That's my job; it's what's got the big laugh over and over again in the big top. This came near being a tragedy instead of a comedy, but we come out on the right side, so — Let me carry you back to the

house. Or do you want to tell me what's the trouble? We're pretty moist, but there ain't much danger of catchin' cold, not in 'Los' in the summertime, eh? So maybe it'll relieve your mind to come across with the trouble stuff. I'm guessing it's about some gay buckaroo who's run off and left you—yes?"

"He's dead, Piffle." Then haltingly she told him of the coming of a young clubman—Dick Ordway—into her life. He made ardent love, and she reciprocated. Her father objected. There were clandestine meetings, plans for the future. Then came the crash of Ordway's fortunes. Being young and vigorous, he went into Death Valley with a friend who had heard of a great copper field that awaited the lucky finder. A dangerous quest, but Dick was eager for the adventure. He had hoped to make his fortune, overcome Judge Leroy's opposition, and live happily with Millicent ever after.

A newspaper which had come into Millicent's hands a few hours before announced the death of the young treasure seekers. The body of Dick's friend, almost unrecognizable, and a sun-bleached skeleton near by had been found by some prospectors, and the news flashed to Los Angeles.

"We were married in the sight of God," Millicent insisted tearfully, "although no civil ceremony was performed. When Dick came back we intended to have a wedding that would be talked about. And now he is dead. I don't care what happens to me, or whether my child ever sees the light of day."

"But I care," said Piffle, after a moment of silence. He held her close to him. "I love you, Millicent. I would never have told you about it, but I've got to now. Will you marry me, let me guard you, care for you, shield you from slander?"

"You are good to me, Piffle," she

whispered. "I can never love anybody but Dick; but if you want me, I will marry you."

So it happened that when Piffle went back to the circus he took with him a wife. Millicent and he were married by a justice of the peace in the presence of a few circus "pals," and an imaginative press agent wrote a colorful story about it.

Judge Leroy read the colorful story, and, mortified and wrathful, set out for the town where the circus was then "playing."

Millicent tried to appease him, spoke of Piffle's native worth, brought to her father's remembrance the clown's heroism when Jackie's life was in danger.

"He is a circus clown—that is the chief, the only question," said Judge Leroy. "Either give up this man or I give *you* up."

"Oh, daddy, you don't mean that!" cried Millicent. "Won't you give your

daughter a chance for happiness in her own way?"

He shook his massive head and stamped out. The interview was ended.

"It's all right, Milly," said Piffle. "He feels badly just now, but I'll bet my pet goose he'll forgive you before the year's out."

Piffle was right. Before the year was gone the judge was reconciled. Milly declared it was the baby who did it—Dick Ordway's baby, but Piffle grew to love it as he would have loved his own child. They had sent the judge a snapshot of the boy, and he had come, more from curiosity, to look at his grandchild. The baby fingers entwined themselves about his heart.

"Now I want you and Millicent to be sensible," he said to Piffle afterward. "You know very well that the environment of the circus is not the best in the world for a child." The clown flared up at this, but the judge waved him to silence. "The question isn't ar-



The body of Dick's friend and a sun-bleached skeleton near by had been found by prospectors.

guable. Let me get you a position in the city, and you and Millicent can take your places among the conventional members of society."

It was a bitter struggle for Piffle to give up the circus life which he loved, but for the sake of Millicent and little Rollo—so named after the great "Rollo,

roy secured him an opening, and by dint of hard effort he rose to a creditable position. The years passed swiftly; but for Piffle they were lost years away from the tanbark and the magic of the "big top." There were times when he wondered if he had not made a mistake in marrying Millicent. They were



"Either give up this man or I give *you* up."

the Strong Man," of circus fame—he bowed to the judge's will. The younger member of the family, too, was loath to leave the tinsel and glitter. The memories that will live longest with Rollo cluster around the canvas. He was in the seventh heaven of delight when Piffle got him a miniature clown suit and showed him the mysteries of make-up; and, tiring of this, he would fling the make-up box at Piffle's head and hold his small sides as the clown shouted, in mock dismay:

"Hey! Somebody find the guy this kid belongs to and tell him I want a vacation!"

Piffle's knowledge of figures were of advantage in the bank where Judge Le-

very good friends, but he realized that he would never be able to gain her love. He lavished his affection on little Rollo, and wondered if some day he would have the heart to tell him that his father was a man who adventured into Death Valley and had perished there.

The problem was settled not by Piffle, but by fate. Dick Ordway, reported dead on the desert, was, as a matter of fact, very much alive. Not only that, but he knew that Millicent and Piffle were man and wife. Escaping the doom which had been his friend's, Dick had staggered on, half crazed by thirst and hunger, and finally fate led him to the camp of an old desert "rat" who had come upon a valuable copper

prospect and who needed capital. Dick, regaining his full strength, had come to Los Angeles to round up investors. He had telephoned to Judge Leroy's home for news of Millicent. A servant had answered that the girl was married. Dick was stunned, and as he stood at the telephone trying to adjust himself to these blighting circumstances, the servant's voice came over the wire:

"Who shall I say inquired?"

And Dick answered bitterly: "Just—a friend."

Dick had sincerely loved the girl—so sincerely that he would do nothing to interfere with her new-found happiness.

"Keep it quiet that I am alive," he said to a wealthy friend whom he had tried to interest in the copper "find." "The girl I hoped to marry believes I am dead and has consoled herself with another fellow. I don't want her to suffer torture, which she'd most surely do if she knew I was still aboveground. I want her to have all the happiness she can find. She is the best woman in the world, and she deserves the best that Heaven can give her. So keep it dark that I'm here in the flesh."

He plunged into finance, using an assumed name; promoted a company, and presently found himself a wealthy man.

Some four years afterward, Fate again took a hand in the lives of the lovers. Piffle's home was in the suburbs; a cottage on a palm-lined avenue—Judge Leroy's wedding present. Business brought Dick to the neighborhood one spring afternoon. Over an hour he had talked with a gouty and irascible capitalist, and finally emerging, with a sigh of relief, into the failing sunshine, he wandered down the palm-lined avenue, unconscious of the fact that Judge Leroy's daughter lived there.

As he passed, Millicent saw him. She was out on the lawn, leaning listlessly on a sundial and thinking long, long

thoughts, when the tall, straight figure came into view.

"Dick!" she gasped, her hands at her breast.

He turned swiftly. "Millicent!" The loved name leaped from his lips. He moved toward her, then he stiffened, and, raising his hat, would have passed on and out of her life, but she held out a trembling hand, and he grasped it as a drowning man grasps a straw.

Piffle bought a bunch of violets on the way to the train. Milly was fond of flowers, and he could see her wistful smile as he gave them to her. It seemed to him that her smiles came even more seldom than in the old days. Rollo had to do most of the smiling for the family. He expected to find the little chap waiting for him at the suburban station, perhaps even Millicent. Neither of them was to be seen. More, when he reached his cottage there was no face at the window, no whoop from the lips of a joyous youngster.

He stepped down the path, pushed open the door—the sound of voices stayed him. Millicent had a caller. He started up the stairs, intending to make himself presentable. A part of the conversation floated to him, and he stood stock-still; his hands opened and shut convulsively; the little bunch of violets fell, unheeded, to the floor.

"So you see, Dick," his wife was saying, "it's better as it is. Piffle has been awfully good to me. I could not leave him. But, oh, Dick, if I had only known you did not die on the desert I would have waited, I would have borne any disgrace."

"I know, I know, little girl," he said. "Before God we pledged our love, and it was only the thought of that love that nerved me to go through that hell in Death Valley. When I heard you had married I bore the blow as I have borne other hard blows. Your happiness was my chief thought. I kept away from

you. If I had known you lived here, I would never have come; but you saw me as I passed, saw me and called to me. We have spoken again, we have clasped hands. You have let me see my son—and for that I am grateful; I will think of it often. Now good-by. I will leave the West and try to forget—a task, dear, that I'm afraid I'll never accomplish——”

The door opened, and Piffle, the old smile in his eyes, entered.

“You're Dick Ordway, I guess.

“Oh——” she began. But he stole the words from her.

“Oh, piffle!” he said, choking back a sob and breaking into a forced laugh. But he pressed her close to him and kissed the lips she raised to him. “You won't mind a last kiss, Dick. Say good-by for me to Rollo. In the nursery, he is? Well, don't call him. I guess we'd both break down, the kid and me, in a final scene.”

Piffle, back in the ring, is once more the laughter-provoking clown. If deep



Dick staggered on, half-crazed by thirst and hunger.

Shake! I overheard part of your talk, and I'm glad to know you. You're a real man.” He stuck out his hand, and it closed around Dick's fingers with a firm pressure. “Ordway, I'm a misfit here. Milly and I are the best friends in the world, but she has always loved you, and always will. You and Milly fix it up and let me drift back to the canvas, where I belong.”

Millicent ran to him, flung her arms about his neck.

in his heart there is sadness and regret, he keeps a smiling face and makes the world smile with him.

“Don't you ever get lonely, Pif?” a saucy bareback rider asked him. “Wouldn't it be nice to have a wife and three or four kiddies toddling round?”

For a moment the tears welled up in his eyes. Then:

“Lonely!” he laughed. “Me lonely? Why, all the kids in the world belong to me!”

The Exploits of Molly

By *Lyon Mearson*
A serial in one installment

A winsome maid she is, and sweet,
O Molly Moran McGee!
Her hair the hue of autumn wheat,
As small as pixies own, her feet,
Daintily down the village street
Trips Molly Moran McGee.

She hears a rumble on the track,
She gazes wild-eyed at the rail,

It is old Thirty-Two—alack!
She stops, her face is deathly pale;
(I mean the maiden, not the train,

A train could not turn pale, you know)
Her duty in the case is plain,
Her's not to question—*quid pro quo*.

Her petticoat, of course, is red,
(They always are to suit the screen)

For although petticoats are said
To be *de trop* this year, I ween
This story would not be complete

Without it, so I must assert—
(Although I know it is not meet
To mention Molly's under-skirt)—

The petticoat is in this plot,
You know the reason, do you not?

You're right! She whips it off and stands

Right in the center of the track,
A lonely figure that commands
The flying train to halt—*Clack, clack!*

The Thirty-Two is speeding fast,
Oh, will she stop? Oh, will she stop?

Nearer and nearer! Ahoy! Avast!
(Those are not railroad terms, old top,
They're owned by stories maritime,
But they are needed for the rhyme.)

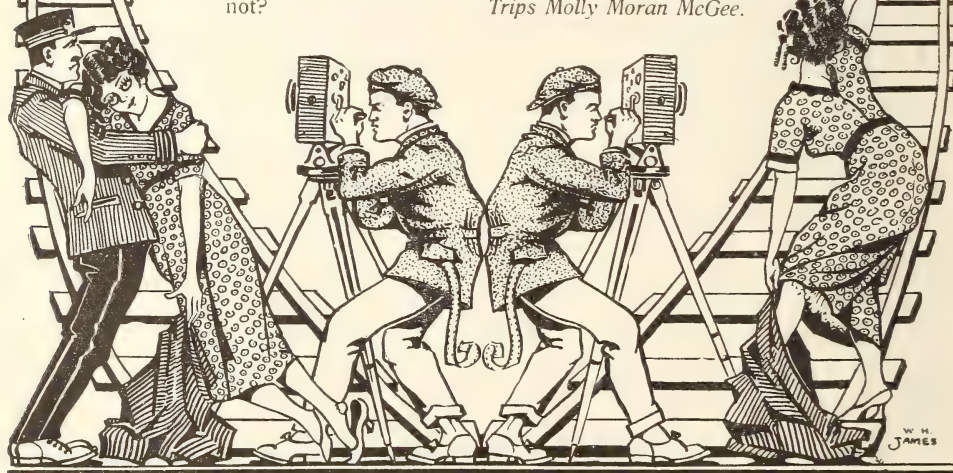
At last they see her, Thirty-Two
Stops with her noisy brake's alarms,

Sweet Molly faints, as maidens do
In pictures, in the train crew's arms.

They bring her to; she tells her tale:
The track is gone, the Ninety-Three,

The lightning bearer of the mail,
Had just *torn up* the track, you see.
They handed her her petticoat,
And went away to catch their goat.

A winsome maid she is, and sweet,
O Molly Moran McGee!
Her hair the hue of autumn wheat,
As small as pixies own, her feet,
Daintily up the village street
Trips Molly Moran McGee.



HELP! HELP!



For two hours pretty Vola Smith, of Universal, worked at the motor of her car when it balked and left her stranded on a country road. Then she hailed Albert Russell and he told her that she was in dire straits—for want of gasoline.





ONE half of an actress makes the actress.

Queer mathematics, but that is one way in which you can sum up Myrtle Stedman, the popular Morosco star who tries unsuccessfully to divide her playing hours equally between the camera and golf. The camera gets the better end. It sounds puzzling at first, but it is really very simply and equally true.

Myrtle is an actress—no one will deny that. Well, those who see her act on the screen see only half of the histrionic talents of Myrtle Stedman. The other half is a little secret that can only be enjoyed by her friends and any one who succeeds in sneaking up behind her when she is happy, and listening to her—yes, listening to her—sing. Her voice; that's the other half. Before she came to the screen it was the means of her livelihood—together with her acting ability; and naturally, when Myrtle left the footlights for the camera, she was forced to abandon the vocal end. That left only half of the original Myr-

tle Stedman, who had already earned an enviable reputation, to be enjoyed by the picture public. But still we have a star, a real actress; so is proven the first statement of this article.

Right here is the proper point for you who read this to throw up your hands and call for help. We will let Miss Stedman—or Myrtle, as you please to call her, for she emphasizes the fact that you are all her friends and have a right to call her as you like best—come to your aid and tell you the little story that we have beautifully mixed up above, as she told it to us in the studio with interruptions of acting.

"I started when I was twelve"—Miss Stedman talking, please—"with Fred Whitney's opera company by doing a solo dance and singing in the chorus, in Chicago. The manager took my mother aside one day, and in about three minutes had formed my whole future. All that he told her was that I had a voice which could be cultivated, and that the proper thing to do would be to have me take vocal lessons.

"Mother acted on the suggestion, and, although I went into vaudeville with my dancing act for two years afterward, there were but a few of my spare moments that I did not spend annoying both the people about me and myself with vocal flights up and down the scale. Then, after the vaudeville engagement was completed, my folks moved to Colorado—to a little log cabin nearly eleven thousand feet above sea level, where father could supervise the work over his mining land there. It seemed a long, long way from civilization to me after my stage life, but soon I found that it wasn't quite so bad, after all, for there was Cañon City not so very far away, where, for the ensuing three years, I made regular trips to a vocal teacher who helped me wonderfully with my voice. In the evenings I spent most of the time after supper playing on the baby-grand piano that occupied about half the space in one of the rooms.

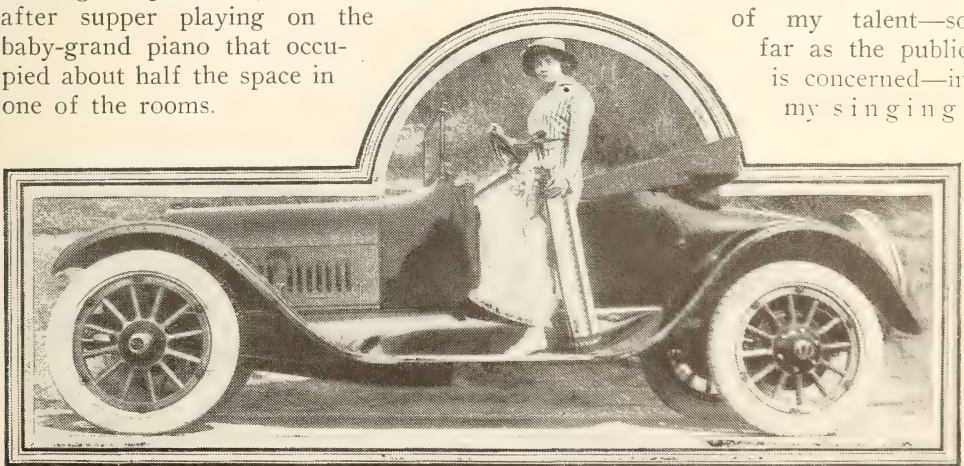
"Then, at Cañon City, there was a penitentiary where I sang every Sunday morning to the poor men in stripes who were there for punishment—and who did not dare to make any remark, even complimentary, about my efforts.

"At length, when I could not keep away from the boards any longer, I returned to Chicago, and was fortunate enough to secure a position immediately singing in light opera, again under the management of Mr. Whitney. Several seasons I spent with this company and others, playing at one time the part of *Siebel* in 'Faust' for the Castle Square Opera Company, and again *Zerlina* in 'Fra Diavolo.'

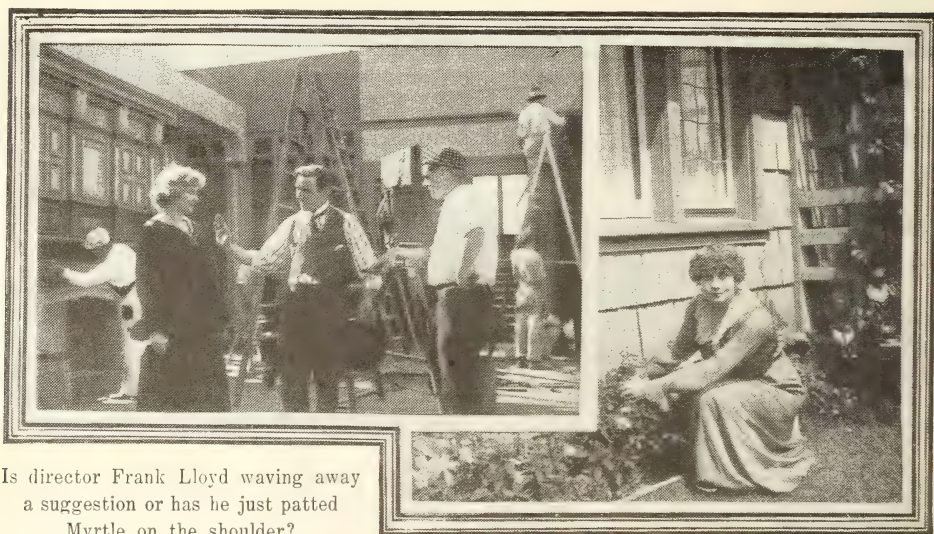
"And then the pictures came into prominence. At first I held them somewhat in contempt, but finally was induced to join the Selig Company. That was when I lost half of my talent—so far as the public is concerned—in my singing.



Myrtle Stedman as she appeared when on the stage for the first time.



Golf and Myrtle are great friends—and the car is chaperon.



Is director Frank Lloyd waving away
a suggestion or has he just patted
Myrtle on the shoulder?
Choose for yourself.

Myrtle might be a gardener if she didn't act.

But I keep it up at home, and when I make a good drive on the golf links, I sing—and sometimes I find solace similarly when I make a bad one.”

It was at this point in her conversation that Myrtle Stedman was called away by Frank Lloyd, her director, but he let her remain long enough to leave but little for me to say.

Myrtle and golf—in fact everything in the open air—are great friends. She will drive her car to the links and then become so engrossed in the game that she almost forgets to go back for the car when it is over

As I walked out of the studio, I stopped at the set where she was taking a moment's rest, and had a word of farewell with her between “takes.”

“Thanks very much for the pleasant afternoon,” I said. “It is really too bad that you have to drop one art for another.”

“I don't know how bad it might be,” Myrtle jocularly replied, “for the people who would have to listen to me on the stage. I can't help remembering the poor prisoners at Cañon City.”

And she smiled and went away—singing.



THE WAITING LIST

IF every picture heroine
With long, enticing curls,
Should really love each hero, then
They'd all be “extra” girls.

ARTHUR GAVIN, JR.



Far out of range of custard pies, Mack Swain—the Ambrose, of Keystone—follows his own plow on his own farm at Pasadena.



Miss Winifred Kingston, who poses during working hours as a target for Dustin Farnum's kisses, also heaves a sigh of relief at vacation time and seeks the open air.

How The Stars Are Vacationing

What your
favorites are do-
ing when resting
from the movie
lens—as caught
by the ever pursu-
ing camera.



But not so Jack Pickford and Gertie Bambrick. No rustic joys for them, unless it be a barn dance. Off the screen Gertie is Mrs. Marshall Neiland.



And even the pleasant duties of the handsome hero pall at times. "In the midsummer heat," says Bill Russell, "no chickens for me."



The engaging skipper is no other than Anita Stewart, of Vitagraph. Boats, say we, for women! She can pilot her skiff as well as Commodore Blackton himself.

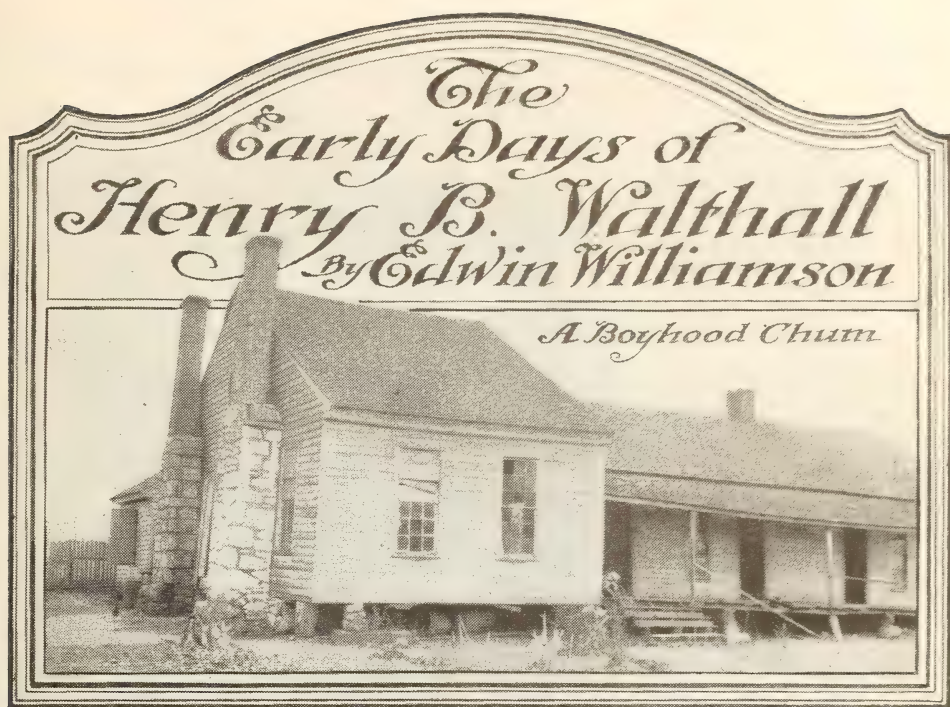


Dustin Farnum, of Pallas, is a fisherman. "This 'vampire-red' paint," he confides, "will lure the suckers!"

Miss Grace Darmond, of Selig, snaps back. Deep stuff—eh, what? She is spending her vacation on the shore of Lake Michigan.



A touching reunion scene on the shore at Coronado Beach wherein George Periolat (left) and Ashton Dearhalt (right) of American, meet an old friend.



The house on the Walthall plantation, Selma, Alabama, where the greatest emotional actor of the screen was born March 16, 1878.

HENRY B. WALTHALL, that paragon of screen actors, made his first appearance on the stage in the little schoolhouse at Wilsonville, Shelby County, Alabama, when he played the lead in "A Barrel of Monkeys." Henry was the barrel, the staves, the hoops, the bottom, the top, and the whole barrel—filled with monkeys. The writer, who was a boyhood chum of this charming actor, remembers only one thing about that play—the acting of Henry Walthall. Not another character does he remember, not another name of a person who took part in the play can he recall.

Henry Walthall's power to entertain was manifest at the age of four. There was a protracted meeting in progress at the village church, and the minister was drawing large congregations. One morning when the church was overflowing with people, the minister hesi-

tated in his discourse to level his eyes on a group of church members who, seated near a window, were greatly interested in something on the outside. In a few minutes he was astonished at seeing one after another of his congregation quietly leaving the building, and, thinking this a strange procedure, he stepped down from the pulpit to investigate the cause of the disturbance. Outside he found a large portion of the congregation crowded around little Henry Walthall, who was perched on top of a soap box reciting poems that his mother had taught him. It was not the words of the poems that attracted and held the people, but the manner in which they were spoken by the graceful, chubby-faced, curly-headed, brown-eyed little boy.

Henry Walthall's father was a native of Virginia. He served as captain in the Confederate army, and later in

84 The Early Days of Henry B. Walthall

life was a well-known character in Alabama politics, being at one time sheriff of Shelby County. Captain Walthall was of the old school of chivalric Southern gentlemen, a commanding figure, tall and erect, with genteel manners and a gift of perfect speech. He was a well-educated man, being fond of good books, English and American classics, and the best literature of the day. Shakespeare and Edgar Allan Poe were his favorite authors. It is said that the genial captain could quote from memory many long passages from the works of these great authors. At an early age Henry became interested in the works of Poe. "The Raven" is his favorite poem, which he always recited at entertainments, and when he was called upon by his mother to recite for company.

If heredity has anything to do with the possession of talent, one may attribute Henry Walthall's success, in a measure, to an inheritance from his mother, who was known by a large circle of friends as a great mimic. Mrs. Walthall was a devout church member. She objected to Henry's going on the stage, because in those days most churchmen in the rural districts looked upon the stage as one of Satan's workshops. For this reason

Henry did not enter upon his chosen profession until after the death of his mother.

As the artistic strain is discernible in both branches of Henry Walthall's family tree, one does not wonder at the propensity of the progeny.

Henry Walthall could have no more easily remained off the stage than Napoleon could have refused the throne of France. He was born an actor. An Infinite Power foresaw the days of the moving picture and created Henry Walthall to be one of

the brightest stars in the galaxy of moving-picture artists. It was not until moving pictures became works of art, demanding the talent of artistic actors,

that he was elevated from a "successful speaking stage career to the rank of a celebrity.

Captain Walthall first endeavored to make a scientific farmer out of his temperamental son, then a lawyer; but he soon realized that the



Henry B. Walthall at the age of four.

boy's talents were of a different nature. Neither farming nor law appealed to Henry. On the contrary, they were repulsive to him. He seemed to be like a peculiar piece of a puzzle that would not fit in any place. When Henry was sent to the field to look after the farm hands, his father would often find him sitting in the shade under a tree, reading Poe's stories and poems, while the negro

The old oaken bucket
on the Walthall

place. No, the boy
is not Henry.



laborers were in another shady spot enjoying a feast of luscious watermelon.

On one occasion Henry's father sent him to the village to sell a bale of cotton. The merchant agreed to pay eleven and three-quarter cents per pound for the cotton, which weighed five hundred and forty-nine pounds, and, being busy with a customer, told Henry to make the calculation. Henry made a vast array of figures on pieces of wrapping paper without being satisfied with the result, and was about ready to give it up when he saw his cousin, Wales Wallace, walk into the store. "Come here, Wales," he said, "and help me. I've used nearly all the wrapping paper on the roll, and my figures now show that Mr. Smith owes me

five dollars. In another minute I shall be in debt to the merchant."

On another occasion, when Henry was about ten years of age, he received a hickory tanning from the hands of his father, for staging a Wild West show in the pigpen. Henry was wearing an Indian suit, with a headpiece made of feathers which he had plucked from a rooster's tail, and his face and hands were stained a brilliant red with the juice of pokeberries. The hogs represented the palefaces. Henry was brandishing a hatchet and flourishing a kitchen knife while yelling in imitation of an Indian warrior. Captain Walthall heard the pigs squealing and reached the pen just in time to prevent a second scalping, as Henry had already cut a tuft of hair and skin from the head of one of the pigs, which was dangling from his belt.

Henry was sent to Howard College, at Birmingham, but the life of a student was too methodical for the romantic nature of Henry Walthall, and he returned home, to be taught by Mrs. Kate Wallace, an aunt, who is a most intelligent and highly educated woman.

There was never a serious love affair in this clever actor's life before he became known as a professional, but he



The schoolhouse in Selma where the embryo star made his first public appearance.

has always been a great ladies' man. There was a young man in the village, a splendid young fellow, who was studying for the ministry. One night this young theological student was the beau of two young ladies whom he escorted to a party at Major Wallace's home. Major Wallace was Henry's uncle, and, of course, Henry would be at the party. The young ladies were perplexed as to what topic of conversation would be interesting to their escort, and after floundering around with a number of subjects in which he did not appear to be interested, they began talking about Henry Walthall—what genteel manners he had and what a brilliant conversationalist he was.

"He has the sweetest smile," exclaimed one of the girls.

"And one simply cannot resist the love twinkles in his eyes," added the other.

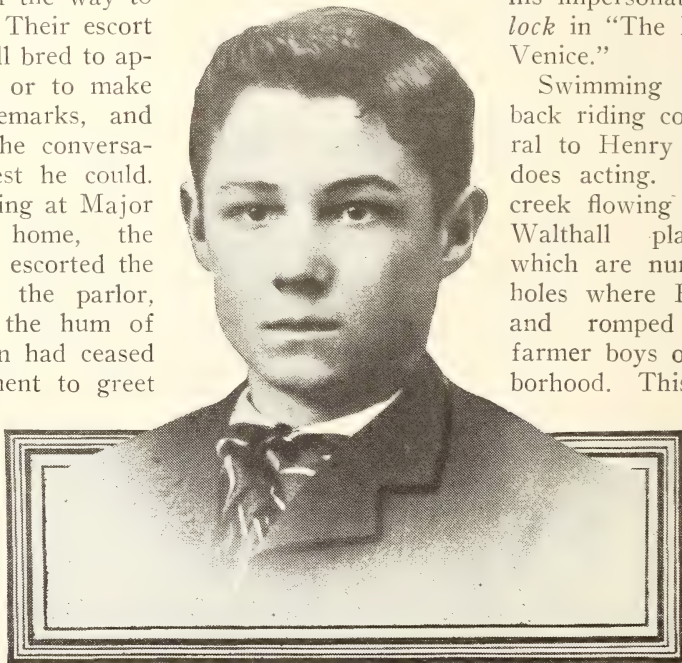
Having made a start, they conversed about nothing but the handsome young Walthall all the way to the party. Their escort was too well bred to appear bored or to make sarcastic remarks, and joined in the conversation the best he could. Upon arriving at Major Wallace's home, the young man escorted the ladies into the parlor, and while the hum of conversation had ceased for a moment to greet the new arrivals, he called to Henry Walthall, and in tones that betrayed felicity said:

"Ladies, permit me to present the subject of your conversation this evening. I trust that you will enjoy basking in the sunlight of Mr. Walthall's smiles, and that the love twinkles in his eyes will be just as irresistible this evening as you have always found them. I——" But the girls had beat a hasty retreat with their hands to their faces; not to stay, however, as Henry soon had the music going, and before any one was aware of it he and his Cousin Wales were dancing in the hallway with the two girls, while the student of theology sat in the room, conversing with some of the other guests.

Henry was always the star in every amateur theatrical performance staged by the young people of the village, and it was always Henry's acting that pleased and thrilled the audiences. At a time in his career, when he was spoken of as a brilliant amateur, he electrified a number of audiences in Shelby and the adjoining counties with his impersonation of *Shylock* in "The Merchant of Venice."

Swimming and horseback riding come as natural to Henry Walthall as does acting. There is a creek flowing through the Walthall plantation in which are numerous deep holes where Henry swam and romped with the farmer boys of the neighborhood. This screen star

has experienced the unhappy feelings of the boy who comes from the swimming hole and finds



He seemed to be like a peculiar piece of a puzzle that would not fit in any place.



The main street in Selma when Henry was a boy.

his shirt sleeve wet and tied in a hard knot, and he has spent many an hour on the sand bank of the creek waiting for that familiar, wonderful hair to dry so mother would not reprimand him for going in swimming too often.

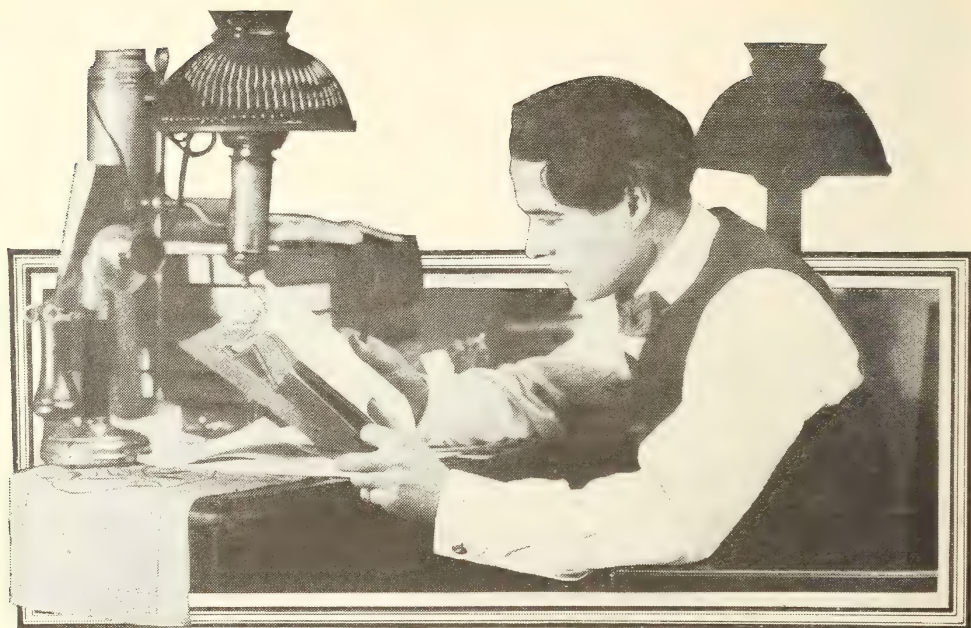
Henry learned to ride when a very small boy, and was never happier than when galloping over the farm or riding to the village. This energetic youth cared not for equestrian quality if the animal traveled with vim. He was just as happy when riding one of the old carriage horses or a mule from the field as he was when astride of his father's favorite high-spirited saddle horse. Does not his skillful riding in "The Birth of a Nation" show the effects of early training and instinctive adaptability?

When a very young boy, Henry developed a fondness for music. His cousin, Miss Rosa Wallace, who is a splendid musician, taught him vocal music, which has been of great use to him in a commercial way, as well as being a valuable social asset. Henry's rich baritone voice is one of the factors that led to his success on the stage. He learned to play the mandolin when a young man, being the leader of a

little group of musicians who, with mandolins, guitars, French harps, and horseshoes for triangles, often serenaded the young ladies of the village. The program always included a selection of plantation melodies and ended with "Home, Sweet Home," after which one would hear the clapping of hands inside the room, and quite often a window would be raised several inches, while a fair hand silently placed a waiter of fruits and cake on the window sill and quickly lowered the sash.

When Henry was a baby, Captain Walthall purchased the Mallory place, which adjoined his farm, and moved into the old Mallory home—a stately building of the true antebellum type. Part of the old Walthall home was afterward torn away, and it was converted into a tenant house.

The writer recently had the pleasure of driving over the Walthall plantation, which is still the property of the Walthall children. The old home where Henry was born has been a tenant house for a number of years. One can hardly imagine this antique building to be the birthplace of one of the greatest moving-picture actors in the world. The old fields are now grown up in



His favorite authors are Poe and Shakespeare. To-day he is called the "Poe of the screen."

sedge grass, and new fields are being tilled where large trees grew when Henry was a boy. In the yard near the old home is a deep well of pure, freestone water that needs no ice to make it cool.

It was in the snow-white cotton fields and in the fertile valleys where the luxuriant corn grew that Henry B. Walthall spent the days of his youth. The songs and dances of the pickaninnies while they cheerfully went about their work, the whistling of bobwhite in the meadows, the cacophonous notes of the locust, the humming of the bees, the chirrup of the cricket, the musical notes of many Southern wild birds—all were sweet music to the soul of Henry Walthall.

Two miles from the Walthall homestead, which formerly belonged to the Mallorys, is the old Wallace home, a large, two-story structure of the before-the-war Southern type. The Wallaces and the Walthalls were closely related. The large number of congenial boys and

girls in each family delighted in entertaining. Big dinners were prepared by negro cooks and served in elegant style by young negroes. Both sets of the young people were musicians and splendid dancers, so it made no difference whether there were visitors present or not. These people always enjoyed themselves. They were not selfish, by any means, but were marvelously hospitable. Hardly an evening passed but that a crowd of young people would gather at the Wallaces' or the Walthalls' to have a good time. Such was the atmosphere in which Henry Walthall was reared.

Always congenial, happy, smiling, singing, or whistling, Henry Walthall never had an enemy. Everybody was fond of the handsome young man. But he was not one of the village in nature or temperament. He was foreordained to portray the emotions of human nature for the entertainment of the nation. The villagers moved along in grooves and circles, as such people do.

The sons of merchants became proprietors of their fathers' stores. The sons of farmers became farmers. The young men married the daughters of their father's competitors. But the little fellow who was a misfit in the make-up of the village silently folded his tent and stole away.

The schoolhouse where Henry Walthall learned to read and write is the same little schoolhouse; but the faces in it are new. The desks are carved with initials of boys and girls, as they were when Henry was a boy, but the initials are not the same. One day when Henry carved on his desk the initials, H. B. W.—A. T. G., his playmates became curious to know who his new sweetheart was, for the initials, A. T. G., did not belong to any girl in school. When pressed for a reply, Henry smiled

and told them that A. T. G. meant "all the girls."

Thousands have marveled at Walthall, but to this writer Henry B. Walthall does not seem to be acting. His manners, smiles, and facial expressions are natural. Those who knew him when a boy can almost hear him say: "Now, fellows, watch me. This is how Ben Cameron looked." Or: "This is an impersonation of Edgar Allan Poe." And: "What I am going to do now will show you the strange thoughts that were in Poe's mind."

Acting? No. Henry Walthall does not act. He is as true to the character he represents as a photographic plate is to the scene whose impression is upon it. It is not acting with Henry Walthall. It is life—the reincarnation of every character he represents.

"JULY SNOWBALLS"



The scenario for one of the coming Selig features called for several scenes in Alaska. In film-dom, as every one knows, Alaska is any place where they have snow on the ground. A suitable setting was finally discovered above the snow line on a high mountain, and the company was forthwith bundled in furs and overcoats, and shipped to the scene. At midday, however, the summer sun became so warm that the coats were unnecessary, and then Bessie Eyton, the heroine of the picture, had an idea. "Any red lemonade, Mr. Campbell," she inquired. "No," replied the director, "only hokey pokey. What flavor, please?" Miss Eyton is seen meekly eating a snowball out of Colin Campbell's hand, and the gentleman in the high hat is Tom Santschi.



WILLIAM S. HART, Triangle-Kay Bee, left the legitimate stage to play Western parts in a more accurate

manner than he thought they were being portrayed.

Before the Stars Shone By Al Ray



THEDA BARA, Fox star, started upon a stage career in Paris, in 1908. Her mother, who was also an actress, obtained an engagement for her through her friend, Jane Hading, in this famous actress' own company. She was first cast for a vampire part in the Grand Guignol Company; and when she received a handsome offer from William Fox while she was leading lady at the Theater Antoine, she left Paris, and has played for the screen ever since.



HERBERT RAWLINSON, Universal, first played in the opera house at Toronto, Canada, for the sum of six dollars a week. When he left the company for a long succession of engagements, he was the highest-paid man at the opera house. He then undertook to manage several successful road shows, entered film-dom via Selig Company in 1911, and later went to Universal. Among the best known of his screen triumphs is his work as star in "Damon and Pythias."



DORIS GREY, Thanhouser, is just getting her start in the theatrical world; but it is a big start, at the outset of her career. Edwin Thanhouser offered a prize to the prettiest girl at the Boston exhibitors' movie ball, and after a host of aspirants had presented themselves for inspection, Doris was selected as winner of the contest. She was immediately given leading rôles in picture plays produced by Thanhouser. Her first appearance was in "What Doris Did."



WILLIAM CLIFFORD, Centaur, began in the theatrical business at the age of eighteen. His first engagement was with Robert B. Mantell and Mildred Holland. The part he had was most strenuous, as he was called upon to be a silent messenger in the first act, and to carry a spear in the third. He entered upon his moving-picture career in 1910 with Gaston Melies, and has since been playing rôles that tower, each like a Colossus, over his initial one.

Telling what popular players did prior to becoming screen favorites

manager who gave her the title part in "Dora Thorne."

TOM CHATTERTON, American, started his stage career at the age of fourteen in his home town, Geneva, New York. He got the stage fever, and, together with several of his schoolmates, fitted up a theater in an old barn. Chatterton wrote all the plays they produced, and starred in them. Later, he left school, and took a position as general utility man with one of the Shubert stock companies at Syracuse, New York. His first film engagement was with N. Y. M. P.

FRANCIS NELSON, World Film star, made her stage début in Lew Fields' company, "The Wife Hunters." She always had a desire to go on the stage, and, after graduating from high school at St. Paul, Minnesota, she came to New York, seeking an engagement. When she had made good with the Fields production, she played in stock for several seasons, as well as leads with Tom Wise. She has been featured in many big productions since.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, Keystone's *Fatty*, started in the show business as a subject for a hypnotist, and became so interested in the theatrical game that he decided it was the only one for him. Soon afterward he obtained an engagement singing illustrated songs, and a little later he put on a clowning act. He started with Keystone as an extra man, and in a remarkably short time was playing leads. He not only continues to play these parts, but directs his pictures, as well.

EUGENIE BESSERER, Selig character woman, started her stage career as a professional fencer, in an act that was most original. She has always been an expert with the foils, and at one time had the distinction of being the champion lady fencer of the United States. This led to an offer to appear on the stage; and, after much deliberation, she accepted. She has since played with Nance O'Neil and Wilton Lackaye, and joined the Selig Company in 1910.

GRACE CUNARD, Universal star, when very young, begged for a stage life until her mother took her to a





DEAREST FRANCIS: Why don't you smoke cigarettes? In every one of the pictures I have seen of you, I never yet saw you smoking anything but a cigar. Maybe you wonder why I ask. The reason is just this: I love you with all my heart, and every time I sit down at my bench where I work in a cigarette factory, I say to myself, "Oh, I wonder how many of this lot will reach him." Then I sigh and try to be content with the thought that some day I may get a job in a cigar factory, and do nothing from morning till night but make cigars just for your use. Francis, I love you so! It pains me more than I ever can tell to know that I am doing nothing for you, not even making cigarettes that there is some chance you will use.

When I'm working in the factory, I'm dreaming of you 'most all day long. I get up in the morning, and, gee! I ain't able to do a thing until I have picked up your photograph from the rickety dresser in my little room and looked into them adorable eyes of yours and returned the smile you seem to be giving me and tenderly kissed the pasteboard lips. And then, when I get to work, a picture of you is in my mind's eye every minute. Never do I miss seeing you on the screen. I would think I had done something terrible if I passed up the chance to admire some

of your wonderful acting. You are always just the loveliest, noblest man in the world, and I don't see how anybody watching you act could think otherwise.

One or two of my girl friends at the factory told me it was far more man-nish to smoke cigars than cigarettes, and that I would be foolish if I mentioned it when I wrote to you; but I always reply to them that they do not know what kind of smoking things please men most, and that the only way is to let a man decide for himself what he likes to smoke best. I often see fellows smoking cigarettes in pictures with you, Francis. Don't you think you could go to one of them and get him to teach you to do it, too? I do so much want to know I am helping, if only a little, to please you. They say I make fine cigarettes, and I'm fearfully afraid it will be a long time before I can locate a place where I can make cigars. So if I knew you were smoking cigarettes, and our particular brand, it would give me happiness beyond words to roll each one a little more deftly, and to give them all an extra pat—ever so gently—for you!

I know you will not mind it because I call you by your first name. The hum of the factory machinery, the rattle of the tissue paper, the noise of the packers slamming boxes together, the racket

of the workmen's tools, all seem to echo the name—Francis—from my heart as I sit through the long, weary days at my work.

I am just dying to hear from you. Won't you please write? Believe me, always most devotedly yours,

LILY —.

MY DEAR MISS LILLIAN: Permit me to acknowledge the tribute you pay my acting, and to compliment you on your broad-minded viewpoint concerning a man's taste in smoking. You are entirely right when you say that a man should be privileged to choose what he likes best—if it is necessary for him to smoke at all. It frequently causes me great concern that so much smoking is done; but when the habit is once begun, it is one of the hardest to break.

Cigars have always been my preference, because they are cleaner and less detrimental to a person's health than the other things. I am quite sure it is most unlikely that I shall ever take to the use of cigarettes; so that I fear your endeavors are misplaced.

In closing, let me caution you against the folly of entertaining the thought of leaving your apparently good position, where you are successful, to undertake a new and seemingly uncertain occupation. Sincerely,

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

MISTER BUSHMAN: I want to tell you I've only been away from Ireland about a year. I come from Belfast way; my brother and I took ship soon after the war broke out. He's working on the docks, and I'm serving with a well-to-do family as chambermaid. We came to America to seek our fortune, and while we haven't found it as yet, sure we've managed to live, and that's more than some of our kinfolk in old Ireland have done.

You'll be wanting to know my presumption in writing to you. I was

a-coming to that, Mister Bushman. Up Belfast way, it was my habit to frequent the picture halls, the same as they are pleased to call picture-play theaters in America; and once in a while I would see you in a picture, my boy. Fancy that, in far-off Ireland! Yet I suppose your divine face and form goes traveling all over the earth, eh? Sure, and I wouldn't mind the idea of being a film myself; it must be jolly good sport, I haven't a doubt. Well, sir, since I and my brother landed on these hospitable shores, we are regular attendants at the picture palaces—I mean the theaters—and we have seen you, Mister Bushman, many, many times.

I am anxious to change my occupation, and I thought you probably could help me. Do you think I might pose for the pictures? I'm not a bad looker, they say, for a fresh Irish lass, and my friends up Belfast way said I was a fair mimic and a clever dancer for a young one.

But, lordy me, sure and I'm talking about myself all the time and never a word about my liking you in the pictures. Ah, Mister Bushman, you are grand! I like you the best of all my picture heroes. You are so fresh and sweet, just like a young lass in a field of clover! So boyish, supple, and graceful, yet with such manly poise and strength. Ah, and it is no wonder that you are the idol of the screen!

You're a grand character and a grand actor, and no mistake! I'm proud of you. I'd love to meet you and gaze at you and clasp your hand. There's many a lass would be proud to have you bestow upon her your name and fame, indeed and she would, Mister Bushman. But such is not for the likes o' me, sakes alive! My fate is to be a housemaid and grow wrinkled and bent with service, unless some lad takes pity on me and asks me to marry him. Well, and I'm not an ignorant lass, either; father sent me to convent school near

Dublin, and the sisters are good teachers. At any rate, Mister Bushman, they teach a girl sense, which many a highly educated lass lacks, to be sure.

And now I will take up no more of your time, for I know you're busy and successful and famous and all that, and why should you waste a spell on a poor immigrant serving maid? Ah, me, ah me, 'tis a hard, cruel world, it is! The mistress is calling me, and sure my time is up. Heaven bless you, Mister Bushman, and I hope you may write me a line or two. A heart full of good wishes for you from your true Irish friend,

KATE. —.

MY DEAR MISS KATE: I enjoyed your letter exceedingly. It was like a sprig of shamrock fresh from the Emerald Isle. I can picture to myself just the sort of girl you are, and I fancy your brother must be rather fond of such a clever sister.

I am sorry to say there is little or no opportunity for you to act before the camera at our studios. Even though you had the necessary experience, it would probably be some time before you would be offered a minor part by one of the directors. I can hold out no encouragement for you and the hundreds of other inexperienced girls and young men who are constantly writing me for positions. I would advise you to remain in your present position until some more favorable opportunity presents itself right there in your city. If, as you write, your good convent sisters taught you sense, you will, I am sure, on second thought, see the advisability of staying where you are and working out your own destiny.

Many thanks for your words of kindness and appreciation and for your good wishes, and believe me to be, sincerely,

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

The verses which follow were received by Mr. Bushman from an un-

known person, presumably a woman, who believes in the transmigration of souls. The only clew to her identity consisted of the return address written on the back of the envelope in which these stanzas were inclosed. No letter accompanied them, and there was no signature; but the handwriting of the manuscript is evidently feminine—that of a woman of culture.—THE EDITOR.

Ah, Leander, I knew thee in the years far
gone,

When thou didst breast the Hellespontine
stream;

I saw thee in the bold, Cæsarian days
As young Augustus, imperious in thy beauty;
As Cromwell I found thee leading Britain's
host;

As Robespierre, beneath Bastillian walls;
I heard thee sing with Shelley's magic voice;
I heard thee, Mozart, play upon the lute,
And send thy spell to ears of all mankind.

And now I see thee in thy latter guise,
A young Lothario of the silent mask,
Thy features unchanged from olden time,
Thy figure such as I was wont to know
And love in the brave Leander,
Swimming strong and far to his lady fair,
Or in the poet roaming English fields,
Warbling to nature's sympathetic heart
Those deathless songs of spiritual grace.

I see thee often in thy ghostly guise,
Hearing not thy voice as oft I did;
But I do not know thee. Thy modern name
And manner doth not deceive mine eyes:
Thou art the noble Augustus still,
Thou art mine Oliver, Puritan stern,
Thou art the idol of the French Commune.
I know thee as I've ever known thee,
For, spirit mine, I've never lost thee.

Destined are we, both thou and I,
To wander onward, but to never meet;
Thou and I together, noble Greek,
Imperial Roman, publican, and Puritan,
Hero of the rabble, singer of the cloister,
Now sceptered upon the histrion's mimic
throne.

I greet thee, fair youth, I summon thee
To join my spirit in our next abode.
Perchance we there at last shall clasp and
speak.

TO THE UNKNOWN POETESS: I receive quite an extraordinary amount of verse from women correspondents, most

of it extraordinarily bad verse, so far as I am able to judge; but I was rather impressed by your four stanzas. Not, mind you, because they were so unduly flattering, but because of the true poetic conception and expression of the lines. I fancy you must be a girl or woman of considerable intellect and culture, possibly a college student. And, by the bye, yours is the second communication I have received lately in which I am compared with Shelley, the poet. Is it possible, after all, that I bear some resemblance to that famous but ill-starred young singer? You should know, for you are a poetess. I can't agree with your theosophic philosophy or your transmigration theory, but I do think you write very clever verse and I am pasting yours in my scrapbook.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.

DEAR MR. BUSHMAN: I shall be very frank with you from the start and candidly admit that I am a rabidly fanatical suffragette—what woman of sense is not, these days?—and that, as an enthusiastic champion of our truly just and noble cause—which must triumph in the end—I am writing you on behalf of a matter which is very close to my heart—the treatment accorded to women in motion pictures.

"Good heavens," I can fancy you saying, after reading the above, "Now I must wade through page after page of suffrage arguments! What a bore!" But hold! This is nothing of the sort. This is a plea, not an argument. This is an appeal to chivalry and manliness and the nobler instincts of manhood, not a piece of suffrage literature.

You may not have noticed it, because you are a man, but the fact is that women are frequently treated with the greatest condescension, even disrespect, contempt, and brutality, in many photo plays. I shall not here name the instances in specific detail; it will suffice to speak of them in general terms with-

out alluding to the titles or the producing companies. The fact remains, as I have stated, that in far too many cases the simplest rights of woman-kind are ignored or deliberately trampled upon in the pictorial delineations on the screen. And why do I write to you about it? Because you have impressed me as the one man who can help us remove this blot upon the motion-picture screen. The educational power of the movies is so widespread, so enormous, that woman should occupy her rightful place therein. And the purpose of this letter is to show what that rightful place is, not to argue in favor of votes for women, for that argument is known to all intelligent men and women and requires only repetition and elucidation for the ignorant. Moreover, the suffrage movement embraces many more things than votes alone; and it is one of the most vital of these things about which I am writing you.

If you have a mother or a sister or a daughter, ask yourself how you would like that mother or sister or daughter to be placed in the humiliating, degrading, and dishonorable positions in which we find so many women in the pictures. Ask yourself why it is that in so many instances the worst types of women and the worst elements in such women are paraded forth on the screen, without regard to any moral lesson or ethical aim. Ask yourself why the type of woman who stands for militant decency, purity, and wholesomeness in the home, in the theater, and in private and public life generally—the type of woman who believes in, and wants others to believe in, the single standard for all men and women—why that type is seldom or never pictured on the screen or on the stage. Shall I tell you why? There is no use in evading the answer. It is because the producers of plays for screen and stage are guided almost entirely by commercial considerations. In other words, they are producing pic-

tures and plays for the purpose of making money; and there is no surer way of making money than by catering to the wishes of the average person.

Of course, you are an actor and are paid to interpret certain rôles. I presume that you have no control over the class of pictures or characters which are selected for production. But as a prominent star in one of the leading companies, your voice raised in protest against the degrading handling of the sex question in photo plays ought to have some effect.

But what is more to the point, dear Mr. Bushman, the crux of the whole matter lies in the effect of such picturizations upon the susceptible minds of women and children all over America. There would be no need for censorship, the "bogy man" of the motion-picture industry, if authors and producers would recognize the dangers that lie in that direction. The screen should be made a source of good, not of evil. Women and children constitute probably seventy-five to eighty per cent of the total patronage of the movies. All element of moral contamination should and must be eliminated if the motion picture is to survive and expand and develop into one of the greatest educational and ethical forces in the world. This is particularly obvious in the case of children and young people; the moral menace of the movies must go. It is superfluous to add that if the American women had the vote, this menace would speedily pass. And I may add, several other menaces to the welfare and happiness of our race would likewise pass into oblivion.

Now, Mr. Bushman, what shall we do about it? Will you help us appeal to the higher instincts and nobler impulses of the directors and the producers? You impress me, from your work in the pictures, as a young man of character, energy, determination, and moral force. Why not lend your

aid in this good cause? You occupy a commanding, I may say an influential, position in the motion-picture world. Your voice would be heard, your counsel would be hearkened to. Whether or not you believe in woman suffrage is beside the question. You do believe in the uplifting, spiritual, regenerating power of purity and goodness and helpfulness in the great majority of women, don't you? You do believe in the innate innocence and purity of the larger portion of womankind, don't you? Of course you do, when you think of your own or some other man's mother or sister or daughter. Then we ask: Stand by us, speak up for us, help us in our fight to keep motion pictures—one of the strongest moral forces we have to-day—pure, clean, elevating, ennobling, a power for good, a worthy and honorable example to our men, women, and children.

Will you be good enough to favor me with a reply, stating your frank and honest opinion and advising whether you can or will help us in the matter? Earnestly, (Mrs.) D. E. J——

MY DEAR MRS. J——: I read your interesting letter very carefully—all the more carefully because it was so different from the general run of letters I have received from women.

In regard to the matters of which you speak, I am in hearty accord with you. I have always believed, and still believe, that we should have more of the so-called "uplift" pictures, and should do away, if we can, with the "down-grade" kind. I agree with you entirely in your views and your commendable purpose, but you must remember that the motion-picture industry is, first and foremost, a commercial business, and its prime object is to make money for its promoters. And, as you put it, they have been, up to this time, catering to the public taste.

When the proper time arrives for the

development of moral and educational motion pictures on an extended scale, I am certain that American business men with capital, ability, energy, and enterprise will not fail to seize upon the opportunity. Meanwhile, they will probably continue, with the censors' approval, in the sordid business of making money by pleasing the people who attend the thousands of picture-play theaters throughout the country.

I must not close this letter without adding one thing more. Replying to your questions toward the end of your letter, I want to say most emphatically that I do believe profoundly in the purity, the spirituality, and the helpful, regenerating power of most women; and I think that I, at least, am one of the men who look upon women as equals, not inferiors, and regard every woman,

high or low, as a potential mother, sister, or daughter. It is unfortunate that women are often treated shabbily, not in the pictures alone, but under all sorts of conditions. But, to be perfectly fair, you must admit that in many cases they bring this treatment on themselves. On the other hand, there is no reason why men should ever forget their chivalrous duty toward women under all conditions and circumstances.

I regret that I cannot be of any practical assistance to you and your associates in the good work you are engaged upon. I am sorry that I can do no more than write you this letter of sympathy and encouragement. I am an employee of one of the largest producing companies, and as such I must faithfully do my duty.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.



WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

IN the golden East, when the world was young,
 And the Arabs close to their white tents clung,
 Came a memorable day
 When a story-teller gay
 Told them tales of love and war—when the world was young.

And he bade them laugh, and he bade them weep;
 And they cried aloud, or a silence deep
 Fell upon them as they sat,
 In a circle round his mat—
 Thus the Arabs heard the tales, when the world was young.

In the golden East of a later day
 There are tales thrice told in another way.
 Silent story-tellers now
 To the Arabs make their bow
 On a screen; and at the "movies," lo! the world grows young.
 G. LYON GARNETT.



WHEN Blanche Sweet graduated just a month ago into voting age under California's suffrage law, she also graduated from girlhood into a very chic young womanhood.

In all that colony of celebrities which graces the highways and byways of Hollywood, California, there is no individual more picturesque in her environment, more distinguished by reason of her own extraordinary personality, than Blanche Sweet. You see her as she walks jauntily down the promenades under the shade of the semi-tropical trees, usually alone. She goes and comes by herself, accepting the dictates of no one, acceding to no one's wishes in the matter of come and go except her own. They will tell you at the studio of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, of which she is now a star, that Miss Sweet, in the

studio, is as pliable as the proverbial child actress, that she, with the experience gained only through years of acting before the camera, is the most attentive of all the workers around the huge plant.

It is thus reported:

"For the reason that the motion-picture business and I have grown up side by side during the past ten years, I feel a certain personal interest in the whole industry," said the blond Blanche. "Whenever anybody speaks well of motion pictures, I feel happy; whenever I hear ill spoken, I feel like fighting.

"Both the motion picture and I were very young when we started out together to make a success of things. I suppose I feel very much the same way about the motion picture as Robert Fulton felt when he saw the first steamship actually move, or as Graham Bell, when he heard in New York a voice

that had its origin in San Francisco. And like them, too, I have lived to see the day when the motion picture is no longer sneered at, but is given its full measure of credit for what it has done and is doing.

"Last autumn I was in New York for a few days—my first trip East from the Lasky studios in more than a year. I walked along Broadway one evening, and up near Forty-seventh Street saw a big crowd going into a wonderful theater. And there, over the door, I saw my name in bright electric lights. I stepped back to the curb, and then crossed the street to get a good look. I was alone.

It was not the first time, by any means, that I had seen my name in electric lights and had watched people go into a motion-picture theater, but somehow the combination of Broadway's brilliant illumination, beautiful theater, and happy crowds stirred me. I felt a sort of throb for a moment. Really, it was the first time that the whole thing had—as you might say—touched me.

"I like company, friends, and good times just as much as any other young

girl who is ridiculously healthy. Sometimes I like to be by myself, and this night I walked down the street a block to a little square where there were benches. Park benches and Blanche Sweet are old friends. We are a good deal together.

"Just as it is a good thing once in a while to look at yourself in the mirror and try to see yourself as others see you, it is also a good thing to sit down quietly and think of yourself as others think of you. One of the best ways of knowing where we are going in life is to review the road over which we have traveled in the past.

"I was a stage child from the time I began to walk. Chicago, Illinois—may its smoke never turn white!—was my birthplace. The date was June 18, 1897. At three years I appeared with Marie Burroughs in 'The Battle of the Strong,' and I have been battling

along ever since.

"I went to school in California. I liked books, but I loved the stage. At fourteen, having come to New York, I obtained a position in Gertrude Hoffman's company, 'The Spring Song,' and later I had a child's part in 'Charlotte Temple.'

When Blanche Sweet graduated just a month ago into voting age under California's suffrage law she also graduated from girlhood into a very chic young woman.



Summer came. The theaters closed. I was an actress—rather small, to be sure, but, nevertheless, an actress—and I was out of work. With a girl friend, I went to the Biograph studio, having heard a good deal about motion pictures. This was in the days when the

of one hundred dollars a week.' I wept, but tears made no difference. I didn't go.

"It was about this time that I met Mary Pickford. She was the only one around the studio who had a regular contract. I remember the first day I ever saw her. She wore a simple blue dress and a blue beaver hat, from underneath which, in great, soft folds, hung the lovely Pickford curls. I have seen Mary Pickford in nearly every picture she has ever done, but she always will remain in my memory as a little girl in a blue dress.

"Meanwhile, I was getting a lot of experience. Mr. Powell one day gave me the lead in 'A Man with Three Wives,' and they said I did so well that they gave me other leading parts. My grandmother thought I ought to go to school again,

and I said I would be happy to go back to California. I was there only a few months, however, when I went to Los Angeles and joined Mr. Griffith's company. I have lived in California ever since.

"No girl in the world is happier in her work than I am right now with the Lasky Company. I love the life of motion-picture playing."

"And are you always going to be just Blanche Sweet?" she was asked.

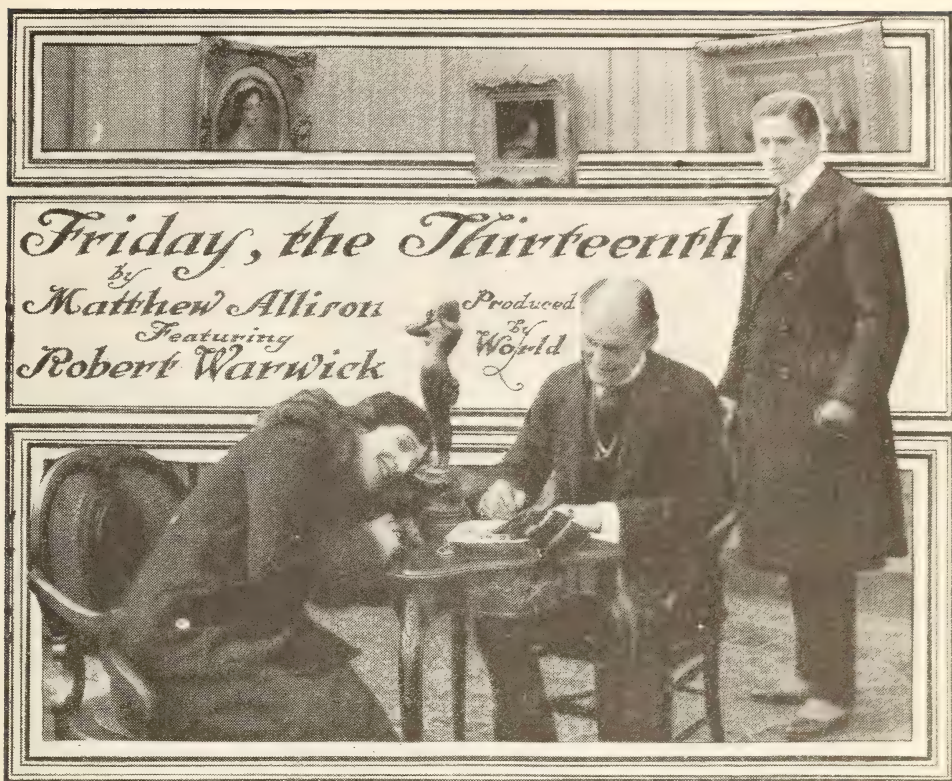
"Well, you never can tell—I get proposals by every mail!" replied the star.



Sometimes I like to be by myself. I love nature's coziest nooks as well as the crowded city streets.

vaudeville managers used to put on a motion picture to drive the audience home. Frank Powell was working at the Biograph, and the first thing I knew I was tucked away in a corner in a production called 'A Corner in What.' Later, I obtained steady work with the Biograph Company, and then came the news that they were sending a company to California. I wanted to go, too.

"While preparations were on, D. W. Griffith said to me one day: 'If you were two years older I would make you an ingénue with the company at a salary



HIS hand covered the revolver. He realized that it was a cowardly finish to the hitherto undaunted career of Judge Lee Sands, of Virginia—but it was the only way out. Big-money had tempted him—big money and the millionaire broker, Brownley, of Wall Street. With considerable funds of his own, and several thousands of which he was only the trustee, he had “plunged”—and lost. When he had seen the figures chalked up on the board in the local “stock exchange”—a “bucket shop” in the rear of Tony’s Tonsorial Parlors—it had demanded all his fortitude to bear the blow without collapsing. In some fashion he had reached his home. He made straight for his library, and, sitting down at his desk, wrote a farewell letter to his daughter and brought out a revolver.

“It’s the only way,” he groaned.

“There’s a better way, dad.” His daughter had come in. “A child” he still thought her, but, unknown to him, Beulah Sands had grown to young womanhood; a child only in spirit, but in physical form a girl of striking beauty, with a certain masterfulness lurking behind the soft, drawling tones of her voice. She took the pistol from his fingers and pushed it back into the drawer of the desk. Then she swung him around in his chair and seated herself, Turkish fashion, on the rug at his feet.

“Now listen, daddy,” she went on. “I’m going to make a long speech, and I expect you to pay strict attention and obey me, suh.”

A hint of a smile broke through the gloom on Judge Sands’ features.

“Why, Beulah, child, I can’t see as there’s any way out but——”

“There is a way out, dad. I know



He had "plunged"—and lost.

how deep you are in the financial pool. I have watched you for several weeks, though you wouldn't tell your little daughter anything about it. You have been—like a lot of these no-accounts in the barber-shop stock exchange—drunk on figures. I put a few questions here and there, and I've followed the market, and I know the whole story. Oh, it's nothing to be ashamed of, daddy. I know you meant well. But you were taking a whole heap of risk by not consulting me. Now, for instance, if I had known that you had plunged on a tip from Peter Brownley, of New York—as I know now you did plunge—I should have said: 'Pull out, or you'll get stung!'

"It's too late now, Beulah," he said bitterly.

"I deny it," she retorted promptly. "It's never too late till the preacher says: 'Dust to dust.' Here's my propo-

sition, dad: We'll become a pair of conspirators; our object, the downfall of Brownley and the restoration of our fortunes. I'll be the principal actor. You'll watch the game from down here in Virginia, while I am taking the war into the enemy's camp in New York. Then, when the big moment arrives, I'll wire you, and you can come in at the death. Daddy, my scheme is to get into touch with Brownley, maybe get a job in his office—you know I'm something of a typist—"

"I don't see how—" he was beginning; but she stopped him:

"Now, no objections, dad! You think I'll have trouble getting a footing in the big city. Pough, suh! You don't know your daughter! They tell me that good looks go a long way there, and can you sit there and tell me that Miss Beulah Sands is deficient in that respect?"

She jumped to her feet and stood looking demurely down at him, her hands clasped in front of her. His eyes glowed in spite of his dejection, and he smiled with her.

"Don't you think, dad, if you were an employer, you'd give me a job? Answer me, suh!"

"I reckon I would," he said soberly.

"You dear, flattering old dad!" Her arms were around his neck, and she was kissing the top of his head. "Then that's all settled. I go to New York to-morrow—and I take the pistol with me."

He tore up the letter he had written and kissed her. It was her answer.

Chiefest of those on Wall Street who had become wealthy through War Babies were the Brownleys, father and son. They had added to their office staff; and Peter Brownley, the father of the lucky partnership, decided he needed a confidential secretary at just about the time Beulah Sands arrived in

New York. He had voiced his needs to a broker, who in turn had passed on the news to another, which third party had been approached by Beulah to beg his influence in securing her a position on the Street. She was passed along the line to Peter Brownley, who needed no more than a two minutes' interview to determine that she would make an efficient assistant. She had given her name as Beulah Lee, of Virginia, and he did not associate her with Judge Sands, the man he had ruined. Brownley's hatred of Judge Sands had been of long standing, but he had never met Beulah, had never known, indeed, that the girl existed.

Beulah, spurred by her father's absorbing interest in the stock market, had familiarized herself with the quotations; and this, coupled with her retentive memory and her adaptability, gained her the ready confidence of her employer.

She did not meet the younger Brownley—Robert—till the second morning



He was staring at her with undisguised admiration.

after she had been installed in her new position. She was waiting while Peter Brownley signed the letters she had typed, when Robert came in.

"My son, Robert; my new secretary, Miss Lee," said Brownley, senior, formally.

Beulah looked up shyly at the stalwart son. She had not anticipated a battle against two foes; and this junior partner had a strength of face that betokened keen fighting powers. She bowed and then quickly lowered her gaze, for he was staring at her with undisguised admiration.

There were many times during the next few weeks during which Beulah was forced to forget that her principal business was revenge, and she had to listen, instead, to a still, small voice that spoke to her in secret of "the greatest thing in the world." For Bob, although he did not voice the thoughts that stirred his soul, gave undoubted evidence of his growing interest in the girl from Virginia.

He fancied that he had so steeped himself in finance that it were an impossibility for him to spend a moment's thought on a woman. Too, his outlook on the marriage state was a bit warped, a bit cynical. He had cause for cynicism. His position in the Brownley household was a peculiar one. His mother had died a few years before, and his father had married a second wife, who was the antithesis of what a wife and mother should be. Simone Brownley was, in a word, characterless. A beauty, she played the butterfly, and when chided mildly by her much older husband, who doted on her, she could melt him with a kiss from her pouting, red lips.

She treated him with scant regard, if the truth must be told, finding her keenest pleasure in flirting with Bob's acquaintances. She even attempted to play the coquette with Bob himself, and laughingly told him that it would be a

"rare joke" on the "old man" if he eloped with her. Whereon Brownley, junior, swept by a storm of indignation, told her exactly what he thought of her. It was a very candid statement—and it made her his enemy for life.

"I don't want to be compelled to tell Mr. Brownley of your atrocious conduct with Count Verneloff—a titled roué whose favorite remark to his servant, when the morning mail arrives, is: 'Bless their little hearts; they all love me!' The servant has repeated the phrase so often that it has become a bon mot among clubmen—and yet this Count Verneloff doesn't resent the notoriety—rather enjoys it, indeed. I should think you'd be ashamed. Keep up your acquaintance with him, and you know what's going to happen. Think it over."

Simone turned her back on him for answer. But she thought it over; and the more she thought, the more determined was she to pursue her course, and she added to that determination the prayer that some day she might have the chance to bring ruin to this plain-speaking young fool.

In striking contrast with Simone was the winsome girl from the Southland, and Bob's heart expanded under her sunny influence.

Meantime, the Brownley operations in Salanico Steel came under Beulah's observation, and by keeping eyes and ears open she learned of many priceless tips that were promptly passed on to her father, enabling him in some measure to make a new fortune, investing the money secured in a mortgage on their estate.

Beulah was well satisfied with the success of her experiment, and would have called the matter settled. But Judge Sands wanted a real revenge that would include the ruin of the Brownleys, and he came to New York to goad his daughter to the task.

"You know what anguish I have suf-

ferred," he pleaded, as they sat in her room in the boarding house. "You know that I was on the point of taking my own life."

Much more he said, and so grim was the picture he painted that she gave way and promised to give herself, body and soul, to the business of full and remorseless revenge.

"Now I want you to tell me all you know of their biggest financial transac-

tion," he pleaded, as they sat in her room in the boarding house. "You know that I was on the point of taking my own life."

Perhaps it was that the conduct of his stepmother had blinded him to a true perspective; but, whatever be the cause, he began to suspect that his father and the Southern girl were acting toward each other with a degree of sympathy not necessitated by business.



"Bless their little hearts; they all love me."

tions," said the stern old judge; and obediently, but without enthusiasm, she laid before him the secrets of her employers.

Bob held in check his infatuation for Beulah. Some day, he told himself, he would declare himself, but he must not be too abrupt. Meantime he was jealous of everybody who won a smile from her. She was chary of her smiles where he was concerned, and hid herself be-

hind a mask of indifference when he ventured to advance from the stage of business friendship to something more intimate.

One day he came into his father's study to find the elder Brownley and Beulah seated at a writing table, an unmistakably pleased expression on both their faces. He had entered unnoticed by his father, but Beulah had seen him come in—and gave him not a thought. For at that moment she had forgotten everything but her own success in winning the confidence of her father's remorseless enemy.

"I've got him just where I wanted

him," she was whispering to herself. "I can do what I like with him."

The elder Brownley wrote, and smiled as he wrote; then he gave the paper to the girl, and, ignorant of, or careless of, his son's presence, he patted her hand and crossed the room to the hatrack.

Beulah would have left the room, but Bob caught her wrist in a fierce grip. The elder man was apparently too much absorbed with his pleasant thoughts to notice the byplay, and, adjusting his silk hat to a rakish angle, he stalked off, humming a popular air.

The girl was puzzled and a little frightened. Under her long lashes she glanced up at the younger Brownley, who was eying her with a thundercloud on his brow. "When you get tired holding my wrist——" she suggested.

"I want to see what my father gave you!" He released her, and, looking still more puzzled, the girl held out to him a check.

"It's my first month's salary," she

told him. "Have you any objections—or do you think I'm too expensive a secretary? You have reason, for your father has expressed himself as so well satisfied that he has made out the check for double the amount he offered me. I am sorry you don't like me, Mr. Brownley."

"Like you! My God!" Bob's fingers bit into his palms in the stress of the fight he had to keep back the passionate words that trembled on his lips. A moment he stood at the window, looking down into the street. "Forgive me, Miss Lee," he said, turning. "I am unstrung, nervous. The stock fever during business hours and the never-ending quarrel at home between my father and his second wife—they have made me unable to think clearly. Do believe me. I have only your best interests at heart. This is a strange household you find yourself in, and I want no taint of the poison to touch your own soul. That's how much I think of you. Forgive me." He went



"I want to see what my father gave you."

out, a big seriousness in his splendid eyes. "He is a foolish boy, but I like him," she mused. She stood looking after him thoughtfully. "I don't quite know what he means, but it's for my benefit he is thinking, and I'm grateful. Oh, I do hope he isn't hurt much when the crash comes."

Judge Sands carried the business secrets Beulah had given him to Stevens & Co., rival brokers of the Brownleys and old friends of the judge. Their first move was to set afloat a rumor that Salanico Steel was about to declare a dividend. The false tip came to Bob Brownley, who had flung himself feverishly into finance, determined to think only in terms of dollars, though a lovely face persisted in peering up at him from his desk.

It was on a Friday—Friday, the thirteenth—that he received the tip. And it so excited and exhilarated him that he marked the date on his calendar with a red circle.

"Who says there's bad luck in that combination?" he chuckled, and sent out hot messages to buy Salanico—to the huge delight of Stevens and Judge Sands, who were able to unload their holdings of the stock upon the Brownleys and their associates. They sold short, to make the crash all the more complete.

It was a wild day on the Stock Exchange that Friday, the thirteenth. Bob's frantic buying induced other brokers to follow suit, and through the day sweating men surged to and fro on the floor of the Exchange, screaming till their voices became as the croaking of ravens.

Half an hour before the market closed, Beulah received a cablegram from the Brownleys' representative at a secret conference of the European powers. It was in code, but she had access to the secret drawer in Bob's desk where the code book was kept.

There were just three words, but they were of tremendous importance:

War to continue.

Peter Brownley and his son were on the floor of the Exchange. In half an hour the business day would end. If she sent that cablegram to her employers, they would conclude they had had a right tip and continue to buy—and to buy Salanico now was the surest road to wealth.

The message staggered her. Stevens had insisted that Salanico was a "goner"—that "peace was in the air." The cablegram stared her in the face, its laconic sentence burning into her brain. With the continuance of war, Salanico would have a new boost—and her father would grip hands with ruin a second time. It was not to be thought of. Half an hour! What could she accomplish in half an hour?

Bob Brownley, disheveled but happy, tore open the message which had come to him from the office. A cablegram—he held it above the heads of the throng and read it with staring eyes. Three words in code it contained, the last word a bit blurred, but all too legible, and beneath was a typewritten translation, signed "B." Three words:

War to cease.

White-lipped, he gathered his father and their associates about him. "Sell!" he shrieked. "Sell—at any price!"

Like madmen they strove to get rid of their holdings. The bottom would drop out of steel on a declaration of peace—and that meant stark, staring ruin. Men lost their heads in the wild panic that ensued. It was a scene unforgettable. Young men, old men, haggard men, bearded men, and men clean shaven were jumping about and waving papers as if they had suddenly been attacked by St. Vitus' dance.

In the midst of it Bob swayed. Diz-

ziness swept over him. He caught his father's arm.

"Dad, I've got to quit. I'll go mad if I stay. It—it may be a false report, after all. Put a limit on the sale."

Out on the street, he drank in a deep breath of the open air—sweet to him as the wind above a clover field after that inferno he had left. A taxi pulled up at the curb, and the chauffeur looked inquiringly at him. He got in and gave his office address. The dizzy feeling was leaving him, but the realization of the doom spelled by the cablegram benumbed him. At the door of his private office, he stood for a moment. Beulah was in there—Beulah, whose lovely face had been forgotten in the surges of the maelstrom on the floor of the Exchange, Beulah who must go with the crash of his fortunes.

Her voice came to him, low-pitched. She had a visitor—no, it was a telephone communication. Faintly the words reached him, then clearer and clearer they seemed to ring on his brain with the sound of trumpets:

"So, dad, you see, I had to change the cablegram. If he had known that war was ended——"

Bob shook himself. This was some madness of his brain. But the girl's soft voice went on:

"It means ruin for us, dad. I've been trying to get you—trying frantically——"

Bob pushed open the door. The girl turned her head. "Good-by," she whispered, and hung up the receiver.

"I heard you," he said. He was calm—unnaturally calm. "You did not send me the cablegram you received—or you altered it. What was the exact message, please?"

"It said, 'War to continue,'" she answered mechanically. His eyes held her. She could have given him no other answer but the truth. He wrote hurriedly, called a messenger, and dispatched him to the Change.

Five minutes before the close of business in the human maelstrom, the message arrived. It produced a new riot. In five minutes Salanico jumped fifty points. In five minutes those who had bought made millions; those who had sold short—and among them were Stevens and Judge Sands—went down to despair, broken men.

When the door closed on the messenger, and Bob and the girl were left alone in the room, Beulah bent her head on her arms and sobbed. Bob came close to her and put his arm around her shoulder.

"Tell me why you did this thing—tried to ruin me."

Brokenly she told him she was the daughter of Judge Sands; told him of the enmity between Brownley, senior, and her father; told how the old judge had been impoverished and ready to take his own life; how she had forced him to live by presenting to him the possibility of revenge; and how finally she had wormed her way into the confidences of the elder Brownley, and, learning his secrets, had set out to bring his fortune tumbling about his ears.

It was a heartbreaking story; but, instead of enraging the man who listened, he tightened his clasp about the girl, and there was a mist in his eyes as he spoke:

"Beulah, I understand. I would have done the same thing myself."

She looked up at him through her tears.

"Bob, you don't mean you can forgive me?"

"Not only forgive, little girl, but love if you will let me. Is there a chance for me? Will you be my wife?"

She lifted her lips to his. "Bobby, boy, I had to *fight* my love for you all the time I was planning dad's revenge and your ruin."

Brownley and his right-hand man, Wilder, were closeted with their asso-

ciates in the Brownley library. Beulah Lee had disappeared; so, too, had Brownley, junior. But his father had more pressing matters to think of at that moment. They were comparing notes about the day's riot of business. It was eight o'clock, and a measure of calmness had come to them. There entered upon the conference the pathetic figure of Judge Sands, of Virginia—white-haired, his hands shaking, his face convulsed. With fist thrust in Brownley's face, he cried:

"In cold-blooded fashion you ruined me; in cold-blooded fashion I will kill you!"

Brownley drew back a step. "Don't be foolish," he said. His voice was shaking, but he was outwardly calm. "Come to me here in half an hour, and I will make good your losses."

Half an hour later, Bob Brownley entered his home. He was accompanied

by Beulah—no longer Beulah Lee Sands, but Beulah Brownley, for the young people had determined to unite their lives and their fortunes without delay. To Bob's astonishment, the house, though lighted, seemed deserted, even by the servants. Leaving Beulah in the salon, he went into the library, where a single droplight was burning dimly.

On the floor lay something that sent a shudder through him. Face downward in a pool of blood was Judge Sands, the father of his bride—murdered or a suicide.

From a curtained recess he heard what sounded like a quick intake of breath. He dragged the curtains aside—to find his father, trembling, ashen.

"Dad—you killed him!"

"No, no, as God is my judge, I am innocent!" cried Peter Brownley. "I told him I would see him here after the conference was finished. I came—and



"In cold-blooded fashion you ruined me; in cold-blooded fashion I will kill you."

found this." He pointed with trembling hand at the gruesome thing on the floor. "I heard some one come in at the front door. It was you, but I didn't know. I was afraid, and hid. Bob, Bob, you can't think I would take a man's life. But the police—they will come, and I——"

"They are here now," said his son, hearing hurried footfalls in the hall. "Tell your story simply. The truth always wins."

The door opened, and two plainclothes men came in. One of them bent over the body. The other's eyes roved about the room and finally fastened on a folding screen. The detective pushed the screen aside—to reveal a woman crouching in terror—Simone, the wife of Peter Brownley.

"I didn't do it—I tell you I didn't!" she shrieked. Her words came like a rushing stream: "I was to meet Count Verneloff here in the library—we were going to elope. I'm making a full confession. I hate the man I married. While I was waiting for the count, a man came in—the man who lies dead. I got behind this screen. Then Bob—Robert Brownley—entered and fired the pistol."

"Who is this man?" The detective had turned the body over. Bob and his father stared, bewildered. It was not Judge Sands who lay dead there. It was Wilder, Brownley's business associate. They were somewhat similar in appearance, the formation of the back of the head and the shoulders was almost identical—but there was no mistaking the face.

Then, at the moment when climax had piled on climax, Judge Sands himself entered, dragging with him a human derelict.

"Here's the man who shot Wilder," he said.

"Why, judge, I thought it was you had been killed!" cried Peter Brownley, relief in his voice.

"I'm still very much alive," answered the judge. "But I did a good turn for you, Brownley, suh. I was waiting here as per our arrangement when I heard what I reckoned was a suspicious noise at the door of that anteroom. Don't know why I did it, but I dimmed the lights and got under the table to await events. The anteroom door opened and this fellow came in. He went over to your safe, and then I placed him. He was a burglar. I got to my feet, intending to throttle him. He heard me, and turned, with a pistol in his hand. What fate sent Wilder into the library just then I don't know, but he walked straight between the burglar and me, and got the bullet intended for me. I shouted for help and made a grab at the burglar. He got away, jumped for a window. He'd sprained an ankle on the drop to the ground, and I caught him. I choked him a bit to show him who was boss, suh, and here he is."

"Oh, daddy, I'm so happy!" It was a girl's soft, drawling voice.

"Huh! I'm glad somebody is happy," snapped the judge. "What's happened, daughter?" He looked questioningly at Beulah, who was standing close, very close to Robert Brownley.

"Daddy, dear"—she had taken his arm and was dragging him across the room—"shake hands with your son-in-law. We were married an hour ago."

"I'll be——" Two voices blended in an explosive exclamation—the voices of Judge Sands and Peter Brownley.

And there, in the room of tragedy, the newly wedded pair told their story—told it with such persuasiveness that the bitterness of past years was blotted out from the memories of the sworn enemies. Peter shook hands with Judge Sands, while their children looked on with supreme content.

"I've lost a wife," said the elder Brownley, "but thank God for my new daughter!"



*Old and
New
Subtitles*

ONE thing that is decidedly noticeable among the pictures released by the various companies is the handling of the subtitles. Probably a slip in the detail of direction or a bad bit of acting may get by, but the chances are that if there is a severe blunder in the subtitle, an entire audience will "light" upon it immediately.

Credit is due to the Fine Arts Company for the new style of subtitles which they have introduced in their films. These appear to read as a book, and all are clear and concise. Where humor is called for, it is spontaneous, and the writer has seen more than one audience laugh at the wording of a Fine Arts subtitle in a comic situation, while the same audience was impressed when a dramatic title occupied the screen.

Of course, there are many other companies who handle their subtitles carefully—far too many to mention here, but it is regrettable to say that there are also many concerns who absolutely neglect this decidedly important part of the photo play.

*Those
Five-
Reelers*

IT would seem that in the natural evolution of motion pictures we are about due for a change in the style of production. In the beginning, pictures were looked upon merely as "chasers," to end vaudeville programs and the like, but this condition slowly but surely changed into the one, two, and three-reel motion pictures of the early day, which, while crude, nevertheless were such an improvement over the old chasers, that they practically established the art of cinematography. For a while these one, two, and three-reel pictures traveled a rather rough path, but the gain in popularity was steady, and, with the arrival of the five-reel picture, with a famous star featured, pictures took a great bound into popularity.

Now, the very thing which so greatly helped establish the popularity of pictures threatens to upset it, for the present market is filled with inferior five-reel pictures, and an exhibitor finds it difficult to pick films which he believes will please his patrons.

For a long time film folks have been talking of "the open market," and it appears that that condition will soon be with us. At least, in part, the open market is really nothing more or less than giving the exhibitor absolute free choice of

all subjects put out during the week, and permitting him to use his own judgment as to which he desires to book and which he believes undesirable for his theater.

Some time ago it would have been considered quite impossible within the trade to allow an exhibitor so much latitude in choosing his program, but the present-day motion-picture-theater manager understands his business thoroughly, and realizes that he must use all his intelligence in the pictures he is to present in order that his patrons will be pleased.

That the change which seems certain to occur will affect the present lengths of films is certain. There really is no reason why five reels should be regarded as the correct length for a feature. Many can be impressively made in three reels, while others should be put into nine or ten reels. We believe it will be a question of judgment on the part of the producers as to the worth of the material they are working with, and then we will be able to see pictures whose lengths are governed by their worth.

*Some One
Worth
Watching*

THE active entrance of William A. Brady into the motion-picture-producing world is an event of no small importance, and one which will undoubtedly be watched with more than passing interest by close students of the game. Mr. Brady has proven an unqualified success in handling the production of stage plays. He started with practically nothing, and forced his way to the top, where he was recognized as one of America's foremost producers.

Now he has taken over the management of the World Film Corporation, and is serving both as general manager of that corporation and general producing director for all concerns contributing.

He has many stars at his disposal, and many excellent directors on his staff. Mr. Brady has studied pictures for a long time in his quiet way, and undoubtedly the future will show the result of these things.

*Censorship
Whys and
Why Not*

AT the present time in many parts of the country there is much agitation regarding the censorship of motion pictures; agitation which promises to bring on many legal battles between the censor people and the Motion Picture Board of Trade, which represents the film interests. We have watched the growth of the censorship movement for several years, and, as the popularity and stability of motion pictures increased, their enemies became louder in their protests against them. That legalized censorship is a failure has been proven in more than one place, but the "cranks" still insist that they have the right to judge the morality of screen subjects.

The basic idea of motion-picture censorship is unconstitutional, and time will bring but one result—the failure of all censor boards except, perhaps, a board of reviews operated by the manufacturers. The cranks will probably never disappear from the motion-picture field, and we confidently expect that this means we will learn of some select board of "butters-in" demanding that a local board of censorship be established at once to prevent the innocent children from walking from their homes and into the doors of motion-picture theaters where *immorality unconfined* exists.

As a matter of fact, no reliable concern is producing such pictures at present, and most probably never will. The film industry has suffered greatly from the bad way in which it has been painted by people who have not bothered to investigate properly. This end should be left to the public that demands certain kinds of film and the manufacturers who make them.

The censorship problem has given the motion-picture industry considerable trouble, and it will probably give considerably more for a while, but we believe in time conditions will be adjusted, and, with a normal state of affairs at hand, the censor menace will become a thing of decidedly minor importance.

*Chaplin
vs.
Spoor*

THE controversy between Charles Chaplin, comedian, and George K. Spoor, president of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, has occupied the limelight for quite a spell, and probably will do so again in the near future, when the various lawsuits, et cetera, that the pair have filed against each other are called to trial. The trouble came when Essanay added two reels to "Charlie

Chaplin's Burlesque on Carmen" after the comedian had cut the film to two reels, which he considered proper length. Essanay, seeing larger profits if the film was released through V. I. S. E. as a four-reeler, added two more reels, much of which consisted of retake scenes. When the film was released, Chaplin immediately brought suit against Essanay, claiming that they had a contract with him which provided he should make nothing but two-reelers. Inasmuch as Chaplin had delivered to Essanay, and Essanay had released, a one-reeler during the summer, this so-called contract claim disappeared at once. Then Mr. Spoor proceeded to sue Mr. Chaplin for alleged breach of contract, saying he had loafed while in the employ of the Essanay Company, and had failed to produce as many pictures during the year as he had agreed to.

The entire affair may have been a neatly arranged press-agent stunt, but we doubt it, and granting that it was really founded on solid facts, it is decidedly regrettable that it occurred. Both men are far too prominent to be squabbling over such a matter, although we agree with Mr. Chaplin that Essanay should have put out his "Carmen" as a two-reeler if a good picture was the sole aim. His mistake, however, occurred when he stirred trouble after the film had been released as a four-reeler, for it was quite obvious that nothing could be done. The fewer affairs of this kind that happen in filmdom, the better it is for the good of the industry.

*Politeness
Pays*

WE often wonder if the motion-picture-theatergoing public has no thought of the rules of etiquette. More than once we have witnessed acts in theaters by persons, whom we knew to be far above the average social standing, which fell little short of rowdyism. It is anything but pleasant to arrive at a neighborhood theater and be told that the next show will begin in five or ten min-

utes, that you will have to join the throng standing outside until then. But if every one keeps his temper and does all in his power to make the action one of gayety, the time will soon pass.

After getting inside the theater, there is a little thing we have often noticed

was seated on the running board, and the lurch threw him out on his back. Apparently his injuries were slight, and he soon recovered enough to return to his duties. A few weeks afterward he decided to devote his entire attention to magazine work, and later joined the editorial staff of PICTURE-PLAY. A sudden attack of cerebro-spinal meningitis, believed to have had its origin in his previous injuries, was the cause of his death.

Mr. Rex had many friends in the film industry, including many of the most prominent figures, and messages of sympathy were received from all parts of the country by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Johansen, and his sister, Miss HESSIE JOHANSEN.

As Dixon's "The Fall of a Nation" is to succeed the other great spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation," so J. Stuart Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, is to follow up his "Battle Cry of Peace"

preachment with another tremendous offering to be known as "The Battle Cry of War." This latter production is already well under way, and is expected in every way to outdo the earlier offering as "Preparedness" propaganda.



Somewhere about July 1st the public will have its first glimpse of the wonderful million-dollar Annette Kellermann picture which was made for William Fox at Jamaica, under the direction of Herbert Brenon. Director Brenon is back in New York with more than two hundred and twenty thousand feet of film negative and hard at work cutting this enormous production down to a presentable length, for, of course, nobody wants to sit through a picture show that lasts thirty-three hundred hours, which is the time it would take to project the entire two hundred and twenty thousand feet of film. When completed, it is expected a show of ten to twelve reels will be offered, and the



A scene from Thomas Dixon's "The Fall of a Nation."

production will be sent out as a touring attraction, much after the fashion in which "The Birth of a Nation" was presented.



Triangle film fans are delighted over the prospect of seeing their favorite stars in two-reel pictures as well as those of five reels or more. Douglas Fairbanks, who will never be forgotten for his work in "His Picture in the Papers," is one of the first of the Fine Arts players to go into the two-reel productions. John Emerson is the director of the first of the shorter-length plays, and Fairbanks will be supported by a cast which includes A. D. Sears, Alma Ruben, W. E. Lowery, Eagle Eye, George Hall, and Bessie Love. Another of the two-reel subjects will have as its star Fay Tincher, supported by Max Davidson, Jack Cosgrove, and Edward Dillon.



Remember those bloodthirsty beasts of the jungle, known as the Bostock animals, which have been featured in any number of Horsley productions on the Mutual program? Those of you who live in or near New York will have a chance this summer to see the animals in real life, instead of on the screen; for David Horsley has installed them at Coney Island in one of the Luna Park concessions. More than one hundred and thirty animals are included in the collection, and during the summer-amusement-park season they will be used in motion pictures that will be taken before the public, and later released on the Mutual program.



Charles Clary, who, on the speaking stage, has supported such stars as Mary Mannering and Mrs. Leslie Carter, and who more recently was a Griffith player at the Fine Arts studios, is now enrolled under the Fox banner. He is at work in a picture being made in California,

Arizona, and other sections of the West under the direction of Raoul A. Walsh.



Rumor has it that Marin Sais is to be starred in a big new fifteen-episode series immediately upon her comple-



Marin Sais, who is about to star in a new Kalem serial.

tion of "The Social Pirates," the Kalem serial in which she has gained such tremendous popularity.



Yes, there's something new under the sun in the way of motion pictures almost every day. The latest is what is known as Paramount Plastiques, and are being produced for release on the Paramount program by Director Ashley Miller, formerly an Edison producer. Mr. Miller's latest novelty bears the same relation to cartoon films that sculpture does to the pen-and-ink drawing, for the action is carved out on a background in high relief, and his figures and effects are said to produce scenes that are both beautiful and fascinating.



At last Selig's production of "The Crisis" is completed, and now it only remains to be seen whether or not Tom Santschi, Bessie Eyton, Wheeler Oak-

will be seen in action on the screen as a result of the latest Selig enterprise, one might mention Jess Willard, Frank Gotch, Joe Stecher, Packy McFarland, Mike Gibbons, Freddie Welsh, Zybszko, Hussana, Cutler, Doctor Roller, and others.

The honest (?) press agent of the famous screen serial, "The Mysteries

of Myra," was to appear and bring Miss Sothern back to earth again. He went through the "business" suggested by the director, but *Myra* refused to return to consciousness. It was then discovered that she had been actually hypnotized by the whirling apparatus in front of her, and medical assistance had to be called in before she was restored to her normal self.



Jean Sothern of "Mysteries of Myra" fame.

of Myra," made by the Whartons at Ithaca, New York, and released through the International Film Service, alleges that pretty Jean Sothern, the star of the "Myra" production, underwent a most unusual experience during one of the episodes of the story. As *Myra*, Miss Sothern seated herself before a large hypnotizing machine, which was set in motion. After a proper length of time, Howard Estabrook, as

the hero of the story, was to appear and bring Miss Sothern back to earth again. He went through the "business" suggested by the director, but *Myra* refused to return to consciousness. It was then discovered that she had been actually hypnotized by the whirling apparatus in front of her, and medical assistance had to be called in before she was restored to her normal self.

Speaking of J. Stuart Blackton calls to mind the fact that since the last issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE appeared on the news stands, the Vitagraph Company of America has figured prominently in the newspaper dispatches and financial chronicles on account of its reorganization as a twenty-five-million-dollar corporation. J. Stuart Blackton and Albert E. Smith, two of the original founders of the Vitagraph Company, still remain as the heads of the business, though "Pop" Rock, who also was a pioneer in the organization of the original Vitagraph concern, is dropping out. Nevertheless, Pop still retains a big slice of stock in the new organization. The increase in capitalization is said to be due to a desire on the part of Messrs. Blackton and Smith to make bigger, better pictures than ever before. Among the featured stars will be Edna May, E. H. Sothern, Anita Stewart, Dorothy Kelly, Earle Williams, Edith Storey, Frank Daniels, Charles Richman, Lillian Walker, Joseph Kilgour, and Harry Morey.

A series—"right-from-the-heart" letters to Violet Mersereau from loving young men—begins in the next issue.

Bewitching Mabel Normand—the same jolly, laughing Keystone Mabel, is hard at work at the new studios on Sunset Boulevard, in Hollywood, Los Angeles, which were erected especially for her by Producer Thomas Ince, and which are to be the home of the Mabel Normand comedy dramas. Richard Jones, associated with Keystone since its formation, is directing Miss Normand in her first picture under the Ince banner. The story was written by J. G. Hawkes, of the Ince scenario staff, and is said to afford Miss Normand splendid opportunities for her unusual talents. All her future releases will be four reels in length.

You girls who just hate to pause for a change of clothes during the day can perhaps sympathize with dainty Myrtle Stedman, the Morosco-Pallas star, who is being featured in a new five-reeler, entitled "The American Beauty." For Myrtle appears in three parts—as a girl in her teens, the same girl grown up, and also in the rôle of the girl's mother. The three parts caused Miss Stedman to change costume and make-up no less than eighteen times in one day, and then it was discovered that, through an accident, the negative had been spoiled. It was necessary to retake all these scenes on the following day. Poor Myrtle nearly fainted when told that those eighteen changes would all have to be made again the next day.

Since the last appearance of this department, several new stars have been added to the roster of the American Film Corporation, with studios out at Santa Barbara, California. Richard Bennett, who will be instantly recalled for his American appearance in "Damaged Goods," is again in the American ranks as the star of a whole series of five-reel dramas, while little Mary

Miles Minter has been induced to sign an American contract, and will soon begin to twinkle on Mutual screens all over the country.

Kitty Gordon, according to an announcement just made by the World Film Corporation, has abandoned the

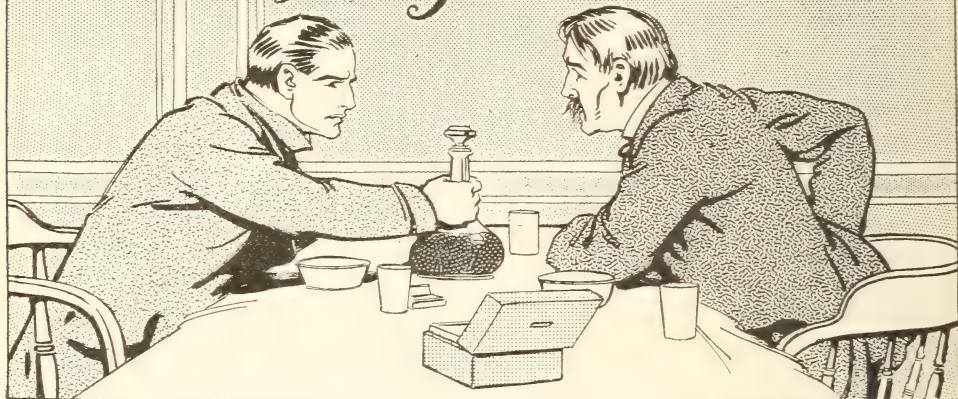


Kitty Gordon, who has deserted the stage, to appear in World Film productions.

speaking stage entirely. For the next three years, at least, she will appear in World "Brady-made" features.

Now that rumors have ceased to fly, and it is definitely established that Famous Players and Lasky are to be partially merged at least with the Triangle Film Corporation, a score or more of mathematical sharks are busy trying to figure out what Triangle becomes when it sustains an addition of two more sides. Students of geometry, please write.

by Not In The Cast *H. Bedford-Jones*



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

IN an attempt to purchase, at a low figure, a rice plantation owned by the uncle of Prosper Darrow at the island of Cypremort, not far from New Orleans, Henri Castine, a legislator, hires the leader of a band of river pirates, Sundown Stagg, to make trouble. Darrow's uncle interferes in the brutality of Sundown, and leaves the parish after receiving a notice to go. Captain Campbell, a retired actor who runs a boat plying between the surrounding islands, has also incurred the enmity of Castine. Griggs, the director of the Greatorex All-Star Company, in the South to take a six-reel moving-picture film, goes to Cypremort with his company as the guests of Darrow, to start work on the production. The morning after the arrival of the company, Jean Grojean, one of Sundown's men, uses a clever ruse to get Darrow on a launch headed for Carencro, the pirate leader's island headquarters.

CHAPTER IV.

CARENCRO lay huddled upon a stretch of rising ground, on a bayou of the same name which led into the swamps and wild-rice marshes.

The town knew no roads, save the water road; no government, save the will of Sundown Stagg; no restraint in debauchery, save the passions of men. Yet the place flourished and grew exceedingly, and even boasted a hotel, owned—like the saloon and store—by Stagg. For this hotel, and for the very town itself, there were excellent reasons.

Lying between Fenris, the railroad's end, and the rice and timber country

on the inner Gulf shore, Carencro was the halfway point for lumber gangs, fishermen, shrimpers, and hunters. It lay upon the corner of a plantation owned by Castine, and its one ostensible industry consisted of Castine's shrimp-drying platform, while from the swamps an occasional gang brought out some of Castine's timber.

The town itself consisted of several dozen unpainted frame shacks, in the center of which, near the rotten wharves, stood Stagg's hotel, saloon, and dance hall. Canoes, dugouts, launches, and small sailing craft lined the water approach; the two filthy little streets of the place were usually lined by blear-eyed men and painted

women. It was here that Darrow, of Cypremort, came, passive under the revolver of Grojean, an hour before noon.

His reception was remarkably unlike that which he had anticipated. The whole place seemed deserted; not a soul was in sight to meet him, save Henri Castine, who stood on the low dock and wore a suave smile of greeting.

"Welcome to Carencro, Mr. Darrow!" he exclaimed genially. "We're glad to see you!"

Darrow stepped from the *Macache*, and came eye to eye with Castine. He was caught, and realized that a display of anger would avail him nothing. Grojean was behind him with a pistol, and, despite the deserted appearance of Carencro, a hundred pairs of eyes were probably trained on the wharf at that very moment. So Darrow merely nodded in curt acceptance of the situation.

"No use masking facts, Castine," he returned. "What's the meaning of this outrage?"

"My dear sir, outrage is a hard word," replied the creole in velvety tones. "Is it an outrage to wish for such a guest as Darrow, of Cypremort? Why, my dear Mr. Darrow, I am astonished that you would construe such a compliment into meaning an outrage."

"So?" Darrow's steady eyes bit into the man. "Then why Grojean and the revolver?"

Castine shrugged his shoulders helplessly, regretfully.

"Why? Because I could see no other way of getting you here at this place and time, and I wish to have a chat with you. My friend Grojean will take you back to Cypremort after luncheon, I hope."

The meaning of those last two words was not lost on Darrow.

"Well, then—talk!" he said quietly. Castine smiled and quickly demurred.

"Not here, my dear fellow. Come up to the hotel and let us lunch amicably together. You know the proverb, '*Quand vente crié zoréyes sourde*,' when the belly cries, the ears are deaf."

"True—then let us lunch, my host." Darrow's clouded features broke into a swift smile. He must step warily, he considered; he must match Castine at Castine's own subtle game, delay as far as possible any hot words, and in the meantime watch for a chance to get away.

"Perhaps I should not have taken offense at the abruptness of Grojean," he went on, laughing. "After this I shall know how to measure your hospitality, Castine—and I'm ravenous. Can you equal Cypremort cooking here?"

Castine chuckled, turning toward the hotel and leading the way along the refuse-heaped street.

"Oh, I have the finest cook in New Orleans, Darrow! You see, he put a knife into a nigger in the city, and had to lie perdu for a while——"

"And he knew where to come, eh?" put in Darrow genially. "Well, lead on the food and we'll talk business later."

As the two men passed into the hotel, finding it apparently empty, Darrow perceived that he had done wisely. Carencro was filled with outlaws—hunters and fishermen who lived with their weapons; he did not doubt that Castine, in meeting him alone, had thought to precipitate a fight, an excuse for his assassination by some hidden marksman. In this, however, he was mistaken.

Darrow knew that here he was beyond the law; that here he was in the grip of the man who hated him intensely; and that if he ever saw Cypremort again, it would be little short of a miracle. But he did not betray this knowledge in any fashion.

"Guile," he thought, as they strode

through the empty corridor and office, to the wide stairway which commanded the entrance of the hotel. "Guile! I have to use wits and words and worth if I'm to pull out of this."

Neither Sundown Stag nor his minions put in an appearance. Darrow followed his host and guide to the upper floor of the ramshackle building, and at the head of the wide stairway Castine threw open a door and bowed.

"Sir, luncheon is served!"

Though no one was in the room before him, Darrow observed a table set with steaming dishes of silver and fine china; the room was one of a suite, comfortably furnished and well appointed.

"Pray be seated," and Castine indicated one of the two chairs at the table, taking the other himself. "My private apartments—at your entire disposal. Armand! Enter!"

Darrow seated himself, and saw a gigantically fat man appear in the doorway. The fat one was adorned with white apron and chief's cap, also with two waxed points of mustache; he bowed in silence and stood awaiting orders.

In this whole reception there was something fantastic, grotesque, unnatural; it was carefully planned, of course, and was calculated to inspire a dreadful apprehension in the breast of the visitor. Darrow wondered how many other men had come to this place in such manner. He felt scorn of Castine's stage setting, scorn of Castine himself; but he ate an excellent luncheon and discoursed on the shrimp industry with no sign of his inner feelings.

Armand, the immense monster of a cook, bowed and jauntily twirled his mustaches when Darrow complimented him on the meal; then he deftly whisked away the dishes, laid a humidor of cigars and cigarettes on the table, placed glasses and a bottle of

black-label Bacardi beside it, with a small basket of limes—then bowed himself out and shut the door.

Castine mixed himself a Cuban cocktail, lighted a cigar, leaned back, and allowed his jetlike eyes to calmly scrutinize his prisoner guest.

"We are here convened, my dear Darrow," he suavely began, "to discuss a small but important matter of real estate. Perhaps you can guess the subject?"

"You refer to the Cypremort plantation?" queried Darrow in a casual manner.

"Allow me to compliment your penetration. You know that for some time I have been desirous of buying Cypremort from your uncle, Mr. Gremillion?"

"So he informed me," returned Darrow dryly. "He has given me a deed to the plantation——"

"And has gone to the West Indies." Castine smiled weakly. "Very wise of him. It will be a vast benefit to his health, I believe. In the event that anything happened to you, may I inquire what would become of Cypremort?"

Darrow inspected his cigar tip.

"Well, I have foreseen such a contingency, and, having no immediate family, have willed the estate to a friend of mine in Chicago, who is a distant connection of the family."

"I see. Very thoughtful of you, I'm sure." Castine smiled blandly. "It would be a great disappointment to me, however, to see the fine old place go into Northern hands. As you know, I can boast no such ancestral mansion, although I own land enough in the parish. The lordship of Cypremort, however, carries a great moral authority with it; it would add tremendously to my influence in the legislature and elsewhere. Really, Darrow, I have set my heart on owning the plantation."

Darrow seriously considered knock-

ing down Castine and making a break for liberty. However, he knew very well that beneath Castine's velvet glove was a steel hand; that such an attempt would probably suit Castine excellently, and that he had no chance in the world of getting away from Carencro by daylight.

He merely gave Castine a cool, smiling glance, and said: "Well, then, the answer is obvious. If you want to buy the place, I'm willing to sell it."

For a moment the black eyes across the table gleamed with swift eagerness. Then the creole chuckled in appreciation of Darrow's mood.

"Oh—you nearly fooled me, my friend. You'll not sell for ten thousand, I suppose?"

"Hardly. My price is three hundred thousand, Castine."

The other nodded, pressed out another lime, poured in another shot of rum, tasted the liquid amber, and looked up again at Darrow.

"But you might come down in your price?"

"I admit the possibility."

Castine's thin lips curved cruelly, and he studied Darrow through narrowed lids.

"Then you recognize such a possibility, eh?"

Darrow nodded pleasantly.

He was not matching words with Castine through delight in his own cleverness by any means. While he smoked and parried with his opponent, his mind was working in terrible earnestness, seeking for some opening, some hope of escape without surrender. Sign away Cypremort he would not, at whatever cost.

"If I could get safely out of this confounded hotel," he commented inwardly, "there might be a chance. Here I'm trapped absolutely. But if I could get into a canoe or launch, or even into the woods, I'd give Castine's crew a

run for their money before they corralled me again."

Somewhere near by, Sundown Stagg and the choice riffraff of the bayous were waiting, he knew well. Indeed, through the open window floated the ribald laugh of a woman from one of the shacks adjoining the hotel. Darrow could imagine how this impious herd were chuckling over the way Castine had ensnared him, and how they would take a savage enjoyment in heckling and baiting their prey when once Castine gave the aristocrat, the rice planter, the owner of Cypremort, over to their pleasure.

"I am glad that you are open to conviction, Mr. Darrow," said Castine, the fiery bite of the rum sending a flush to his sallow cheeks. He leaned back, elbows on the table, finger tips joined, and considered his guest for a moment, in his black eyes a flickering light of malicious enjoyment.

"For several reasons," he went on smoothly, "I am anxious to buy Cypremort as soon as possible. Those moving-picture people interest me vastly, for one thing. I believe they would be much interested in Carencro—perhaps they could use it in their scenes."

"Yes?" said Darrow, in subdued voice. "But your friends and cronies might object to being photographed. Police from all over the South would also be much interested in Carencro."

"True." Castine nodded gravely. "For another thing, however, I found that charming leading lady of theirs very attractive. I had considered bringing her to Carencro for a visit; but after careful thought I have revised my opinion of actresses. A State legislator must not take chances, you know; there have been too many scandals at Baton Rouge. Perhaps you will agree that the best plan is to marry her?"

Darrow's features were rocklike. He reached out for the bottle of rum, and

Castine's hand slid swiftly to a pocket. But Darrow, almost instantly, mastered his quick flood of passion; he must not let himself be tempted, but must use his wits, for wits alone would save him.

Instead of smashing the bottle in Castine's face, he poured a little rum into his glass, his brown hand firm and steady. Then, cutting into a lime, he squeezed out the juice and sipped the liquid.

"I think," he said slowly, "that your plan is excellent, Castine."

Into the creole's eyes crept a gleam of admiration. With a silent chuckle, Castine took the bottle and filled his own glass anew.

"Go slow on that stuff," cautioned Darrow. "It's fifty per cent alcohol, and hits the brain like a hammer. You need your brain clear, Castine."

"Oh, we of the South are used to rum!" Castine laughed, for in Darrow's demeanor he perceived helpless surrender. As he tossed off the rum, and again took up the thread of his discourse, the effect of the liquor was perceptible. The mask of suavity began to slip aside, revealing the ruthless power of the man behind.

"Darrow, why do you suppose I had you fetched here to-day, eh? Answer me!"

"Well, I'm not quite clear on that point myself," drawled Darrow. "Was it to talk about moving-picture people, to buy Cypremort Island, or to show off the genius of your fat Armand?"

"All three." Castine tossed away his cigar and lighted a cigarette. "I want Cypremort, and I mean to have it—and at once. We may as well throw aside pretense, Darrow. You're here, and you know cursed well you can't help yourself, so talk turkey."

"I've already told you that I was willing to sell Cypremort."

Castine showed his teeth—literally.

"You fool, do you think I'll give

you your price? I intend to have Cypremort at my own price. I want the place here and now—understand?"

"Why the rush?" queried Darrow carelessly. He seemed much more absorbed in filling his glass with rum and attaining the proper mixture of lime juice than he was in bartering for his heritage. His deliberate mixing was an inspiration to thirst.

With an oath, Castine seized the bottle and poured out more rum for himself, and drank the fiery stuff neat.

"Why the rush?" he repeated a trifle thickly. "Because I'm going to Cypremort to-morrow, as its lawful owner, and before those players have been there a month, that Robson girl is going to be mine—understand?"

"I understand." Darrow nodded, and glanced at his fingers holding his cigar; he wondered a little at their steadiness, for a passionate desire was upon him to take Castine by the throat. "I understand. But let us suppose, merely for the sake of argument, that I were fool enough not to coincide with your wishes, Castine; what, then, would happen to me?"

"Sundown Stagg will take care of you," said the creole, with a harsh laugh.

"But how would you attain your object, in the event of my demise?"

"How? Why, very simply. If you could resist the persuasion which my friend Stagg would employ, I'd make out the bill of sale for both of us. With you out of the way, I can produce plenty of witnesses to anything which will serve my purpose."

"Ah, very good," Darrow nodded. "I perceive that you are quite determined to have Cypremort, eh?"

"And that Robson girl. Yes, I'll have her in any event, but I want 'em both."

"Of course," mused Darrow, "it's sheer, bald-faced robbery, Castine. It's

hard to credit that you could pull it off successfully."

"Bah!" sneered the creole. "You couldn't fight me, and you know it, either by law or by force. If you sign up, then go away and try to fight me in the courts, I'll frame you—by the powers, I'll frame you and have you in a road gang inside two weeks! I can do it; I've done it to better men than you, Prosper Darrow."

Darrow nodded again. His face was white, and Castine sneered anew.

"How long will you give me to think it over?" demanded Darrow slowly.

"Until I've swallowed this drink, and no longer," was the jeering response. With a slender, white hand which shook visibly, Castine poured out more rum. "It's yes or no, and the papers signed here and now."

Darrow set his cigar between his teeth and affected to stare at the ceiling in reflective thought.

So far as the creole's boasts went, they were fully justified. Castine could get a dozen of his men to swear to anything, and possessed enough influence to railroad into the chain gangs almost any one he wished. While Darrow himself was not without influence and standing, he had not been long enough known as the master of Cypremort to contend with a man of Castine's ability, unscrupulous ambition, and evil power; further, he was well aware that the bayou thieves and outlaws of the district would be only too anxious to swear to anything, or to commit any crime that would place their protector, Castine, on the throne at Cypremort.

"What's your price—joking aside?" asked Darrow.

"Ten thousand."

"Why, man, it's an outrage!" For the first time Darrow assumed an expression of incredulous anger. "The bare furniture of the house couldn't be bought for that——"

"Ten thousand is my figure," came

the cool response. "You're lucky to get that much, too."

Darrow stared at his captor host, helplessness in his blue eyes, and received a silent snarl of mockery in return.

"Cash?"

"Within a few days." Castine spoke thickly, and unconsciously lapsed into creole French, which Darrow spoke fluently. "I'll have to sell some of the stock in my shrimp cannery near Biloxi to get the cash, but I'll get it. What's your answer—yes or no? Come on, you fool—speak up!"

Darrow shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll agree, of course. But I'll draw up the agreement myself—you're too much of a law shark, Castine. And I'll do it on only one condition; namely, that I be permitted to leave this place immediately. You know that the signed agreement will be a legal bill of sale?"

Castine leered at him across the table.

"Oh, ho! You think you can fool Henri Castine—you think Castine is drunk and you can put a trick clause in the paper? My friend, you'll find out something! Yes, yes, I assent to your condition, upon your word of honor that the agreement will be fulfilled."

"You have it," and Darrow nodded. "You can provide witnesses, of course?"

Castine rose, went to the door, and tugged a bell cord. As he returned to the table, he lurched slightly in his walk.

CHAPTER V.

The door opened to admit Armand, bowing and grandiloquently twirling his mustaches.

"Bring ink and paper and—pens," commanded Castine, with a hiccup. "Send Jean Grojean and Mr. Staggs here."

Armand disappeared. Darrow took a fresh cigar, lighted it, and inspected

the ceiling beams with calm and untroubled gaze. But the brain behind his blue eyes was keenly alert, keenly reckoning every chance of getting out of the hotel at the very least.

"If I can put it over!" he thought to himself. "There's a bare chance, and no more. Well, lay on, Macduff!"

He glanced suddenly at Castine, who was again tipping the bottle toward his glass, and spoke aloud:

"This is the twenty-sixth of the month, Castine. Could you find the cash before the first of next month? If I sold Cypremort for ten thousand, I'd skip out of the country, and I'd want to go at once."

"I'll do it," assented Castine boastingly. "I can find fifty thousand in a week. Yes, that will suit me excellently."

Darrow watched the other man drink. There came a heavy thud of feet upon the stairs and a knock at the door. At Castine's cry of "Enter!" the door swung open, and the huge, red-thatched figure of Sundown Stagg appeared, the crafty black eyes of Jean Grojean glowing at Darrow over his shoulder. Stagg bore writing materials.

"Come in—shut the door!" growled Castine. "Give Monsieur Darrow the—the paper."

Stagg advanced and placed the writing materials before Darrow; but the latter looked at Castine and made a gesture of dissent.

"I do not wish these men to know the conditions on which I sell Cypremort," he said coldly. "The price is between you and me alone, Castine. Let them witness the signatures, and no more."

Castine leered suspiciously across the table. For a moment his eyes bit into the calm gaze of Darrow, then he nodded heavily.

"Very well. Wait outside the door, you two, until I call!" There was eager triumph in his air—a dominance,

an exultant, brutal power, which well betrayed the inner nature of the man. All his mask of deliberate poise had been burned away in the fires of liquor, and unleashed deviltry sat in his eyes.

The two witnesses withdrew. Darrow uncorked the ink bottle, dipped the pen, and after a moment began to write swiftly and without hesitation. His serenely strong features gave no hint of uneasiness beneath the flaring eyes of Castine, which were fastened upon him steadily.

"I suppose," he said calmly, as he glanced up, "that this does not have to be couched in legal phraseology to be binding?"

Castine hiccuped.

"You—you know quite well it doesn't. If you try—try to slip in any trick, I'll have Stagg tar and feather you!"

Darrow's blue eyes widened as if in surprise.

"Trick? Why, Castine, how could there be any trick? You turn over the money, I give a clear deed to the plantation. Nothing could be simpler. By the way, can you get back to Cypremort with the money in three or four days? You'll have to get it in New Orleans?"

Castine nodded. "Say three days."

Darrow again fell to writing. Gradually the flaming suspicion died from the creole's eyes, as he watched the cool, unruffled man across the table.

"I always thought you were a cursed fool, Darrow," he broke out suddenly, with a harsh laugh. "You were a fool to try and whip me."

"So my uncle said when he deeded the place to me." Darrow smiled, without glancing up from his work. "I didn't give you credit for such resourcefulness, you see."

"Mind this," put in Castine, with new suspicion, "you've given your word of honor that you'll stick to the bargain!"

Darrow looked at him, a frown of annoyance creasing his brow.

"Well, don't I know it? Of course I'll stick to it!"

"Hurry up, then."

Setting the pen in the ink bottle, Darrow held up the paper, inspected it, and read aloud what he had written:

"Upon the receipt of ten thousand dollars, in legal currency of the United States, from Henri Castine, I, Prosper Darrow, of Cyremort, do hereby bind myself to give said Henri Castine on the thirtieth day of this month a full, free, and unencumbered title and deed to Cyremort plantation, consisting of Cyremort Island and all the buildings and properties now attached thereto.

"This agreement is signed in the presence of witnesses, and is to be considered legally binding upon Henri Castine and Prosper Darrow, under the terms set down herein."

Darrow shoved the paper across the table and picked up his cigar.

"You'd better look it over, Castine. As you can see, there's no trickery about it, and you're lawyer enough to know."

The creole seized the paper in wavering fingers, and traced it through, word by word. Darrow's blue eyes watched him closely, and flashed momentarily as Castine reached the second paragraph without comment. But, when the creole looked up, Darrow was staring at his cigar critically.

"Oh, I see!" Castine sneered, his white teeth showing evilly. "You think you can prevent me from turning over the money, eh? That's why you wanted to leave here at once, is it?"

"Not at all," was the quiet response. "I do not see how I could evade that agreement in any way."

"No? But I do, my dear friend. You'll slip out and disappear until next month, perhaps?"

Darrow made a gesture of irritation.

"Confound it, Castine—haven't I given you my word of honor to abide by the bargain? Change that agreement any way you wish. Pay over

the money to my lawyers in New Orleans, if you prefer. Make it payable any time you like. All I want is to get away from this hole of yours, I tell you."

Castine emptied his glass, then leaned over the table, his thin lips curled back. He did not observe that Darrow's jaw was clenched hard; nor could he know that with this last speech Darrow had staked everything on a final bluff. If that bluff were called, or if Castine's fogged senses suddenly perceived the hidden catch word, all was lost.

"The agreement shall stand," said the creole biting. "You shall be sent back to Cyremort immediately. But—be careful! My men will be watching. If you try to go into the bayous for a few days, if you leave Cyremort for any purpose, you may expect no mercy."

Darrow leaned back wearily.

"Why waste breath, Castine? I've passed my word that I'll not evade our bargain, and I repeat it. Call in your friends, sign the paper, and let me out of this."

"Stagg! Grojean!"

At Castine's call, the two men entered. Sundown Stagg met the cold blue eyes of Darrow, and his brutal face contracted in a scowl of suppressed hatred; but Grojean favored the prisoner with a fleeting grin.

"You—you are to witness this agreement," said Castine, addressing his henchmen. "Monsieur Darrow sells Cyremort to me. I sign the agreement."

He seized the pen and wrote his name at the foot of the paper.

"Now Monsieur Darrow signs."

He passed the paper and pen across the table. Darrow took them and wrote his name below that of Castine. Then he paused.

"You've slipped up on one thing, my cautious friend," he said ironically. "This agreement is not dated. Eh?"

Now I suppose you'll not doubt my good faith farther. What day is this—the twenty-sixth?"

Castine nodded, frowning assent, and muttered a curse. Darrow dated the paper and passed it to the two witnesses. They signed also.

Setting the paper before him, Castine ordered Stagg to fetch two more glasses, and, now that the agreement was sealed and signed, his moodiness fled away.

"A toast!" he cried out gayly, coming to his feet a trifle unsteadily. "Join us, Darrow; join us! A toast to the master of Cypremort!"

"With the greatest of pleasure."

Smiling, Darrow rose and lifted his glass and drank the toast.

"Now," he said quietly, "I presume that you will fulfill your part of the bargain and allow me to return home?"

"Certainly." Castine bowed grandiloquently. "Monsieur Grojean, escort our guest back to Cypremort immediately. Au revoir, Monsieur Darrow!"

"And may our next meeting be our last," answered Darrow, returning the bow.

Grojean held open the door, and Darrow left the room.

As the fisherman joined him, Darrow heard a quick step within the room, and caught the deep tones of Sundown Stagg:

"Here, Castine! Yo'-all let me see that paper!"

Turning swiftly, Darrow strode after Grojean down the wide stairway. The hotel office below them was deserted, as before.

"Make all haste," commanded Darrow coldly. "I am anxious to get out of here, Jean."

"I understand perfectly, m'sieu," the other made chuckling answer. "Come!"

They left the hotel, and as they walked rapidly down the filthy street to the wharf, Darrow, of Cypremort, drew a deep breath of relief. Five min-

utes more and he would be safe! Would he gain even so brief a respite?

The long dock was deserted, save for two silk-clad Chinamen who were padding along toward the shrimp-drying platforms beyond, at the edge of the line of shacks. Grojean stepped down into the launch from Cypremort, turned over the wheel, and cast off the lines as Darrow joined him.

"Will you take the helm, m'sieu?"

Darrow looked back at the hotel. Despite the throbbing roar of the exhaust beside him, he caught a single, furious yell, and knew that the moment had come.

Whirling swiftly, he caught Grojean from behind, locked both arms under the man's throat, and jerked back the fisherman in the deadly strangle hold.

"Arms up—quick!"

Grojean's arms flew up. Darrow released one hand, whipped the revolver from Grojean's pocket, and released his captive.

"Up the wharf with you!"

The fisherman scrambled up to the landing as the *Macache* darted out. Darrow crouched low in the craft, and glanced back over the gunwale, at sound of a roar of voices behind.

From the hotel was running Stagg, with Castine lurching after him. The other buildings were vomiting forth men and women, and somewhere a rifle cracked out, the bullet singing over Darrow's head. But Darrow was not watching them; he was swiftly inspecting the line of craft along the landings.

"Two speed launches!" he exclaimed in dismay. "That means I can't run back to Cypremort—I'll have to hit up the bayous and try to throw 'em off the trail."

He whirled the side wheel of the launch, and she spun swiftly about to the right, away from the inlet toward the bayous. Another rifle cracked, and another, the bullets smashing through

the craft a foot from Darrow. His rugged face broke into a laugh.

"Fooled you, Castine! Tricked you on your own ground, you confounded rogue. You forgot that this was the month of February, eh? And that when the thirtieth day came around you—you——"

His hand still clenched on the steering wheel, Darrow sagged forward and lay motionless across the thwarts. A slow spot of scarlet crept out on his temple and trickled down across his brow, as though in answer to the rifle cracks behind. The *Macache* chugged blindly onward, while from the Caren-cro landing a dozen craft darted out in swift and savage pursuit. And, from the bayou mouths ahead, appeared two more launches, cutting off the escape of the fugitive.

CHAPTER VI.

Noon of the day of Darrow's departure found Griggs, of the *Greatorex*, in blissful mood. Two admirable love scenes between Hildren and Marian Robson had been run off, with very little rehearsing on the part of the principals, and with the fine doorway and side gardens of Cypremort as locations. Such acting and such locations would put any director in the seventh heaven of delight, and Griggs was only human.

Not until luncheon did any one have time to discuss the nonappearance of their host, though Uncle Enos had related the tale told by Grojean.

"It's odd that Darrow doesn't show up with the rescued ones," observed Bowman, the heavy.

"Maybe he took them back to Fenris," suggested Lawrence. "How about it, uncle?"

"It sho is puzzling, suh," and the old darky shook his white head solemnly. "Dem folks was out at de mouf o' de inlet——"

"What—out beyond here?" Law-

rence glanced up quickly. "Then if Darrow took them to Fenris, he'd pass here?"

"Dat's what I 'lowed, suh. But we-all ain't seen dat *Macache* go by."

There was a moment's silence, the others around the table gradually getting their sense of local directions untangled. Then Marian Robson leaned forward.

"Do I understand, Mr. Griggs, that Mr. Darrow went out to the west—out toward the Gulf?"

Griggs glanced at Uncle Enos, who nodded assent.

"Yas'm. Leastways, dat's where dem fool white folks was laid up."

"But he didn't go that way at all!" exclaimed the girl in surprise. "I was out on the front veranda—gallery, you call it—and I saw him leave. The launch went in the opposite direction, back the same way we came yesterday."

Uncle Enos scratched his white wool in perplexity, and could offer no solution, save that he never had trusted that no-account white trash who had taken Darrow away on a supposed errand of mercy. Upon finding that Darrow had taken extra gasoline and was very thoroughly acquainted with the country, Griggs dismissed the discussion with a careless wave of the hand.

"He's all right," was his comment. "No need to worry at all, not a bit. Now, if you've finished lunch, Miss Meigs, I'd like to run over that scene between you and Mr. Hildren—shy-spinster business, you know—Massachusetts Yankee with antebellum ideas of the South—mistakes Southern chivalry for flirtation on the part of the hero——"

Lawrence left the party, lighted his pipe, and strolled along the side gallery to the kitchen building, behind the house itself. He did not intrude upon Aunt Alice, who was vociferously directing two other colored women, but

waited until Uncle Enos came from the front of the house.

"Hold on, uncle," and the camera man extended a cigar, which was accepted with a bobbing curtsy. "What's the best way of getting to Carencro from here?"

"Carencro? Why, Mr. Lawrence, suh, you ain't speculatin' on goin' to Carencro?"

"I never speculate, Uncle Enos. It's a bad habit. Come on, now, loosen up with some real dope! How do you get there? By road or water?"

"Ain't no road, suh. Yo' got to go back up de inlet a spell, start off into de Carencro bayou, foller dat around like a coon dog follers a he-rabbit, an' bimeby you-all gets to Carencro if yo' ain't lost or hung up on a snag or took by ha'nts."

"Then there are haunts up that way, eh?"

"Dey sho is, suh! Bayous plumb chock-full o' ha'nts an' ghostesses."

"Hi'm! I suppose you couldn't guide any one that way?"

"Who—me? Why, suh, boss, us Gre-millions don't have no truck wi' dem bayous, no, sir! Ain't many folks 'round here does, neither. I reckon Cap'n Campbell knows all de bayous, but less'n you goes to Fenris an' gets some o' dem fishermen guides, it' aint policy to 'sturb dem ha'nts, suh; it sho ain't!"

Lawrence pondered this advice for a moment.

"When does the *Islander* come this way again, uncle?"

"Why, suh, she done went up de inlet jest a little while back—reckon she's goin' stop at some plantation for freight. She don't come down till after de night train gets in. Dat's what train you-all an' Mr. Prosper done come on."

"Oh! Well, much obliged to you."

"Not a-tall, suh."

Puffing reflectively at his pipe, Lawrence strolled back whence he had come,

found Griggs busy rehearsing Flora Meigs, and wandered down to the boat-house. There he found two very good shotguns incased on the wall, with boxes of shells. After some trouble he picked the lock of the case, set one of the guns in the nearest launch, with a box of shells, and added to it a heap of oily cotton waste. This done, he refilled and lighted his pipe and strolled back to Griggs, whose orders he obeyed with silent precision for the rest of the afternoon. When work was over for the day, Lawrence again sought out Uncle Enos.

"Uncle, you leave that boathouse unlocked until further orders, see? I'm going out by myself right after dinner to get a mess of catfish. Get me?"

"Catfish? Mr. Lawrence, suh, does you 'low to get catfish in de inlet? And at night?"

"Well, make it herring or perch or whales," Lawrence grinned, and handed Uncle Enos a coin. "The point is, I'm going fishing. If any one asks about me, tell 'em just that."

"Oh, yas, suh! I 'preciates yo' reasoning now, suh." Uncle Enos bobbed assent, but when Lawrence had left him, he gazed in perplexity at the coin in his hand. "I reckon po' Mr. Lawrence ain't right bright," he muttered commiseratingly. "Whoever done heard tell o' fishin' fo' cat an' whales at night?"

Before the coffee was served that evening, Lawrence left the dinner table, pleading a headache, and was no more seen that night.

While Griggs and his personally conducted tourists were discussing the mysterious absence of their host, a half hour afterward, the director was drawn from the comfortable warmth of the log fire in the library by Uncle Enos, who excitedly announced that visitors were at the landing. Griggs followed the old butler to the front door, saw lights on the wharf below, and hastily

strode out to greet the arrivals in the hope that Darrow was returning.

It was not Darrow, however. Griggs was met by Henri Castine.

"Proud to shake hands with you again, Mr. Griggs!" exclaimed the creole warmly. In the flare of the dock light his haggard paleness was well masked. "You didn't expect me, eh?"

"Hardly so soon, after your parting words," said Griggs, shaking hands a trifle stiffly. He was not at all sure of his ground, and showed it. Castine laughed merrily.

"Well, I bring good news. Mr. Darrow is safe at Carencro."

"Darrow? At Carencro? Isn't that the little town you were telling me about on the train?"

"Yes—charming place, so picturesque and carefree."

"But what's happened to Darrow?"

"Nothing. He found a party of hunters in distress, and brought them in to Carencro, so I ran over in his launch to let you know all was right. By the way, when I told you about the town, you said that you'd like very much to use it in some of your pictures; Mr. Darrow thought you might like to run over at once, with your company."

From the exclamations of Uncle Enos, Griggs gathered that the launch at the landing was, indeed, Darrow's launch, and that the fisherman sitting in it was the same who had led Darrow away early that morning. Very naturally, the director's manner thawed.

"Why couldn't you come back with me?" asked Castine.

"H'm!" Griggs repressed his inclination to explode; he was in a quandary. He wanted very much, indeed, to put on several scenes at Carencro, for Castine had painted the town to him in glowing colors, and it seemed to be more promising than did Fenris.

On the other hand, he was beginning

to get his players into action at Cypremort, and disliked extremely the idea of leaving the place until his scenes there were safely in the take-up box. Perhaps Castine guessed something of his hesitation.

"Here is another plan," suggested the creole blandly. "I'll come over first thing in the morning with two launches and take you to Carencro. You can spend a few days there, get whatever pictures you wish, then return here with Mr. Darrow. Eh? I only urge you to come at present, because it is uncertain how long I will be able to remain away from Baton Rouge, and I'd like to make things smooth for you at Carencro."

This at once decided Griggs. The blow-off of his story was to be staged at a village such as Carencro was in Castine's description, and since his expense account was being considerably lopped by Darrow's hospitality, he could afford to spend a little more time for the sake of better pictures and friendly aid in getting them.

"I'll do it, Mr. Castine—and thanks for your interest in the matter," he agreed promptly. "Let's see—yes, that would do fine! I can leave Lawrence here and operate a camera myself at Carencro. You see, Mr. Castine, I'll only need to take the principals there—Miss Robson, Mr. Bowman, and Mr. Hildren. You can get us some supes, and while we're gone Lawrence can be cleaning up some character stuff here with the others. Sure! That'll work fine!"

"Good! Then I'll be here early in the morning to take you over. Good night!"

"Good night, and many thanks," returned Griggs, shaking hands warmly. He felt rather ashamed of his previous coldness. Darrow and this chap must be good friends, after all.



Elizabeth Burbridge

Lillian Walker

Marjorie Daw

Sand Fiddlers

Some
decorative
specimens
snapped on
the beaches

Rhea Mitchell

Pearl White

MADGE
VANTINE



IDA SCHNALL



BEBE
DANIELS



GERTRUDE
BAMBRICK



VERA
STEDMAN



Fay Tincher



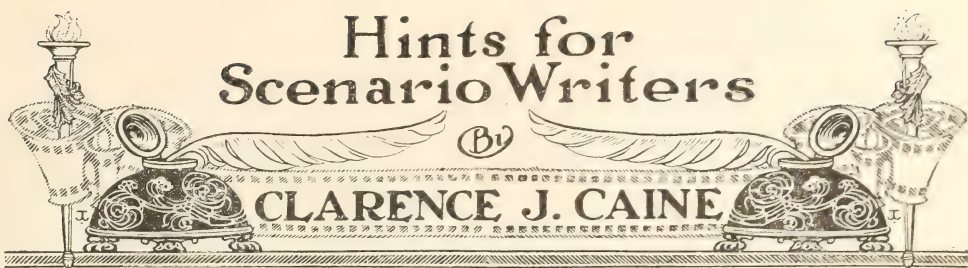
Bessie Love

Ruth Roland



Virginia Riblet

Wynn Perry



PRAISE OR ASSISTANCE?

THIS subject would appear to have very little to do with the actual writing of scenarios, but we know what we are saying when we state that it has a great deal to do with the final success or failure of the persons we try to help in their climb to the top.

The subject in question—as you may have guessed from the title—is the simple question, “Are you one of our students that you will be praised above others, or are you working under us because you want us to be of every assistance possible to you?”

We know most of you will jump at the latter class at once, but suppose you think the matter over in a little different light. Consider some of the very, very hard things we have told you you must do before you can win success; some of the things that made you feel just a little bit discouraged because it all seemed so hopeless for the time being. Wouldn't it have been ever so much more joyful to you if we had said that it was only a question of a week or two until you would begin to write scripts that would make the editors sit up and take notice, and that inside of a month or two you would be well known in film circles as a writer? We think it would, and therefore we think that maybe you should not feel so sure about belonging to the class listed under the latter part of the “Praise or Assistance?” question.

Now, have you ever stopped to think of just why we tried to help you? Maybe, and maybe not. Anyway, we'll explain!

We know the vast majority of writers in all parts of the country are in the game because they have thought the matter over and decided that it offered either a splendid vocation or an attractive avocation. Naturally, these writers are all struggling toward the top—all anxious to reach there just as quickly as they possibly can. Therefore we treat the matter from this viewpoint, and our comments are of a constructive nature rather than of an applauding variety. We say that which we believe will do our student most good.

All this is written because one writer sat down at her machine and typed four pages of a letter to tell us how discouraged she was because she had just taken out a recent copy and read our article entitled “The Outsider,” in which we told just what the free-lance beginner's position was in the game to-day, and what he faced before success came to him. The article carried many cold facts, and, being of faint heart, the young lady lost her nerve. The theme of her letter was that she thought she would quit writing because she felt sure she could never overcome the difficulties which lay before her.

Such a thought is ridiculous. We all have a will, and within this will lies the power to drive us to success in whatever we undertake. The brain may be anything but powerful at the start of one's career, but it can be educated if the will so demands.

To all those who have looked with hopelessness on the seeming obstacles in the way of success in photo-play

writing, we have but one thing to say—banish these distressing and unhealthy thoughts and bring your will into power to overcome everything which rises before you. It makes but little difference whether you try to write scenarios or try to become a clerk in a country store—if you lack the ability to conquer obstacles as they appear before you and surmount every one of them, you will be a failure.

Praise is very nice at times if it is truly deserved. But at the most it is but an empty cloud which passes away quickly and is forgotten. It may appear to cheer for the moment, but how different the effect will be when the person who has been “cheered” learns that the “cheery words” were really words of deceit, and that they sent him off on the wrong course, whereas a few words of advice at the time the cheer was given would have started him in the right direction—the direction in which he would face stern realities and would fight against odds many times; but the direction in which success lay.

ACTION AND BUSINESS.

Many new writers get action and business mixed up, and seem to think they are the same thing. As a matter of fact, they are quite different in the broad meanings of the words. Action is accepted by professional writers to mean the big incidents or situations which carry the plot of the film forward, while business is a finer term denoting the detailed acts of the players in a scene. It is also *action* in a certain sense of the word, and it grows from the real action of the play. In other words, it is the means used to “get over” the action of a scene.

In the action of the play lies the opportunity to introduce much that is new and novel and which will raise the finished product to a level where it will be easily distinguished as being “some-

thing new.” If the action of a play, as a whole, is old, no matter how new the idea upon which it is founded is, the production will leave a bad flavor when it is seen on the screen.

In the business lies the chance of the director to prove he is a master of the finer emotions. Griffith’s business has made him famous because he studies it out with as much care as he does the plots themselves. The fine way a person can tell another something of vital importance is one example of clever business. The writer who can describe such a scene, or any other one of special interest, with unlimited detail and with true-to-life touches is the writer of the future. In the days of old this fine “shading” was unknown, but advancement has brought changes, and future advancement will bring more.

THOUGHT.

A Hearst editorial, copyrighted by the Star Company, attracted our attention recently. Its subject was thought—the thing that rules the world. We reproduce it herewith and recommend a careful study of it:

Two centuries back a young man of twenty-three sat in the quiet of the evening—thinking.

His body was quiet; his vitality, his life, all his powers, were centered in his brain.

Above, the moon shone, and around him rustled the branches of the trees in his father’s orchard.

From one of the trees an apple fell.

No need to tell you that the young man was Newton; that the fall of the apple started in his ready brain the thought that led to his great discovery, giving him fame to last until this earth shall crumble.

How splendid the achievement born that moment! How fortunate for the world and for the youth Newton that at twenty-three his brain had cultivated the habit of thought!

Our muscles we share with everything that lives—with the oyster clinging to his rock, the whale plowing through cold seas, and our monkey kiasman swinging from his tropical branch.

These muscles, useful only to cart us around, help us to do slave work or pound our fellows, we cultivate with care.

We run, fence, ride, walk hard, weary our poor lungs and gather pains in our backs building the muscles that we do not need.

Alone among animals, we possess a potentiality of mind development unlimited.

And for that, with few exceptions, we care nothing.

Most of us, sitting in Newton's place and seeing the apple fall, would merely have debated the advisability of getting the apple to eat it—just the process that any monkey mind would pass through.

A Newton, a brain trained to think, sees the apple drop, asks himself why the moon does not drop also. And he discovers the law of gravitation which governs the existence of every material atom in the universe.

Young men who read this, start in now to use your brains. Take nothing for granted, not even the fact that the moon stays in her appointed place or that the poor starve and freeze amid plenty.

Think of the things which are wrong and of the possibilities of righting them. Study your own weaknesses and imperfections. There is power in your brain to correct them, if you will develop that power.

As surely as you can train your arm to hold fifty pounds out straight, just so surely can you train your brain to deal with problems that now would find you a gaping incompetent.

You may not be a Newton. But if you can condescend to aim at being an inferior Sandow, can't you afford to try even harder to be an inferior Newton?

Don't be a muscular monkey. Be a low-grade philosopher, if you can't be high grade, and find how much true pleasure there is even in inferior brain gymnastics.

Take up some problem and study it:

There goes a woman, poor and old. She carries a heavy burden because she is too sad and weak to fight against fate, too honest to leave a world that treats her harshly.

There struts a youngster, rich and idle.

How many centuries of hell on earth will it take to put that woman's load on that other broad, fat, idle back?

Answer that one question; better still, transfer the load, and your life will not have been wasted.

It is thought that moves the world. In Napoleon's brain are born the schemes that

murder millions and yet push civilization on. The mere soldier, with gold lace and sharp sword, is nothing—a mere tool.

It is the concentrated thought of the English people under Puritan influence that makes Great Britain a sham monarchy and a real republic now.

It is the thought of the men of independent mind in this country that throws English tea and English rule overboard forever.

Don't wait until you are old. Don't wait until you are one day older. Begin now.

Or, later, with a dull, fuzzy, useless mind, you will realize that an unthinking man might as well have been a monkey, with fur instead of trousers, and consequent freedom from mental responsibility or self-respect.

POINTING UP A CLIMAX.

The value of pointing up a climax, once a writer has secured a big idea for the same, cannot be overestimated. Many a picture has been made or broken by the author's skill in this particular line.

The manner of handling a climax to the best advantage must be decided by the author with the climax of each particular play which he works upon. There can be no general rule for this, as one plot is set off to best advantage by sudden and unexpected climaxes, while another requires a slow-moving but powerful climax which is obvious almost from the start of the action. After outlining his plot fully, the writer should carefully go over it and take care of the many little things which can be turned to good advantage in its development. Then he should concentrate on the climax for a considerable period of time and see that it is "worked up" in the best possible way.

A CORRESPONDENT'S MESSAGE.

One of our correspondents in Florida in a recent letter made the following remarks which are worthy of the study of any beginner. Following is his letter in part:

"First and most essential is that element, the possession of which is needed

for the battle—a determination to work! A determination which rejections and disappointments will not batter down. There is a surprising lack of spirit shown by many beginners when their first few offerings are not purchased by the company. Many of them consider it an easy way to acquire the necessary 'pin money,' but very soon this idea is trampled down by the hobnail boots of the all-powerful scenario editors and their assistants. Such writers revive sufficiently to pick up their spurned offering and regain enough voice to rail violently against the iron-hearted editors, and then either retreat hastily from the field with much feeling of having entered sacred grounds and violated a no-trespass ordinance or gather up sufficient courage to prepare and submit another script, this time much wiser in the ways of the film game in general and the scenario editors in particular, and these latter are the ones who will eventually win recognition, always, providing, of course, the ability is there.

"Then there is the matter of inspiration and forced concentration. Inspiration is, of course, necessary, but it is nothing if that most indispensable running mate, "willed attention," be not at instant command. Very few are the films which carry with them sufficient inspiration to start, finish, and revise a script. Every petty detail, it seems, absorbs its bit from our fund of inspiration, and when we go so far we find that we must reply upon our will power to pull us on to a finish. This is more true of the multiple-reel scripts than of the single reelers, though the latter also come under this head.

"'Slow, but sure,' is an excellent motto for all amateurs. Suppose we do read of so and so turning out an almost unbelievable number of reels per day or per week. That is no reason why we, new in the game as we are, should attempt to do likewise. We must remember that the editor looks on the

outside for scripts unusual in ideas and treatment. At the present time this is more true than previously, I believe, because the supply of novels and short stories is slowly dwindling away and original scripts are more in demand.

"Therefore, let us go slow giving always the best that is in us and striving to inject into our scripts purity and ideals that will tend to raise the entire status of the motion-picture industry."

POSERS.

One regrettable thing about a few misguided photo playwrights is the fact that they seem to enjoy going about before their friends and in their neighborhood or village and posing as a person not built with ordinary clay.

Many of these beginners allow their hair to grow long and spend much of their time inventing eccentric things to do, because they have heard that this was the way of geniuses. That these writers seldom get anywhere need not be chronicled here, but it seems a pity that they should place the entire photoplay-writing profession in an unfavorable light in certain localities.

Neighbors and friends of these "posers" not only ridicule them, but actually believe they are different from other people and that "they are not quite right in the head." Thus the impression spreads that the same applies to all photo playwrights, and this is decidedly unfavorable.

The real scenario writer is most practical. Those who work in studios arrive at a certain time in the morning and punch the clock. They leave at a certain time in the evening and punch the clock again. Nothing very eccentric about that, is there?

Every beginner should be very careful to see that he does not pose before his friends, as the effect is never an official, and quite often proves harmful. The majority of writers who have

made a success of the work have gone along for months without telling even the members of their immediate family what they were doing. After they registered a sale or two, they told, with becoming modesty, what they had been trying to do and to what extent they had succeeded. This is the proper spirit to enter into the work with, for it is the worker, not the poser, that succeeds in the scenario game.

THE SHORTAGE.

A well-known motion-picture magnate recently remarked that in his opinion there were less than fifty per cent enough photo playwrights in America to-day, and we are firmly convinced that he spoke the truth.

The reason is probably very much of a debated question, both the manufacturers and the scenario writers having a "say in" on the matter. The manufacturer has been going along for several years now using such staff writers as he needed and buying occasional scripts from outside. At no time has he gone especially out of his way to develop a new writer with thoughts of the future. This is quite different than the policy of a publishing house, for large publishers are always looking into the future and developing new writers.

A manufacturer has taken too much for granted in regard to photo playwrights. He has figured that they would come and go just as easily as actors and actresses, but it appears that things are working out differently, and that while certain writers are going, the expected rivals have failed to put in an appearance.

The photo playwright's viewpoint of the situation is that he has not been treated quite fairly. Whether this is true or not it is worthy of consideration, since the claim is insistent. The photo-play writer has not been developed as

a young fiction writer would have been, but has been forced to peddle his wares to whatever companies he could, and has, therefore, become disinterested in any particular company, his sole interest being to sell each particular script. This regrettable condition will continue just as long as promising writers are not taken under the direction of companies and developed to fit that company's needs. It is not necessary that the company buy everything that the photo playwright turns out, but an occasional purchase, with many letters of encouragement and considerable coaching, will prove quite sufficient to hold the writer to the company.

Since it is the manufacturer who is just waking up to the shortage of scenario writers, it seems altogether natural that he be the first one to make advances to the army of writers who have really proved their worth, but who have never quite "got inside." If the manufacturer will come halfway, we believe he will find the writer ready to meet him, and with coöperation between the two, the shortage will cease to exist and the number of good pictures which will be seen on the screen will greatly increase.

ONE STUDENT'S PROGRESS.

About a year ago a young lady in Bedford, Maine, wrote us that she intended to become a scenario writer and asked us how, which, why, when, where, et cetera. We replied politely that it would be impossible for us to take her as an absolutely unskilled amateur and turn her into a finished writer with a few simple letters through the mail. However, we outlined the plan which we usually do for beginners, viz., to study our department carefully and to apply from what she learned from it to the construction of the films she saw on the screen and to the scenarios which she wrote herself.

Recently we received another letter

from the same young lady. She told of the many hardships she had encountered during her year of "experience," but said she was considerably encouraged by the fact that she had sold two two-reel scenarios and one five-reel synopsis.

Her method, as she described it, did not vary in the least from the one we suggested. When she received our letter she sat down and began to think and realize that if she was to be a success it would be because she worked for it. Then she applied herself to the careful study of our department, and also began to attend the picture shows regularly—not for amusement purposes, but for as serious a study as she had ever attempted in her life. She saw just how the pictures were put together and noted many different ideas, situations, and incidents that went to make up every film.

These she dissected carefully while in her study, and in time she began to feel that she had an insight into the work. Then, for the first time, she tried to write a photo play herself, although she had been saving ideas for that ever since she decided to join the ranks of the writers. Her first effort did not please her, and she set it aside for a couple of weeks. Then she continued her study of the screen. When she returned to the script, she quickly saw its weak points and revised it. Then she submitted it; but, as the first scenarios of writers usually do, it came back, but this did not bother her in the least, however, for she had determined to succeed, and nothing could stop her. Six months rolled by in which it was all work and no pleasure, for not a single sale was registered. Then one of the two-reel scenarios failed to come back, and a check was mailed in its place. This served as an inspiration, and she worked all the harder during the last six months, with the result that the other two sales were registered.

This woman would be typical of thousands if they only had the grit and determination to go through with the task they have started. There may be times when rejections pile up and discouragement runs high that one would like to give up everything, but success awaits those that persevere, and the man who enters the fight in a merely lukewarm manner will never win his way to the top.

PLOT DEVELOPMENT.

If the writer is rushed during the composing of a scenario, there is a great danger that the plot development will be something to bring tears to the eyes of an intelligent person. An excellent idea can easily be spoiled by the writer dashing through, and instead of giving it such development as it really requires, just "filling in" enough to make the required footage, whatever it be.

While this is a fault more common with staff writers than with free-lancers and beginners, nevertheless it is one that the latter two classes should be warned against. Very often a free-lance writer believes he has a splendid idea, and takes hope with the thought of getting it to the studio as quickly as possible for fear some one else will "beat him to it."

The development of a plot is a process which requires much thought, as a rule. Occasionally a complete plot may bob into the mind of the writer, and he will be able to sit down and write the play out without stopping to think out the details, as they seem to be already there. This is sort of a phenomenon, however, and happens very seldom. In the majority of cases the writer gets his idea for his story, and then it is up to him to work it out in the best possible manner.

It is the little things in plot development that count even more than the big things, and it is only natural that when

the writer is forced to hurry through a script the little things are slighted, although the big things are handled in a rough way. Examples of this can be seen on the screen daily in films put out by companies whose scenario staffs are literally "rushed to death." The scripts are inconsistent, and the possibilities for logical development and for the injection of appealing action are naturally ignored. On the other hand, the films of the companies who are several weeks ahead of the release dates and whose scenario writers have much more time to round the niceties into their scripts stand out very well in comparison.

Never be afraid that the time you spend in finding new and appealing situations and action within your plot, if you have roughly outlined it, will be wasted, for more than one sale has been made simply because the writer seemed to show an insight into human life and the editor was struck at once by his story.

TYPES.

As we have often said before, one of the largest channels through which freshness can be injected into the photo drama is by a careful selection of unusual types from life. The successful photo-playwright, like the successful dramatist or novelist, must learn to classify people according to types the moment he lays eyes on them on the street. Not that there are a certain number of hackneyed "types" which the mind can easily absorb and file every one that passes before it; rather, there is no standard at all, and the word type is taken to mean individual rather than class.

Some of the greatest and biggest photo plays have grown out of the ability of the scenario writer to find a new type. Directors and actors immediately recognize this, and are inspired to do their best work in the picture which

presents a type which is not trite to the screen.

To select types, one must be a student of human nature, and to become a student of human nature one must know not only one's self, but also the entire plan of life, and ever seeking to better it. When he sees a type that is different from the many which pass him every day, he seizes upon it immediately. It may not develop into anything, but at the same time an idea may arise from it which will eventually become one of the screen's best productions.

THE PHYSICAL "PUNCH."

The day of the physical "punch" is rapidly passing, for motion-picture patrons are no longer thrilled by a physical smash-up which more than often showed no uncertain evidences of being "staged." The entry into the field of players capable of doing more dramatic work through expressions sounded the death knell of the "dare-devil." Their death has been slow, and, perhaps, we will be forced to retract the statement regarding the death knell, as there may at all times be an opening for a certain amount of thrillers. At the present time, however, it is a fact that producers care more for a novel idea and a cleverly worked-out play, together with a smashing, logical climax, than they do for all the thrills and excitement that a scenario writer could imagine in months.

It is only natural that the public's choice should prove this way and carry the exhibitors' demand with it. As the public tired of melodrama on the stage years ago, it is certain that it would tire of melodrama on the screen in time. This is but another sign that the time is near when the photo playwright will be recognized in his full worth, and when that time comes we hope that many of our readers will be among the foremost in the profession.

LIVE-WIRE MARKET HINTS.

The Fine Arts Griffiths Studios, No. 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, have announced they will release a series of two-reel pictures shortly. No details are given except that Douglas Fairbanks and Fay Tincher will appear in these. Whether the scenarios are to be prepared by staff men or purchased from the outside has not been stated, but an inquiry might be worth while.

ANSWERS TO READERS.

JOHN McCULLOCH.—Unless the dance which takes place in your scenario has to be a certain kind, it is unimportant that the author state what kind it is. There is no reason to describe it in detail. An author generally can best tell how many reels his scenario is intended for.

JNO. E. JARVIS.—The use of a double subtitle should be avoided, but where necessary the effect can be gained by writing the first title and then either stating that a new piece of film is necessary, or if one title fades into the other handle it just the same as a fade. Most scenario writers simply use the word "vision" when they want a vision scene. It is quite all that is necessary for the director to know what is wanted. Close ups and close-range views should always be numbered separately unless some special cause arises, and an individual script alters this rule. If you wanted to return to scene one from some scene beyond that point, and show continuous action, you would probably say back to scene one, but if there is no continuity in the action, and the only connection between the scene is the sameness of the setting, the expression, "Same as scene one," could be used. If you use

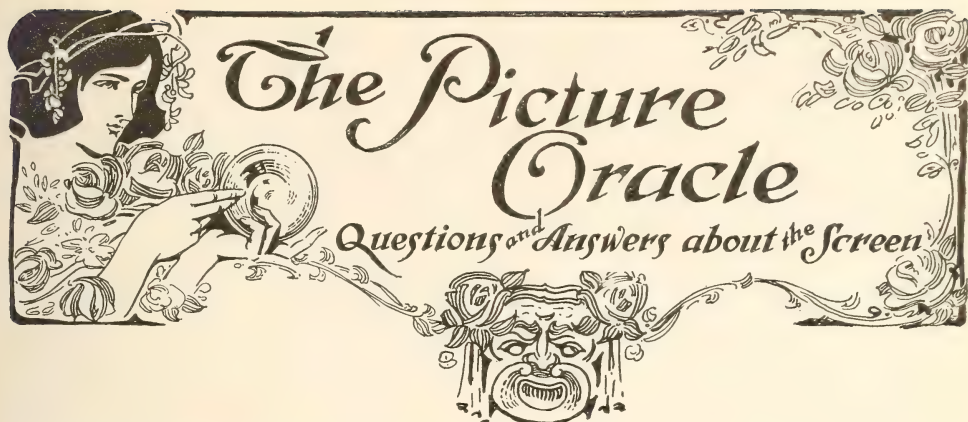
a title which had been previously copyrighted, you would lay yourself liable to punishment by the owner of the copyright if he desired to take the matter up. It is advisable to be very careful in such matters.

A. J. KUH.—The Universal Film Manufacturing Company, No. 1600 Broadway, New York, the Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, or the Lubin Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, might be interested in your story.

CHARLES L. DUPRE.—There is no company that we know of which makes a specialty of historical plays, though any of them will consider such material. Just now, however, modern society dramas are most popular, and the historical films produced within the last few months have been taken, almost without exception, from famous books and plays. Lasky is probably your best chance.

G. D. BENSON.—The answers to all of your questions are covered fully in our market booklet, which we will be glad to forward you upon receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Detailed information is given concerning the wants of all the companies.

A. G. B.—It is probable that your manuscript did not have enough stamps to carry it. If it had been delivered with the other mail, undoubtedly it would have been opened. On account of the volume of letters received on which additional postage is required, however, most film companies make a practice of refusing to make any extra payments whatever, and all mail bearing insufficient postage is returned. This is the only explanation we can think of.



The Picture Oracle

Questions and Answers about the Screen

This department will answer questions asked by our readers relating to motion pictures. No questions regarding matrimony, religion, or scenario writing will be answered; those of the latter variety should be sent to the editor of the scenario writers' department. Send full name and address, and write name or initials by which you wish to be answered at the top of your letter. Address: Picture Oracle, care of this magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. All questions are answered in the order received; failure to see your reply in one issue means that it will come later. If you desire an early answer, inclose a stamped, addressed envelope, and a personal answer will be sent unless there is space in the magazine for it.

GIRL OF SEVENTEEN.—Yes, Ben Wilson always appears with Dorothy Phillips. Quite a pair, don't you think? He was born in Corning, Iowa. The last time I saw him, he had black hair and brown eyes. He is five feet eleven and three-fourths. Miss Phillips was born in Baltimore on October 28th, 1882, and has brown eyes and hair. Address them care of the Universal, No. 1600 Broadway, New York City. The "Jug-naut" has long been released. So you are going to be a movie star? Go to it, if you insist, and good luck! A large neck might interfere with your becoming an actress, but it all depends on how large it is. Actresses curl their own hair. Stage paint is never used on their faces in the movies. It shows up black on the screen. Ben likes to row, swim, and ride in his auto. My eyes are the same color all year round.

MEEK & LEEK.—Ah! An easy answer at last! Edward Ables, in that play. Leo Maloney opposite Helen Holmes in "The Girl and the Game." Yes, Francis Ford has a brother. Billie Ritchie originated the Chaplin make-up. Herbert Rawlinson is quite an athlete. Anna Little is still with Mutual.

ELAINE T.—Henry Walthall is resting at the present writing. Griffith's "Mother and the Law" is said to surpass even the "Birth of a Nation." It will be about the same length. Robert Harron and Mae Marsh will be seen in the leading rôles. Wallace Reid

is with Lasky, Cleo Ridgley opposite him. Don't think Lillian and Dorothy ever heard of that town. Henry's turn is coming. Her hair is brown. Henry Walthall is five feet six inches tall. You bet you're welcome any time.

FRANCES O'CONNOR.—Against the rules, young lady. Address Mary Pickford, care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. She will surely get it. That doesn't sound like Mabel Normand. Suppose you write to her again, and tell her about it. Maybe she didn't get your letter. Address her at the New York Motion Picture Corporation, Culver City, California.

ELIZABETH DREW.—Haven't seen the fifty-thousand-dollar smile, but am sure it must be a little overestimated. Haven't seen or heard of the picture as yet.

MARY MILES MINTER ADMIRER.—Your first is against the rules of this department. Of course not! She is only fourteen years old. Her latest picture has not been named as yet. You must read the magazine more carefully. Mary is one of our favorites. Thanks muchly for the invitation.

E. B.—Whew! Why didn't you bind your questions in book form? Here goes, however; I'll do my best. Toss up between Wally Reid and Carlyle Blackwell. Am getting to like Wally better every day. Ghosts are made to appear and disappear by

means of double exposure. Give me the one with the homely face and the talent. To both hard, earnest training and naturalness. Certainly they are decent, respectable people. Art is art, you know. Some look better off than on, and the other way around. Farnum depends on his acting, and not his physique. The scenario is the working basis of a film production, the story analyzed in scenes. I prefer Dorothy Gish. Henry Walthall and Mary Pickford. Walthall has a little the better of it. Triangle and Lasky produce the best at the present time. From six weeks up to make a five-reel picture. Yes, the players really speak when they open their mouths, and talk. Carrying a dialogue helps them with their acting. Very few use music for rehearsals. The "Birth of a Nation" is still being shown all over the country. It is the biggest money-getting picture that has ever been seen, and well deserving, as it is also the best picture that has ever been produced.

WINFIELD, Kans.—So you're back again? Welcome home! Jack Pickford with Selig, in Chicago. Jack Kerrigan can be addressed at Universal City, California. Glad you agree with me, Bessie.

POUGHKEEPSIE.—Wallace Reid is with Lasky. You can address him in care of that company at Los Angeles, California. Wally will most certainly send you a photo for twenty-five cents to cover the cost of the photo and mailing. Let's hear more from you.

BUCK.—Would suggest that you try to get a position as assistant camera man with some film company, or get in some studio in any capacity that will enable you to get a chance to study the camera. It is a hard job to learn to master that end of the business.

AMELIA.—Hello! Back again, I see! Welcome to our column! Yes, Irving Cummings was very good indeed in "The Saleslady." You can look for him again shortly in another Famous Players picture. He closed his contract with Mutual right after the filming of "The Diamond from the Sky" serial. Mr. Bushman's next film will be announced shortly. "Romeo and Juliet" is announced as the latest picture of Bushman and Bayne. Come again. I like your letters.

I. M., Toronto.—That's the way. Toronto is getting to be one of our favorites. Quite some questions from Toronto fans now. Keep up the good work. Yes, as you stated in your postscript, your answer is against the rules of the department for me to give.

Beverly Bayne, Grace Cunard, and Blanche Sweet are all certainly very good actresses, as you state. Goodness! Six pictures of Blanche around you at this very moment! Guess she would feel highly honored if she knew of it. Yes, she had the same hard climb as most of the stars. Ability and hard work are the only roads that lead to fame as a motion-picture actor, and you have to travel both of them to get to the top. Paul Capellani is the leading man to whom you refer in your last question. Be sure to write us often.

ALLEN.—Both of these serials are unquestionably very fine. It is all a matter of personal opinion as to which is the better. "The Iron Claw" has been very good indeed. "The Mysteries of Myra" are released by the International Film Service, and produced by the Wharton Brothers. "Peg of the Ring" is declared to be even better than the Cunard-Ford serial, "The Broken Coin." Helen Holmes is to be seen in "Whispering Smith," in ten reels. Sounds very good, doesn't it? No, both Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin have appeared in several pictures since the "Eternal Grind" and "Carmen." Marshall Neilan played opposite Mary Pickford in that picture. Stewart Holmes with Theda Bara in the "Galley Slave." Alexander Gaden in "The Drifter," Gaumont. Leo Maloney was the leading man of the "Girl and the Game" serial. Harry Watson is still appearing in the "Musty Suffer" series of comedies for George Klein. Yes, the Universal is the larger company of the ones you mention. "The Mother and the Law" is the name of Griffith's new picture that is supposed to be better than his "Birth of a Nation." The "Trey o' Hearts" was an exceptional serial, and ranks with any that have been produced so far. It will always be remembered as a thrilling piece of work by all who were fortunate enough to follow it up. All right, I'll be looking for your letter next week.

CUPID!—Well, another Toronto well-wisher! That's the way. We like to hear from our readers all over the United States, Canada, or any place, and are always willing to answer anything within our ability. Wally Reid sure is a handsome chap. His name is William Wallace Reid, and he was born in St. Louis in 1891. He is six feet two inches tall, and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. Sessue Hayakawa was educated in both Japan and America. Fannie Ward may be in time, but at present I don't think she is quite her equal. You certainly must be *some* movie fan, and at that rate

ought to see quite a number of pictures. Well, be sure and let us hear from you soon again.

W. T. B. A.—So you two sixteen-year-olds want to be "movie actors," and want some advice about how to get in. Our advice is to keep out. There are thousands of boys just like you who write us the very same thing. Home, sweet home, is where you belong at your ages. Now, don't get angry.

SAMMY OTIS.—You're all wrong, Sammy. Kerrigan is a good actor, but he cannot be compared with Henry Walthall. Harry Carey is absolutely the best heavy in the business, but his playing leading rôles has nothing to do with the case. Wally Reid has the looks on Kerrigan. Our readers have proven that they think so by the number of letters they have written saying so. The public is fully aware of the "Peg of the Ring" serial. Come again, and stay a while.

VERA S.—Sorry, Vera, but we cannot help you out. Hundreds have written us the same thing. There is no man that we know of who makes a successful practice of taking girls who want to act and making picture stars out of them, although some one may profess to do such a thing. Why don't you apply for extra work at the different studios, and in this way get used to things?

JUNE.—Whew! Some little questioner you are, take it from me! Well, I'll do my best. She is twenty-eight. Yes, I think they would answer your letters, all right, although they are all so busy that it might take a long time. Address Lillian Walker in care of the Vitagraph Company, New York City. Anna Little can be addressed at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California. She is twenty-two years old. I am neither old nor young. It all depends on what time I get up in the morning. No, I must admit that Mary Pickford gets a few more cents than I do. I earn a lot, but I don't get it. Every one wants my photo, but I am all out of them and am so busy answering questions that I never get time to have any taken. Are you pretty? How do I know? I haven't seen you, but I will take your word for it. Yes, most actors and actresses answer all the letters they get, but it takes lots of time. All right, thanks for letting me off so easy this time. All right, anything you want to ask I will answer, providing it isn't against the rules. A very readable hand, indeed. Wish all the letters I receive were as plain as your own.

DIXIE.—Your very interesting little (?) letter received. I quite agree with you that the moving pictures are a godsend to the

masses. Marguerite Clark is being interviewed. Yes, Ramona will be seen in the West shortly. Most of the companies do print their cast before the beginning of each picture.

LOTTIE PICKFORD ADMIRER.—Your question is not within the rules of this department. I don't know why she changed her name. He is twenty-four years old. Yes, they are brothers and sisters. Beulah Poynter is still acting—considerably so. So you like the married-club idea? Very good. Write again.

F. O'CONNOR.—Yes, Blanche Sweet is a very good actress, indeed. You must spend all of your time at the movies, don't you? "Stolen Goods" was produced in California. Carlyle Blackwell has it on him in looks. You say you think he is handsomer because he sent you a photograph of himself, and Carlyle didn't. Why don't you write Carlyle and ask him for one?

M. D.—Marguerite Clark, in "Seven Sisters." Alan Dwan is directing for Triangle now, since he left the Universal. Alice Hollister was the first real "vampire." She played that part in the "Vampire," a Kalem production. Theda Bara, however, has become recognized as the greatest portrayeur of the alluring female on the screen. Louise Glaum, of Triangle, is also rapidly ascending the feminine seducing gallery ladder. The companies are using stage stars mostly for the reputation they have attained on the spoken stage.

LORD HAZENBACK No. 7771.—Wow, me lord! Where on earth did you dig up the title? It's long enough, to be sure, but why the No. 7771? Reminds one of the rogues' gallery. Hope your conscience is clear, however. No, I only answer questions for this magazine, and am just old enough to know better. Some boy for my age, eh, what? L-ko stands for Lehrman, ko—company. Billie Ritchie goes under his own name, is an Englishman, and was born in his native country. Billie Jacobs' "ma" got him into the movies. King Baggot is his real name, although he never sat on a throne outside of the movie realm. So you, too, want to become a motion-picture star. Ye gods! Have I one reader who does not possess that desire? Don't all speak at once. You are some poet, but modesty forbids me to print such a tribute to myself. Thanks, just the same.

RUTHIE H.—Hello, Ruthie! So this is your first offense? Such a little bit of a letter, too. However, I hope you will improve as we get better acquainted. No, Wil-

liam Courtleigh, junior, and Lillian Lorraine are not playing together any more. They were only engaged to play opposite each other for the "Neal of the Navy" serial. Lillian Walker is still with the Vitagraph. There is no one by that name with the Vitagraph Company. Come again soon, and stay a little while longer.

W. E. M.—Thanks muchly for the box of candy. It was delicious—the little I had of it—but some hungry editor was around when I received it, and all but devoured the dainty morsels. I don't know whether to blame the candy or the editor's salary for this outbreak. Against the rules, little lady. Sydney Ainsworth resides in Chicago. So Valeska Suratt had a fall on the stage? I wonder if she enjoyed her trip? Couldn't you think of any more questions that you would like to have answered? Don't be bashful about it. That's what I get my three thousand a week for—letters, I mean.

MAY FEINE.—All we can describe Mary Pickford as is a "little bundle of joy." Don't you think it fits her case very well? Guess the name of Pickford appealed to her. You can address her at the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. Anita Stewart has a sister in pictures, now starting with the Vitagraph. Her name is Lucille Lee Stewart. You hit her age right. Mary Miles Minter acknowledges that she has seen fourteen summers, and as many winters. Marguerite Clark is twenty-nine. Mary Pickford's birthday is on April 8th. Mary Miles Minter also has her birthday in April, on the very first day. Marguerite Snow on September 9th. Washington and Marguerite Clark were born on the same day, but not the same year. February 8th for Geraldine Farrar. Against the rules, young lady. Of course Mary Fuller is cute. Yes—again—she draws a cute salary. Never asked Mary about the articles. Another question against the rules. Better luck next time.

H. H.—Yes, there are quite a number of openings at times for people in your line in the motion-picture business. You would stand a much better chance by applying for the position in person than you would by merely writing to a firm and stating your ability. Here's luck to you!

"Dot."—No. Charlie Chaplin and Florence Lawrence are still very much alive. Yes, one does hear a great number of reports about certain motion-picture people dying off every once in a while, but you must let that go in one ear and out of the other, unless you see it published in PICTURE-PLAY. You can address Florence La Badie in care of the

Thanhouser Film Corporation at New Rochelle, New York. Myrtle Stedman played with Dustin Farnum in "The Call of the Cumberlands." I quite agree with you that "Dusty" is some chesty little hero. Bessie Love played lead with William S. Hart in the Triangle production of "The Aryan." Enough?

"BABE."—Al Thomas is the man who took the part. No, you're all wrong. They are entirely two different persons. The William Shea who played in "My Lady's Slipper" is not the William Shay who played in the "Clemenceau Case" and "Soul of Broadway." The former is a comedian with the Vitagraph Company, while the latter is a leading man with William Fox. Now you go and spoil it all by asking a question that is against the rules of the Picture Oracle. Don't you ever read the rules? Dustin is older than William Farnum. Claire Whitney is about five feet eight inches tall.

C. K. L.—Arnold Daly is not appearing in Pathé's new serial, the "Iron Claw." He is back on the stage again, appearing in "Beau Brummel" at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, in New York. You can address him care of Pathé, New York City. Gilbert M. Anderson has not been with the Essanay for some time. He is not appearing in the movies for the time being, and the chances are that he will retire.

GUSSIE L. P. W.—So you are going to be a star? Glad to hear it. Be sure to send me an invite to the grand event. By the way, I notice you sign yourself "lovingly" now. Evidently you are getting to like us better each day. You can address Anna Little in care of the American Film Company, at Santa Barbara, California. Warren Kerrigan at Universal City, California. The same address will reach Herbert Rawlinson. Carlyle Blackwell in care of the World Film Corporation, New York City. Mary Miles Minter and Charlie Chaplin at the Mutual Film Corporation, New York City, and Mary Fuller at the Universal Company, New York City. You sure will have some collection of stars when you get the above. You had better send twenty-five cents with each request, and then you will surely get one in return. You know, photographs cost the actor and actress quite a good deal of money, and they get many such requests each day. If they kept supplying every one with photos free, they would soon be bankrupt. Come again.

MISS AMBITIOUS.—Ambition! That's the stuff that makes us great men and women, eh, what? So you are infected with the

ambition fever also? And you liked the Violet Mersereau cover very much? It certainly was very nice indeed. You must ask your theater manager to get her pictures if you want to see her, as she is appearing in them regularly with William Garwood. You can address her in care of the Universal Film Company, New York City. Certainly Helen Holmes is still playing in pictures. Didn't you see "The Girl and the Game" series? You can also see her in "Whispering Smith." You are right, she is quite some dare-devil. Mary Miles Minter is with Mutual. She does not use rouge on her face at all while acting before the camera. None of the actresses do, as it photographs black on the screen. Your poetry is vera, vera good, but I have to hold over some answers as it is until next month, so it will have to go unpublished until we can scrape up some room for it.

LEONA.—That moniker for the Picture Oracle reminds me of suburban lots for sale. Madame Petrova was born in Poland. You can address Paula Shay in care of the Ivan Film Corporation, New York City. Beatriz Michelina can be addressed at the California Motion Picture Corporation, San Rafael, California. Yes, I am sure that she will send you a photograph of herself if you inclose a quarter as you state in your letter. Yes, we will have something about Madame Petrova very shortly in PICTURE-PLAY. You have the right idea, Leona. The only reason we can't put them all in at once is that we haven't got the room, and, besides, if we put them all in at one time, we wouldn't have any left for the next issue. Wish some of the other readers could see the way you do.

"MOVIE FAN."—So this is your first offense? All right. That being the case, we will have to forgive you this time, on one condition, and that is that you let us hear from you more often. Anita Stewart, Wally Van, and Earle Williams can be addressed in care of the Vitagraph Company, Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; Lillian Gish at the Fine Arts Studio, Los Angeles, California, and Henry Walthall in care of the Essanay, at Chicago, Illinois. Lillian Gish is but twenty years old, Anita is also the very same age she is. Earle Williams is thirty-six years old, and Henry Walthall is but two years his senior. Mary Pickford is twenty-three years old, or should we say twenty-three years young? You can address her at the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. Better send a quarter to each one of them if you are after one of their photos. Don't know whatever makes

people think that Charlie Chaplin is deaf or dumb. Any one that can get six hundred and seventy thousand dollars a year cannot very well be considered dumb, do you think? He is the liveliest dead man you ever saw.

"BAGIE."—Yes, William Courtleigh had the lead in that production. We prefer Ruth Rolan to Florence La Badie, although she is exceptionally clever. Jack Kerrigan has appeared in serials. How about the Terrance O'Rourke series with him? Morris Foster with Florence La Badie. Don't be bashful. Come again, and often.

"IRVING CUMMINGS ADMIRER."—Just look at all the space your title takes up, and all the space I have used up in telling you about it. Oh, dear, and space so valuable in this magazine, too! Irving Cummings is but twenty-eight years of old age. Yes, he did some splendid work in "The Diamond from the Sky," the American serial. Can't answer that question, as it is against the rules. He played opposite Hazel Dawn in "The Saleslady." Address him in care of the Famous Players, New York City.

E. T.—Thanks for them kind woids. We most heartily appreciate your interest. Don't mention it. We will do our best to answer anything that is hurled our way, except when it does not come within the rules of the department. When a moving-picture company supplies a costume, the actor or actress does not keep it. The costumes are returned to the wardrobe room of the company for future use. Pearl White and Creighton Hale are very good, indeed, but are not my own favorites. We can't all be alike, you know. Your letter was very interesting indeed. Don't fail to call on us at any old time. I might get lonesome without a line from you.

D. H. C.—William Farnum was born on July 4th, 1876. No, not 1776. He likes the coast very much, and spends his spare time out there when not engaged before the camera, which is mighty seldom. William is very popular. Are you sure you have the right name of that Lubin picture? Can't find any by that name in the past three years. Yes, Mary Pickford will send you a photograph of herself if you will inclose a quarter.

ARNOLD N. R.—Seven years ago is a little too far back to be able to get names of players. You can address Antonio Moreno, in care of the Vitagraph Company, at Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. No, I don't see any one generally underrating Francis X. Bushman. No, I don't think he is as good an actor as Henry Walthall, but I do agree that he is a "corker," just the same. Chaplin has appeared in hundreds of pictures. I

can't tell the reason you haven't seen him in a "blue moon," as you say, because he is acting regularly. Better inquire the reason from your theater manager. No, I wouldn't mind earning his salary for fifteen years.

F. H. B.—You can address William Garwood in care of the Universal Company, New York City. Lillian Gish can be addressed care the Fine Arts Film Company, Los Angeles, California., Billie Burke at George Kleine Film Company, New York City, and Charlie Ray at Kay-Bee Film Company, Culver City, California. Wallace Reid is twenty-five years old. Yes, he used to play with Dorothy Davenport in old Universal pictures. Quite some actor, as well as a handsome chap, don't you think? Can't answer that question about the price of *contributions*. It all depends on the MSS.

M. E. R.—There is no record of such a picture ever being produced by the American Film Company. Is it about an unreturned scenario? Give me more details on the subject, and maybe I can help you out on it. Am willing to find out all I can for you.

JIMMIE.—My, but aren't you the inquisitive little feller? Nope, you're all wrong in your surmises, although they are very good indeed. Yes, Farnum and Bushman are two very good actors. We prefer Farnum to Bushman. Of course Violet Mersereau, Marguerite Clarke, and Beverly Bayne are sweet! You can address Billie Burke in care of George Kleine Film Company, New York City. Of course William Farnum will send you one of his pictures if you inclose a quarter. The poetry is very cute indeed, and I am turning it over to the editor. If he can find some spare space, I am sure he will use it. Have hopes.

EUDORA.—William Russel is six feet two inches tall, weighs two hundred and three pounds, and has dark-brown hair and eyes. Against the rules, young lady. Don't you know that we don't answer any marriage questions in the Picture Oracle? No, you are wrong. Lottie is the youngest. Charlotte Burton is considerable "vampire lady," as you say. She played that type of part in the "Diamond from the Sky." "The Secret of the Submarine" is making quite a hit now. Theda Bara is twenty-six, and is about five feet nine inches tall. Mary Miles Minter is with the Mutual, and can be addressed at the Mutual Film Corporation, New York City. We don't mind the paper a bit. We would like it on any kind, just so it's readable. That's all we ask.

F. C. B.—Sorry, old man, but I can't help you out. If you could give me the name of the picture, or even the company that put it on, I could find out for you. But to give me only the name of a character and want the name of the person who played the part, the company, and the name of the picture is a little too much for me to do. Don't fail to call on me for anything else.

"MOVIE FAN."—Joe Moore is about fourteen years old. He used to play with the old Imp Company, but is not playing in pictures at the present time. He was considered an exceptionally clever child actor. A good friend of mine, by the way. Marcia Moore is eighteen years old. She was born in Chicago, Illinois. We were right about the ages of the Moores. Owen is the eldest. Matt is only twenty-eight years old. Joseph Byron Totten was born in Brooklyn, and educated at St. Francis Xavier, in New York. He is a feature director with the Essanay Company, and plays in pictures as well. He is five feet eight and one-quarter inches tall, and has blond hair and blue eyes. Jack Pickford is five feet nine.

VIOLET, N. J.—Theda Bara in "A Fool There Was," "Gold and the Woman," "The Serpent," "The Clemenceau Case," "Lady Audley's Secret," and "The Eternal Sappho." Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen," "Temptation," and "Maria Rosa." Betty Nansen in "A Woman's Resurrection," "The Song of Hate," "Anna Karenina," "The Celebrated Scandal," and "Should a Mother Tell?"

MAE WHITEFIELD.—Hello, May! You sure are a veteran reader of the magazine. Glad you like it so well, and accept our thanks for those kind words about us, especially about this department. We will have chats with them all, and almost everything as soon as we get a little space for everybody. So you would like to see some of Kerrigan's love letters? Naughty girl, but I don't think I would object to reading a couple. They must be very interesting. Sorry you burned your hand. You know that old saying about trying to kill two birds with one stone. This applies to ironing and reading PICTURE-PLAY at the same time. Never let ironing interfere with your reading—PICTURE-PLAY. So we have about the same favorites? Well, I am surely glad to hear that. You're right. Next to Griffith, Thomas Ince is the greatest director. So you are sorry Al Ray is not conducting "Screen Gossip?" Well, he has little time for anything else now but his directing. He is with the Charter Features Company now, producing the "Life of Lincoln." He appeared in fifteen Vim comedies.

Glad you think PICTURE-PLAY is the best of them all. We admit it as well as yourself.

BOATS.—Nope, nothing doing on the roasting. We are going to let you off easy this time. Theda Bara was really born in Egypt. Didn't you read her "Strange Life," written by herself in PICTURE-PLAY? Under her own signature she says that she was born in Egypt, and don't you think the lady ought to know better than any one else?

SUSIE JONES.—Yes, Earle Fox has been featured in quite a few pictures. You think him a likable villain, eh? Why not a likable hero as well? So you like all those that other people don't like? Quite strange, to be sure. Yes, I guess we will see House Peters in some more Western plays soon. Geraldine Farrar is not at the Hollywood studios of Lasky any more. She is not playing in pictures for the time being. Don't mention it.

A. A.—Sure, you can ask any old thing that is within reason and the rules. The Famous Players have a studio in New York City. They take pictures of outdoor life by going outdoors and taking it. Did you suppose they took the exterior scenes in the studio also? Most actors and actresses look better off the screen than they do on. Violet Mersereau is eighteen years old. Yes, she played the lead in that picture, and was just as old as she is now at the time.

LADY ETHEL.—This is what I call a very high-sounding and dignified title, to be sure. So you like Irving Cummings very much? He is a good actor, but we consider Francis Bushman superior to him. Irving was born October 9th, 1888, is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes. So you, too, are going to be a movie actress? Why so, with school-teaching so successful? The big movie studios in Florida are in Jacksonville, but they have been vacated for the summer. In the winter they will open again, however. The Vim, Thanhouser, Kalem, Eagle, and Gaumont studios are there. Thanks for the wishes. Call again.

VIRGINIA.—Norma Phillips isn't playing at present. There you go asking questions against the rules. However, as this is your first offense, I will excuse you this time, if you promise not to let it happen again. We are looking forward to a real Walthall picture very shortly. Leona Hutton has not been with New York Motion Picture Corporation for some time. Ethel Grandin is back with the Universal as before. Another question against the rules, young lady. The Costello one. So you are collecting the

photos from the paper. Very good idea. Yes, the scenario contest is a great thing, as you say. You can be sure that your scenario will be read and given every consideration. There are no favorites played in this contest. You ought to see more of Florence. Why not inquire of your theater manager?

MARIAN B.—Certainly, here they are: Mary Pickford's hair is really curly. She is a blond. Mary is the oldest. Marguerite Clarke is older than Mary Pickford by six years. Quite a surprise to you, eh? You can address Marguerite in care of the Famous Players Film Company, New York City. Yes, you can get some good pictures to save out of the magazine. We like the etching work, too. Ask as many questions as you like, just so you keep within the rules of the department. We answer all, outside of those.

M. J. CELLAR.—Yours was a very interesting letter indeed. Two theaters can run the same picture at the same time, because they have two different prints, or duplicates, made from the original negative. The Chaplin pictures have four hundred prints playing at the same time, which is an example of the number of prints they can make from one negative. No, scenarios are not used more than once, although the same idea has been used in more than one picture. Kathlyn Williams is twenty-nine. Yes, she is wonderful, and so is Wheeler Oakman. He is now with Fox. Maurice Costello always did rank among the best of the photo players. He will be seen shortly on the screen again. Haven't paid any attention to Bushman's love letters. I have been too busy reading letters of my own, some loving and some not so much, but mostly all interesting and asking questions. Be sure to write again.

JACK, Detroit.—Henry Walthall is probably the shortest star in pictures. He is only five feet six inches tall. Short in stature as he may be, he is also the biggest of the bunch. The little giant of the films, so to speak. Quite a short letter for one's first rap, don't you think?

THE TWINS.—Goodness gracious, Twins, what on earth happened to the first part of your letter? Did you discover that it was against the rules and cut it out? Norma Talmadge is being featured in Griffith-Triangle features. She used to be with the Vitagraph, and played feminine lead in the "Battle Cry of Peace." Wallace Reid is with Lasky. He is twenty-five years old, six feet two inches tall, and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He is con-

sidered about the handsomest man in pictures.

E. M. B.—Why did I give up acting? Too strenuous for my health. I have a better job making others do the acting. Got you guessing, all right, haven't I? No, you are wrong on that twenty-seven-years-of-age stunt for Mary Pickford. Where on earth did you get it "straight," as you call it? Nix, youngster, it's crooked dope. So you agree with me on the advice to stage-struck girls to stay in "home, sweet home?" Hooray! Another advocate! Pearl White in "The Iron Claw." Write again. Your letter is very interesting.

"TEDDY."—Deelighted! As soon as we get the chance, Teddy, we will publish them. Miss Williams is twenty-five and very pretty. She is still with the Selig Company. Miss Dawn. She is a blonde, with hazel eyes, and is five feet four inches tall. She is with the Famous Players.

ANXIOUS.—You can obtain a photograph of Henry Walthall by writing him for one at the Essanay Company, Chicago. Earle Williams and Anita Stewart at the Vitagraph Company, Brooklyn, New York. May Allison and Harold Lockwood in care of Metro, New York City. Mae Marsh and Lillian Gish at Fine Arts Company, Los Angeles, California. Francis X. Bushman is also with Metro. Wallace Reid in care of Lasky, Los Angeles, California. Inclose a quarter with each request. It amounts up to something at that, doesn't it, Anxious?

WALLACE REID SON.—Wallace was born in 1891. If you write him, and inclose only a quarter, not fifty cents, as you suggest, he will send you an autographed photo of himself. Address him in care of the Lasky Photo Play Company, Los Angeles, California. Cleo Ridgely was born in New York on May 12th, 1893. Yes, she will send you a photo if you inclose a quarter to cover the cost. Address her same as Wally Reid. Glad to hear you like the magazine. Come once more.

ALLISON CLARK ADMIRER.—You can address George Washington Maurice Costello at the Screen Club. That question is against the rules. Isabel Rae with Biograph. Louise Fazenda is being featured by the Keystone Company. Can it be possible that you haven't seen her lately? Don't fool yourself. Theda Bara is not thinking of wearing a Mary Pickford wig, whatever that may be. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are still with the Universal.

CASEY.—You can address Billie Burke in care of George Kleine Film Company, New

York City. Of course anything is possible, Casey, and if you think you have enough talent to be a moving-picture star, you must find out by experience. I guess nearly every one thinks they have the talent, but when it comes to a show-down about one out of ten thousand prove it. You might try getting some extra work at the studios; but why, when home is such a fine place?

JACKIE F.—All the players of prominence will be interviewed in time. Mary Pickford's two latest film subjects are "The Eternal Grind" and "Hulda from Holland," both Famous Players productions. So you think that some of the old-time players are "getting stale." You know, "old wine and old books" are the best—why not old photo players? Fannie Ward, as you say, is an exceptionally talented actress. Yes, Louise Glaum is expert at "vamping," but, of course, Theda Bara comes first. Jack Pickford can be addressed care of Selig, Chicago, Illinois.

S. F. G.—Mail for Francis X. Bushman should be sent him care of the Metro Film Company, New York City.

INQUISITIVE.—Marguerite Snow, or Mrs. James Cruze, if you like that name better, was born in 1891. William Clifford played opposite her in "Rosemary" (Metro). Peggy is still with that company, but Clifford is now appearing in releases of the Centaur Film Company. "The Half-million Bribe" (Metro) is Peggy's latest picture. In this she is costarred with Hamilton Revelle. Lottie Pickford is younger than her sister, "Little Mary." Marguerite Clark's home is in New York City, but I am not permitted to give her house number. Mail sent care of the Famous Players Film Company, that city, will reach her safely.

IONA FORD.—Where did you get that name? Send a quarter to each of the players you mention, and they will gladly mail you photos. "The Broken Coin" (Universal) was in twenty-two episodes.

AL RAY G. DE L.—Quite a long name, my boy. At first I thought friend Al Ray was writing me. He's the fellow you want to know about, anyway. At present he is in Jacksonville, Florida, with the Vim Comedy Company. His latest release was "Hired and Fired." He is the world's youngest comedy director, being just twenty-one. Webster Campbell draws his pay from Vitagraph. His last picture was "Pansy's Papas." Jane Novak may be addressed at Universal City, California. She is at present appearing in "Graft."

(Continued on page 155.)

VALESKA SURATT'S

PERSONAL MESSAGE TO

Readers of Picture-Play Magazine

Revealing Secrets That Have Made Her One of the Most Beautiful
of Screen Actresses

By VALESKA SURATT

GETTING down to "brass tacks" is mighty good business—sometimes.

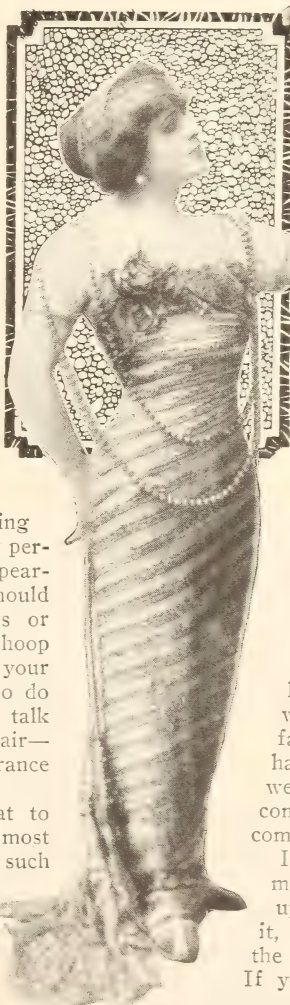
Remember when father used to use that brass-tack tone of voice, and we wondered if he knew just how bad our school report was or if mother had told him how long we sat out on the porch last night with Jack? The same "jumpy" feeling came in our throats a few years later, when hubby got down to brass tacks about that bill for the new spring bonnet.

Now don't get scared, girls, I'm not going to scold you for your school reports, for holding hands, or for not being able to resist that peachy spring bonnet.

Not I, because I plead guilty on all those counts myself. But I am going to get down to brass tacks about your personal appearance. By personal appearance I don't mean whether you should wear a short skirt and high shoes or whether you should wear the new hoop skirt and low shoes. That's up to your individual taste. What I do want to do is have a real serious, chummy talk with you about the care of your hair—your complexion—your facial appearance in general.

I want to impress upon you that to neglect your appearance is about the most foolish thing you can do, because such neglect will some day make you very unhappy. I want you to try my formulas that I know, from personal experience, are truly and remarkably effective. They are easy to prepare, and the cost is so reasonable that you cannot afford to miss the opportunity.

I had a great many failures before I struck the right thing. Whether you are satisfied with what you are using now or not, just try one of these formulas, and I am sure you will agree with me that they surpass anything you have ever used. The simple ingredients for making up these formulas can be



VALESKA SURATT
She has her own ideas about
Beauty Making that have
made her famous.

obtained at drug stores and many department stores.

Try these first, and if you cannot obtain them easily, write to my secretary in Chicago, whose address you will find later on, and you will be supplied quickly, by return mail, at the same cost which you would have to pay the

druggist.

Now let's get down to the brass tacks. Suppose we start with the hair. Making the hair grow was a great problem to me. Thick bunches of hair would come out on my comb. I really feared baldness. Finally I came to the inevitable conclusion that the hair must have nourishment instead of mere stimulation to keep it in good condition. With this proper nourishment, it is remarkable indeed what results may be accomplished in hair growth. I have known cases where, as a result, hair would stop falling after a certain formula of mine had been used only a few days. There were no more thick strands of hair coming out and entangling itself on the comb.

I believe I could make a great deal of money with this formula by putting it up in form ready to use, and selling it, but I am content to give it here for the lasting benefit of all womankind. If you will be faithful in its use, and, above all, use it liberally, I know you will be mighty glad you read this little chat.

In making up this formula yourself at home in a few moments, you have over a pint of this unexcelled hair tonic. This would cost about two dollars at the stores, so you see how economical this formula is to you—and it gives real results, besides. Simply mix half a pint of alcohol with the

same amount of water, or, if you prefer, use a pint of bay rum and add one ounce of beta quinol. The beta quinol will cost you fifty cents at any drug store. In applying this, simply pour a little in a small glass or eyecup, and then dip a toothbrush into the tonic and apply to the scalp, rubbing freely. The toothbrush should be used for no other purpose, of course—or any small brush will do. In this way it will take you but a couple of minutes to go over the scalp thoroughly. Do this every day.

Now, there's another important point about hair health. This is a cleanly scalp. When oily accumulations and scurf form on the scalp, as they always do, the vigor of hair roots is affected. Soap and brush will not completely dissolve these accumulations. Here is a suggestion: Dissolve a teaspoonful of eggol in a cup of hot water. Apply to the hair for a head wash. Use like any ordinary shampoo.

You will be astonished how wonderfully clean the hair and scalp will be, every particle of scurf and dirt eliminated from the smallest pores. This allows the hair tonic given above to produce its results more quickly and decisively. At the drug store you can get enough eggol for twenty-five cents to give you a dozen delightful shampoos.

As for wrinkles—I used to look upon them much as the drying of an apple skin foretells the passing of youth that can never return. Since I have worked out for myself the problem of ridding myself of these check marks of nature's bookkeeper, I have changed my mind. I think there is no excuse nowadays for the presence of wrinkles. Results from the use of my wrinkle formula have proven this to be true.

I want every girl and woman who reads PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE to try this formula: Into a bowl pour half a pint of hot water. Add slowly two ounces of epol and stir constantly until it begins to cream. Remove from the fire and add a tablespoonful of glycerin, stirring until cold. This will give you a large quantity of fine, white, satiny cream. Use it freely and your face will resume the freshness and vigor of youth. Enough epol to make the above formula will cost you only fifty cents at any first-class drug or department store. Lines of age, crow's feet, the flabbiness of the flesh, all will be replaced by a plump fullness. I mean it will absolutely do this very thing if you are faithful, and, above all, liberal in its use.

Now for the complexion. This was another hard nut to crack, because everything I had previously used seemed to take an age to produce even the slightest result. Finally I hit upon a formula which I prize among my greatest—it is indeed a jewel. This must be used very liberally and every day—twice a day, if possible. You will find it economical enough to do this, and you will succeed. Besides, it is very simple to make, and takes but a few moments. Here it is: Bring a pint of water to the boiling point. Add slowly one ounce of zintone, and stir until all is dissolved. Then add two tablespoonfuls of glycerin. Fifty cents' worth of zintone will make a pint of this excellent beauty cream.

There is no reason for having a sallow, muddy, spotty complexion. This gives a most adorable purity to the complexion, your mirror will make you happy, and you will realize I have given you something really worth while.

To remove blackheads, big and little, get some powdered neroxin from your druggist for about

fifty cents. Sprinkle a little on a hot, wet sponge, and rub briskly for a minute or two over the blackheads. You will be surprised how they will disappear in a few minutes. It is injurious to the skin to try to pick out or sweat out blackheads. Sweating makes the pores large. The method I suggest is entirely unique, and works in a few moments.

There is nothing that will remove superfluous hair so magically and so perfectly as sulfo solution. It simply dissolves the hair instead of burning it off like pastes and powders, and will not redden, irritate, or injure the skin. It can be used on the tenderest parts of the body. It removes all the superfluous hairs perfectly, whether heavy or bristly, and leaves the skin soft and smooth. No one can tell you have used a depilatory. You can secure sulfo solution for one dollar from your druggist. There is nothing else that will actually dissolve hair away. This will, and it is safe.

I have tried a great many kinds of face powder, and with poor satisfaction. I finally worked out one of my own, that is now sold by most department and drug stores and known as the Valeska Suratt Face Powder, at fifty cents for an extra-large box in flesh, white, or brunette. You will notice the extraordinary fineness of this powder. It is unlike nearly all others I have ever used, being entirely free from chalkiness and being "invisible" when applied. It gives, for this reason, a charm to the skin almost impossible to produce by any other face powder I know.

In closing, I want to call your attention to the coupon below, which I asked to be added to this article, because if no drug store is convenient, or if your druggist happens not to have the articles you want on hand, it will be easier for you to send the coupon instead of writing a letter. I have arranged to have a supply of each of the necessary articles on hand to supply those who cannot reach a drug or department store to get them. Simply cut out the coupon below, fill in with your name and address, indicate what articles you want, inclose the price, and mail it to "Secretary to Valeska Suratt, 394 Thompson Bldg., Chicago, Ill."

Last, but not least, I want to give you an unusual opportunity to get a new and extraordinary perfume. It happens to be named after me, but I think it is worthy of my friends, so delicate, so lasting, so new and uniquely fascinating in scent, "Valeska Suratt Perfume." If you will send only fifty cents to the address given here, a full-size \$1.00 bottle of this surpassing perfume will be sent you at once.

I feel now I have done my part in aiding thousands of my sisters in attaining the charms they all have a right to have, a skin adorable, queenly hair, and an unspeakable atmosphere of elegance and sweetness. Always yours,

VALESKA SURATT.

**Secretary to VALESKA SURATT,
394 Thompson Building, Chicago, Ill.**

Please send me, at once, transportation paid, the following articles, for which I enclose the sum of _____

Name _____

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Please mention this magazine when answering advertisements

(Continued from page 152.)

HAPPY.—Anita Stewart is not playing opposite Earle Williams any more. She is working with S. Rankin Drew. We prefer Earle to Rankin, although others may not. Williams is an American, born in Sacramento, California, on February 28th, 1880. Anita Stewart is also an American, and was born in Brooklyn, New York, just twenty years ago. Our favorite actor and actress are Henry Walthall and Bessie Barriscale; our favorite clothes model Crane Wilbur. We are even getting to patronize his barber, we have been so busy. What say you? Crane Wilbur hasn't seen a barber in ages? Well, neither have we. Who am I? Why, I'm the person who thinks he's me, but he isn't. I am. No, I don't answer questions in any other magazine. I have all I can do to answer them in one. Paper must be very dear in your town, judging from the size of the envelope you used.

MISS GRACE CUNARD FAN.—Back again with some more, I see. Welcome home! Whatever kept you away so long? The bracelet was given Grace Cunard by an admirer. I should say we do know her, and she is one sweet little girl, take it from whence it cometh. We don't know Grace's present poundage, and, besides, do you think it fair to give her a-weigh? Why so stingy this time? You might have used another sheet of paper.

"SI."—So you girls had an argument, you did? Yes, Charlie Chaplin played two parts in "A Night in the Show." He played himself as well as the character of Mr. Rowdy. This was an Essanay production, and Charlie Murray is doing his stunts for Keystone. Lewis J. Cody was Dick Ames, opposite Bessie Barriscale in "The Mating," an exceptional picture. Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven played the leads in "The College Orphan." Johan Junior was the cub reporter. Violet Mersereau is eighteen years old.

STILL WAITING.—Quite a title, but where does it come in? You haven't favored us before with a letter of questions, so what are you waiting for—to graduate? So in two years you will be out of high school? That's fine. A very funny coincidence about Charlie Ray, to be sure; but, little lady, you are wrong, as Charlie's father did not call himself Charles, because his son would have had to add "junior" to his name if he did. Charlie and his parents hail from Jacksonville, Illinois. The "Coward" was a wonderful production, to be sure. The same is the case with "His Picture in the Papers." You can get a photograph of Charlie Ray, like the one in the April issue, and autographed, by sending to me. I'll see that it is forwarded. His address is care of Ince Studios, Culver City, California. So you like PICTURE-PLAY, and admit it is the best magazine of its kind on the market. Thank you. So do we.

R. D. K.—Yes, anxious one, Henry B. Walthall is with the Essanay Company. The World-Equitable releases a feature every week. "The Law Decides," the Vitagraph feature released on

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the V. L. S. E., was seven reels in length. Harry Morey, Dorothy Kelly, and Bobbie Connolly were the featured players. House Peters is with the World Film Corporation now. Lottie Pickford is with American, Jack is with Universal, and Mary is with her own company.

LETME No.—Well, well, well! Will you letme no where on earth you rank this letter of yours below the standard set by one Cleo? Letme tell you now that yours was about the wittiest I have received in many ages. This is going some, as we have a witty bunch who wield the pen with deadly effect. Cleo has lost her title. Your letter was very funny, especially when you said you were going to take the plunge and become a movie actress. That was the best joke of the lot. No, indeed, I'm not going to tell you to wash the dishes, study your lessons, and marry somebody. Atlantic City is a beautiful place, and has some dandy lawns that need to be kept constantly mown. Besides, any one with your wit wants to do something funny, and becoming a movie actress or getting married are two things that are as far from being funny as some of these so-called comedies we have been compelled to sit through lately. You had better write to Wally Reid about it, because if he got the twenty-five he would surely have sent the picture. Let me know what made you guilty of such humor? Any one with actorial intentions should cease to smile. Does Wallace Reid his own letters? You may as well ask is Pearl White? Or can Jewel Hunt? How much does Edna Mayo? How much is Octavia Handworth? Is Anna Little? And is Carlyle Blackwell, or Blanche Sweet? You see. I am troubled with frequent attacks of supposed wit myself. No, I am not what you suppose. I am a dissipated, clean-living old man of twenty-two. Have no bad habits. I drink, swear, smoke, gamble, paint, powder, and wear socks. The hairdresser is my only luxury, and I'm not married. My husband doesn't want me to do this, but my youngest son came to me the other day and said: "Pop, I hear you and Charlie Chaplin earn the same salary." I replied, with maidenly modesty: "Yes, we earn the same salary, only he gets his." No matter how you look at it, you will always miss-address me. Now do you know who I be? Here, young lady, this will never do. You just caught yourself in time. Let me hear more from you, Letme No.

DELLA B.—Certainly I will. Marguerite Clark is twenty-nine years old. You wouldn't think it, would you? Against the rules. X in Bushman's name stands for Xavier. Bobby Connelly is but five years old, and some actor, too. Jack Pickford is twenty. Lester Cuneo was Bushman's rival. Yes, you have Mary Miles Minter's age correct. Don't be bashful; come back again. You are among friends.

M. D.—Hello, doctor! Say, the only way you can safely address me is to call me dear Picture Oracle. Yes, you were right. John Dore referred to Robert Leonard, and Alan Law to George Larkin. No, it was not the old-timer.



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STAGE
PHOTO-PLAY
AND
DANCE ARTS**

Hardly. I guess the Vitagraph have decided to keep Anita away from Earle. Oh, no! You misunderstand my meaning entirely. That's the trouble with answering male readers. They change around your thoughts to suit themselves. I'll forgive you this time, however. No, I don't think Theda Bara was as good in "The Clemenceau Case" as in "A Fool There Was." You should be proud of the photograph Theda sent you, but you ought to see the one she sent me. Haven't heard anything about the Omar rumor as yet. Yes, the twenty-fourth episode of the "Diamond from the Sky" was rather thrilling, but I have seen some thrilling incidents in films that would make that look like a pink-tea affair. Sure I'll ask you to come again—and stay longer next time.

H. W. S.—You can get the information about an outfit that you require from Nicholas Power Company, No. 90 Gold Street, New York City. The Mutual will give you their prices for the rental of films. Address them at No. 71 West Twenty-third Street, New York City.

V. RALSTON.—We would like to help you out and print the story of the scenario, "In Old Kentucky," but we haven't got the space to spare. Write to the company, inclosing postage, and they will send it to you. Biograph can be addressed at One Hundred and Seventy-sixth Street, New York City.

I. L. BERNs.—The first number of PICTURE-PLAY was published April 17, 1915. It was known as *Picture-Play Weekly* at the time. Then it came out every two weeks at ten cents, and since March 10th it only appears once a month at fifteen cents. Yep, it seems a shame to keep you waiting so long for it, but it can't be helped. We are kept rushing all the time, especially the poor Picture Oracle. I haven't had time to have any ???? made. Nope, didn't give myself away, although I almost did, because ???? don't wear those things.

KULLY.—You can address Pearl White in care of Pathé, New York City. Enid Markey can be addressed in care of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, Inceville, California. Valeska Suratt can be addressed at William Fox Company, New York City. Sis Hopkins' pictures, produced by Kalem, have been out for quite a while now. Charlie Chaplin is putting out films regularly now for the Mutual. "Aloha Oe" was taken around Santa Monica, California, and "Don Quixote" in Los Angeles. The Castles haven't announced any more movie engagements. Charlie Chaplin still plays with Edna Purviance.

F. H. MOORE.—Your letter at hand, and note what you have to say about yourself. No, if you are only slightly deaf it should not interfere with your becoming a motion-picture actor, if you have had stock experience and with shows. It all depends on how deaf you are. You must be able to hear the director when he talks to you while in a scene. If you couldn't hear him plainly, then give up all idea of entering pictures.

Sometimes it is an asset to be unable to hear very distinctly some of the things the director calls you when you spoil a scene for him.

A. B.—No, the rumor you heard in San Diego about Sessue Hayakawa is not the least bit true. Somebody must be enjoying themselves and having a lot of fun at the same time out of this rumor. No, I'm afraid Belle is no relation. Oh, dear girl! Where on earth did you get such ridiculous ideas as to manly beauty? None of the ones you mentioned can touch Carlyle Blackwell or Wallace Reid for looks. Charlie Chaplin has the bunch you mentioned beaten for looks, with the exception of Earle Williams. Evidently you need to consult an oculist.

L. D. H., No. 4.—My, such a short question! Honest, when I get a little question I think I must be dreaming. Harry Benham was *Uncle Harry* in "Helen's Babies," and Lorraine Huling was *Alice Mayton*, his sweetheart. Note that this is your first time, which probably accounts for the shortness. You evidently believe in the old adage: "First impressions are the most lasting."

KACHICKA M. P.—So you could read the magazine if it were ten times as big, and never get tired? Well, if it were ten times as big, I would be about dead answering questions. Alice Joyce is with the Vitagraph Company. Can't answer that question about Marguerite Clark; it's against the rules. Read the top of the page of this department. Oh, happy day when I won't have to say, "I can't answer that," because you haven't read the rules! Ed Coxen is with the American Film Company, Chicago, Illinois. Charlie Chaplin is five feet seven.

ANNA!!!—I am evidently as dear to you as ever, by the "lovingly" I see at the end of your letter. I used to like the name of Officer 666. What made you discard it? So all your admirers are girls? That's nice. Wish all mine were. Lillian Gish is the most beautiful woman in pictures. David Belasco, who is supposed to know considerable about feminine beauty, said so, and so do I. Why should there be any further doubt with two such great minds agreeing on such a delicate proposition? So Grace Cunard is your favorite? She is the favorite of quite a many. The moving-picture world thinks mighty well of her. The price of the magazine is now fifteen cents. It used to be ten when it came out every two weeks, and was not nearly so large. I thought the Pickford cover was very good. So you wonder who I am? Well, you are not the only one. They all do. But what on earth makes you think of me being a man? Or a woman? Or either? What do I look like? Modesty forbids me to say, my dear girl.

BEG.—You must not believe all you hear. Against the rules. Read the rules at the head of the department before you write again, and then you will know that all your questions will be answered. So you, too, have decided to become an actress? Too bad! I had better hopes for you. So your cheeks get rosy when you get excited? So do any one else's, I suppose, but that

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J. TRINE.—Haven't you seen Cleo Madison lately? That's funny, as she is playing right along. Miriam Cooper is with Fox. Constance Talmadge with Fine Arts, Claire Mersereau with Universal, although not playing just now, and Anna Nilsson with Pathé. Anthony Merlo is playing with Mary Fuller.

A. T.; H. W. K.; J. J.; DOLLIE; FRANK; L. T. W.; J. I. K.; JEAN, 17; RAMER; L. I. S.; LOUIS; A. B. D.; X. Y. Z.; THREE KIDS; D. A. C.; BABY; MARION; L. A. J.; TOM THE FIRST; X.; SONGSTER; L. E. T.—Too bad I can't answer your many questions, but they are all against the rules set forth in the heading of this department, or they have been answered above. If you will look over the rules before you write to be sure to comply with them, I will answer anything you ask me. One of the biggest mistakes you make is forgetting your name and address. Neither will be used, I assure you, but it is necessary that I have them. Now sit right down and write me, bearing what I have said in mind.

EVERY ONE, EVERYWHERE.—If you do not see your answers here as soon as you think they should be published, be lenient and consider the enormous amount of mail that this department is continually handling. Your letter will be answered in the order in which it is received. If you inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, I will be glad to answer personally after my limited space in the magazine has been filled. And please, every one, have pity on me, the poor Oracle, and be very careful to write as plainly as you possibly can. It will save a great amount of time and enable me to answer you all so much more quickly. Thanking you one and all for your undivided attention, I will bid you good-by until next month.



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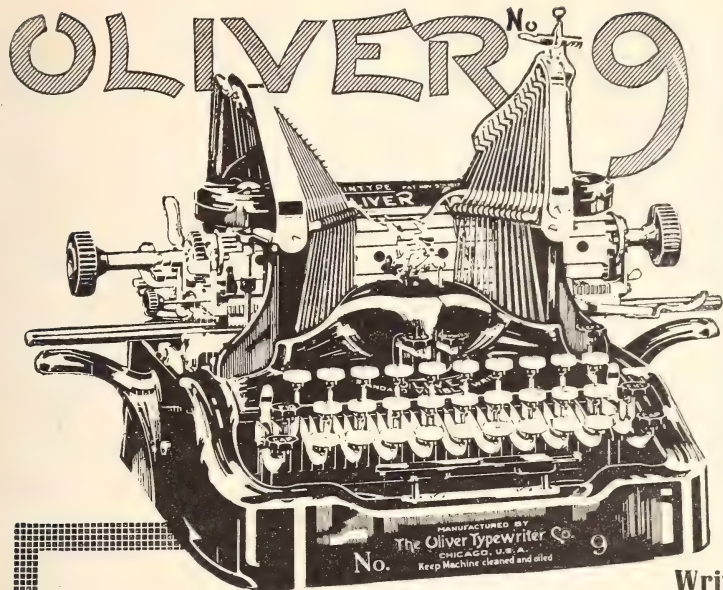
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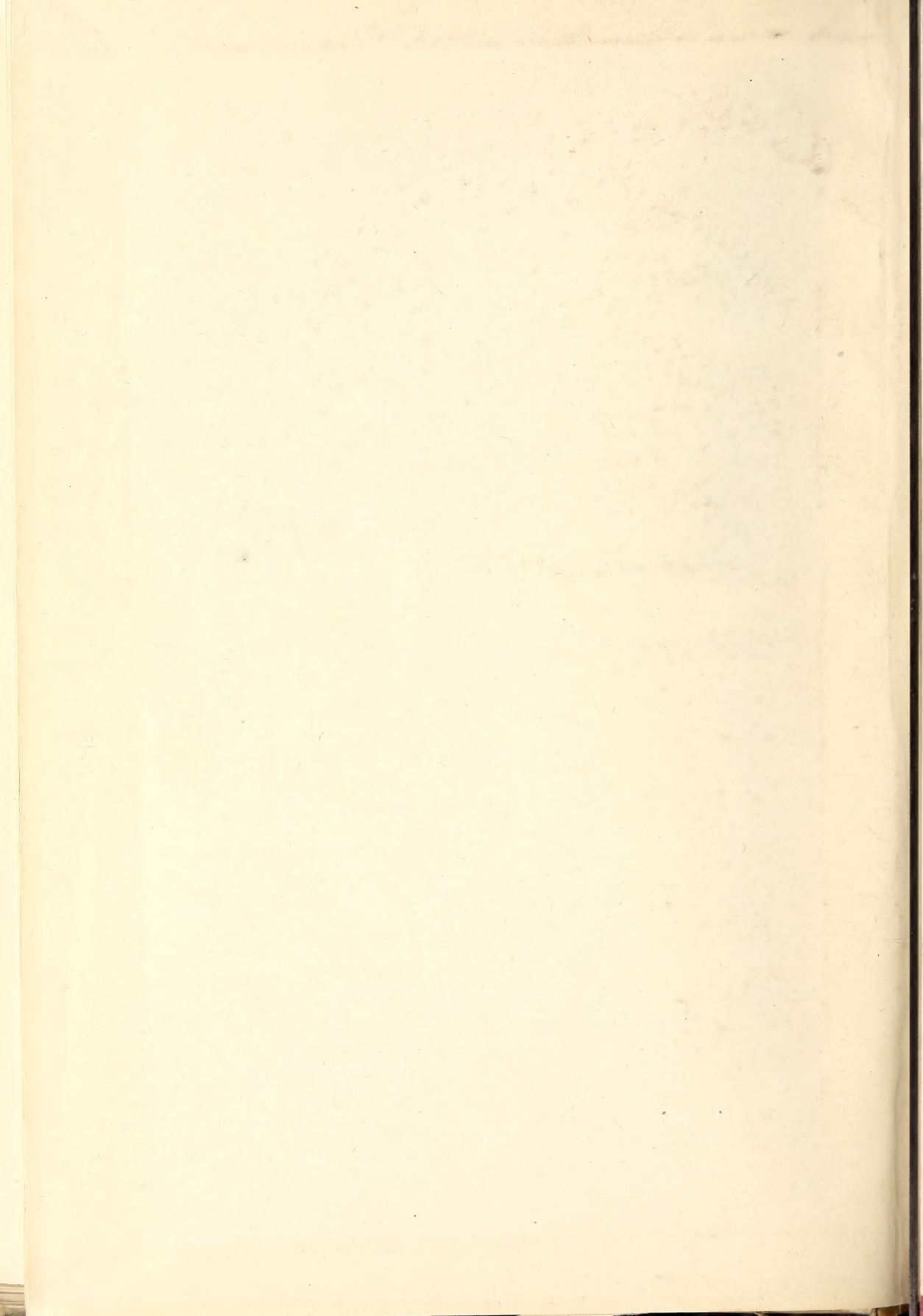
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